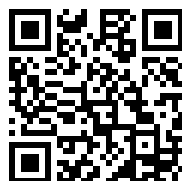


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MAGAZINE

23-24  
1853

















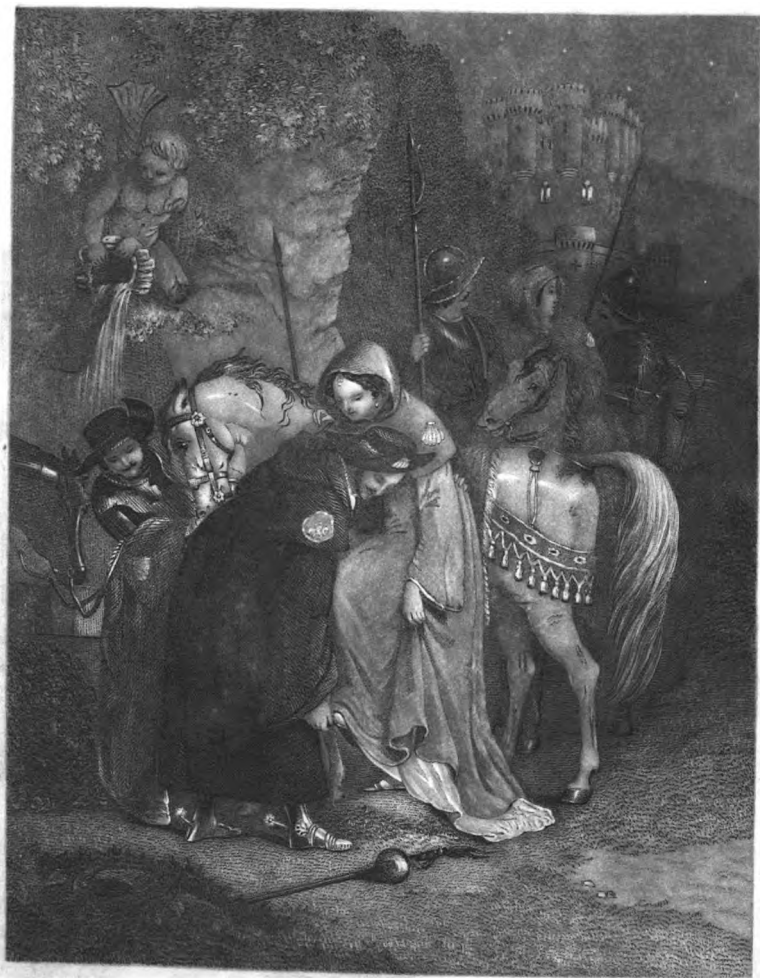
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Peterson magazine

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# ETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

II. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1853.

No. 1.

## THE FLIGHT.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

moonless night, but the stars, like  
ms, sparkled in the blue vault of  
a party of travellers paused by a  
tain, in one of the most romantic  
ngland. The cavalcade consisted of  
persons, with a train of mounted  
Both were disguised as pilgrims,  
the long robe of one peeped out the  
of a knight, and from under the  
other shone the bright eyes of a  
noble, and beautiful. The followers  
female servant, and a small escort

ms.  
icturesque spot could not be con-  
either side rocks rose almost perpen-  
ving only a narrow defile between.  
he travellers halted they completely  
e road. Behind, however, the land-  
out into a plain, commanded by an  
he right, on which stood a castle,  
m which streamed brightly across  
Right in the centre of the pass,  
e more than a man's height from  
as a rudely carved figure of a boy  
ll, from out of which poured a con-  
of water, that, falling into a basin  
l the stranger to refreshment and

not tired, Geraldine, are you?" said  
his companion, in a tone that be-  
er. "You can ride further?"  
looked confidently up into the  
e, and answered, "oh, no, Sir  
n ride all night, if it should be  
but I was in hopes," she added,  
," that the castle, on the hill you-  
ve afforded us refuge."  
turned her companion, "that is the  
s bold a Lancastrian as ever drew  
I.—1

sword for a usurping line. To have sought re-  
fuge there would have been to run into the lion's  
jaws. In fact, all this region is in the hands of  
Queen Margaret's friends, and there will be no  
safety for us till we draw nigher to London."

The period to which our story refers was that  
unsettled one, known in English history as that  
of the wars of the Roses. The bloody battle, in  
which the Duke of York had been captured and  
executed, had taken place; but the son of the  
murdered prince, though seated on the throne,  
had not yet entirely crushed the faction of Lan-  
caster. It was a time when family was arrayed  
against family, and the dearest ties often ruth-  
lessly severed. The Lady Geraldine, for example,  
had been born and bred in the Yorkist faith,  
but her father having fallen in the disastrous  
field of Wakefield, and their being no male heir  
of her house to protect her, her person had been  
seized by a maternal uncle, a bitter Lancastrian,  
who openly boasted that he would marry her to  
one of his own party, and thus carry the weight  
of her vast possessions over to the side of Queen  
Margaret. But such a union would have been  
repulsive to the Lady Geraldine, as a confirmed  
Yorkist, even if her heart had not already  
selected a mate. High spirited, and full of  
resources, she began to plot how to escape, in-  
stead of yielding herself to fate, as many of her  
sex would have done. Her foster-sister, who  
had subsequently become her tire-woman, was  
allowed to remain with her, in the honorable  
captivity to which she was consigned; and she  
now employed this faithful creature to open a  
communication with Sir Robert Gifford, the gal-  
lant knight to whom she had promised herself,  
with her father's free consent, and whose wife she  
already considered herself in the eyes of heaven.  
This was no easy matter in that disturbed day,

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especially as Sir Robert was in a different part of the kingdom. But fortune, after many trials, proved kind. A letter from the Lady Geraldine reached him at London, where he was on duty with the king; and abandoning everything else, he set out immediately to the rescue of his plighted bride. By what stratagems the lovers managed to meet and arrange a scheme of escape, it would delay us too much to narrate; it is sufficient for our story to say that, in the disguise of pilgrims, they had finally fled, and thus far had apparently escaped pursuit. The way had been long however, so long that nothing but necessity could have induced the knight to propose, as he had, continuing their journey.

But their flight was destined to be more speedily resumed than even he had intended. The horses were still panting, when a sentinel, whom Sir Robert had posted at the entrance of the pass in the rear, rode hastily up, and announced that a party of armed men, evidently in pursuit, was advancing rapidly across the plain. In an instant the tired beasts were watered, the men-at-arms were ordered to their saddles, and the palfrey of the Lady Geraldine brought up.

"You tremble, dearest," said the knight, as he stooped to take the little foot in his hand; adding, as he swung his companion lightly into the saddle, "never fear. Your horse is one of rare speed and bottom, and, if the worst comes to the worst, I will make a stand at some favorable spot, and send you forward with one of my best mounted followers."

But the Lady Geraldine, who had now seated herself firmly in the saddle, and had gathered up the reins with a hand that showed her a skillful horseman, pushed back the hood from her fair face at these concluding words, and gazing on the knight, with tender reproach, answered,

"Nay, not so. It was but a moment's weakness, that tremor, and it has passed forever. Captured I will not be, I know, while you live; and parted I am resolved not to be, come what may. Therefore stay by me, and, if we escape, well, but, if overtaken and overpowered, let me die with you. Never, never," she exclaimed, earnestly, "will I consent to fall alive into the hands of my uncle, and be forced, for force they will use, into that detestable union."

"By my knightly honor, by my mother's memory, by the immaculate mother of God," said the knight, lifting his mailed hand to heaven, "captured alive you shall never be; but, since it is your prayer, with this good sword will I take your life, when I can no longer defend you. In death, at least, we shall be united."

There was no leisure to parley further, for, by this time, the entire cavalcade had mounted; and, at a sign from Sir Robert, the little troop started into a brisk trot, which soon changed to a gallop. For a while the party rode on in silence. The pass was left, a valley crossed, and an opposite ascent begun; yet still the fugitives maintained as rapid a pace as was consistent with the necessity of preserving their horses; and they began to hope, in consequence, that they were outstripping their pursuers. But when they had gained the top of the ascent, Sir Robert saw, on looking back, that the enemy was close behind, and that from being mounted on either fresher or faster horses, they were rapidly overtaking him.

He now knew that escape was impossible, at least without a struggle, and, like a heroic knight, he prepared to do his devoir, notwithstanding the odds. To the Lady Geraldine he announced his resolution, and solicited her prayers, telling her that she was right, and that it was wiser she should remain than attempt flight; for, even if she could get off unobserved, her solitary attendant, he said, would be no protection to her, in the disturbed condition of the country. He shuddered, indeed, to think of what might happen if she should fall into the hands of any of the lawless marauders, who infested the debatable ground between the two armies.

"Farewell then," said the Lady Geraldine, with a tremulous voice, "till victory is won. Or, in the event of a defeat, farewell forever. Remember your oath!"

"I do not forget it," answered the knight. "But God surely will not render its execution necessary." With these words he left her side, and galloped to the mouth of the mountain gorge, where he proposed to make a stand.

The Lady Geraldine clasped her hands, and watched him till he disappeared. Scarcely had his tall form vanished, when she heard his war-cry, which was immediately responded to by that of their pursuers; and, on the instant, the skirmish began. Her maid lost all presence of mind, when the clash of arms thus arose, and commenced sobbing piteously. Indeed it was far more terrible for those two women, to be condemned silently to watch the struggle, than if they had participated in the fight: for suspense, when we are inactive, becomes intolerable beyond description. For a full quarter of an hour this uncertainty continued. At last, however, the war-cry of Sir Robert ceased, while that of his opponents swelled louder, and directly his horse was seen galloping wildly by, riderless and bleeding.

The Lady Geraldine had sustained herself heroically, through all her doubts and fears, but at this sight, which assured her not only that her lover was dead, but that no friendly dagger was left to save her from dishonor, she swooned away.

When she recovered consciousness she was lying on the bare ground, with her head supported on a manly knee. She looked up, at first, and smiled, for the face of Sir Robert gazed tenderly down on her; but remembering immediately his riderless steed, she feared that what she saw was the illusion of delirium. She closed her eyes, therefore, with a groan.

But a hand now pressed her own, and a joyful voice, which she recognized, cried, "thank God and the saints, she lives: she is not dead." And, at that joyful sound, she opened her eyes and smiled again, for she now knew it was a reality.

"But how do I see you here," was her first words, when she gained strength to speak, "when I beheld your horse flying riderless from the field?"

"I dismounted, dearest," was the reply, "because my poor steed was sadly wounded, and I feared he would eventually fall with me. St. George gave me, too, the victory on foot, which he had denied to me in the saddle. By a fortunate blow, I brought the horse of my principal

opponent to the ground, and had his master at my mercy in consequence. He surrendered, when my dagger was at his throat, and his followers, beholding his fate, turned and fled. And who, think you, it was? None other than your suitor himself, who is now my captive, and held at ransom."

The Lady Geraldine, though she had fallen from her saddle, on fainting, had fortunately received no injury; and was soon able to resume her journey, which was prosecuted successfully, and at greater comfort, for there was now no longer danger of pursuit.

On the third day the fugitives reached London, where the court was then held, and the Lady Geraldine immediately sought the protection of certain noble ladies, relatives of her own. But it was not long, you may suppose, that she remained their guest.

Within a week there was a blithe bridal and a blither bride; and we need not say that the latter was the Lady Geraldine. The king himself gave our heroine away, advancing the bridegroom, at the same time, to the rank which her deceased father had held, so that, when the happy couple rose from receiving the nuptial benediction, it was as Earl and Countess de Rouen, a title which their descendants still hold in the proud peerage of England.

## THE SLEEPING INFANT.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

Gazing bending, softly breathing, view a vision  
Bright and fair,"

Of a child in sleep reposing, curtained by its golden  
Hairs:

Circling round it, sweetly singing, angels guard this  
Form of clay,

Inward whispering holy counsels, ere they wing their  
Flight away.

Mark! Its ear hath caught their meaning; round  
Its lips there beams a smile,

Innocence and beauty's signet, all undimmed by  
worldly guile.

Passion's blight hath not yet fallen on this glowing,  
tender face;

Vain ambition, pride and folly, in this bosom find  
no place:

Free from earth's contaminations, the young heart  
may now proclaim,

With affection's pure devotion, "Father! hallowed  
be Thy name."

TO \_\_\_\_\_.

BY KATE GROVES.

'Tis said that kindred spirits meet,  
When mortal eyes are wrapped in sleep  
Tho' far away as pole from pole  
They meet and mingle soul with soul.

The earth holds not the spot or place  
Where you and I meet face to face,  
Yet will I clasp the fond deceit  
That kindred spirits often meet.

## OUR NEW YEAR'S CALLS:

OR, THE CONFESSIONS OF A NOVICE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

NINE o'clock, A. M.—Commenced the day with moralizing. Had some doubts whether the evening would not find me exclaiming:

"Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!"

for grandmother gave me some very excellent advice last night, and I know that when people have nothing else to give they are very apt to give that—and Susan has thrown out no sort of hint respecting any intended present. Well, I have done *my* duty, at any rate. I have finished Susan's purse, and grandmother's sofa cushions—and, like the novel heroines, when they don't know what else to do, I will leave the rest to Fate.

I have concluded to keep a journal of to-day's transactions; for although our expected visitors will doubtless be, like angel's visits, "few and far between," instead of sitting down, on New Year's night, to mourn for the barrenness of the land, I intend that we shall make ourselves merry with this report of the day's occurrences.

With what a sneer would it be read by the fashionable city belles, whose rooms are filled, without cessation, from twelve A. M. to twelve P. M! But, alas! we in the country are frequently reminded of the fact that "many a flower is doomed to blush unseen." More frequently, indeed, than is altogether agreeable—for I, being unfortunately fond of company and visiting, and other such vanities, am sometimes drawn in to accompany grandmother when she goes to take tea with the Miss Ebbetts', in the forlorn hope of extracting amusement from nothing. It is with the greatest difficulty that I manage to keep my eyes open; and my behavior on such occasions always reminds me of the model young lady of old times, who was "so quiet and lady-like in company, that they were often obliged to hold a feather under her nose, to see if she really breathed at all!"

That description might answer for Susan—although she is not *quite* such a piece of still life; she likes a little fun now and then—but it is very quiet fun. Two sisters could not be more

different. As for poor me, there is a constant song of "Katy did" all through the house. I often think, in the early autumn evenings, that the insects outside must have caught it from grandmother, and the rest of them. Susan never does anything in the least out of the way; she has a great horror of being different from other people, and takes as much pains to eradicate the faintest sparks of originality as though they were so many grey hairs. I am constantly lectured by grandmother—I am frowned at by Susan—I am laughed at by everybody; and yet I remain a young lady very much addicted to adventures and romantic incidents, and somewhat disposed to make a good deal out of nothing.

I began, as I said, with moralizing. Determined to commence the year in a proper manner; I returned from the land of dreams just as the clock struck six; and having, with a spasmodic effort, twisted myself out of bed, I looked forth on the outer world. A mild, clear day, more suited to genial spring than dreary winter—no snow on the ground, or icicles sparkling on the old house-eaves—nothing without to remind one that it is the first day of January; the grass under the old trees that cast such long shadows in summer time is fresh and beautiful—the sky is that of October—and I almost expected to hear the birds strike up their summer melody.

But soon a "Happy New Year" from Susan roused me from these fancies, and after we had exchanged the New Year's kiss, I presented my purse, and Susan gave me the prettiest of bracelets, made of her own hair, and wrought by her own fair fingers. The gold bands and clasps were probably procured on her last visit to the city. Dear Susan! I value the present still more, knowing, as I do, that no goose was ever more averse to having his feathers plucked than thou to part with that long, silky hair which, wreathed around thy head in a bright coronal, gives thee the look of a young queen. But there is still plenty left, and right glad am I to see that no eyes but thine own could ever detect the robbery.

Having embraced that dear grandmother, who has been to us orphans a more than mother for

so many years, we each received a beautifully bound Bible and prayer-book, and then all three descended to the breakfast-room.

Here, somewhat to our surprise, we found Cousin Eben, a youth of tender years, who had also done violence to his natural inclinations, and contrived to be up in season on New Year's morning. He kissed us both in a cousinly manner, and then stood blushing at his own performance.

Eben certainly improves astonishingly, and would make a very respectable beau where beaux are scarce; but I would not bend even the width of a hair from my own self-respect to accept any attentions from him that were not strictly cousinly. And if he did fancy either of us, his choice would most likely fall upon Susan—she is so much more regularly handsome and attractive in every way, and she is not near so foolish as I am. Grandmother often observes that it is not at all necessary to publish the fact of my having an upper story to let—chiefly, I believe, because she considers the information as altogether superfluous.

At the breakfast table we discussed the subject of our probable calls, and the probable places at which Cousin Eben could make his debut in the character of a visitor.

"It is of no use to dress," said Susan, "for all that will come—I know exactly who they are. Old Paul Biggles, he is always a standing dish—he will walk in and say exactly the same things that he said last year—Doctor Hepburn, who will walk in and say nothing—and Mrs. Wedgesfield, who will tell us that a woman's place is at home. The country around is remarkably unproductive."

Eben laughed, and we all laughed, but I endeavored to persuade Susan that things might improve.

"There is no knowing," said I, "who may come—and at any rate it is best to be dressed and ready. Every one has a right to call on New Year's day."

"And *every one* will, doubtless, avail himself of it," replied Susan.

There was a name I would have spoken, but I scarcely dared to hope that he would come; and the subject being dismissed we turned to Eben. Grandmother smiled and listened, but she gave us no encouragement to expect an uncommon invasion of the animal, man; and having soon failed in the importing line, we turned to our only export. Eben is bashful—at that unlucky period when a boy is nothing in particular; and we now endeavored to prop up his failing spirits for his first New Year's calls.

"There are the Miss Smiths," observed my grandmother.

"Yes, answered Eben, "but I should have to do all the talking there—and"—added he, stammeringly, "I had thought of two or three things to say, if there was any one to make answers—but they wouldn't last long with the Miss Smith's."

I tried my best not to laugh at this parrot-like style of conversation, but a command over the risible faculties is what I do not possess; and finding that it *would* come, I endeavored to impose it upon the company for a cough—but poor Eben's reproachful look seemed to say: "Et tu, Brute!" and instantly I was sober again.

"Why not call on the Bricksters?" I inquired.

It was now Eben's turn to laugh. "Which one?" said he, "the *old*, old body, or the *young* old body?"

Neither mother nor daughter was exactly of a suitable age; and I fell into a fit of musing on the alarming scantiness of the neighborhood.

Eben departed to his own room; and as I now hear him trying to pound on a pair of difficult boots, he has probably concluded to seek his fortune, notwithstanding the somewhat discouraging prospect.

Eleven o'clock.—"To dress, or not to dress, *that* is the question!"

"*Not* to dress, decidedly," says Susan, in the same tone that annihilated Garrick's poor protégée, when delivering the above line in its proper version.

But I am made of more hopeful stuff; and I take out my chocolate-colored silk dress and lay it on the bed, just as though I expected an actual New Year's day. Grandmother and I have arranged the wine and cake—the parlor is dusted to the very last extreme—and nothing remains to be done but deck the divinities who are to adorn it. A remark of grandmother's has just set me a thinking—rather an unusual circumstance, by the way.

"You are young yet, my child," said she, in her affectionate manner, "and may see a great many very different New Year's from this. You will then look back to the memory of such with a smile."

And why should it not be as grandmother says? Five years hence, perhaps, I may be in a far different scene—one year hence—and what shall it be? Hereupon arose a phantom that I have often conjured up at eventide, beneath the dim, grey veil that floats between dusk and candle-light. And the phantom showed me the interior of an apartment familiar to my imagination; a bright, cheerful fireside—pictures on the



dark, panelled walls—a heavy sweep of drapery at the one large window that looks forth on a noble lawn, and the tall trees seem resting almost against the window-pane—far away extends a wavy line of hill and dale and mansion—and within—oh! there are figures at the fireside that memory greets with an “auld lang syne.”

Foolish dreaming! I have come back again to the chocolate colored dress.

I have given the finishing touch to Susan's beautiful hair—which I *would* adorn with my only tea-rose, in spite of her opposition; and I must now employ myself upon the much less interesting subject of my own *chevelure*.

Two o'clock.—As there has been, for the last hour or so, a dead calm, as far as visitors are concerned, I have run up to enjoy a laugh in my own room, and add a few mites to my journal.

Grandmother had not yet come down, and Susan and I stood looking out of the back window, absorbed in contemplating the almost summer-like beauty of the prospect without, when the sound of the great brass knocker, as it came down with a terrific noise, set our hearts a fluttering with the recollection that this was New Year's day, and that was visitor No. 1.

Like actors at the sound of the prompter's bell, we rushed into places, and sat side by side on the sofa. Fearful that this might be deemed rather stiff, I sprang to the mantel, and set the large music-box agoing. This I considered quite a lively idea; and it was not till some time afterward that I recognised the tune of “All hail, the conquering hero comes!” Miranda, Miss Higgins, in country parlance, took an endless time to get to the door; but as the sound of footsteps approached, my nervousness increased. It seemed a fearful ordeal, to be seated there in evident expectation of visitors, and be obliged to act up to it. In desperation I seized the chequer-board. My elder sister—elder only by two years—was all this time as cool as a piece of ice from Rockland lake; nothing *could* disturb that mild equanimity of her's; but in my eagerness to arrange the game before the visitor entered, I dropped the entire concern, and the floor was sprinkled with black and white wafers on a mammoth scale.

I arose from my knees, flushed and embarrassed; and my half-bashful glance met the countenance of Cousin Eben, somewhat uncomfortable under the consciousness of his Sunday-best. I sank against the arm of the sofa, and indulged in the heartiest laugh I had enjoyed that day. Even Susan smiled; and Eben, imagining himself the cause of our merriment, began to blush, and look very dignified; but the

cordiality of our reception soon reassured him, and quite aided the success of his little scheme to fancy himself a mere acquaintance, and make us a New Year's visit as though he did not belong to the house at all.

We were all very merry, when grandmother entered; and I now experienced a most delightful feeling of safety, for grandmother always knows just what to say, and just what to do; and things, I felt convinced, would now go on right. Eben, it seems, had wandered about, and looked in at the windows, and then concluded to wear off the rust of a first appearance in the bosom of his own family. I did the honors with the cake-basket, but its contents were politely declined; possibly the fact of a visit to the kitchen, while I was engaged in compounding them, may have influenced the refusal.

After a reasonable call, Cousin Eben departed; and we were left “alone in our glory,” to sit in state and look at each other. I gazed at Susan as I would at a beautiful picture to which I had given the finishing touches, and thought, could any one resist the fascinations of so lovely a creature? A half mournful thought floated through my mind at the remembrance of Mr. Castleroy, but I dismissed it as an unworthy visitor; and then I called up my phantom room, and put my sister's figure in *my* place, and felt satisfied. I loved to think of it so; and I sat dwelling upon the fancy with all a child's delight over a treasured plaything.

The old knocker sounded again—I heard footsteps approaching—and the name that I had just repeated to myself almost trembled on my lips—when I looked up to catch the eye of old Paul Biggles. The reaction scarcely permitted me to greet him civilly; and I never fully realized until that moment how impossible it must be for any woman ever to marry *him*. A conclusion in which he by no means joins; indeed, for so long a time has he been represented as “looking out for a wife,” that he is really a sort of wandering Jew in that respect, and, like the Dutchman with the fearful cork leg, seems destined to go the same round forever. It is the habit of Paul Biggles to smile upon woman until he has, as he imagines, raised her to a sufficient pitch of hopefulness—and then, afraid of committing himself, he executes the manoeuvre known in cartmen's phrase as “backing out.” As there is nothing to support this wonderful estimation of himself but a back-ground of money-bags, old Paul Biggles is, in my opinion, a particular horror—and yet, to use a somewhat hackneyed expression, shackled by the conventionalisms of society I cannot even enjoy the satisfaction of telling him so!

For the last five years he has made a regular practice of inquiring my age, and when that question is answered, he asks if I can make bread. On my replying in the affirmative, he remarks: "Fine girl!—you'll be fit to get married one of these days," in a tone which implies that this is decidedly the chief end of woman, and the highest rung in her ladder of felicity. In what contrast rise up the figure and conversation of Castleroy! But, alas! as well might I conjure up one of Titian's angels.

Mr. Biggles condescended to test the quality of one cake, and then came the question that I had expected:

"Did I make it?"

"Yes."

"How old was I?"

"Eighteen."

*Eighteen!* Is it possible! Why you ought to have been married long ago!"

Hereupon I was drawn by Mr. Biggles to the back window—ostensibly to view the scenery—but to my great annoyance, he made me an offer of his hand and heart upon the spot. I felt actually degraded by the compliment, and as I thought of Mr. Castleroy, could have spurned the anxious suitor with my foot. I scarcely remember what I said—there was a sort of mist before me—but I have distinct recollections of the figure of Paul Biggles marching irefully out through the front door. I never felt more disposed to "speed the parting guest."

My grandmother is surprised; Susan laughs, and says that it is a good beginning—what occurs on the first day of the year is very apt to be repeated on the following ones. Then I may calculate on a renewal of Mr. Biggles' offer diurnally from now until next New Year. A pleasant prospect, truly! Susan observes that he is very rich, and then looks thoughtful. Is it possible, my sister—but no, I cannot believe it. I am only glad that the offer was made to me—I would not have her so insulted.

From one till two, an unbroken calm.

Doctor Hepburn and Mr. Widgefield came in together; quite a bright idea, for the two just about make one. The doctor confined himself to my grandmother and Susan; and Mr. Widgefield, perhaps considering me the most likely one of the three to wander out of my proper sphere, favored me with his usual tirades upon woman.

"Woman," said he, "my dear Miss Hamilton, is naturally the inferior animal—she was originally taken from man, you know."

I replied a little maliciously that "those must have been 'the good, old times'—it would

be better for her were she oftener 'taken from man' now-a-days."

Mr. Widgefield opened his round eyes at me in extreme astonishment: and anxious to nip such rebellious sentiments in the bud, he had just collected himself for one annihilating effort, when Doctor Hepburn, having exhausted his small stock of small-talk, gave the departing signal, and my opponent was obliged to defer his victory.

Next came two youths, prototypes of Cousin Eben, who shook hands with us as though they intended to do it now and forever more. Poor fellows! no wonder that they made such a lengthy business of it—they had concentrated all their energies in that one effort; and they clung to our hands as the "man overboard" clings to the rope that is thrown to rescue him from a watery grave.

But there must be an end to everything; and they sank down, apparently frightened at their own temerity. One of them accepted our offer of refreshment, and spilled his wine on the carpet; the other leaned back in his chair, and lost his balance, and both soon took themselves off; leaving me in convulsions of laughter—Susan provoked—and grandmother almost as much amused as myself.

Eben every now and then made his appearance between the acts to compare notes. He had determined that his charity, as far as visiting was concerned, should end, as well as begin at home; for, finding it impossible to screw up his courage to the sticking point, he met with some old cronies—"real good fellows," to use his own term—and spent the day in promenading with them up and down the village.

Four o'clock.—I am thinking of the commencement of an early letter of mine: "I take up my pen to inform you that I have nothing to say"—still, were I not now in hopes of doing rather better than that I should not take it up at all. This farce of New Year's day is now rapidly drawing to a close, and as yet no Mr. Castleroy. True, I have seen him but twice; but then his place is so near to ours, and his manner was so kind on that well-remembered afternoon, that I but think he will come yet.

How I love to recall that first meeting! Stories of the recluse had reached us before, and exaggerated accounts of his appearance and manners; until I expected to see a morose-looking individual, with a gruff voice, and unpromising mien. Susan and I had set forth for a walk through the woods, beautiful in the decay of autumn; and for some time we passed on through the scattered leaves and chestnut-burs—the silence unbroken, save by our own voices.

We were just debating the question of the exact line where grandmother's property stopped, and Mr. Castleroy's began; and we walked on and on, farther than we had ever explored before, when suddenly the barking of a dog, and the appearance of a gentleman, who was leaning gracefully against a tree, quite absorbed in a book, roused us to the fact that we were trespassing on our neighbor's property.

A pair of dark, thoughtful eyes scanned us intently, at first, and then, coming politely forward, Mr. Castleroy introduced himself, and smilingly waived off our excuses. His voice had a touch of sadness, that always possesses for me an inexplicable interest; and yet the expression of his eyes tells plainly enough that there is a fund of humor in his composition, which has probably been clouded by adverse circumstances.

Those expressive eyes were bent with an admiring gaze on Susan's perfect face; but his courtesies were equally divided between us as he conducted us all through his grounds, and displayed to us every point of interest. He listened attentively whenever I spoke, but it was with a half smile; and I could plainly see that he regarded me as a sort of curiosity, and very much wondered what I would say next. I am accustomed to this manner, but it is very unpleasant; people often laugh when I am quite innocent of any such intention. Why can I not do as Susan does, who quietly follows the beaten track, and thus glides along with the current, without attracting observation or comment. I do not know how it is, but I am sure to say something queer before I am in the least aware of it.

On this afternoon, though, I was too busy listening to Mr. Castleroy to talk much myself; and that, I believe, is the wisest course I can take. And well was I repaid for my silence; but I do not think that Susan quite comprehended him—he is somewhat allegorical.

"Have you ever thought," said he, as we walked through the damp leaves, "of the uses of this emblematical fall and decay?"

His eye fell upon me: but Susan replied, as she turned aside the leaves with her foot: "It makes the ground very rich."

I said nothing, and the subject was changed. When next I glanced up, Mr. Castleroy was looking at Susan's hair, which the autumn sun was turning to barnished gold.

Mr. Castleroy left us at our own door—having declined our invitation to enter—with a promise of calling soon.

He has never yet been; but, much to our surprise, we encountered him again, in an entirely opposite direction. He is fond, he says, of solitary

ramblings; but he immediately attached himself to us, and, as before, left us at my grandmother's gate. This time he seemed determined to make me talk; and we kept up an animated conversation, while Susan seemed like a beautiful statue, endowed with the power of locomotion only. She says that she does not like Mr. Castleroy—he is so queer, and difficult to understand; but to me our new acquaintance seems like a rich mine in which I am constantly discovering new treasures.

How Susan will laugh at this! I am afraid that I cannot show my journal, after all.

Our New Year's calls seem likely to prove more numerous than we had anticipated. Looking forth from the window, I beheld a sort of human mosquito known as Mr. Tuinner, the school-master, making directly for the premises. Mr. Tuinner's appearance and motions remind me exactly of the insect I have mentioned; he wears spectacles, I really believe, to give him an important look, for he has been frequently detected looking above and below them; and as he is a would-be wit, he lashes every subject and object in the most unmerciful manner. Fortunately for humanity in general, these random shots of his do no more damage than a child's plaything arrows.

"Good morning, ladies," said Mr. Tuinner, as he entered.

He would have said "females" had he dared—this being his usual manner of designating the sex; but on New Year's day people are generally on their good behavior.

"I wish you," said he, "many happy returns of the day."

We thanked him properly, and Mr. Tuinner made rapid strides toward the cake-basket. Susan interposed in time to save the basket from his grasp, and gracefully presented it. Having fished for a piece to suit his taste, he examined the delicate compound as though it were a fragment of granite or quartz; and remarked, as he helped himself to a second slice, that Adam and Eve would, doubtless, have scorned our style of provisions.

"Not more than we should scorn theirs," observed my grandmother, with a smile.

Mr. Tuinner shook his head mournfully; it was a sad thing, this degeneration; and I thought, as his eye fell upon us three descendants of the ancient culprit, that he looked as though he could have punished us with right good will for Eve's misdemeanor.

I wished to draw him out a little.

"I think, Mr. Tuinner," said I, "that Adam was a very great baby—his character has always

appeared to me in a particularly disadvantageous light. How cowardly and detestable is his defence of himself: 'Behold, the woman whom thou gavest to be with me, *she tempted me and I did not!*' Eve would never have thrown the blame upon him, had he been ever so guilty."

"Why, Miss Katy?" exclaimed the astonished schoolmaster, "I never heard a young person express herself in that decided manner before! Eve was the culprit, and she should have been punished."

His comprehension was but an echo that could send forth only this one sound; and provoked to have wasted ammunition upon so inefficient an antagonist, I bit my lip, and sat in proud silence.

"I passed by the hotel, just now," said Mr. Tuinner, "and two or three young bloods from the city were just hitching their vehicles in front of the door; one of them wore a black moustache—he had probably put his upper lip in mourning for his brains."

Mr. Tuinner tried very hard not to laugh at his own wit; and we kept from laughing without trying at all.

Having failed in a lighter vein, he made a journey to the pyramids; and plied his heavy subject so perseveringly that the Egyptian darkness fell upon us all—and we sat with benumbed faculties, while Mr. Tuinner assumed his school-room manner, and gave us good cause to regret that

"One small head contained e'en all he knew!"

Having had quite enough of the schoolmaster abroad, we saw the door close upon him with a feeling of ineffable relief.

A shuffling sound in the hall announced an arrival that seemed difficult of entrance; and on the opening of the door appeared the figure of Josiah Stiggins, almost pushed in by Miranda. The expression of this youth's countenance reminds me of that favorite remark of Mrs. Gumbridge's: "I'm a poor, lone, born critter, and everything goes contrary with me, and I go contrary with every one." He is a country edition of Toots, and Susan is evidently the Florence Dombey who enthalls him.

I could see the whole picture of his first setting forth: how his mother had scolded, threatened and coaxed him from the fireside; how she had told him to try and learn something of society by calling upon the Miss Hamiltons; and how she had enjoined him to pay particular attention and respect to Mrs. Hamilton—which admonition he now obeyed by turning his eyes as far from her as possible.

Nature had certainly made a mistake in providing him with a pair of hands; he evidently considered them quite superfluous articles, and felt extremely puzzled how to dispose of them to the best advantage. Now they were placed in his pocket—then crossed before him—then dangling at his sides; and during the whole of his visit the poor fellow looked as though he were undergoing a severe penance.

I wanted to relieve his embarrassment.

"My cake," said I, as I presented the basket, "seems to last—eating does not diminish it."

"Yes," said he, with a desperate effort, "like the widow Cruse's oil!"

The cake-basket nearly dropped from my hand at this biblical allusion; and even grandmother and Susan with difficulty refrained from laughing. Poor Josiah was not quite *au fait* in the history of the Bible, but he was so evidently contented under the consciousness of having said a good thing that it would have been absolutely cruel to give him a hint of his error.

Josiah's visit was in proportion to the length of time it must have taken to get him forth; he staid and staid, and, instead of making a New Year's call, had evidently come to spend the day. Conversation flagged; I made a few faint attempts, but the little flame that I could raise soon died out, and all was silent as Quaker meeting.

For two mortal hours did Josiah hang on; but at length he went with a sort of excuse that "his mother might want him:" as an apology for depriving us of so great a treasure. I glanced at Susan with a mirthful face, but her's bore only an expression of haughtiness; to think that we should be obliged to receive such visitors—and half sadly I thought of Mr. Castleroy.

With what delight I beheld the trim figure of Mr. Fonthill advancing up the walk! "Now," thought I, "for a treat, after the storm of stupidity with which we have been assailed."

Our bachelor friend looked genial and smiling—in perfect unison with the atmosphere; and the notice of his approach diffused a glow among the parlor inmates. No shuffling in the hall—no tripping and stumbling and drawing back—but a frank salutation on all sides, and a friendly smile to each and to all. A little bit of flattery to Susan and me shows that with respect to girls, at least, he considers "the smallest donations thankfully accepted."

"I thought," said he, "that it was the first of January—but these roses would seem to imply that summer has not yet vanished."

His manner of saying things gives point to the most empty compliment. It would seem to

be his especial mission to perambulate the earth for the purpose of collecting all the fun, as the bee gathers honey; for such mirth-moving stories, told with such happy humor, I never heard from any one but Mr. Fonthill.

"Do you think, Miss Katy," said he, as he tested the quality of my manufacture, "that you could make cake in any pans but your grandmother's?"

Rather puzzled at this form of address, I asked an explanation.

"My mother," said he, "often told the story of her mistake in this line. She had been brought up by a maiden aunt, with whom every thing went on with the regularity of clockwork; and cake and pies had been mixed in just such pans and dishes from time immemorial. There were no written receipts for these manufactures; it was 'the old blue cup twice filled with sugar'—'the large bent spoon three times full of butter'—and so on; in short, 'a thing full of this, and a thing full of that.' But in her younger days, my mother's cake and pies were quite famous throughout the neighborhood in which my aunt resided; my father therefore supposed that he had found quite a treasure in the house-keeping line. Judge of his surprise, when the first pies that greeted him in his new home were tough enough to dance on—the cake of the stuff that cannon-balls is made of—and my mother in the greatest surprise at the results of her skill. He began to think that the former good things he had eaten of her manufacture were like the pictures executed by the drawing-teacher, and passed off as the pupil's. 'Go and bring me Aunt Paty's blue cup, and large spoon,' said she, 'and you will not have to complain again.' These witch-like implements were not brought, but measured, and cake and pies were again at a premium."

I laughed in the utmost unconcern; for grandmother is a rigid disciple of Mrs. Glasse, and would as soon think of having anything made without an actual receipt, as of covering her pies with leather.

"I had the pleasure," said our guest, "of meeting Mr. Tuinner; and he informed me that there was sedition in the harem—Miss Kate Hamilton aspired to an equality with man! Truly, these are 'troubled times.'"

I wished to try Mr. Fonthill. "No—Mr. Tuinner was mistaken; the sex were quite satisfied with being men's superiors, without descending to the position of equals."

"No, Miss Katy," said our visitor, with a pleasant laugh, "don't you remember the story of the old farmer and his two oxen? The quiet

one received no comment whatever; but the ill-tempered, unruly animal was praised and recommended to all his friends until they asked him why he was so blind to its faults—why not praise the other, instead of this? 'The other one did not need it—its good conduct was quite manifest—but as everybody turned against the ugly one he was trying to retrieve its character. Now, just consider Mr. Tuinner the farmer, and Adam and Eve the oxen.'"

Mr. Fonthill was the only visitor whose departure we regretted; and as these are the only calling people of the village—the other "lords of creation" (?) in our vicinity being somewhat addicted to spending New Year's day in resting their stocking feet upon the mantel, and chewing the end which Sir Walter Raleigh added to the list of masculine accomplishments—we may now expect a cessation of our toils.

Eleven o'clock.—The evening was wearing on toward nine—Miranda had given indications of a resolution to go to bed—Susan had fallen asleep upon the sofa—and grandmother, having a bad headache, spoke of retiring to her own room. But I, not much relishing this prospect of total solitude, prevailed upon her to change her dress for a wrapper, and I stood by the parlor fire bathing her forehead with eau de cologne.

Was it an apparition? I almost thought so; for when I raised my head, there on the threshold stood Mr. Castleroy! The blaze of the fire had already drawn a burning heat to my cheeks; but over it all spread a quick glow as I thought of this our first appearance at home to our elegant neighbor. Why is fate always so unpropitious, and so maliciously fond of contretemps? Had we not all been seated in just the attitudes that a painter might have been delighted with for our portraits at least twenty times that day? And had I not given my rebellious hair various sly smoothings, when a thundering knock at the front door would cause my heart to throb more quickly in anticipation of Mr. Castleroy? And did it not now seem as though he had waited for the worst possible time to make his appearance?

A moment these thoughts troubled me as I bent in painful confusion—for no one but myself was as yet aware of his entrance—the next, I had proudly risen, strengthened by the consciousness that even if duty did sometimes lead one into ridiculous positions, it could not be wrong.

"I must beg forgiveness," said Mr. Castleroy, "for coming thus 'at the eleventh hour;' but I have come, even now, under the doubt that has agitated me all day whether my presence would be acceptable."

Susan had by this time straitened herself on

the sofa with a pair of eyes remarkably wide open—as is the custom with people when they are conscious of feeling sleepy—and we both smiled at this idea, as though it were too absurd to contradict. Grandmother received the visitor in her usual lady-like manner—nowise discomposed by her invalid wrapper—and soon I forgot all but Mr. Castleroy.

I can see that even grandmother is fascinated by his manner; but with her usual prudence she feels desirous to know who and what he is. New Year's Day is ended—and so is my New Year's Journal, for the clock has just struck twelve.

February 5th.—It is a beautiful, moonlight night of our unusually mild winter, and I have stood at my window looking out upon the moonbeams, and, like one of the Fates, weaving a thread of destiny. Beautiful, cold moonbeams! fall upon my burning brow, and cool the hot pulse that is throbbing so wildly.

I have glided up stairs while Susan was playing for Mr. Castleroy, and I feel that my presence will not be missed. Heaven grant, dear sister! that your path may be as bright as I would make it. You are far more worthy than I; and, perchance, even had I won the heart to which I would have aspired, I might have lived to see it turn from me in cold disdain.

My thoughts must have borrowed the seven league boots and traversed the step from the sublime to the ridiculous; else why do I think of those expressive lines?

"They say thou wilt marry—'tis well, 'tis well! Though the chain may be heavy, thou'rt under love's spell;

But I—I am free, and no Cupid shall task me,  
I never will marry—till somebody ask me!"

But no, that is not at all applicable; henceforth, I shall devote myself to the good of the world—I will be a second "Madeline"—a banner to scenes of distress.

I had just written the above when Susan looked over my shoulder, and said that Mr. Castleroy wished to speak to me. What can he possibly want! To solicit my interposition between him and grandmother, perhaps, for Susan looks somewhat excited. I will go down.

Later.—The moonbeams are shining still, but their light is no longer cold—they came peering in at the parlor window, and teased me when I would willingly have had no light save that within.

"I have loved you, dear Katy, from our first meeting," said he, "but I did not know it until New Year's night, when I saw by the strong fire-light that your face was glowing with natural embarrassment, and then, throwing this off as

unworthy of you, you came to meet me with the air of a duchess—I then felt that you would brave all for duty, or those you loved."

But his words, pleasant as they are, fill me with a strange apprehension; is there, then, so much to be braved, and was grandmother correct in her suspicion that all was not quite right? I have as yet said nothing—I have referred him to her; and, with a mirthful gleam in his dark eyes, he placed a paper in my hands which I dread to open. Perhaps it is the key to some horrid mystery.

Mr. Castleroy's confession.

"You must rely upon my goodness now, sweet Katy, for wickedness in early years is said to be a good passport to perfection in manhood—and, as near as I can recollect, I was a particularly bad little boy. My poor father, on his death-bed, said to my mother, 'I am not afraid of the rest, but you will have trouble with that boy.' And trouble enough she did have with me. She has often since told me that she was afraid I would turn out a villain of the deepest dye. Even in childhood I was more like a little Robinson Crusoe than a civilized being; betaking myself to books and solitude whenever an opportunity offered.

"We were poor—a struggling with poverty is among my earliest recollections; and in my youth I imbibed a bitterness toward the world in general, which, although not an amiable result, was, perhaps, a natural one—for people are not disposed to tolerate pride that lacks wealth to support it, and the rude jostling which I received from my fellow pilgrims was not calculated to make me very leniently disposed toward them.

"I passed a youth of toil; and when verging on middle age, a wealthy uncle died and left me his property—for no reason that I could conceive, except that I was a prototype of himself with respect to my feelings toward my fellow mortals. I do not remember that a single word of love ever passed between us, and few words of any description; but he saw fit to make me his heir, and it was with a feeling of triumph that I took possession of my estate.

"I was now alone in the world; my mother had long been dead—my brothers, like 'the graves of a household,' were 'scattered far and wide;' and I took a pleasure in withdrawing myself from the 'nods and becks and wreathed smiles' which now encompassed me on every side to a lonely country place, where I imagined that I should be safe from comment or intrusion. I expended both time and money on the adornment of my summer castle; and here I intended to live and die, a sort of modern hermit—but alas! I fell a

victim to the very first trespasser on my grounds. Like the unfortunate young man in the Arabian Nights, whose father took so much pains to construct him a subterranean dwelling, where he could conceal himself from the dangerous Prince Agil, I have but rushed into my fate."

Nothing so very mysterious, after all! I wonder if I am not a little disappointed? But, Susan? How will she receive my confession?

Grandmother has said "yes" with tears in her

eyes; but she gazes toward the Castleroy mansion, through the leafless trees, and smiles to think that it is no farther off. Susan has promised herself to Paul Biggles, and in spite of my entreaties, goes resolutely to work to make a sacrifice of herself. I cannot help thinking of "Auld Robin Gray;" but grandmother tells me that I am mistaken in Paul, and that he has really behaved very nobly. What in, I am sure I don't know—but here is another mystery.

## THE LAMENT.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

The ice is on his brow. My hand hath lain  
Upon its polished surface long, to feel  
The warm life-blood come creeping back again:  
And I have watched to see the faint flush steal  
Over his marble cheek: to mark the lid  
That droops so coldly o'er the azure eyes,  
Where such a world of noble love lies hid,  
In this full radiant burst of glory rise!  
Yes—I have raised the curtain, that the light  
From the far Eastern skies all bathed in gold,  
May rest upon his face—a halo bright—  
And touch with gentle warmth his forehead cold!

How the soft flood creeps to his raven hair,  
Tinging its blackness with a purple glow,  
As the rich masses fall so darkly, where  
The shades are mingling with his brow's pure  
snow!  
How oft these curls have round my fingers twined,  
Waving in beauty in the Summer breeze:

Now, drooping heavily, my soul can find  
No life 'mid shadows deep and dark as these.  
No life! the ice is creeping round my heart,  
I feel a cold hand press its broken strings:  
A low voice whispers that not long we part—  
And to my soul the thought a wild joy wings!

Beloved one. I can see an angel's wings  
Sweeping across the distant ether blue,  
Snow-white, except where radiant beauty flings  
Across their edge a tinge of golden hue.  
On toward the rising sun the winglets soar,  
Bearing thy soul into the realms of day;  
There 'mid the sinless seraphs evermore,  
Where silver streams through fadeless flowerets  
stray,  
Thy brow shall wear a wreath of shining gold,  
Thy fingers strike the harp-chords, waking notes  
More exquisite than mortal tongue hath told,  
Pure as thy soul that in yon ether floats

## DEATH.

BY S. E. JUDSON.

HARK! how mournfully rise and swell  
The low, sad strokes of the tolling bell.  
Hush the light laugh and the careless jest,  
For another has sunk to that dreamless rest,  
One, who, through dark and stormy life,  
With trouble, and sorrow, and trials rife,  
Struggled bravely on 'neath the weight of care,  
With the Christian's hope and the Christian's prayer.

Yet, oh! how bitter the tears that are shed  
Over the calm, waxen face of the dead,

As though the still death chamber rings  
Each sweet, sad tone the soft wind brings.  
In the old church-yard they have made a grave,  
For love though strong had no power to save,  
And the shrouded form, and the placid face  
We must bear to that quiet resting-place.  
No more deep lines for the marble brow,  
To sorrow no bitter awakening now;  
But the strife, and pain, and grief will cease,  
For naught can disturb that "perfect peace."

# "ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

BY JANE WEAVER.

"WHAT a superb woman Mrs. Mayhew is," said a young student from the country, to one of his city friends. "Really she has quite an English complexion. How a lady, at her age, can be so blooming, is really wonderful."

His companion smiled, and replied,

"You don't understand city life yet, I see, Harry. The bloom you behold on the cheeks of our ladies is not all natural——"

"What! Not natural! You don't mean to say that they paint."

"I mean to say exactly that; nothing more, nothing less."

"And is Mrs. Mayhew one of the number?"

His companion nodded, laughing, as he did so, at the other's consternation.

"Well, I will say this for her," said Harry, after he had recovered something of his composure, "she paints very well. I confess myself completely deceived. In fact, she beats Nature herself, she is so natural."

"Ladies are not always so skilful," replied his friend, "nor does Mrs. Mayhew herself hit the mark, in painting, on every occasion. In truth, the old adage about meddling with sharp tools holds good of others as well as of little boys. If you'll take another cigar, and listen as you would to a professor, I'll tell you a tale that has the merit of truth at any rate."

"I'm all attention."

"Well, you must know, one of our *ton*, last winter, gave a ball that was the talk of the fashionable circles, for months before and after; and to this ball Mrs. Mayhew was invited of course. There are hundreds like you, Harry, who think the lady in question a second Juno; and, I must confess, that at a distance, and to the uninitiated, she really does look beautiful. Her large eyes still retain their dreamy languor; and her figure is too good to require a milliner to make up deficiencies. Slander, however, whispers that her looks are not all her own, that dentistry has had more to do with her teeth than Nature, and that the pearly appearance of her skin is to be attributed to cosmetics and not to a real complexion. Be this as it may, Miss Mayhew, at a ball, or the opera, seems a splendid creature, and manages, though a grandmother, to pass for a fashionable beauty still. Of course,

at the ball in question, she was anxious to appear as superb as ever. Her dress was a master-piece, and was exhibited privately at the milliner's, before it was sent home; her diamonds were reset; and her footman bought up all the richest flowers, at the green-houses, for her especial use.

"The eventful evening, as the story-tellers say, came at last. I was one of those invited, and went early, for I was curious to see the entire show. Mrs. Mayhew, like many other fashionables, has a trick of going late to a party; I suppose because she wishes to have a crowd to see her enter. On this night she came later than usual. Nearly five hundred persons had collected, crowding the rooms almost to suffocation: and the dancing was proceeding with the greatest spirit, when, at last, she appeared. I was not in a situation to observe her at first, being wedged into one corner, with a score of feathered and flowered heads interposing between me and her, but I observed that as she slowly passed up the rooms, in order to pay her respects to the hostess, an audible titter followed where I presumed she had gone. Now and then I caught a glimpse of the plumes in her hair, and once had a momentary vision of one shoulder of her magnificent lace cape: Finally she passed out of sight, and in the tumult of the dance I had forgotten all about her, when suddenly I saw her, right before me, escorted by one gentleman, and talking volubly to another in her most fascinating manner."

"Well," cried Harry, with eager curiosity, for his friend paused here to relight a cigar.

"It required all my politeness," resumed the narrator, with a sly smile at the listener's interest, "to keep from laughing outright at the appearance she presented. Have you ever seen an Indian in his war-paint, especially one of those rare old fellows, who seem to think alternate streaks of red and yellow are the perfection of taste? If you have you can form some conception how your beauty looked. I understood the cause of all at a glance. She had dressed by a dim light—I afterward heard that the gaskipes were being altered in her house, and that she had performed her toilet by candle-light—and the result was that the painting which, at home, had looked perfect, would not stand a

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scrutiny under the blaze of gas. Her cheeks, in fact, were in streaks. You can imagine nothing more hideous, Harry. Here a bit of parchment colored skin; there a line of rouge; here a dot of yellow; there a daub of red. The cream of the joke was that she was utterly unconscious of all this, and smiled, and smirked, and puckered up her withered skin, believing herself, like any coquette of sixteen, perfectly irresistible. How the mustached monkey, to whom she was talking, preserved his gravity, I cannot tell: it was a puzzle to me then, and has been ever since; and the only solution I can offer is that, perhaps, his whiskers were dyed or he wore a wig."

Harry was laughing outrageously. But his friend gravely proceeded, though there was a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"Mrs. Mayhew, after that memorable evening, went travelling for the winter; for the laugh was too great against her, even for a woman of fashion to endure. But, this year, she has reappeared again, and is destined, I suppose, to pass for as great a beauty as before, at least to the uninitiated."

He paused, and added,

"So you see, Harry, that in fashionable life, as in jeweler's shops, ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

## "I AM SO YOUNG."

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

So young!—oh, Death, withhold thy dart,  
Look on my childish brow;  
Cruel and cold must be thy heart,  
To speed thine arrow now.

So young! so full of hopes and joys—  
With soul so fresh and free,  
Such a glad listener to the voice  
Of Nature's minstrelsy!

So young! so all untouched by care—  
Oh, take me not away,  
While life appears too sweetly fair  
To yield before decay.

It is not that I loathe the thought,  
Though sad it be—of death;  
For even my infancy was taught,  
That He who gave my breath—

Might justly claim the gift again,  
Whene'er it was His will;  
And I who bowed submissive then,  
Would bow submission still.

But ah, so young! I could not dream  
I should be called to die,  
While the reflection of life's stream  
Gave back my morning sky!

I feel there is a wealth of power,  
Deep hidden in my breast—  
A priceless, undeveloped dower,  
That fills me with unrest.

And when my soul in trembling hope,  
Her fledgling wings would try,  
Death sternly bids me fold them up,  
And lay me down—and die!

I fondly traced a path of light  
In which I hoped to scar

With an unchecked, unwearied flight—  
But now, my hopes are o'er.

I proudly thought to leave a name  
Writ with a luminous pen  
Upon the glorious page of fame—  
But ah, the thought was vain!

'Tis very sorrowful to die  
While I am still so young—  
To lay my minstrel harp-strings by,  
And leave so much unsung!

Yes—I must pass away from earth—  
Yet wherefore shed a tear?  
My spirit owns a Heavenly birth—  
Its fire was kindled there.

Unsullied, purified, forgiven,  
This quenchless spark within  
Will gather at the fount of Heaven  
New light with which to shine.

Fame, earthly fame no more shall rise  
Before me as my goal;  
Ambition lofty as the skies  
Shall hallow all my soul.

Too young? oh, not too young to die!  
The thought was strangely wrong;  
Earth's "little ones" the oftenest try  
The angels' glorious song.

If mortal strains have power to start  
A joy naught else hath given—  
What ecstasy will thrill my heart  
Amid the harps of Heaven!

Then will I murmur not, tho' some  
Poor lays are left unsung;  
But thank my God, he calls me home  
While I am very young!

## THE PIC-NIC.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Now, Carry, I must insist that you promise us!"

"I never make any promise stronger than a conditional one, Alice. If nothing occurs——"

"If nothing occurs!" cried Alice, laughing——

"why do you imagine that three mortal weeks can go over and nothing occur in them? Is the world to stand still for our convenience? But you are always so full of your *ifs* and *buts* and conditions!"

Both the young ladies who thus chatted were beautiful. There was a family likeness between them—more than an ordinary family likeness, for they were the daughters of twin sisters. And both were orphans too—thus early introduced to the chances and changes of this fleeting world. Both were wards of their only uncle—their only relative indeed, for their uncle had no children. He lived for his nieces, and seemed to have transferred to them the affection which he had felt in his early youth for their parents. And to the two children had descended the characters of their mothers. Alice was mirthful and sad by turns, but always disposed to trifle—never to think. She was giddy for no apparent reason—said she knew not why. Caroline, her elder by a few years, was uniformly cheerful, but sedate and thoughtful. If she had never the light spirits of her volatile cousin, neither did she descend to her gloomy depths. Alice would take your admiration by storm, and force you to admire her as a butterfly, or other beautiful trifle. Caroline won your esteem and respect, and secured your love, by the sure foundation of lovable qualities.

Alice and her young friends had arranged a picnic, and secured not only the permission, but the presence and counsel of Uncle William. And it was appointed for three weeks from the date of its conception, in order that they might have the presence of some friends who were at that time expected. Alice endeavored in vain to induce Caroline positively to pledge herself, and was compelled at last to be content with "*ifs* and *buts* and conditions." It was more than a habit—it was a point of principle with Caroline Brandt never to make a positive arrangement of her time. She always mentally reserved against contingencies. The loss of father and mother

and other dear friends had impressed her youthful mind with a deep feeling of the uncertainty of life, and her strong religious feeling made her habitually regard all that befel as ordered by a kind and good Father, who never willingly afflicts or grieves. To His direction she uniformly referred all that happened; and if she did not continually mention this as her reason for her "*ifs* and *buts*," it was because of the reverential feelings which were partly her nature, and in part the result of education.

The beautiful and thoughtless Alice suffered no such considerations to come between her and her purposes. And if duty or propriety compelled her to forego her cherished schemes, we must acknowledge that it was with no very good grace that she relinquished her designs. She was often forced to acknowledge that Caroline's was much the wiser course—but with the perverseness of a spoiled beauty, she did not permit experience, or the example of her more thoughtful cousin to change her conduct.

The time drew round. The preparations were complete. The promised guests arrived, and the morning of the day had come. "Now," said Alice, as she laid her hand upon her cousin's shoulder, and waked her from her sleep, "tell me, has *anything* occurred? Had you pleasant dreams, and no ill omens to bid you beware of this day's amusement? Say, most prophetic cousin——"

But even Alice's giddiness was checked. There was such an expression of pain and doubt and anxiety on Caroline's face, that Alice ceased to speak, and gazed in wonder. Caroline drew her hands across her brow, and said, "thank you, dear, dear Alice, for waking me. I was in *such* distress! But I am not so weak as to be moved by a dream to change my purposes. I am aware of no reason now to deny myself the pleasant excursion you have planned. But we know not what a day may bring forth."

The two cousins made their morning toilet. Caroline—methodical Caroline, was as usual dressed and down before her careless cousin. As she threw open the window, a boy ran up—"I've been waiting since day-light. Nobody has seen me. Here!" He placed a note in her hand. Before she could question him, he was gone. She

knew the messenger, and had sad forebodings as to the nature of his message. With palpitating heart she read—and thrust the note in her bosom as Alice entered.

"Why, Carry, dear, are you ill?" Alice anxiously inquired.

"No, cousin—that is yes—but it will soon be over. Don't question me."

"Don't question you! Why, Caroline! what a strange fancy is this! Uncle will never suffer you to conceal a grief, or hide a pain in this way. What is the matter?"

"Alice!" said Caroline, in a low, earnest tone.

The girl thus impressively appealed to, was all attention.

"Do you wish me to go with you to-day?"

"Why, yes, cousin, if you are well enough—but you fright me terribly!"

"I am well. And I will go with you upon two conditions. One is that you say nothing of this to my uncle. And the other that you contrive, or at least cover my absence from the party for two or three hours to-day."

"I can promise the first—but why the second? How dare I? What do you mean? What is this mystery?"

"You must not ask. And if you will not promise me, I shall remain at home."

"I will, I will tell uncle all about it!" said Alice, bursting into tears, and throwing her arms round her cousin's neck. "It is strange—it is dreadful!"

"What is strange and dreadful?" asked Caroline, calmly.

"Why you waken in the morning in such a flutter! And then you terrify me so with your ashy paleness! And then you make such strange requests! I declare, Cousin Carry, I don't know what to think of you!"

"Well, Alice," said Caroline, forcing a smile, "I will wait till we have breakfasted, and see then what you decide upon."

Uncle William was in high spirits at breakfast, and rallied his two nieces upon thinking and dreaming so much upon their day's pleasure that they had worn themselves out before it commenced. Words flew to Alice's lips, but the calm look of her cousin checked her, and she blushed crimson and was silent. Caroline performed the entire duties of the breakfast table with composure, at which Alice was lost in wonder. And Uncle William, as he left to make some necessary preparations, puzzled himself little as to what could have overcast the countenances of the cousins. He had lived too long to expect a reason for all the phases of the sex, and asked no questions.

"If you will let me go with you, Caroline, we can slip away together——"

"Not a step, cousin, and what is more, you must not even look after me! Come, don't look so very much bewildered. Give me credit for some discretion. I am going to do nothing either foolish or wicked."

"I know, my wise cousin," said Alice, "that your prudence is a proverbial rebuke to my folly—and as to your doing anything wicked, that, I do believe is impossible. But confess, now, that this is a most strange proceeding!"

"Alice, if you had not surprised me this morning when somewhat disconcerted, I should have accompanied you, and effected my purpose without your aid, or suspicion. And to-morrow you would have seen the same Cousin Carry as ever—yes, indeed, and to-day too, only that you might have wondered a little why I played hide and seek with you."

Caroline at last obtained her cousin's reluctant promise; and not a moment too soon, for Uncle William was ready, and the carriage was at the door before his wards came down. And when they came he only thought they had spent their time to good purposes, for both looked more beautiful than ever. Alice was thoughtful—an unusual thing for her, but he fancied that it was anxiety about the fete, and laughingly assured her that nothing had been omitted or forgotten—and that all would go "merry as a marriage bell." Caroline was self-possessed and calm—her natural demeanor.

A pleasant gipsy party was that assembled in the little dell which had been chosen for the day's amusement. Modern inventions had not, at that day, spoiled the true pleasures of the pic-nic. Nobody presumed to wear any article of dress or ornament out of keeping in the woods. There was no hired band of musicians. There were no specimens of the skill of professed confectioners—no dining, ball-room, or drawing-room luxuries brought to the sylvan scene, to destroy the unities and mar the negligent pleasure of the day by any forced refinements or constraint. It was a pic-nic in earnest—a real pic-nic, a hearty, unsophisticated and innocent frolic. All enjoyed themselves. And nobody at first missed Caroline, who, true to her purpose, disappeared. Even Alice did not know, until Caroline had been some time absent, that her cousin had carried out her intention.

The expected guests were there. With one of them only, Egbert Moore, has our narrative anything to do. He was the admired of the one sex, and the envy of the other. For many years he had been absent from his native village, returning

only, for brief visits, or such occasions as the present, to delight his former playmates with such glimpses of the world as were shadowed and represented in his brilliant wit and courtly manners. He had been especially attracted to Caroline, and much admired her individuality; for she had a character of her own, and was above imitation and superior to the awkwardness of seeming to be continually striving to be "like other people."

"Where is Miss Brandt?" he asked, at length, when all his own searching had failed to discover her retreat. Alice, who had been expecting and fearing that some one would make this inquiry, feigned not to hear it, but the young man had caught a glimpse of her, and followed up his question. "Come, Miss Alice, tell us where your cousin has flown! You look as forlorn as a bird without its mate in her absence; and it is only charity to search her out to relieve your loneliness!"

"Nonsense!" said Alice, laughing, and yet confused. "Cousin Carry knows every root of the underbrush here, and every tree is familiar to her. If all the ladies present will not suffice to make up her absence to you, sit down like a lone knight, and con a woeful ditty! Suppose you engrave her name on the bark of a few trees! I'll answer for her return before you have half cut through the woods!"

There was more than a shade of vexation in this answer, and in the tone of the fair speaker's voice. Egbert was silenced—for he saw that for some reason or other it was not a subject to be pressed.

But where was Caroline? When she left the party she tripped aside from the beaten path, and in a few moments reached a lonely lane which was effectually screened from the scene of the revels, though still within hearing of the voices of the happy party. This she followed until she arrived at a solitary house, where her presence was evidently not unexpected; for at the open door before she reached it, appeared the lad who had seen her in the morning. Immediately following him came a woman, bowed more with the weight of sorrow than of years.

"You have come to a sad house! Miss Brandt," said the cottager.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," said Miss Brandt.

"But when the mourning is the effect of wickedness and folly! That ever daughter of mine could thus afflict me!" And as she said this, the woman dashed away a tear almost spitefully, as if she would nerve herself against weakness, and deny herself the kind relief of tears.

"Sit down," said Caroline. "Sit down and give way to your grief. Sit here while I go to your daughter. When did she come home?"

"Lord have mercy upon me! Lord have mercy upon me! Oh, Miss Caroline, Miss Caroline! It's five years, come Christmas since she left me!"—and here the woman with her elbows on her knees, and her face hidden in her hands rocked her head feverishly to and fro, and choked for words. "I heard often from her, for she always was writing. And she still sent me money from time to time, and latterly it came so often that my heart began to misgive me. It's all here—all that came lately, I mean—it's the price of her soul—I never can touch it again—never!"

"Mother!" cried a voice from an inner room. The woman hastened to answer the summons, and in a few moments returned and beckoned to Caroline, who followed her. There, upon the plain but decent bed lay the poor penitent, wan and wasted. She had come home stricken—to die. "This is so kind of you!" she said to Caroline. She did not so much as lift her hand, and as Caroline took it from the pillow, she half shrank, as if not worthy to be touched by the pure. Caroline stooped and kissed her pale forehead. She shrieked with grief, and turning away her head buried her face in the pillow, and sobbed till the bed shook. "Leave me a little while," she said, and Caroline went out again into the air.

It was a calm autumn day. The mellow tints of the landscape—the quiet stillness of the spot, disturbed only by the drowsy hum of the insects, and the noise of a little brook that babbled by—all spake peace and innocence. But oh, what a tempest of guilt was rending that poor heart, and how at war with God's peace were the stormy passions of reluctant repentance and angry hate. But at the hate, who can wonder?

While, during the evening before, the poor woman who had lived in that house maiden and wife, mother and widow all her days, was reading the chapter of Holy Writ with which she always closed her day, she felt a breath on her cheek, and heard a sigh. She turned instantly in her terror—and there stood, like a guilty spectre, the pale girl who had come home to die. We will not attempt to describe that meeting. The sorrow-stricken mother could not—though she tore open her heart afresh in the attempt.

Caroline was soon called back. She asked to know nothing. She saw that the poor child, who had been once her protegee had sinned—she knew she suffered. She knelt down at her bedside and poured out words of prayer for the penitent—words which seemed to bring her answer, with their utterance. The sufferer grew calm as Caro-

line proceeded; and when she ceased, feebly but heartily responded amen! The missionary of mercy paused a few moments upon her knees in silent communion with the Hearer of Prayer. When she arose she was neither surprised nor offended to find the penitent asleep. Caroline walked quietly from the room, and as she left the house, the mother overwhelmed her with thanks and blessings. She also placed in her hands a small packet, which, she said, her daughter had charged her to give Miss Brandt, if she died without seeing her.

What a world of contrast is this we live in! In a short half hour Caroline was again among her happy young companions. She knew too well what she owed to her friends to let the sad scene she had witnessed—since she could not describe it to them—alter her deportment. And as she was never excitable or volatile, none but Alice could detect that aught save happiness had crossed her path that day. But with her knowledge of the mystery of the morning, Alice did not fail to perceive that something very unusual had taken place with her fair cousin.

The day passed as all such days go over. There was the usual endurance of fatigue—the usual disappointment with many—and on the whole for laborious pleasure Cousin Alice's picnic would compare very well with other such occasions. The city guests, and Egbert Moore in especial, gave rise to a world of gossip and remark. All agreed that Egbert was very much attracted by Caroline. And all for once were right, although she was innocent of any intention to challenge his notice.

On the next day, Egbert called, as a matter of form upon the cousins. Alice was all vivacity—Caroline refused herself to him. Closely did Alice press her cousin for the reason of such waywardness. "If it was me, now, Cousin Carry, nobody would wonder; but that you, who are the model of propriety, should play the coquette is a wonder!"

Caroline drew her cousin's head to her breast, and Alice nestled there like a child. "Now, Cousin Prudence," said Alice, "you need not go to warning me against that charming young man. It is you who have captivated him, and you need not fear that I shall accept your rejected one—even if you do choose to reject him. I certainly will not supplant you!"

"Peace, trifter!" said Caroline, stopping Alice with a kiss. "You talk of you know not what!" And as she said this she rose, and took up her hat and shawl.

"Me too!" cried Alice, jumping up.

"No—cousin!" said Caroline, decidedly.

"I declare you are too bad—and I *will* tell uncle all about your strange movements!"

Caroline passed out without heeding her. She went again alone to the cottage. The wearied spirit of the poor wanderer had winged its flight from earth. Caroline spake a word of comfort to the mother, and returned home sad, but with the consciousness of a duty performed, since she had visited the sick in her affliction, and comforted the mourner. On the next day she took Alice with her to the church-yard, and as the sexton placed the turf upon a nameless grave, Caroline drew near and whispered hope to the mourning mother—who except the lad before mentioned was the only mourner. The clergyman bowed and drew back respectfully—for he knew the quiet and unobtrusive mode in which Caroline ministered to the poor and unhappy.

As they walked home Caroline told Alice all that she so much desired to know. The decent pride of the mother, and the shrinking shame of the dying had pleaded that their sorrow should not be made public. And thus the guilt-stricken who had returned to die among her kindred, "stole from the world."

Spring had come, with its early flowers and budding hopes. Again the country was cheerful. Nothing had happened to disturb the monotony of a country winter to the cousins—save that the poor old woman in whom Alice had become as much interested as Caroline, was placed beside her daughter.

"Now, Cousin Carry, you must go down," said Alice, tripping into her chamber. "Egbert is here—your city friend, you know—and he insists on seeing you. I am as nothing in his eyes."

Caroline hesitated. Alice wondered to see her face grow pale—then calmly stern. She walked to a drawer, and taking thence a parcel, said, "come, Alice." And Alice wonderingly obeyed. As they entered the parlor, Egbert met them, all radiant with smiles—the ready compliment tripping on his tongue. But he was awed into silence by Caroline's manner—he was astonished into awkwardness, when without a word she placed the parcel in his hand. He hastily opened it—reddened—blanched again—and stammered—"Miss Brandt, I hope—I fear some one has introduced me—I—" He ventured to look up to see if there was a glance of encouragement in her face. She stood erect in cold, scornful composure, and he hastily took his hat and fled.

"Now I *would* like to know what Gorgon's head you had in that brown paper!" cried Alice, uncertain whether she should laugh, or cry, or scold.

"It was his own miniature.

"The villain!" exclaimed Alice, "now I understand it all! But why did you not tell me before?"

"There was no need, dear cousin, and I hoped there never would be. We must keep our own counsel still, for the sake of the poor victims of his wickedness who lie side by side in their unhonored graves."

"Carry!" said Alice, as they retired that night.

"Well, Cousin Alice."

"You know, Carry, you told me we are to have no more of these dreadful secrets, and I am to be very discreet, and you are to trust me with every thing. Now you must tell me what made you so very strange on the morning of the picnic, last summer, before you left your bed indeed. I must know all about it."

"Do you see that tree," said Caroline, drawing her cousin to the window. "Of course you do not remember that the night before our party, you were first in bed—"

"Indeed I might," said Alice, blushing, "for, graceless girl that I am, I am often asleep while you are still on your knees, and praying for me too, I am sure!"

Caroline smoothed back the loose curls from the fair brow of Alice, and continued, "the night

was as bright as this. I stood a few moments in the shadow of that curtain, and thought I saw a female figure under that tree, watching the house. I blew out the light and returned to the window, and was soon satisfied that I had been correct in my supposition; for slowly and wearily the figure moved away. I went to bed and dreamed of the sad, homeless wanderers there are in the world, while God gives us friends and food and shelter."

"Dear Cousin Carry!"

"Can you wonder that I waked disturbed—or that a note from her, begging me to come alone should so move me—or that I should wish to keep my darling Alice as long as possible from the knowledge of the evil that is in the world?"

"What *would* Uncle William say to all this?"

Caroline answered,

"He knew all, long ago, cousin; for he had a right to know. I would not make so light of his kindness as to take any important step without him. It was he indeed who suggested to me that mode of dismissing Mr. Moore from our acquaintance. But good night, Cousin Alice! Don't dream of moonlight figures—for such adventures happen only once in a life-time to any, and to the greater number, never."

## WE FORGET HOURS,

### BUT REMEMBER MOMENTS

BY H. W. PAYSON.

They come to us—they come to us,

Point after point alone,

These little spots in memory,

Some moments we have known,

As flies the flashing lightning

From the dark unnoticed cloud,

Some moment bursts from years behind,

With magic power endow'd.

They come—they come sad memories,

Dim moments let them stay,

They are partings, they are death scenes,

Do not hasten them away.

Tears, they bring you tears of sorrow,

But they bring you soothing too,

Whispering they are glorious beings,

Whom on earth as frail you knew

They come too black remembrances,

How oft in hours of pride,

Before this idol self the sins

Of other years will glide.

Oh! drive them not too soon away,

Nor let them tarry long,

Pray that their humbling ministries,  
May make thy spirit strong.

Like a drop of rich aroma,  
From the rose long since decay'd,  
Like the light the star illumines,  
When the earth is wrapped in shade;  
Come some moment memory loveth,  
Some delightful music strain,  
Round the troubled spirit playing,  
Rousing it to hope again.

Moments come—they are but moments,  
When the raptured soul inspired,  
Rose through earthly clouds and vapors  
With celestial ardor fired.  
Such with nought can we compare them,  
Here alone description fails,  
They are apertures whence shineth,  
Heavenly light through earthly valves.

Present moments—let us use them  
As if memory stored them all,  
And so live that no dark folly,  
Cunning memory may recall.

## DOING EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

"CLARA, I wish you would go to the nursery, and see if you can't keep Charley quiet. Your father won't let me leave him a moment, and that noise makes his head much worse."

"Yes, Clara, Clara," called an impatient voice from the sick room. "Go this minute, and do something—amuse it—put it to sleep—frighten it—something—just whenever I want to sleep, that child begins to scream. I verily believe it does it on purpose."

Clara Lathrop hurried to the side of her baby cousin, who was almost black in the face with screaming.

"What in the world is the matter with him?" she said to the nurse.

"Sure it's nothing but the temper. Its meself that's walked the floor with him the whole blessed night, and my feet were swelled enough agin mornin' came, and I darent stop a minute, for fear Mr. Lathrop would hear the child and be the death of me."

"Were you up all last night? Oh, then go and lie down now, for perhaps he'll cry all the time to-night. I'll take care of him this afternoon."

"Many thanks to you, Miss Clara," said the girl, as she left the room.

But Charley would not be amused, nor put to sleep, nor frightened into silence. He was as fretful and peevish as he could possibly be. After more than two hours ineffectual efforts, Clara, exhausted and out of patience, happened to cast her eyes toward the mantle-piece, where stood some vials of medicine.

"I wonder if there's any paregoric there," thought she. "I've a good mind to give him some, though aunt did forbid it so positively yesterday."

She walked to the mantle, and took up the bottle.

"There's none here," she said, despondingly. "What shall I do? I can't keep him still. Charley, Charley, for goodness sake, hush. There's laudanum though. A few drops of that wouldn't hurt him, I know."

Clara's stood for some time with the bottle in her hand, and then set it down and walked away. It was not the idea that the thing was wrong that restrained her. Clara Lathrop's warm heart and generous temper were not guided by principle.

Deprived of her mother at an early age, and brought up at a boarding-school, she had imbibed very loose notions on the subject of morals. But she knew her aunt would be highly displeased if she gave laudanum or anything of the kind to Charley, and it was rather a daring act even for her. A fresh burst of screams now assailed her ears.

"Oh! father will certainly hear that." Her eye fell again on the vial of laudanum. "I can do nothing else," she murmured.

She poured a few drops into a cup of arrow-root, and held it to his lips. He drank it, and in a little while became more quiet, and at last fell asleep.

"I am sure sleep will do him good," thought she, as she sat by his crib in the darkening twilight.

The next afternoon her services were again called in requisition to quiet Charley, "as she had been so successful yesterday."

"Oh, then, Miss Clara," said Betsey, as she entered the room, "he was as bad as he could be yesterday; but to-day he's worse yet. I'm tired to death with him, but it's not a bit tired he is. I'd not lave you alone with him, but Mrs. Stone wants me to go on an errand. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"At the end of an hour, Clara threw herself back in her chair almost in despair. Just then a servant opened the door with an impatient message from Mr. Lathrop, that he could stand it no longer—she *must* keep the child still.

"I'll give him some more laudanum," thought she. "It didn't hurt him yesterday afternoon, and it won't now."

She gave him the laudanum, but he seemed even more irritable.

"It must be that I didn't give him enough," she murmured. "Yet it was as much as I gave him before."

She poured out a few drops more, though her hand trembled and her heart beat rather quickly. In a few minutes Charley fell into a profound slumber, and when Betsey returned she said that Mr. Lathrop was much better, for he had got a good sleep since Charley became quiet.

About twelve o'clock the next day Clara was summoned to the nursery. Charley had never

waked since she left him the night before. About nine that morning, Betsey had endeavored without success to wake him, and in an hour or two she tried again; but all her efforts to rouse him from the heavy stupor in which he lay being ineffectual, she sent for his mother. When Clara entered the room, Mrs. Stone had Charley in her lap, and a physician was bending over him with an anxious face.

"Some opiate has been administered to the child, ma'am," said he.

"Betsey, have you given him anything?" said Mrs. Stone, almost distractedly.

"Oh, ma'am, its not meself would do the likes of that. Oh! no one has, ma'am. Sure its Miss Clara was with him all the time I was gone."

"Were you with him all the time, Clara? Didn't you leave him with any one for an instant?" said her father, who had risen from his sick bed and tottered to the room.

"No, sir," replied she, and the state of the poor child, whose hand she held, might well account for her pale cheeks and faltering voice.

"This is the sleep produced by opium in some form or other," said the doctor. "I fear he will never wake again."

"Oh! dear doctor, can't you think of any thing?" exclaimed Mrs. Stone.

He shook his head. "It is out of my power to rouse him."

"Let me try once more," said Betsey, and throwing wide open the window, she commenced tossing the little fellow up and down in the current of fresh air, repeating his name in the most endearing accents, while Clara looked on with a wildly beating heart. She wished to confess all, but dared not. Once, twice she opened her lips to speak, but fear checked the words. Oh, those were moments of agony to her! Hope had gone out in even the mother's heart, but Betsey still kept on, and at last signs of returning animation appeared. The tears poured fast from Clara's eyes. Her heart was almost crushed with a sense of gratitude to God that He had thus spared her, and earnestly did she press her white lips on her little cousin's hand.

"See, ma'am," said Betsey, "he's opening his eyes. He knows me now."

"Yes," said the doctor. "Strangely enough, you have succeeded, my good girl, where all my art failed. This strong draught of cool air, and more than all, the familiar voice, has recalled the vanishing spark of life."

Mrs. Stone clasped her recovered darling to her breast, while Clara, covering her face with her handkerchief, stole away to weep in secret. The mystery about an opiate having been ad-

ministered to Charley, was explained by the bottle of laudanum being found standing next to one containing hive syrup; and precisely like it in size and appearance. Mrs. Stone supposed she must have mistaken it for the syrup when she went to give some of the latter to Charley just before leaving him the day before. Clara's secret was buried in her own breast. What good would it do to tell it? she asked herself. This was her usual test. She would have been a noble girl had she been guided by any fixed principles either of habit, education, or conscience. But perhaps there never was a being more utterly aloof. Her feelings were warm and kind. She was constantly trying in every way to make people happy. But she had no stopping-place—with her end sanctified the means.

She was an only child, and her two cousins, Richard and Charley, were to her as brothers. And how much more deeply did she love little Charley after his escape from the suffering and danger she had caused him. She felt that she could not do too much for him. For Richard, a wild, head-strong boy of fifteen, she always had enough to do. She shielded him from his uncle's and mother's just displeasure in many ways. She hid his faults, and explained away what could not be hid, and often bore the blame which should have been his. She would sit up at night to let him in, make excuses for his absence from the breakfast-table, lend him money, translate his Latin lessons—all to prevent her father angering him by severe reproof. Richard's temper was so easily roused, and so peculiar, that she knew anything of that kind would only make matters worse. Very often, to conceal or excuse his short-comings, she had to venture assertions not exactly "founded on fact," but there was nothing either in her education or habits of mind to cause her to shrink from that. One evening her usual evasions would not satisfy her father.

"Where is Richard?" he asked.

"I believe he is round at James Bronson's."

"In the streets, much more likely. I'll have no more of this."

Eleven o'clock came.

"Hasn't Richard come in yet?" said Mr. Lathrop.

"I—I think—it seems to me I heard him go up stairs a little while ago."

"What do you say, Clara? Why don't you turn around and speak plainly? Is Richard in or not?"

"I think very likely he is studying his lessons, sir—he had a very long Latin one to-night."

"Isn't that a Latin book I've seen you busy with this evening?"



Clara hastily shuffled away the copy of *Cæsar's Commentaries* from which she had been translating, and taking up an Italian author, replied, "Latin? yes! at least I suppose they call Italian modern Latin"—at the same time reading the name of the book.

"I hope you never give Richard any improper help in his studies, Clara. I'll go up to his room and make sure whether he is in or not."

"Oh, no, father, I'll go—it's too far for you."

"I'm going up to bed, and it is only one pair of stairs further."

Clara followed. At the foot of the second flight he paused a moment.

"Let me run up, father," said Clara.

"Well! go then. If he's not there I'll sit up for him myself."

Clara ran up to her cousin's room. What should she do? If she let her father know of his absence, he would give him a severe scolding when he returned. That would make Richard angry, and he would give his uncle some disrespectful answer, which might provoke that gentleman to fulfil his oft-expressed threat of sending him to boarding-school. Richard away from home, alone amid scenes of temptation—under harsh guardians? Her resolution was taken, and she ran down to her father.

"If you could see Dick, father, you wouldn't need to ask a question. He looks the picture of comfort. I didn't disturb him to ask if he was in."

How fearfully loud to Clara sounded Richard's low rap that night! How the stairs creaked as she crept down—they never creaked before—and the bolt of the front-door seemed to have grown suddenly rusty.

"Softly, Dick, softly," she whispered, as she admitted him.

Richard took off his boots and stole up stairs. As they passed Mr. Lathrop's room, they heard a sudden movement inside. Clara just had time to draw her cousin within the open door of her own room, when her father, in flannel gown and night-cap, with candle in hand, opened his door.

"Who's there?" he called.

"I, sir," said Clara. "I heard a voice down stairs, and went to see what it was."

"I heard some noise too," said the worthy gentleman, coming forward, and glancing all around Clara's room. Richard had ensconced himself behind the bed. Mr. Lathrop turned back to his own room, the door of which he left open.

"Dick," whispered Clara, "can't you get up stairs now? I think father is going up to your room."

The boy stole out into the hall. Clara threw down a large rocking-chair, and under cover of the noise he gained his own chamber.

"What under the sun are you about, Clara," exclaimed Mr. Lathrop.

"This chair fell over, sir."

"You make noise enough to wake the whole house," replied her father, at the same time rapidly mounting the stairs to the third story. Richard just saved himself by jumping into bed with all his clothes on, as his uncle opened the door. Mr. Lathrop walked to the bed, and saw him apparently buried in sleep. "All's right," he muttered. "I don't know what it was that made me suspect what Clara said."

Clara breathed again when she heard Richard's door closed.

"Miss Clara," said the chambermaid to her, a few mornings after, "the dress-maker has sent again for her pay."

Clara was puzzled what to do. She could not go to her father, for he had already given her money for the payment of that and other bills, and she had lent it to Richard. She was ashamed to ask her aunt—she had borrowed from her so often.

"I haven't got the money, Mary," she said. "Can't she wait two or three days?"

"Not a day longer, she says, Miss Clara. This is the third time she has called."

Clara, vexed and mortified, was reduced to the necessity of borrowing the eight dollars from Mary and the cook.

Thus matters went on. Clara's efforts, though made at great self-sacrifice, at last became ineffectual to hide all Richard's misdeeds, and he was sent to boarding-school.

One night, about three months after his departure, she was sitting up in her own room to write some letters, when she was startled by a pebble thrown against the window. She listened a moment, and another struck the glass. Half fearfully she rose, and going to the window perceived a dark figure on the gravel walk below, who made signs for her to lift the sash.

"Cousin Clara," whispered a well known voice as she did so, "come down to the back door. I must speak to you."

Clara made the best of her way down stairs. When she opened the door Richard seized her arm, and drew her out into the portico and down the steps.

"Oh, Richard, Richard, how came you here?" said she.

"Hush, don't make any noise! I've run away from school. They provoked me till I could bear it no longer. I suppose they'll write to Uncle

Lathrop directly, and if I came home he'd force me back again, and I'll die before I set my foot there, so I am going off to New York."

"To New York, you foolish boy! What would you do there?"

"I'd get a living, some way, I could go in a store. And I want your help, Clara."

"My help! Do you think I'm going to help you to your own ruin?"

"It is not my own ruin. Clara, listen to me. I know that in past time I have often behaved

very wrong, and I am sorry for it, but go back to that odious place I will not. If I can get to New York, and procure employment, I have made a solemn resolution to behave differently. My friends shall not be ashamed of me."

Richard spoke sadly, but firmly, and Clara could discern a different expression on his countenance from any it had ever worn before.

"Well, Richard, do be a little reasonable," said she. "Tell my father calmly and plainly what you want, and I am sure he will consent."

"Don't talk to me about that, Clara. I know very well what he would do. My uncle and I are two persons that had better never come in collision. I have a will as unbending as his own, and he has a temper as passionate as mine."

"But, Richard, Richard——"

"I will not be moved from my purpose, Clara, whether you help me or not. Hear me—I do solemnly swear, that come what will, I will not re-enter this house."

"Hush, oh! hush," exclaimed Clara, but the oath had been taken.

She burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Clara. Trust me, I shall get along in New York. But, Clara, I want some money to get there."

"I have only a few shillings."

"Is that all? I must have some money. Not only to take me there, but to support me till I get something to do."

"I know no way but to ask your mother for it."

"My mother! Are you crazy? She would go straight to Uncle Lathrop. I never in my life could get her to believe that he did not know how to manage me."

"What else can we do, Richard?"

"I don't know," said the boy.

"I wish from my heart I had some," said Clara.

There was a long silence. At last Richard looked up. "Well, good-bye, Clara. I must have money. Where I'll get it I don't know."

There was a desperation in the tone of Richard's voice that struck a new fear to Clara's heart.

What might not he be tempted to do to obtain money?

"Stay, Richard," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "I'll get some money for you."

"Where?"

"From my father's desk. He'll never miss it. I know where the key is."

Richard hesitated a long time. "Well, go, Clara," he said, at last. "The first money I get, I'll repay it."

Clara Lathrop's hands were quivering and cold, and her lips white as ashes, as she re-entered the house, and obtaining a light, stole with noiseless tread to her father's little study. She found the key and unlocked the desk—the bolt springing back with a noise that made her start and look over her shoulder with a sense of guilt and meanness new to her. Hastily drawing some money from a pocket-book, she turned the key again and put it back in its place. The throbbing in her throat almost choked her as she crept back to her cousin.

"My own Clara! thank you, thank you," said he. "No one else would have done so much for me."

"Richard," said Clara, in a husky voice, "promise me that you will use this money rightly—that you will spend it only on proper objects."

"I do promise you most solemnly, Clara."

"May you keep that promise. Go now—we may be discovered. I thought I heard a noise inside of the house."

Imprinting a kiss upon Clara's cold, pale cheek, Richard hastened away. Clara started with the speed of lightning, and paused not a moment till she gained her own room. Panting for breath, she gazed round. What had she done since she left it? Poor girl! no mother's lesson then echoed in her ear, and the still small voice within was almost silenced by the one idea which ruled her actions—if the purpose were good, no matter what the means. Still, an almost instinctive sense of wrong and a nervous apprehension glittered in her eye. How much wilder would have been those black eyes had she known that there had been a spectator of her hurried visit to her father's desk. She had been engaged to be married for nearly a year, and her lover, George Ives, the son of an old friend of her father's, was then paying them a visit. His attention attracted by a soft tread passing his door in the stillness of night, he had risen, and seen Clara go into her father's study, and then bewildered and almost horrified, had beheld the whole through the half open door. The light she held fell directly upon her pallid features, and revealed her trembling movements.

He heard her hard breathing as she passed the recess where he stood, and watched her till she went out of the back door. Should he follow her? While he deliberated she sprang through the doorway again, and flew up to her own room with the swiftness of a bird.

It is said that women have far more command of countenance than men. If so, Clara Lathrop had need the next morning of all her sex's power in that respect. Mr. Lathrop came down to breakfast looking very red and irritated.

"I have lost some money out of my desk," said he, "thirty dollars in gold. Either some one broke in last night, or we have some dishonest person about the house."

"Are you sure you had it in your desk," said Mrs. Stone.

"Sure? yes, certainly! I put it there only yesterday. Clara, you generally wake easily. Do you know anything about this?"

"No," said Clara, in a firm voice. As she spoke, she happened to glance toward George Ives who sat opposite, and met a look which sent the blood rushing to her brain. What could it mean—that stern, contemptuous gaze? While she sat, almost holding her breath in the effort to keep her countenance, her father, at the suggestion of his sister, had turned his vest pocket, and found a hole in it.

"It is possible," said he, "that it slipped through this."

"Perhaps about the house," said Mrs. Stone. "We had better look."

Clara jumped up, and began to act her part in searching. She moved about the breakfast room, looking under couches, and pushing aside tables, while George Ives quietly watched her. The strongest trait in his character was a most uncompromising love of truth. Naturally rather severe and very straightforward, he hated all equivocations and trickery of every kind; and with the truest reverence for the female character, felt that nothing could be more disgusting and repelling than a lie in the mouth of a young girl. And now his own ears had borne shuddering witness to an unblushing falsehood from the lips of his affianced bride.

"Do you think I can have dropped it any place, Clara," said her father.

"I don't know, sir," said Clara.

As she spoke she looked up, and caught George Ives' piercing glance. Here was another direct departure from the truth. Others followed, in answer to her father's questions, till she was glad to leave the room to carry on her pretended search in another part of the house. With fevered heart and hand she went on, till even her father

was satisfied, and said he must have dropped the money in the street, abandoning his idea that it had been stolen. Then she looked herself into her own room, and covering her guilty face, threw herself down on the floor. She could not doubt that George Ives knew all—his glances were yet flashing in her brain. But how had he learned it? and what was left for her to do now? Then came to her mind, with quickness startling to herself, many different explanations of what she had said, but she could fix upon none, for she was uncertain how much her lover had seen or heard. Sorrow and shame for discovery, and dread of the consequences filled her eyes with bitter tears, while she tried in vain to think. An hour passed. A servant knocked at the door with a message that Mr. Ives wished to see her a few minutes. Her moment of trial had come.

"Clara," said George, as she entered the parlor, "perhaps what I intend saying takes away from me all right to ask an explanation of what I overheard and saw, but in justice to yourself, I will request it. You know very well to what I allude."

Clara would fain have had more to guide her in her answer, but it came not. She began to stammer forth broken sentences, she hardly knew what. George Ives listened with a curling lip, till at last he broke in impetuously,

"No more, Clara, no more! Degrade yourself no further. I see it is vain to expect frankness from you. I would have asked you the motive of the midnight thievery—call it by its true name—and the morning falsehoods—but no matter. It was doubtless mean as the things themselves. We must part now and forever. I forgive you the unhappiness you have caused me."

"Oh, George, George, listen to me one moment," exclaimed Clara.

"Listen to you! What for? To hear you exhaust yourself in vain endeavors to blind my eyes."

"Oh, if you knew all," she murmured.

"Why don't you tell me all then?"

"I will, on one condition—that you will not tell my father."

"I will make no conditions."

"Then I cannot tell you."

"As you please. Let us part at once then."

"Oh, no, no. Wait, and—and I will tell you," and Clara poured forth her whole story.

"And was there no restraining voice in your soul, Clara, whispering that however many sacrifices you might make for Dick, this was not within the pale?"

"I could not—I could not see him leave me so," she said.

George Ives paced the room for some time, and then approached the weeping girl.

"Clara, my poor, misguided Clara, farewell."

"Oh, George, you will not say that cruel word!"

"I pity you from my soul, but we never could be happy together. I never could take for my wife one so destitute of principle."

"George, I am willing to swear to you that I will never again do anything of the kind."

"I believe you, and believe you would be able to keep your promise, too; and I remember the fact that what you took was your father's, and the principle that would keep your hand from any other's property, might fail you there; but, Clara, there is wanting an inherent respect for truth, without which confidence would be impossible for me."

"George, do not judge me by one instance. When I had committed a fault, I had to conceal it."

"Clara, I cannot deceive myself. No one not long and well practised in dissimulation, could have spoken and acted falsehoods, as composedly as you did this morning. I never could live happily with you. The memory of this would occasionally come up between us, like a dark cloud, and be the seed of many evils. You may think me unnecessarily harsh, but I cannot help it. I shall always be your friend, Clara—oh, more than friend. I now warn you to stop short in the career you have begun. As for your secret, I will not betray it."

They parted. Clara with her bleeding and desolate soul, had no earthly refuge where she could claim sympathy, and heaven was dark above her. With a heart kind enough, tender enough, full enough of love for others, to awaken the strongest affection and admiration, she yet was utterly lonely and miserable. If the slightest ray of hope had illumined the darkness, it might have brought with it some of the spirit of life, but there was none.

She kept her room all that day, but toward evening forced herself to go down into the parlor. On taking up the paper, the first thing she saw was a notice of her father's advertising the lost gold. Sick at heart, she was laying down the sheet, when her father said, "Clara, see if my advertisement is there, and read it."

How could she read that? At last, summoning all her strength, she read the lines in a voice in which a keen observer might have detected the cadence of misery. She had more to bear that evening. George Ives had gone, and she had calmly to explain the dissolution of their engagement. Her father, cross and disappointed,

asked many questions, and Clara, her heart shrinking and quivering, had to answer all steadily. About nine o'clock, Mr. Lathrop came in from the post-office with a letter from Richard's school master, announcing his disappearance. Clara had to act her part of surprise and sorrow.

In a few days Mrs. Stone received a letter from Richard, telling her to set her heart at rest about him, he was well and doing well. And as time went on, Clara had the satisfaction to see, that what she had endured had not been in vain. But with what mingled feelings did she receive Dick's letters, always filled with expressions of attachment and gratitude? He never knew what her affection for him had cost her.

Two years more, and Clara needed another lesson to check her in her dangerous course, and this time it was a fearful one. Her uncle, Captain Stone, the father of Richard and Charley, came back from a voyage. He was an officer in the navy, a good and noble man, and his health being much enfeebled, had come home to recruit, he said, but it was evident to all that he never more would see "the wild wave's crested foam." Clara had been his pet when a child, and always loved him dearly, and she now cheered his decline by many tender attentions. Soon he became unable to leave his room, and she was his constant companion, and after a time his nurse, for Mrs. Stone was taken ill of a violent fever. One day he expressed a wish to have Richard sent for, and one week from that time he died in his arms—his last breath entreating the assembled family to meet him in heaven. Poor Mrs. Stone was delirious at the time, and knew nothing of her husband's death; but the day before the funeral, she recovered her senses, and when Clara entered the room in the morning, the first question was, "how is your uncle?"

Clara hesitated. George Ives' oft-recollected warning rung in her ears. But the truth might throw her aunt back into delirium.

"He is better, dear aunt, quite comfortable," she replied.

"I wish I was able to see him," said Mrs. Stone.

"Oh, no, no, aunt—do not think of it to-day."

"Your manner seems strange, Clara. Are you telling me the truth? I feel strong enough to bear it, even it should be the worst."

"Indeed I am. You need not alarm yourself about my uncle."

"Well, I shall see him to-morrow," said Mrs. Stone, with a smile.

A woman's shriek, wrung from the very depths of despair, is a fearful sound. The ear on which

it ever has fallen will never lose the memory of it. Such was the shriek that broke the stillness of Mr. Lathrop's house that night. It rung from the chamber of death, and all rushed thither.

The watchers stood in mute dismay, while extended upon the shrouded corpse was the form of Mrs. Stone. They tried to loose the frantic grasp, and raise her from the cold bosom, but it was only separating those now united in death. Clara Lathrop, with a face pale with horror, saw her father and friends try every method to rekindle the lamp of life. The physician came, and placing his hand upon the brow so quickly clothed with an expression of perfect peace, shook his head. And Clara sunk down beside the dead husband and wife, and wished that she might share their pulseless slumber. Ayl she prayed to die. "Surely my Maker will take me from the world," she groaned, "for I am not fit to live. This is my work."

"Your work! What do you mean Clara?" said her father.

"I concealed my poor uncle's death from my aunt this morning, and made her believe he was better. I was afraid the shock would be too great. And, now, look there! My punishment is greater than I can bear."

Without a word, Mr. Lathrop raised the fainting girl in his arms, and carrying her to her bed, left her not for many hours, for reason deserted her throne.

It was never known how Mrs. Stone came to seek her husband's chamber, but her friends supposed, that being awake in the still night-

watches, she had been wishing to see him, and had risen to steal a look at him. Those who watched with the corpse had been startled by a slight rustling, and looking round saw a tall form clothed in white standing in the centre of the room, and then heard that one piercing scream, in which life had fled.

"God giveth his beloved sleep," said those who stood beside the single grave in which the dead were placed; and then they returned to the bedside of the living, to see what it was that He had given unto her who had put His commandments far from her.

Did Clara Lathrop die of a broken heart? No, people don't die of broken hearts now-a-days, notwithstanding all Washington Irving says to the contrary.

"The heart may break, yet breakingly live on."

She rose from her sick bed to look upon little Charley's orphan face by day, and to see by night that death-chamber, with its two cold corpses, rise before her. But the eye that watches over us is one of love, and she was led ere long to the only Hand that can heal the wounds that quiver and burn within the festering spirit. Trustfully, but sadly, she lifted her eyes to the radiance which she knew streamed from the land whence "sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Earth's waters, thrown into such wild turmoil by her own hand, became "still," and earth's pastures "green." "A bruised reed will He not break, and the smoking flax will He not quench."

## LINES, ON THE PAINTING OF THE BRIDESMAID.

BY FRANK LEE.

A TALE of woman's wretchedness,

A tale of woman's woe,  
Of bitter sorrow, grief and ill  
That ev'ry heart must know.

I will not think upon thy fate,  
It is too like mine own;  
It brings my early years again,  
Whose hopes, like birds, have flown.

Why is it thus? Why should we throw  
Our only gift away,  
And waste the brightness of a life  
Upon a Summer day?

Sunlight and roses weave a chain

With light links o'er the heart:  
But one by one those roses fade,  
And dimm'd those bright links start.

Those wither'd leaves lie on the heart,  
That chain is round it cast,  
And hours of glee or ill they bring  
A shadow from the past.

As dings a darkness o'er the soul,  
As dims the eye with tears  
And mournfully we listen to  
The tones of other years.

# THE HONITON COLLAR.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

Two young ladies were making purchases at the principal store of a considerable inland town.

"You should buy this, Miss Empson," said the dealer in dry-goods, holding up a beautiful collar, delicate almost as gossamer work. "Its a real Honiton."

The young lady, however, shook her head. But her companion, looking at it longingly, asked, after a moment, what the price was.

"Seven dollars, miss," was the answer. "It ought to be more, but the collar is too costly for my customers generally, and I am willing to sell it for cost."

"It is very beautiful," said Miss Darlington, hesitatingly; and, she took it into her hands, the better to examine it.

"Just try the effect of it over your dress," put in the store-keeper. "There's nothing so elegant as a Honiton. No French worked collar can compare with it. And its the only one in town, I assure you."

Miss Darlington tried the effect of it, as he desired, and was even more pleased than before. The assertion that there was no other in town also had its influence, for what young lady is there who does not like to be exclusive in the possession of an article? But there was a reason, which she scarcely acknowledged to herself, yet which disposed her, more than all else, to purchase the collar: and this was that, in a few days, there was to be a large party, where all the belles of the town would be assembled, and where Horace Mordaunt, the handsomest and richest young bachelor of the place, who had just returned from a tour in Europe, would make his first appearance in society.

She turned to Miss Empson, however, and asked her opinion.

"What do you think, Clara?" she said, the Honiton lying over her hand. "Wouldn't you buy it?"

"It is very pretty," said her companion. "But I can't afford anything so costly."

Miss Darlington colored, but her desire, to possess the collar increased with opposition, instead of getting weaker.

"It's true," she replied, "seven dollars is a good deal to pay for a collar, but I can save it, you know, off the rest of my dress. I will not buy so expensive a frock as I had intended."

"But would it be in keeping?"

"Oh! to be sure. You know that its particularly genteel to have elegant collars, gloves and shoes: it's the way, I'm told, that a real lady is always discovered at a glance in the city."

This conversation had been carried on, in whispers, and a little apart. The store-keeper, suspecting that Miss Empson was not recommending the purchase, now interrupted the fair speakers.

"If you only knew how cheap that collar was, Miss Darlington," he said, "I know you wouldn't hesitate. I bought it, to clear out a lot, it being the last, and so got it at what it cost to import. I offer it now at what I paid for it; not a cent more, I repeat, do I ask."

This argument was conclusive. Next to having the monopoly of an article of ornament or dress, a lady likes best to get what our sex calls "a great bargain:" and so Miss Darlington paid the seven dollars, and became the possessor of a real Honiton.

The party came off duly, and the Honiton collar was there of course, where it made no little stir. Some, who had never seen such a thing, vowed enviously that it was a coarse-looking affair. Others, who knew how highly fashion rated this particular article, quite coveted it. Miss Darlington endeavored not to look conscious, though, all the time, she secretly believed that she was the "observed of all observers." She was especially confident that Horace Mordaunt was looking at her.

Her friend Clara was there also. Dressed in pure white, with a few natural flowers in her hair, she looked like a poet's ideal of virgin simplicity and loveliness. No greater contrast, indeed, could be presented than between her and Miss Darlington. The incongruity of the latter's attire was as striking as the good taste that reigned in every part of Clara's. The Honiton collar, in short, as compared with the rest of Miss Darlington's costume, was like a capitol of Italian marble placed on the summit of a brick pedestal. As Clara had hinted, it was "out of keeping."

There was another person, besides Clara, who appeared to think so. Horace Mordaunt had, indeed, looked fixedly at Miss Darlington on her entrance, but it was with a scarcely concealed

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smile at the bad taste of the Honiton collar. He had been expecting her appearance, with some curiosity, for he remembered her as one of the most beautiful girls of the place, and he had been wondering whether she would be improved or not. In truth he had thought oftener of her, during his absence, than he would have been willing to acknowledge. More than once, when he had seen a beautiful face abroad, he had involuntarily compared it with that of Miss Darlington; and rarely had he thought hers less lovely than it.

Perhaps, if he had recollected no other countenance, he would have returned actually in love. But there was another, who divided his thoughts, as she divided the palm of beauty with Miss Darlington. Our readers have already suspected that we speak of Clara.

Miss Empson made her appearance later than her friend. One of the first to recognize her was Horace Mordaunt, who started instinctively at this vision of perfect loveliness. The face and form, which he had carried so long in his memory, were there, more beautiful, if possible, than of old. But, perhaps, he was more attracted by the exquisite taste of her dress than even by the improvement in her personal appearance, for his travels had made him fastidious in this respect. He sought accordingly a renewal of his former acquaintance with Clara, and, when Miss Darlington looked around for him, wondering why he had not approached her before, she saw, with a pang of envy, that he was talking to Clara, apparently deeply interested.

Later in the evening, however, Miss Darlington succeeded in attracting him to her own side, for a while, by challenging his attention, asking him, laughingly, if he had forgotten his old friends. But he did not remain long with her. The instant that Clara became disengaged from a temporary partner, he flew to her again, and in so marked a manner as to attract general notice.

The acquaintance, thus renewed, progressed with astonishing rapidity. Horace Mordaunt soon neglected all other society for that of Clara. Her amiability and good sense, indeed, soon changed the admiration, which her loveliness had created, into fervent love. The more Horace Mordaunt saw of her, the more he felt her superiority to all other women, whom he had ever met. Nor was he one whose personal qualities would have allowed him to sue in vain. Even had he not been so wealthy, Clara would have loved him all the same; for he united a highly cultivated intellect to a heart as tender almost as a woman's, and to a person of great manly beauty: in a word, in looks, manners, and conversation he was the *beau ideal* of a hero.

For once the "course of true love" did "run smooth." Horace Mordaunt proposed, was accepted, and, in due time, became the husband of Clara, nor was there a single person but thought it a suitable match, unless perhaps Miss Darlington.

"Do you know," said Horace, one day, laughingly, to his new wife, "that you nearly missed being Mrs. Mordaunt? You mustn't be jealous, but when I returned, I could not make up my mind which I liked best, you or Miss Darlington. But a Honiton collar turned the balance." And laughing even more gaily, as he saw his beautiful bride's astonishing look, he continued, "I met you both, you recollect, at Mrs. Pride's party. Well, you were dressed, as you always are, in perfect taste, and by that I mean the whole attire in harmony: but Miss Darlington, with rather a common frock, had an expensive Honiton collar. I said to myself there is a type of their difference in minds, one all for show, the other modest and sensible. And so, on a nearer intimacy, I found you both. Believe me, dearest, it is by little things that character is to be judged; and your old school-mate betrayed hers most egregiously by her HONITON COLLAR."

## OUR FATHER.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

OUR Father, when at early morn

The darkness fleeth from the light,  
Accept our grateful songs of praise  
For guardianship throughout the night;  
Our sins and follies now forgive,  
And this day teach us how to live.

OUR Father, at the noonday hour,  
Still let our prayers to Thee ascend,  
That as the hours pass swiftly on,

Thy spirit may our steps attend  
Thou who art present everywhere,  
Make us as holy angels are.

OUR Father, at the twilight hour,  
Ere stars like lov'd one's eyes appear,  
As deep'ning shadows gather round,  
The "still small voice," oh! may we hear;  
Child-like in faith, and hope, may we  
In light, or gloom still look to Thee.

# LILLIAN ELSINGER;

## OR, THE POOR RELATIONS.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

### CHAPTER I.

"GRACIOUS me! what assurance!" exclaimed Miss Albina Elsinger, looking up with an air of surprise and scorn, from a letter which she had been reading.

"What is it, Albina?" asked her mother, with evident interest. "Not a proposal, I hope, from that silly coxcomb, who last evening——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the young lady, with a curl of her pretty lip; "nothing of the kind. It is from people claiming our name and begging assistance, mere impostors, of course—though the writer says that my father's uncle, Gerald Elsinger, was her maternal grandfather; that her mother married her cousin, Arthur Elsinger, and, but surely, mamma, this *cannot* be true!" continued the speaker, in a tone of alarm, as she observed the astonishment of her mother caused by this unlooked-for revelation, "these beggarly people cannot belong to us."

"Perhaps they may: but what more?"

"Oh, she says her father was a sea captain, and was shipwrecked during a return voyage nearly two years ago; and the brig, together with a large amount of money he had on board being lost, her widowed mother, herself, and a little brother, named Gerald, are in circumstances far from comfortable, being entirely dependant on their own exertions. And her motive in writing to me is that she thinks from my *own* feelings I may imagine her anxiety to aid as much as possible her bereaved parent; and will, therefore, use my influence with you to obtain the grant of the request, which is the purport of the letter."

"Indeed—and what is that?"

"Oh! a very reasonable one in her estimation, I dare say. Merely that you will engage her as governess for the younger children: or should you wish them educated from home, that you will promise them as pupils in the boarding-school, which, in that case, she will undertake. And also, that you will kindly interest yourself to obtain the patronage of some of your numerous friends for the proposed establishment. Her teachers, she adds, will satisfy you as to her qualifications."

"And what care I for her qualifications?" exclaimed the elder lady, reddening with anger.

"A pretty proposal, truly—for me to take into my house one who would arrogate respect and attention on the score of kindred; or send away my children to furnish a theme of conversation for our acquaintances. A *governess—a school ma'am*—honorable relationships, indeed, to trumpet forth to the world! Uncle Gerald's daughter may thank herself for her uncomfortable circumstances; she was warned before her imprudent marriage, but to no purpose. A girl like her, who might have chosen amongst the noblest of the land, to fall in love with her father's ward, a poor, orphan boy; and, moreover, one of those miserable, improvident fellows that never will accumulate wealth, be their opportunities what they may."

"But what did her father think of her choice?"

"Oh, he doated on the young fellow—he was the only child of his favorite brother, and had been his ward from childhood; so he could not be persuaded that his daughter's foolish fancy was anything but what it should be. She was then only fifteen, and he had always resolved that she should not marry until her eighteenth year. In the meantime he appointed his nephew captain of one of his ships, and when the appointed time arrived, finding them still as much attached as ever, he gave them a handsome wedding, and established them in a small, but rather elegant dwelling; and the bride was as well satisfied as if it had been a palace. She had no higher ambition, poor thing! and in this, at least, she suited her husband, who thought wealth was of little value except to assist the poor. *His own poor* now will hardly find people of the same mind, I fancy."

Albina listened attentively to these details, altogether new to her; for although the memory of the wealthy and widely-known "Uncle Gerald" was treasured in her father's house, and she had been taught to pride herself not a little on the relationship, she had never till now heard of the daughter who had gradually sunk into obscurity; her imprudent marriage rendering her of course below par in the eyes of most of her former associates. Albina, therefore, was considerably surprised to learn that such a person really existed.

"I wonder," she at length said, "that Uncle



Gerald did not leave them sufficient to place them above want the residue of their lives."

"You forget that upon his death, which happened shortly after his daughter's marriage, his second wife who had the possession of his money and massive plate, sacrificed his vast estate, and very soon disappeared with her son, at that time a mere child; and has never since been heard of. There could be found no will, and it was given out that his sudden demise prevented his making one; but I shall always believe that *that woman* destroyed it, to further her designs."

And here Mrs. Elsinger paused, overcome by angry feelings, for, notwithstanding her own and husband's hoarded wealth, she still sighed for a portion of his deceased uncle's, or, at least, the "massive plate." Albina was about to speak when her father entered the apartment; and to the august tribunal of his unbiased judgment the matter was quickly referred. After many remarks upon the letter and its author, all proving only the superlative selfishness of each member of the worthy trio, Mr. Elsinger decided that the best plan was for his daughter to write an immediate reply which he would dictate. To this the young lady poutingly objected; "papa or mamma might write if they saw proper, she had no intention of troubling herself to send any answer to those impertinent persons." But when papa insisted that she was the most suitable one to reply; reminding her, moreover, that in the event of their receiving none they might write again, or horrors of horrors presume to appear before their rich relatives. Albina's frowning brow was at once cleared, and she took her pen and quickly wrote to the dictation of her purse-proud father:

"MISS ELSINGER.—In reply to your letter which has just been received, my mother desires me to state that she has no disposition to comply with either of the proposals it contains,

ALBINA ELSINGER."

"That will do—that will answer every purpose exactly—one should never condescend to indite an elaborate reply to individuals of this kind!" and the portly speaker surveyed with much complacency the note which was now placed in his hand to be safely deposited in the post office—his lady shrewdly suggesting that if it were given to one of the servants, he might remark upon the direction amongst his fellows. Miss Albina, perceiving that it was time to dress for the reception of some morning visitors whom she anxiously expected, retired for that purpose; while her father lingered a few moments to hear from his wife an account of two strange gentlemen who had been particularly attentive to Albina on the

previous evening. Possessing a tolerable share of beauty and wit, and being, moreover, the favorite child of a very wealthy man, Miss Elsinger had of course many aspirants for the honor of her hand; and the respective claims of each competitor were now, as was frequently their custom, discussed with due earnestness by the gratified parents of the prize. Strange that amid their mutual congratulations on a subject so interesting to both, no thought of the widowed mother, of the destitute daughter, who had appealed to them for such a trifling favor, intruded: that no whisper of remorse for the heartless and insulting manner in which that favor was refused, disturbed the composure of their self-complacent minds. Strange still that in the young heart of seventeen no gentle chord responded, with womanly sympathy, to the earnest appeal of one of kindred age and blood; that, as the gay and petted child of fortune sat in her luxurious dressing-room, while the nimble fingers of her maid tastefully arranged the heavy folds of her beautiful hair, her thoughts never reverted from the gay anticipations of the coming season, to the cheerless life of toil and penury spread out before the young girl who had ventured to pen a brief outline of her difficulties and anxieties; perhaps secretly longing for a few kind sentences of sympathy and encouragement, even should her request for assistance in her proposed task be denied. Ah, money! money! How often dost thou, much coveted and fearfully abused gift! seem to chase away from thy gorgeous dwelling-places every other treasure. And yet how many of the lowly and despised children of poverty might bestow a pitying glance upon thy envied possessors, and cherish with earnest gratitude their own priceless treasures of mind and heart, which thou, with all thy wizard power, canst never bestow.

#### CHAPTER I.

FAR down in a smiling valley, at the foot of a gently sloping hill, whose carpet of softest green was embroidered with many a beautiful wild flower, stood a small, humble cottage. The lapse of many years had worn away much of what beauty it might once have displayed; but the graceful foliage of the wild rose crept lovingly over the time-stained walls, and around the casement windows, until even the lowly eaves were adorned with its modest blossoms; and the little casements were curtained with muslin of snowy whiteness, which, gleaming out here and there through the interlacing vines, gave an air of neatness and comfort to the humble abode. The

garden in front was gemmed, in their season, with roses, lilacs, violets, and many other flowers, which bore evidence of careful and judicious cultivation; and a little stream of sparkling water that danced brightly over smooth, white pebbles, gave a beautiful verdure to the long, silken grass that fringed its borders. Behind the house was an orchard of considerable extent, with thrifty trees of various flavored fruits; and beyond this, dense forests raised their proud heads to the tranquil skies above; so that no glimpse of the busy world, with its fevered dreams and idle fancies, obtruded; but it seemed a holy spot, where, shut in amidst the sweet communion of nature, the world-weary spirit might pass away the brief dream of life, awaiting the welcome summons to unfurl its long-prisoned pinions, and leave the earthly tenement to fall asleep like the drooping flowers, and repose beneath the spreading trees, until called forth by its Creator to be renewed in immortal strength and beauty.

On a fine, autumnal eve, two females walked slowly and in silence along the little garden. The elder, whose health seemed rather frail, and whose mild, expressive features bore traces of much sorrow, patiently endured, leaned upon the arm of her companion, an exceedingly fair girl, in the first bloom of maidenhood, whose care in supporting the feeble form that leaned so confidently upon her, showed, not only the sacred tie that bound them, but also the love and reverence by which it was hallowed.

"You will receive no letter from Louisville, I fear, Lillian," said the elder lady, at length breaking the long silence.

"Oh! it is yet scarcely time to expect one, dear mother," was the reply. "I wrote only a week ago, and, of course, they will take some time to consider my proposition ere they reply."

"Is it only a week? Alas! I thought it was nearly two!" exclaimed the mother, with a half-suppressed sigh. "Anxiety and uncertainty make the days seem very long and tedious; though they should now pass all too swiftly, since we are aware that we must leave our long-loved home so soon."

"Mother, I sometimes think that Mr. Brown will postpone building till after his travels, and then we should not be obliged to leave this dear spot for a long time."

"There is no hope of that. I met old Mr. Brown in the orchard this morning, and learned that his son is firm in his intention to have the place cleared, that he may witness the commencement of his future home ere he sets out. The gentleman would rather postpone the work for a time, but, he said, his son will not listen to his proposal."

"Well, I only hope that he may find as much contentment in the grand building he will erect here, as we have enjoyed in the little cot. I am afraid we shall not be so happy else where; but," she checked herself, lest her words might add to her mother's sadness, and spoke more cheerfully, "I know so little of the world, how should I judge? We may, perhaps, yet have a home prettier and dearer than even this."

"Our happiness, my love, depends not on the beauty of our abode, but on the dispositions we bring to it, or our readiness to conform ourselves to our present circumstances whatever they may be. In the humblest walks of life, and amid many cares and trials, we may, if we will, experience contentment; even as your own rose vine blooms not less brightly around our lowly dwelling than if it were a home of wealth and magnificence."

While Mrs. Elsinger thus spoke a horseman had rode up to the white garden-paling, and, recognizing a gentleman from the neighboring village, they went forward to meet him.

"I bring you a letter, Miss Lillian," said he, after the usual greetings had been exchanged.

"Oh, thank you!" said Lillian, a glow of delight suffusing her fine features. "This is, indeed, a pleasing surprise, for I did not expect it for several days to come."

"I heard Mrs. Elsinger yesterday speak of expecting a letter shortly; so, happening to remember it while I was getting my own, I inquired." And with a friendly "good-bye," the gentleman rode away. Lillian's hand trembled with nervous eagerness, as she re-entered the cottage with her mother, and broke the seal of the letter, which she knew by the post-mark was the one she desired. How little suspicion had she of its contents! In the guilelessness of her young heart, no doubt of the kindness of her unknown relatives had ever disturbed her; and it was with the eagerness of joyful anticipation that she glanced at the few brief lines before her. Ah, what a chill was that which fell upon her bounding heart! Lillian's first feeling as she perused the heartless response was one of indignation: but a glance at her mother, who sat anxiously regarding her, changed her mood; and a burst of uncontrollable grief told that tender parent the tale she had expected, yet dreaded to hear.

"I thought it would be thus," she said, calmly, as she embraced her beloved child. "I feared this result, my own sweet girl. But you have consolation in the knowledge that you obeyed the quick impulse of your devoted affection; and though the effort was vain, it is not less precious

in the eyes of God—nor less grateful to your mother's heart. But, my child, learn from this not to indulge too sanguine expectations in future; where the anticipation is so great, the reaction of disappointment must be proportionally severe."

"Oh, mother—if they were unwilling to grant my request, which would cost them so little, and to us would be an inestimable benefit, why could they not, at least, have refused it kindly, and not in this unfeeling manner;" and she placed before her mother the brief note, on whose composition the haughty man of wealth had so prided himself. Mrs. Elsinger paused an instant after reading it, ere she replied,

"Do not let this rob us of our peace of mind, my daughter; but endeavor, if possible, to forget the circumstance. We have not hitherto possessed either the friendship or assistance of those with whom we are connected, and we have not on that account been the less happy. Why, therefore, should we now distress ourselves because they have seen proper to act in this manner. And with regard to the other families to whom you intended to make a like proposal, I do not now wish you to do so. We will want one or two rooms in the village, and between your embroidery and some plain sewing which I can easily do from time to time, we can live comfortably. Nay, do not shake your head, my child, you know my health is very nearly restored, and without any detriment to it, I can henceforth aid you some little: our expenses are not very great."

"But Gerald's expenses at school are considerable, united to our own."

"He will have to leave school, and find some employment," replied Mrs. Elsinger. "It seems hard, but it is the only course."

"No, no, mother, I must write to the other ladies you have told me of; perhaps I may yet be successful."

The young girl rose as she spoke, with an air of calm resolve; and, as it was growing late, the mother tenderly kissed her snowy forehead, and with a silent benediction on her devoted child, retired to her own little chamber, where she for a time freely indulged the sorrow which in her daughter's presence she had restrained. But remembering the source whence she had often obtained strength and comfort under trying circumstances, she recommended herself and children to the care of the Protector of the widow and the fatherless; and with a mind calmed and soothed by the very fervency of her supplications, sought her couch to obtain a temporary forgetfulness of her cares.

Not so Lillian. She had deferred writing to some of her mother's former friends through respect to those of her own kindred. The result of her application to them was now before her, and although well nigh dispirited and hopeless of success, she determined not to retire to rest until the remainder of her task were accomplished. The letters were accordingly penned, but very briefly, and in a timid, diffident style, which, although in her present gloomy mood she did not observe, could not fail of being noticed by a sympathetic mind; for the issue of her first attempt rendered her painfully averse to repeating it; but her affection for her young brother, and desire to dispense her mother from the necessity of exertion, strengthened her resolution. Hitherto her skill and taste in embroidery, aided by a small sum which Mrs. Elsinger had at the time of her sad bereavement, had sufficed for their support: but for the future they had not this resource to depend upon, while their expenses would be necessarily increased in the event of their removal to the village. Thus the prospect was gloomy in the extreme, which was deepened by the pain they felt on being obliged to leave the cottage, where they had spent several happy years, and where, also, they had borne with becoming resignation the trials that had befallen them.

In anxious uncertainty Lillian saw the time arrive which should put an end to her doubts and fears, but she was disappointed. Another day passed, and then came two letters from persons on whom she most relied. One stated the writer's inability to employ a governess; but added that if Miss Elsinger succeeded in establishing a boarding-school, she would willingly send her two oldest daughters; the other merely mentioned that her children were too young to be sent to a boarding-school, and she was opposed to having teachers in the house. The next day a heavy rain prevented her going to the post-office; but in the evening their village friend brought the remainder of the anxiously expected letters. Poor Lillian! Well she knew the bitter trial of those who are dependant on others for assistance in their projects, as she sat with clasped hands looking at the unopened letters, for she had yet a little, lingering hope which those unconscious messengers might too quickly dispel. At length they were opened—alas! for the airy productions of her hope—she bowed her head upon the table and wept aloud.

"But there is another remaining, my child," said her mother, in a faltering voice.

"I cannot read it—indeed I cannot," sobbed the distressed girl.

"My sweet child, be calm, I entreat you. Read this; we will then know the worst, and endeavor to think of some other plan."

With a deep sigh Lillian opened the letter; it was rather longer than the others, and as she glanced over it, a glow of delight suffused her face. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "how impatient and petulant I have been! Forgive me, but first let me read this, it is from the dear friend you so often speak of;" and with a voice trembling with joy, Lillian read:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—I must apologize for not having sooner answered your letter on the ground of my absence from home when I received it, and consequent inability to consult my husband on its contents. I take the first leisure moment after my return to write, and in doing so cannot refrain from mentioning the pain which the diffident style of your letter caused me. Ah, my dear girl, you say that your mother and myself were once warmly attached friends; but I fear she retains a very faint remembrance of my sincere regard for her, since her daughter has addressed me in such timid, mistrusting language; but I shall have many opportunities to atone to you on this score, so shall now drop it.

"I was, indeed, a friend of your mother's, Lillian, at that sweet age when friendship is worthy of the name, ere interest or guile has warped the heart's affections; and the best proof I can give of the depth and sincerity of that attachment is my delight at being enabled to cooperate in your project to support your mother and brother by your exertions. It is, indeed, a noble resolve, Lilla, and will, I am sure, be well rewarded by the joy your affectionate heart will experience in their welfare. My husband is quite willing that you should undertake the tuition of our little ones, and only fears that you may have ere this formed an engagement elsewhere. But if so, my dear, you must break it, for I shall look forward to your arrival very shortly, and you must not in any case disappoint me. I am getting a room fitted up for you adjoining a very pleasant one which I intend for your mother, and shall be delighted to see them so well occupied. Tell my dear friend that I anticipate many a pleasant hour with her, recalling the reminiscences of our happy girlhood. I learned through the newspapers her sad bereavement, and wrote to express my sympathy in her affliction; but perhaps the letter failed to reach its destination. I doubt not that she bowed with Christian resignation to the chastening hand that smote her so suddenly; and in the love of her children and the affection of her friends I trust she will find much happiness for many years to come.

"Write as soon as you receive this, my dear girl, and tell me when I may expect your arrival. Let it be at as early a period as possible; and in the meantime assure yourself that I remain, your own and your mother's sincere friend,

THERESA IRWIN."

A long silence followed the reading of this

letter; but the hearts of the mother and child were throbbing with joy and gratitude, and many a silent prayer ascended from both for her who had opened for them a cheering prospect at the moment when hope was almost forsaking them.

"I am indeed ashamed of my impatience," said Lillian, looking up through the joyous tears that bedewed her bright eyes. "I shall never again, I trust, give way to such sinful feelings."

"The resolution is not above your strength, my love," said the fond mother; "impatience is not one of your usual faults, though of late you have been sorely tried. Dear Theresa!" she continued, as she glanced over the letter, "how like is this to what I remember of her: the ever ready sympathy with others which distinguished her even in childhood, and rendered her the pet of all. But come, my child, we have yet much to do; this is our last week here; write immediately to Mrs. Irwin to this effect. Blessed be He who has thus provided us a home, at the time of our greatest need."

Beautiful was the reply which Lillian Elsinger wrote to her new friend; eloquent, because her relieved and grateful heart poured forth its rich, deep feelings. The only thing she had dreaded in her new situation, a separation from her beloved parent, was rendered unnecessary through the kindness of her employers, in offering an apartment in their house for her use, and this unexpected favor lightened much of the pain that both naturally experienced in leaving their old home.

### CHAPTER III.

MRS. IRWIN was a "lady" in the highest and fullest sense of the term, with all those noble qualities of the mind and heart, those generous impulses which render their possessor a valuable member of society—a blessing to all within the sphere of their influence. She was a native of Baltimore, whence, on the event of her marriage, she removed to Louisville, in the elegant society of which city she at once took a high position. Her husband was numbered among the wealthy and influential men of the state, and was in every respect a noble model of the true "Kentucky gentleman." Frank, generous, and open hearted, he willingly concurred with his excellent lady in her numerous works of benevolence; and though his name was ever prominent amongst the contributors to public charities, he did not neglect instances of a less obtrusive, but perhaps really more philanthropic nature, in which his bounty was known only to its recipient, and to heaven's approving angels. Hence, many who wondered why the Irwins, with all their wealth, did not

make more "show," had they followed the light footsteps of Mrs. Irwin on her errands of mercy, would have found the results of their refraining from extravagant and useless expenditure, in the many comforts which cheered the lonely heart of the widow—in the neat apparel and healthy, comfortable appearance of many little fatherless ones as they daily took the walk to school—in the care bestowed on the helpless invalid, the little delicacies and numberless kindnesses by which the bed of poverty and sickness is robbed of its terrors—and again in the respectable funeral of many who would else have been given up to the dispensers of city charity, to be hurried away to a *pauper's* place in the receptacle provided for the remains of those who, being poor, are unworthy of a grave among their more favored *Christian* fellow mortals.

Mrs. Irwin was the mother of six lovely and intelligent children; the two oldest, youths of the ages of fourteen and sixteen, were pupils at a neighboring institute—and four little girls, ranging from twelve to five years, were to be henceforth under Lillian Elsinger's tuition.

Mrs. Elsinger and her daughter were received on their arrival at Mr. Irwin's, with a friendliness which spoke volumes for the kind-heartedness of the family, amongst whom they were to be numbered. To Mrs. Elsinger the reception was most grateful. There was no look nor tone of condescending kindness which could remind her that her circumstances had changed since she was the companion of her hostess—that from the daughter of a wealthy and respected man, she had become the wife—the widow—of one unblest by the possession of riches; and was now dependant on the talents of her child for a livelihood. The greeting was such as she might have looked for in the days of her brightest prospects—warm, cordial, and friendly; and Lillian, rendered timid and distrustful by the experience of the last few weeks, felt her spirits revive as she responded gratefully to the kindness extended to her so freely.

The fatigue of travelling, added to the anxiety she had previously undergone, had very much debilitated Mrs. Elsinger; which her friend, soon perceiving, led the way to the rooms prepared for her guests, and left them to recruit their strength by quietness and repose. It was now nearly two o'clock, the usual dinner hour of the Irwins; (who in this as well as in other respects were too thoroughly American to adopt European habits) but Mrs. Irwin's experience and instinctive kindness had taught her how distressing it is to travellers to be obliged to make a hasty toilet in order to join a circle of strangers

at the table, and accordingly a tidy, smart-looking servant girl soon appeared with a tray containing a repast of tea, bread, butter, biscuits, dried beef, cheese, and a plain, home-made cake, which she placed before the strangers, saying, "that her mistress thought they would prefer a cup of tea to a regular dinner as they must be much fatigued." Mrs. Elsinger assured her that her mistress had judged rightly; and having ascertained that nothing farther was needed, the servant quietly left them to enjoy the first meal in their new home by themselves—a privilege which our travellers well knew how to appreciate.

The house was a large and old-fashioned one, with spacious halls running through the centre in each story. The rooms allotted to the strangers were on the second floor, opposite to those occupied by the family, and consisted of the front chamber which was assigned to Mrs. Elsinger, another of the same dimensions for her daughter, and beyond this a neat, little apartment admirably fitted for reading or sewing, and which was to be for Lillian's leisure hours, entirely secluded from intrusion. In this pleasant room they were now seated, conversing cheerfully of their situation so widely different from what they might have ventured to anticipate; until, their comfortable meal being finished, they retired to take a few hours rest.

At tea time Lillian first met Mr. Irwin, who shook her hand warmly, welcoming her to his house, and introduced the children, severally, to her notice. Their sparkling eyes as she embraced, and spoke to each in her peculiarly sweet tones, accorded with what the parents told of the engerness with which they had expected her. To the inquiries respecting her mother, Lillian replied "that she was in a deep slumber, from which she did not like to arouse her, as she knew that she would not miss her supper on account of having dined such a short time previous." Mrs. Irwin commended her thoughtfulness in not disturbing her mother, saying, "that she would enjoy her tea much more after sleep." They took their seats around the well stored board, and the conversation was animated and interesting. Lillian was surprised to find how insensibly she lost the timidity which was natural to one in her situation. Only once did she feel a return of the painful sensations she had of late experienced. It was when Mrs. Irwin casually inquired "if she was aware that there was a family of her name residing in Louisville?" A slight flush dyed her cheeks as she replied in the affirmative; for she remembered the insolent and unfeeling manner in which they had replied to her application; but Mrs. Irwin observing her emotion, immediately

changed the subject, and Lillian soon forgot her unusual relatives.

As they rose from the table Mrs. Irwin wound her arm round Lillian's waist, and led the way to the cheerful and elegant drawing-room. "We are very unfashionable people you will find, Miss Lilla," remarked Mr. Irwin, as he lifted the youngest child to her accustomed position on his knee. "It is not our practice to deny our little ones any of the enjoyment and privileges of home by confining them to the nursery or school-room." Lillian had expected this from what she had already observed, and it but added to the high opinion she had already formed of this amiable family. After some time Mrs. Irwin, as was her custom every evening, played several simple airs on the piano for the children. The youngest pleaded for one more.

"Perhaps Miss Lillian will play for you," replied the fond parent. "Ask her, my love."

The little girl immediately went forward to Lillian, and with a modest grace begged her to play for herself and sisters just one tune; and Lillian, imprinting a kiss upon the fair child's brow, took her seat at the instrument. She played and sang several airs in a manner which charmed her youthful auditors; and at length little Ada impetuously exclaimed, "oh, Miss Lillian, I must kiss you for that sweet music before you play any more;" and she threw her little arms around her new friend in a close embrace. The parents exchanged pleased glances as they saw that the young governess had already won so much upon the affection of her pupils; but the father gently reproved their desire for more music; reminding them that it was more pleasant for them to listen than for Miss Lillian to play and sing, while she was still fatigued from travelling. With ready obedience the children desisted from their entreaties, and cheerfully began to amuse themselves with their childish sports.

With such parents, and children so well trained by judicious care and unwearied attention, our heroine had no cause to apprehend meeting with the vexations and annoyances generally attendant upon her position. The mornings were spent in the school-room; for the Irwins were not of that class of parents who seek to force the intellect of their children without regard to their strength or capacity, from the foolish ambition of producing prodigies; the afternoons, therefore, were devoted to amusing occupation, walks or drives. Mr. Irwin's ample library was at all times open to Lillian, and by his advice she undertook a course of study for which hitherto she had had no oppor-

tunity. The gentleness and agreeable mode of teaching rendered her every day more dear to her amiable pupils, who endeavored by their assiduity and correct deportment to manifest their affection. Often would they express their delight in having such a dear, sweet governess; and the school-room, instead of being the dreary prison it generally seems to young and buoyant children, was to them a place of delightful resort, to which they never needed a second summons.

Mrs. Elsinger and her early friend did indeed pass many pleasant hours together; and in the comfort which now surrounded her, and in the consciousness of the happiness and well being of her children, the widow felt amply compensated for the trial she had experienced in leaving her dear cottage-home for a new and untried scene.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"REALLY, this is too bad!" exclaimed Miss Albina Elsinger, as she entered the private parlor of her splendid abode, and threw herself angrily upon a velvet-cushioned tabouret, with the heavy gilt tassels of which she played nervously, while spite and vexation were legibly imprinted on every feature of her flushed countenance.

"What is the matter, my daughter?" inquired her portly papa.

"You remember, papa, those persons who wrote to us for assistance some time ago?"

"Perfectly: what of them now?"

"Why, Mrs. Irwin has engaged the girl as governess, and she and her mother are there, treated with every respect and attention, as I am told, riding out with Mrs. Irwin, and—"

"Who told you all this?" interrupted Mrs. Elsinger, incredulously.

"Emeline Spurrier and Louisa Maynard. Oh, it is true, mamma—you need not doubt it: it is too true. I called at Mrs. Maynard's this morning, and had a long chat with Lou. Among other things, she asked me if I knew the governess Mrs. Irwin lately engaged. I told her I did not, and she then said that Emeline Spurrier, who, as you know, is very intimate at Irwin's, saw Mrs. Irwin at a concert a few nights ago, with a young lady whom she did not think she had ever seen before: but she concluded she must be one of Mrs. Irwin's nieces from Baltimore. The next morning, therefore, she called to see her. Mrs. Irwin was not at home; but she saw little Ada running through the hall, and asked her if any of her cousins was visiting there. The child replied no, and Emeline said she had

thought it was one of them she saw the night before with her parent. Ada said, 'oh, that was Miss Elsinger.' Emeline thought the child was mistaken, and inquired if she was certain that was the young lady's name. 'Oh, yes, Miss Lillian Elsinger is her name—is it not a pretty one? Would you like to see her?' inquired Ada. 'No, dear, not at present,' replied Emeline; 'is she a stranger on a visit to your mamma?' 'Her mother and she are here; they are going to stay with us always, and we are so glad: Miss Lillian is our governess, and we all love her so much!'

"Emeline said no more, but at her next visit to the Mayward's told all she had heard; and while Louisa was still speaking of it, Emeline herself came in, and repeated all that Louisa had said, adding, 'they are relatives of yours, Albina, I presume.' Such impertinence!" and the young lady paused in her narrative overcome with vexation.

"And what did you reply?" asked Mr. Elsinger, after a pause.

"Of course, I disclaimed all knowledge of them," replied his daughter, with a haughty toss of her head, as she rose to retire to her room. "But I do not think they believed me. Emeline merely said, that it was evident Mrs. Irwin thought a great deal of them, as she had seen them riding or walking with her two or three times, and the governess was certainly a beautiful girl."

"Mrs. Irwin must be in great want of company to go out so much with a young woman in her employ," remarked Mrs. Elsinger, with a sneer.

"It is an evidence of her vulgar taste," chimed in the indignant daughter. "I expect she came from a low family, after all. I am glad we do not visit there!" The young lady and her mother had made strenuous efforts to form an acquaintance with the Irwins, but had failed.

"I hope you did not express yourself thus to Emeline," remarked Mr. Elsinger, "for she as well as every one in Louisville is aware that an acquaintance with the Irwins is not to be despised. They are eccentric persons in many respects, but occupy a position which renders their whims allowable."

Yes, generosity and kindness are doubtless great "eccentricities" in the estimation of the world; but it is fortunate for the honor of human nature, that there are a few superior minds that can dare to practice such "eccentricities" in defiance of the restraints with which fashionable society would fetter each free, warm heart that moves within its sphere.

Albina Elsinger could not easily forget the shock her sensitive feelings had received. She even declared that she would go no more into company, lest she should meet with that impudent young person, who would, doubtless, greatly enjoy her mortification at such an event. Her father laughed at her nonsense, as he termed it, but she persisted most heroically in keeping her resolution for several weeks; obstinately refusing any invitation, until her mother feared that her darling's health would suffer from such close and unaccustomed seclusion.

But at length her resolution was put to flight by an invitation to a ball, which Madam G— proposed giving in a style unequalled. It was generally understood that Lord Villers, a most accomplished young Englishman, and his particular friend, Mr. Myford, an American gentleman of high birth and immense wealth, would grace this festive scene with their distinguished presence; and the young lady rousing at once from the languor and listlessness into which she had fallen, overjoyed her parents by the announcement that she would be there also.

"Pa, I must have something for this ball superior to anything I have yet worn," was her concluding remark.

"Which of the gentlemen do you intend to captivate? eh, my daughter?"

"Oh, I may not like either; but I have a curiosity to see a live nobleman, and also his friend, whom, from what I hear, must be almost equally attractive, and I am determined," she added, haughtily, as she glanced at the large mirror that reflected her fine form, "to make an impression on both."

The father smiled, with a well satisfied air, as he glanced toward his equally gratified lady, placing in his daughter's hand at the same time, a roll of bank notes wherewith to commence preparations for an attack on the hearts of the "live nobleman and his almost equally attractive" friend. Sooth to say, he was in every respect pleased with her avowed determination. To obtain a suitable husband for his handsome and accomplished daughter had long been an object of his paternal solicitude; and the accounts he had heard of Mr. Myford's great wealth rendered him a very desirable person, in his estimation, for that honor. Of Lord Villers he knew not so much; but he was said to possess large estates in England, and his family name was an ancient and honorable one. Either of these gentlemen would make a most unexceptionable son-in-law; and Mr. Elsinger, as he observed how absorbed his daughter had become in preparations for the ball drew many flattering

aguries of her success; and as he sat dreamily over his champagne, visions of marriage settlements, bridal gifts, &c., would float pleasantly through his imagination.

The grand—the important night arrived. Albina Elsinger took a last survey of her radiant figure in her mirror, and with a self-complacent air tripped lightly down to the drawing room where her parents awaited her. Her dress was of rich white satin, over which a robe of transparent muslin, richly embroidered in silver, fell in light and graceful folds. Her redundant hair was confined by a comb studded with brilliants, and a garland of leaves formed of emeralds, encircled her head, and was fastened at one side by a cluster of diamond blossoms, glistening amid a spray of emeralds. Necklace, bracelets and brooch of the same costly gems completed her adornments, and flashed brilliantly with unchanging lustre, as she moved gracefully forward. Her splendid attire, which, after much hesitation and debate she had selected as the style approaching nearest to her luxuriant taste, accorded well with her showy style of beauty, and displayed it to the greatest advantage; and her proud father, as he seated himself opposite to her in the carriage, congratulated her on her superb toilet, and the sensation she would not fail to create. Albina did not reply, for her thoughts were too much engrossed by her anticipated triumph to allow her to converse; but a smile of proud, exultant joy played around her beautiful mouth, as she leaned back in the rich cushions, and was driven rapidly to the scene of conquest.

Had she known that Mrs. Irwin would likewise appear at this assemblage with the *governess*, her poor, and dependant cousin, doubtless the young lady would have been deprived of much of her self-complacency and satisfaction; but of this happily she was ignorant, so that no vexatious thought disturbed the serenity of her mind, nor overshadowed her brilliant countenance. Mrs. Irwin, in truth, had had no little difficulty in persuading her young protegee to attend this grand ball, for Lillian, timid and sensitive, shrank from obtruding her presence in a company where it might not be desired; and, moreover, her retiring disposition and the quiet seclusion in which she had always lived, rendered her averse to scenes of fashionable amusement. But her friend would take no excuse, nor listen to any pleading or expostulation on the subject; and accordingly, at about the same time that the gay young cousin left her splendid home, buoyed up with anticipated conquests, Lillian Elsinger took her seat in Mr. Irwin's carriage, to make her

first appearance in fashionable society. Her attire was a marked contrast to Albina's. She was dressed in an embroidered mull muslin, fitting well her slight, but beautifully rounded form; her soft hair was smoothly braided, and garlanded with a wreath of autumn leaves; she wore no ornament, save a bracelet of pearls, a gift from Mrs. Irwin, encircling one fair, white arm. Yet she looked so lovely in her simple dress that her kind friend looked upon her with a smile of almost maternal satisfaction, and could but think that a more elaborate toilet would destroy the effect of her gentle, winning beauty.

The gorgeous rooms of Madam G—— were filled with a gay and splendid company. There was an unusual display of rich ornaments and dresses, for more than one secretly hoped to gain the admiring gaze of Lord Villers or his friend, scarcely less coveted, though unfortunately lacking a *title*. But amongst the crowd Albina Elsinger moved pre-eminent. Many a heart swelled with envy as the buzz of admiration everywhere followed her footsteps; and when at length she stood in the circle of dancers with no less a personage than Mr. Myford, envy was at its height; for, of course, she would through him, be introduced to his lordship, whose eye had more than once glanced admiringly toward her. Albina herself seemed of the same opinion with her rivals; she went the giddy round with a cheek brightly flushed with pride, and a flashing of her large, dark eyes, and ere the next set was formed, was engaged by the nobleman! But, alas! at the moment of her triumph, the cup of happiness and gratified pride which she had begun to taste, was rudely dashed to the earth. Emeline Sparrier, who, as one of the disappointed rivals, might have had a secret motive for the act, leaned toward her, and drew her attention to a young lady at some distance. "She in the plain dress and garland of leaves!"

"Yes, that is the one. Well, she is the Miss Elsinger of whom I spoke to you. Is she not very beautiful?"

Albina was too vexed to reply; but she regarded Lillian for an instant intently, and, notwithstanding the simplicity of her costume, she trembled lest she should bear away the prize for which she had so magnificently arrayed herself. She saw Lord Villers gazing earnestly upon her, and now he remarked that he had wondered who was the young lady whose dress was so tasteful though so simple; and the tone of his voice betrayed an interest in the unconscious Lillian which filled his partner with uneasiness. She looked down, and pretended to be engaged with



the clasp of her bracelet, to hide the angry feelings which she could not at once subdue; nor did they entirely vanish during the dance, for she again saw the governess and with her no other than—Mr. Myford.

When Lord Villers led her to a seat, Albina complained of unusual languor, which she thought might serve the double purpose of explaining the change in her demeanor, and of keeping him at her side. As on account of his title she greatly preferred him to the other guests of the evening, she now put forth all her powers to interest and amuse him, nor did she fail to listen with real or pretended rapture to the accounts his lordship gave of foreign scenes, presentations at court, &c. Once or twice, a well-applied, though delicate and refined compliment caused her heart to bound with happier feelings; and, at last, when describing the gorgeous magnificence of the drawing-room held by the queen immediately preceding his departure from England, he whispered, "pardon me, but you, I think, are one more fitted to adorn such a courtly scene than this!" the eloquent blood tinged her fair cheek, and her radiant eyes for a moment met his proudly, then drooped beneath the long, earnest gaze which he bent upon her. But as her appearance was more in unison with the assemblies of titled ladies he had been describing, than became a daughter of republican America, and as she had more than once expressed a decided preference for most of the customs of his ancient land over her own, it may be doubted whether his words had no other meaning than that which her vanity inferred. Soon after, another gentleman approached, and his lordship, with a graceful bow, moved forward to a group of ladies of whom Lillian Elsinger was the centre; and his late partner, with a new feeling of envious vexation beheld him introduced to her. In the course of the evening Mr. Myford again found himself beside Albina.

"That is a very beautiful young lady," he remarked, as his eyes fell upon Lillian, who was conversing with a graceful animation with his friend. "She is a relative of yours, I presume, Miss Elsinger?"

"No," was the hasty, and perhaps, not very courteously toned answer. "No; there is no relationship."

"Indeed; I had thought you were relations. She is certainly exceedingly lovely and intelligent. The charming simplicity of her dress corresponds so well with her manners."

This was too much. Albina's face again flushed with anger; was she to be continually tormented by enconiums on the plain, simple

appearance of her timid, graceful cousin? Unable to repress, altogether, the spiteful feelings which her provoking companion aroused, she said, hastily,

"It is probable that a poor girl as she is could not afford a dress more in accordance with the elegant scene into which Mrs. Irwin has foolishly introduced her."

"Is she then poor?"

"So I have heard. At least she is governess to Mrs. Irwin's children, and she would scarcely be that if not necessitated, you know."

"No; certainly not. Yet she seems not unused to fashionable society; and she is certainly well calculated to adorn it. And you say you are not related? The similarity of names led me into error."

"Yes; they are of the same name, but of a different family."

"I fancied, also, that there was a marked resemblance between you. She is really a beautiful girl."

Albina made no reply, and her companion changed the subject, to a more agreeable one. But the night was fated to be a trying one to the proud beauty. In animated conversation with Mr. Myford, she had forgotten her vexations, and recovered her usual flow of spirit; and had soon afterward withdrawn to the embrasure of a large window, where concealed by the rich, velvet drapery she chatted gaily with Emeline Spurrier, who had sought the same retreat to rest for a few moments; and they were about emerging again into the light and gay bustle of the scene when Lord Villers and his friend drew near, engaged in seemingly earnest conversation. The young ladies drew back within the friendly shelter of the curtain, where they listened anxiously, each with the secret hope of hearing something that would minister to her own vanity.

"But are you sure that your information is correct?" were the first words they could distinguish. It was Mr. Myford who spoke.

"I am," was the reply. "I gained a few moments' private conversation with Mrs. Irwin just now, and learned that my surmises were perfectly correct—that her friend is indeed my step-sister, and consequently her sweet daughter is my niece. Something attracted me to her as soon as I beheld her, and when I heard her name I felt confident that she was one of those I sought. My showy-looking partner is doubtless another; though in her I do not feel so much interested."

"No! There is no relationship," interrupted Mr. Myford,

"There is not! How do you know?"

"From your 'showy-looking partner's' own fair lips. She assured me there is no relationship between them. Merely a similarity of names."

"Ah! I understand. Poor relations always belong to another family—well, in that case Miss Albina cannot claim kindred with *me*, which she would, perhaps, be willing to do, in her republican fondness for titles." And with a laugh full of mirth the young men passed on.

How felt Albina during this conversation? It were vain to endeavor to depict her feelings; anger, envy, and mortification struggling within her; while the thought that Emeline had also heard all, and would quickly promulgate it among their friends was positively maddening. That young lady, however, was too well occupied with her own schemes to observe her mortified companion at this time. She remembered that she had spoken admiringly of Lillian Elsinger in Lord Villers' hearing; and she trusted that this would leave a favorable impression on his lordship's mind, and, perhaps, contribute to secure for her his particular regard. With this view she resolved to say nothing of the over-heard conversation, but to evince a decided attachment to the young governess ere the fact of her distinguished relationship would be generally known. She was partly disappointed in her expectations on finding when she again joined the brilliant throng that the nobleman had taken his leave; but she danced often with Mr. Myford, to whom she found an opportunity of speaking in rapturous terms of Lillian, nothing doubting that her warm praise would be repeated to the uncle.

When the dance was concluded, Emeline suddenly recollected that she had as yet only bowed from a distance to her highly esteemed friend, Mrs. Irwin, and expressed a desire to have a chat with her; Mr. Myford, of course, readily escorted her to that lady, who returned her animated salutation with much kindness; and introduced her to Lillian, who was at that moment beside her. There was no fashionable formality in Emeline's acknowledgment of the introduction, and both ladies were rather surprised when she began a conversation with Lillian with the warmth of an old acquaintance. They could not suspect the secret motive which prompted her; though it was true that on first seeing Lillian she had admired her. When Mrs. Irwin soon after rose to retire from the gay assemblage, Emeline kissed the young governess affectionately, expressing a desire for an intimate friendship, to which she having gracefully responded, followed her friend from the room. Mr. Myford attended them to the carriage, and returned to the company, but

it was soon evident that it had lost its charms for him, and as soon as possible he also withdrew.

Meanwhile Albina Elsinger, resolutely concealing her mortified feelings under a counterfeited gaiety, danced with a gentleman of considerable pretensions to wealth and importance, who had long been an admirer of her beauty, and on this occasion quite captivated by her brilliancy, became her most assiduous attendant. So long as she had entertained hopes of making a more distinguished conquest, her manner to Edmund Spencer was careless and indifferent; but now, finding all her anticipations dashed to the earth, she received with animation the attentions which he obsequiously renewed. Flattered by this change in her demeanor, which he interpreted to suit his own views, young Spencer deemed his triumph complete, and put forth all his powers of pleasing to continue the favorable impression he imagined he had made upon the belle; but the conflict with her secret feelings was too arduous to be long concealed, and she felt relieved beyond measure when she again found herself within the carriage where she could give vent to passionate weeping. The surprise and chagrin of Mr. and Mrs. Elsinger, when at length they were made, through impetuous exclamations and violent sobbings, acquainted with the existing state of affairs, was extreme; but alas! what could anger and indignation avail now? They felt the evil irremediable; and the night which had been anticipated as one of proud triumph, saw them overwhelmed with mortification and shame.

#### CHAPTER V.

At an early hour on the following morning Lord Villers made his appearance at the mansion of Mrs. Irwin; and by that lady's desire was shown immediately to her private parlor, where his interview with his newly discovered relatives would be secure from intrusion. He was soon engaged in earnest conversation with Mrs. Elsinger, while Mrs. Irwin, who, at her friend's request, remained, and Lillian were silent, but deeply interested auditors. The minute details of that conversation, so absorbingly interesting to the parties concerned, would probably prove tedious to our readers. It will suffice, for our purpose, that during the course of it Lord Villers succeeded in establishing his identity with the step brother of Mrs. Elsinger, who, with his mother, had disappeared immediately after his father's decease; since which time nothing had been heard of their movements. It could only be conjectured that the widow, who was of Eng-

lish parentage, had gone to the mother country: and such was indeed the fact. Not long after she became the wife of a nobleman who had taken a singular fancy to little Adolphus, whom he now formally adopted as his son and heir to his title and vast possessions.

Surrounded by all the pageantry and splendor of a proud and ancient house; educated at one of England's far-famed Universities, where homage and adulation were paid to his high rank; the youth still grew up in taste and feeling a most inveterate republican, and carefully cherished the faint memories of his childhood's home. And when, on arriving at manhood, he found himself by the recent will of his adopted father possessed of vast wealth, his first desire was to visit the land of his birth, and make inquiries concerning his connexions, about whom he was the more anxious from some indistinct recollections of his parent's sudden departure from America, and the rigid silence she ever maintained respecting the family of her first husband.

The mystery, however, was now to be unfolded; for on acquainting his mother with his desire, she yielded a ready assent; and filled up the rude outlines of the picture which memory had faithfully treasured, by the full particulars of his father's history. She did not even conceal the reason of her secret removal to England; but, on the contrary, proposed as a special motive for his intended journey, the restoration of that portion of his father's property which justly belonged to his half sister: the want of which she might, perhaps, have experienced, as her husband's profession was a precarious one, and there had been a rumor that he was shipwrecked.

The youth listened with astonishment to these details; but he repressed the expression of his indignant feelings through respect for his mother, who, now that the subject had been broached, evinced the liveliest remorse for her conduct, pleading only her maternal anxiety for her son's prosperity in palliation. That son—how could he upbraid her, greatly as his innate sense of justice and honor revolted against the course she had pursued?

It only remained for him to expedite his departure; and his mother quickly relieved his reluctance to leave her, by unfolding her own purposes. She was not, as may be imagined, a disconsolate widow. Pride and a desire for her son's aggrandizement had been the motives for her union with her deceased lord: and now, having remained the requisite period in strict seclusion, she wished to join a party of friends on a continental tour. Her son gladly availed himself of her permission to spend the same time

on his travels; and as early as possible departed in company with young Myford, whose acquaintance he had made some time before. The gentlemen became warmly attached during the voyage, and Lord Villers finding that his relatives had removed from his native city of Baltimore, willingly accompanied his friend through the route of travel he had planned; and it was thus that they at length reached Louisville, where he so unexpectedly encountered one of the objects of his search.

Such were the principal points of the narration which the young nobleman now gave his attentive listeners. To Lillian it all seemed but as a dream. She had never heard of her grandfather's second marriage: for her mother had ever avoided the most distant allusion to one who had so cruelly wronged her, and whose name could awaken, therefore, none but unpleasant memories. But when the stranger claiming a kindred tie which she could not believe existed, produced a miniature of his father, which Mrs. Elsinger at once recognized as the likeness of her own dear parent—the truth became clear to the daughter's mind; and while she mingled her own tears with her mother's over the semblance of the venerated dead, she silently rejoiced that she had never known the circumstances which would have caused her to think only with painful feelings of those so closely connected with her.

While they all sat thus recalling by-gone years, a servant entered with Mr. Myford's card. Mrs. Irwin, finding that he was acquainted with the happy discovery his friend had made, ordered him to be shown into the friendly circle, where he was cordially welcomed. Animated conversation followed, though sustained chiefly, it must be confessed, by the two elder ladies and Lord Villers; for Mr. Myford seemed strangely absent-minded as he sat opposite to Lillian, who kept her eyes intently fixed on her grandfather's likeness, which she held in her hand; save when she raised her long lashes somewhat timidly to reply to any observation directly addressed to her by her gay young uncle, who continued to talk in a gay strain, though he sometimes glanced with smiling significance from his fair niece to his friend, which glances they at length observing. Lillian's brow was at once suffused by a soft blush, while Myford, with a sort of confused consciousness, made an effort to rally from his abstracted mood.

"But how is it, my fair niece," observed Lord Villers, "that you are so unmoved by these disclosures? Few young ladies, I fancy, would hear with such quiet composure of the wealth to which they had unexpectedly fallen heir."

"Indeed, sir," replied the young girl, earnestly, "for myself I do not desire such good fortune. I rejoice sincerely on my dear mother's account; and yet more for my brother, who will now be spared the trials of a life of poverty and toil. But as regards myself since I have been an inmate of Mrs. Irwin's hospitable house, I have not a wish ungratified."

"And I," said Mrs. Irwin, "have often reproached myself to-day with selfishness; for the announcement of that which should cause me only pleasurable emotion, has given me more than one pang, as I think of the effect it will have upon my own home. But I shall conquer my ungenerous regrets ere long, and rejoice with my whole heart at the events which will enable my sweet Lillian to take her proper position in society. For it needs but little intercourse with the world to learn that wealth has peculiar charms; and there are those who cannot estimate virtue, talent, beauty, nor grace without this talismanic accompaniment."

"Are you aware, Adolphus," asked Mrs. Elsinger, "that these are other relations of yours residing in Louisville?"

"Ah, yes, my dear sister," replied the young man, with a smile, "I met them last night for the first time—probably the last also."

"How so?" asked his sister, in surprise.

Again the nobleman smiled. "Your remarks, my dear madam," said he, addressing Mrs. Irwin, "will probably apply with singular appropriateness in that quarter. Lillian will no doubt become suddenly exalted in their estimation; but I hope, my dear girl, you have too much innate dignity to feel flattered."

"I scarcely think such will be the case," she replied, remembering the letter of which her uncle as yet knew nothing. "But surely my dear uncle would not wish me to be unforgiving and—"

"Indeed I should," interrupted Lord Villers, warmly. "I would not have you duped by the hollow profession of those who will now flatter and fawn upon you, merely because you are an heiress. My remarks do not apply merely to relatives—there are others to whom they will be equally appropriate. Pardon them as freely as you please—they are unworthy your resentment as your favor; and remember always we are not obliged from the fear of being vindictive, to exhibit a hypocritical display of friendliness which we cannot feel toward such people."

"And remember too, Miss Elsinger," murmured Myford, who now took a seat near her on the plea of examining more closely the miniature, "that there are some, one at least who yielded to

your charms the homage and devotion they deserve, and in whose estimation the wealth of the Indies could not enhance their value." The varying cheek on which his eyes bent so earnestly, yet so respectfully, showed that his words had touched an answering chord, but her embarrassment was quickly relieved by his considerately taking the miniature, and remarking to his friend upon the marked resemblance between it and Mrs. Elsinger.

From that day the two young men were frequent visitors to Mr. Irwin's; and what marvel that Lillian and her admirer soon discovered the similarity of their tastes and sentiments, and that the impression which each had made at first meeting daily strengthened into mutual love? Lord Villers with his usual impetuosity relieved his friend of the embarrassment of a formal declaration, and insisted that the wedding should be given prior to his departure from America.

Early in September, therefore, Mrs. Irwin's drawing-rooms were thrown open to the largest and gayest company that had ever there assembled: and Lillian Elsinger, with her heart brimming over with trusting happiness, gave her hand to him who had won her first affections. The bridal party made the tour of the Lakes, and returned to their homes in safety, their felicity dampened only by the pain of parting with Lord Villers, who had made himself a favorite with all.

And now a few words on one or two other persons connected with our story. Emeline Spurler finding her hopes of Lord Villers futile, consoled herself by repeating to all she knew the conversation which she had overheard on the night of Mrs. G——'s grand ball. Of course repeated eagerly by each new hearer, ere long it came to the ears of Mr. Edmund Spencer, who encouraged by the sweet smiles of Miss Albina since that eventful night, was on the eve of an avowal, which she impatiently awaited as a refutation of the whispers she knew were circulating regarding her disappointed aims. The report of her duplicity, nay, even her falsehoods, startled Mr. Spencer. Though somewhat foppish in his dress and manners, he abhorred dissimulation sincerely, and having procured indubitable proofs of the truth of the rumors concerning his lady-love, all his admiration and love in a moment vanished. Albina, conscious of the cause of the abrupt termination of his attentions, went on a visit to some friends at a distance, where she finally made a conquest as unlike as could be imagined to her former beau ideal—while her friend Emeline, foiled also in her ambitious views, is still looking about for one to replace, in her admiration, the "titled foreigner."

# TRANSPARENT ILLUMINATED, OR ENAMELED PAINTING.

BY MRS. DUBOIS.

THE following are the materials requisite for practising this novel and elegant art:—Fine water colors in cakes, as blues, blacks, brown, burnt sienna, chrome, &c.; gamboge in the lump; carmine, ivory black, flake white, emerald, green, cobalt, and chromes, in the fine, impalpable powders—these powders should be kept in proper bottles; hartshorn and spirits of turpentine, of each an ounce, in separate and well-corked bottles; glass varnish and jappanners' gold size, of each an ounce, and both to be kept well corked; gold and silver leaf; half a dozen camel hair pencils of different sizes; a palette and palette knife; black lead pencil for tracing; and ground glass.

Having decided upon the article to be made, be it a basket, port-folio, or table, or whatever else is thought proper, cut out the requisite pattern in card board, take it to a glass-cutter's, select a perfectly clear and speckless piece of ground glass, and have the patterns cut out from it. Wash this glass thoroughly with warm soap and water, and dry it. Now, choose or design a group of flowers, or birds, or butterflies, and sketch it on to the *ground* side of the glass (those who cannot sketch well, may place the glass over the copy and trace the outline;) this sketching, or tracing, must be done very finely, and all dark strokes of the pencil avoided. Wash into each flower or leaf its foundation color, and then proceed to work up the whole as in an ordinary water colored drawing, having previously rubbed down the requisite colors on the palette from the cakes, and put a little of the carmine powder on the palette, and, having moistened it with a few drops of hartshorn, rub it down smooth with the palette knife; every time the carmine has to be used, it must be observed, that the brush must be dipped in *hartshorn*, instead of in water, as for all the other colors. The drawing being completed, and richly colored, though not in an exaggerated manner, leave it to dry. Then take the glass varnish and a clean brush, and carefully cover every portion of the drawing smoothly and evenly with this varnish, taking care not to transgress beyond any of the edges of the drawing, or spot the rest of the glass. Set it aside

for an hour or two until the varnish ceases to be wet, and only just remains moist and adhesive; then take silver leaf and lay it evenly over the whole of the drawing; wherever it is necessary to make a join, pass the varnish brush along the edges of the piece already laid down, and overlay this with the edge of the next piece; press the silver leaf down gently, but firmly and thoroughly, with a silk or linen handkerchief until it adheres to every portion of the drawing, and whether it does so or not may be ascertained by looking at it from the other side of the glass;—set the drawing aside again for eight or twelve hours, and let it be during this time subjected to a light and even pressure; then take it in the left hand, and, with a silk or linen handkerchief in the right, or a large, soft camel hair pencil, brush off all the superfluous portions of silver, so as to leave the glass clear, and the drawing illuminated or enameled. Should any of the interstices not easily brush off, take a quill-pen, and working gently with the point, remove all extraneous particles of silver so as to leave the edges even and smooth, and the drawing clearly and neatly defined. The process is now complete, and a beautiful effect will have been produced; the *glassy* side of the glass is of course the right side, and the *ground* side, or that on which we have been operating, the wrong side.

Should it now be wished to give a grounding to the drawing, instead of leaving the glass around it clear, take a clean palette; for white ground use flake white powder; for black, the ivory black; for green, the emerald green, either alone or softened by an admixture of flake white; for blue, the cobalt either alone or with white; for yellows or lemon color, the chrome by itself or with white; put out a little of the powder or powders with the palette knife, pour a small quantity of the glass varnish to it, and rub them down together until perfectly mixed and smooth. Previous to this, the whole part to be grounded should have been varnished over and left to dry; for the opaque or ground color must not be mixed until it is wanted for use, and the varnish must be dry on the glass before the ground is applied. These directions fulfilled, take a brush

and paint the whole of the glass over smoothly with the mixture thus prepared, passing the brush first up and down and then cross-wise, so that a close and even coat of color shall cover every part not previously occupied by the drawing. When this is dry the work is complete.

For small things, an easy and rapid way of giving a ground to the drawings, is to put a piece of colored glazed paper exactly fitting the glass behind it, and retain it by the slightest possible touches of dissolved gum dragon.

Very pretty wreaths, or scrolls, or borderings, may be formed round an illuminated group of flowers by the two following processes, which we term gilding and pearlying:—

For gilding, the scroll, or wreath, or corner piece, is traced in the manner already described; it is then shaded with burnt sienna, heightened here and there by an admixture of carmine, and the outline, veining, and bolder parts, marked out with ivory black. When this is all dry, the whole is covered with jappanner's gold size, smoothly and evenly laid on with a camel hair pencil, and a couple or three hours afterward gold-leaf is applied (in the manner already directed for the silver-leaf) over every part, and carefully made to adhere; and then the work is subjected to gentle pressure for ten or twelve hours, and the superfluous portions of gold got rid of by the means already described.

For pearlying, the scroll, or corner, or bordering, is sketched or traced, as usual, on the *ground* side of the glass, and then shaded or marbled with faint tints of Prussian blue, carmine, and gamboge, melting one into the other like the hues on mother-o'-pearl; the outline, shadows, and veining are thrown in with ivory black. When dry, this is varnished all over with glass varnish, silvered an hour or two afterward, left to set the usual time, and finished off in the way previously described.

A vase or basket containing flowers may be thus worked:—The vase or basket may be shaded according to the rules given for gilding, and the flowers painted in their natural hues. Jappanner's gold size and gold leaf must be used for the former, and when that is dry and finished off, the glass varnish and silver leaf may be used to illuminate the flowers; a beautiful effect is thus produced. Or the vase may be pearlyed and all done together; but where both the gold and silver leaf are used about the same drawing, one must be completely finished off before the other is begun with. For butterflies, gold leaf may with advantage be substituted for the silver, excepting for white and grey butterflies.

It must be borne in mind that every process

takes place on the *ground* side of the glass, and that the other is the right side, or from which the drawing will always be looked at.

Special brushes of camel hair should be kept for the varnish, gold size, and grounding, and these must always be thoroughly washed in spirit of turpentine, and wiped on a linen rag before being put away, as they will spoil if the varnish or size is allowed to dry in them.

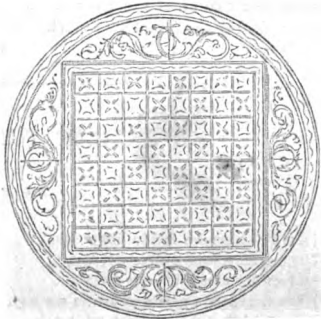
The powders, with the exception of the carmine, are only used for the opaque and grounding portions of the work, and the water colors in cakes for all the other parts. The glass on which the drawing is being made, should be kept carefully from dirt or grease, or even finger marks; indeed, the whole process requires neatness and delicacy of touch as well as taste. The richest and most artistic and varied effects may be easily and quickly produced, and numerous ornamental and elegant articles made, as well as many that are useful.

Chess tables, screens, netting boxes, portfolios, card baskets, finger plates, inlaying for the panels of cheffonier or other doors, &c., &c., are among the number of its uses; indeed it is applicable to almost every purpose for which *papier mache* work is ordinarily used, and the intrinsic beauty of the work cannot fail to recommend it.

#### CHESS BOARD OR TABLE.

The outer narrow circle is to be pearlyed, according to the directions already given for that

Diagram showing the general disposition of the Ornaments in the Glass Chess Table.

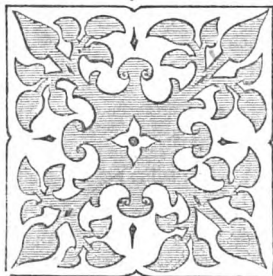


process. The scroll immediately within it is to be gilded (according to the given instructions) with the exception of the little berries or balls, which are to be pearlyed, and the whole grounded with black.

The square border round the board is to be

grounded with apricot color, and the pattern or inlaying painted with ivory black and deepened by touches of lamp black. Both to be done in the opaque or grounding colors.

Design of Chequers for the Glass Chess Table.  
Black Square.

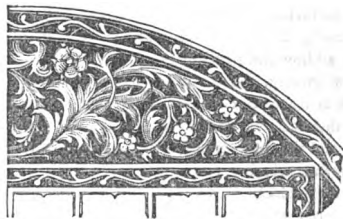


White Square.

The ground of the lighter squares is to be a delicate cream color, and the pattern dark buff or apricot, shaded and inlaid with black—opaque

colors both; the centre of the pattern is to be pale cream color picked out with black, painted in water colors, and illuminated. The ground and the flowers on the pattern of the darker squares, is to be dark buff or apricot, as in the the pattern of the others; and the inlaying, shading, and darker parts are to be thrown in with blacks—opaque or grounding colors to be used.

The borders round the squares are to be gilded, according to instructions given for that



Ornament filling out the circle, &c., in the  
Glass Chess Table.

process. The whole when finished is to be let to dry thoroughly, and then backed with white or cream colored glazed cardboard, before being let into the table. It must be observed, that all *gilding, pearling, and illuminating* must be done before putting in the grounding.

Materials for performing this beautiful work may be procured, by persons living in the country, if they will forward their orders to the proprietor of this Magazine, with the money enclosed, when he will see that the necessary articles are put up, and sent by the cheapest conveyance.

## SUCH THINGS WERE.

BY E. K. SMITH.

Time flies when he should linger most,  
The brightest joys are soonest lost,  
And swiftly pass the hours away  
When friends are near and hearts are gay.  
The fairest scenes that Time can bring  
But add a feather to his wing,  
And when his path is marked with care  
We say in sorrow, "Such things were."

In happy hours we often say,  
In scenes like these we should be gay;  
But, if we lose one valued friend,  
Our feelings change, our pleasures end;

We mourn the looks so truly dear,  
We miss the voice we used to hear;  
The scene is changed, and sadly there  
We must remember "Such things were."

In every walk we seek alone  
We sadly sigh for something gone;  
In every path some spot is seen  
Where that loved friend hath lately been;  
In every song, in every dance,  
We miss a step, a tone, a glance;  
We think of joys we used to share,  
And say in sorrow, "Such things were."

# THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &c

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## I.—THE FARM KITCHEN.

It was a wild evening in winter. The wind blew fitfully without, now shrieking around the old farm-house as if in rage at being excluded, and now moaning away over the cold, bare fields like orphan children wringing their hands and weeping in despair. The huge buttonwoods in the front yard, which had shaded the roof for fifty summers, tossed their skeleton arms, and swayed, creaking in the gale, powerless to shelter it; while through the small green panes of the kitchen window, the low and leaden colored clouds were seen driving by, ominous of a night of storm, and suggesting thoughts of travellers belated, and perhaps frozen to death.

But within all was ruddy and warm. Old Mr. Forester had just returned from the barn-yard, drawn up the great arm-chair, and giving the green worsted cushion an abstracted shake, seated himself before the blazing hickory fire, which crackled and sparkled up the huge chimney. Though age had now bent his frame, and wrinkled his features, the farmer was still what would be considered a fine-looking man, especially for his years. His height had once been over six feet, and his person large in proportion; but his flesh, within a year or two, had begun to shrink away; and his friends had noticed other signs of an approaching breaking up in his health. His step, though yet comparatively firm, occasionally faltered; his eye was no longer as bright as formerly; and it was observed that his hand shook when, in discharge of his duty as an elder of the church, he handed around the plate at communion. The contour of his face was Roman, which, as he now sat thoughtfully gazing at the fire, gave him a severe aspect, which was far from being in unison with his character; for a kinder neighbor, or more humane man could not be found in the whole neighborhood: indeed it was a common saying that Squire Forester had a heart as soft as a woman's.

For a while the old man watched the fire in silence, as the red coals fell with a tinkling sound, as a stick burned in two and dropped, with a puff of smoke. The ruddy light, meantime, danced on the white-washed walls, making the far end

of the room almost as bright as day, but leaving the corners right and left of the fire-place in comparative gloom. The rows of brilliant tins, which hung on the wall opposite to the chimney, shone like polished silver. Here and there in this glittering array were stuck sprigs of holly, the prickly leaf of which glistened among the muffin-rings, cullenders, dredge-boxes, and cake-pans, which were scoured regularly every Friday, though they were never used, as another collection, only less radiant, in the cellar-way could testify. Under the tins stood a blue painted dough-trough, with its snowy top as white as sand and labor could make it; and on this was laid a large loaf of bread, covered up in a spotless old table-cloth. Somewhat to the left of the direct line of light, and therefore partially in shadow, there depended from the low white ceiling, on short hooks, a tempting display of fine embrowned hams, dried beef, and tongues; while in the comparative darkness that brooded, closer in toward the wall, a bundle of semi-transparent inflated bladders dimly appeared: and under these, though a little more in the direction of the fire-place, was seen the door leading out into the wash-house, with a white linen towel hanging from a roller. On the right side of the room, and almost opposite this door was the old-fashioned looking-glass, between two windows, with a bunch of peacock-feathers arranged above it. Some half dozen ears of remarkably fine corn, with several strings of small red peppers ornamented the wall nearer the chimney. On the high wooden mantel three or four brass candle-sticks, a few warped and dog-eared books, and a boot-jack mounted guard.

The kitchen was divided into two parts; one of which, about the fire-place, was paved with brick, that was kept of the most brilliant red; but the other, and by far the larger portion, was floored with boards, and covered with a substantial home-made carpet. On the latter the table, painted red, was set, and its white cloth spread for tea. Plates were laid for two; and tempting golden butter, spongy bread, a stand of crisp-looking pickles, some rich cheese, and the invariable plate of apple-butter already graced it.

The University of Chicago Library



The tea kettle, with its delicate blue steam puffing from the spout, now began to hum busily, as it hung from the trammel, and to rouse old Mr. Forester from his reverie: a task in which it was assisted by the savory smell of a couple of slices of ham, which his daughter had been cooking unobserved until now. The father looked up, sighed, and began to watch, with a mournful eye, the tall, graceful figure of his child moving about the room, as she successively skimmed the cream from the huge earthen pan of milk, turned the ham on the grid-iron, and put the tea to draw in the little Britannia pot. Something was plainly on his mind, and that of a character unusually painful, since not even this sweet, household spectacle could chase away his sad look. Yet care should have fled, at once, in the presence of Julia Forester. She was now about nineteen, with the witchery of girlhood still seen in her buoyant step, but the light of womanhood's mystic revelations already dawning in her face. Not every one would have called that face beautiful. But to others the large, dark, serious eyes; the firm expression of the dilated nostril; and the gentle beauty of the mouth, indicated qualities awakening love and respect alike, and rarely found in union. It was a countenance that, once seen, lived in the memory of the few forever, as a type of the highest moral beauty.

When she had transferred the broiled ham to its appropriate dish, lit the candles, placed the little tea-pot on the table, and set the chairs, she untied the checked apron which she had worn to protect her silk one, and said,

"Now, father, tea is ready."

The old man rose, and placing himself opposite to her, gazed a moment on the board, then reverently lifting his right hand, asked a blessing. There was now a silent pause, when Julia began to pour out the tea, saying,

"Ain't you well, to-night, father? You seem so dull."

"No, I'm quite well, my dear. Will you take a bit of ham?"

But, in opposition to his usual custom, he soon became absent, and often sighed unconsciously. Julia tried, with remarks about the weather, and questions about the farm, to recall his wandering thoughts, but without success. At last she said again, and with an anxious look,

"I'm really afraid, dear father, that you are not well."

He answered with a faint attempt to smile.

"Indeed, my child, I am as well as usual. When one grows old I suppose one becomes less talkative."

She sighed, and replied,

"Oh! father, don't try to deceive me. You have not been like yourself since you returned from the village yesterday. Either you are sick, or something is on your mind. Why won't you tell me?"

She looked at him as she spoke, with so much love in her earnest eyes, that his glance fell before her's: and changing the subject, he said, "I'm glad I had that sheep-pen mended, for we shall likely have another snow to-night. I heard yesterday that the mountains are several feet deep already."

"Ah!" she answered, "these severe winters—God help the poor!"

"Yes! God help them," replied her father, as if involuntarily, and he sighed profoundly, and again sank into abstraction.

Julia watched him in silence for some moments. He did not ask for his customary second cup of tea, and the food on his plate remained almost untasted. She knew, by these signs, that he was sorely troubled about something. Finally she could bear it no longer. Rising, she stole around to his chair, and putting one arm around his neck, began fondly to stroke his thin, grey hairs.

"Dear father, you must tell me," she said. "What is it ails you?"

He turned away his face, so as to conceal his emotion, and answered huskily,

"It's nothing, Julia. At least nothing but what, I hope, a few days will mend."

"But, in the meantime," she continued, coaxingly, "tell me what it is. I can't be happy, dear father, if I don't know."

He moved uneasily on his chair, as if he would have escaped her importunity if he could, saying, "It's only a little matter of business, which you could not understand, my child."

"Father," she said, earnestly, "this doesn't satisfy me. You have never had any business affairs to produce this effect on you before. It is something serious, I know."

"Yes, yes, Julia," he said, half impatiently, "it is of more importance, perhaps, than usual; but still I think a few days will remove it."

"If a few days will remove it, dear father, it cannot make me unhappy in the meantime: but while it renders you so wretched, I ought to know it and share it with you."

As she spoke a warm tear fell on the old man's forehead. He looked suddenly up, and while her eyes overflowed, she resumed brokenly,

"Oh! do tell me, father. You have no one now but me."

He could resist no longer. Taking her hand, and fondling it between his own, while he looked tenderly up into her face, he said,

"I will tell you, Julia. I had hoped you would not ask, for if trouble is to come, you will have to meet it soon enough."

"But you have always taught me, dear father, that it is best to be prepared for whatever threatens; and that it is neither brave, nor Christian to fly from difficulties."

The old man gave her a glance full of fond affection, and answered, with emotion,

"Ah! my daughter, I have learned, at last, that it is easier to say what we ought to do, than to do it when the day of trial comes. But God give us strength, me especially, sinner that I am to doubt his goodness—"

He paused a moment, and then resumed,

"Perhaps, my child, we shall have to leave this place. I had hoped to die here, where your mother died, and your brother; and to lay my head in the old grave-yard beside them; but it is not to be, I fear. I had hoped also that, when I left, you would have had these acres for your own, but neither is this to be. The mortgage, which has been so long on the farm, is now due, and the holder says he must sue it out, unless I can pay the money, which is impossible. We are beggars, therefore."

Julia listened in dismay. She had known, ever since she grew up, that there was a mortgage on the farm; but that was all; and she had supposed that it was to a small amount, and involved no danger. Her own education had been liberal, even expensive, as if she was to be something of an heiress; and indeed in that light she had regarded herself, until quite lately. But within the last few months, she had noticed occasional evidences of pecuniary embarrassment on the part of her father, which had caused her many a regret, and led her to exercise the strictest personal and household economy. She had supposed, however, that the difficulty was only temporary, for she heard everybody complaining of hard times, and she concluded that, in a year or so, the embarrassment would pass away. To be told, therefore, that they were beggars startled her. But she thought not of herself: it was for her father she trembled.

"It has been a ruin long preparing," resumed Mr. Forester, "yet it has burst on me, at last, unexpectedly. More than fifteen years ago, I bought fifty acres—that bit of meadow, you know—from the Norton estate, and, as I had no money, gave a mortgage on the farm. It was a foolish act, as I had no real necessity for the land; but the money was offered to me unsolicited, and even forced upon me; and so, in an evil hour, I was tempted into the purchase, fully believing that, before many years, I should be

able to discharge the debt. But first there came bad summers, which scarcely ever yielded more than half a crop; and then other things interfered," here his voice faltered, and Julia knew he referred to her mother's death, "so that, instead of reducing the principle, I was often without means to discharge the interest."

"Dear father," said the daughter, kissing him fondly, "yours has, indeed, been a hard lot."

"Not harder than my heavenly Master's, when on earth," said the old man, "though harder, perhaps, than that of many of my neighbors. But," he added, after a pause, "I must finish my story. Your dear mother's death, Julia, left me not only without a counsellor and friend, which she had ever truly been, but without any one to look after a woman's part on the farm: and the farmer, who is without aid in this department, has but little chance of getting out of debt. I kept up a brave heart, however; worked hard; and hoped in the future. My creditor too was easy, or at least I considered him such then for when I had no money he trusted me, and thus my fears were lulled to sleep. Ah! this facility of getting into debt."

He spoke, as if abstractedly, and it was a full minute before he resumed.

"Then your poor brother's health, as even you may remember, began to fail. The work of the farm proved too severe for him, and as he had talent and ambition, I resolved to make every sacrifice I could, in order that he might be a lawyer. Your mother, my dear, died when you were so young that you can scarcely remember her; but your brother was your playmate; you know what we lost in him. To die, too, when he did; just when he had completed his studies; when we were all so proud of him—"

Here the speaker's voice broke down, and tears rolled over his cheeks. Julia also was weeping. For, like her father, her very being had been bound up in that adored brother, whom death had ravished from them so unexpectedly and so lately.

"Had James lived," resumed Mr. Forester, when he had gathered strength to proceed, "these latter troubles would not have fallen on me; for he would soon have been able to repay me, fourfold, for all I had done for him. It was this knowledge which made me indifferent to the debt which, year after year, accumulated on my farm. I believed I was only borrowing money, on the old place, for a few years, till he and you should be educated; and while he lived, therefore, it gave me no concern. But when he was so suddenly cut off, and I began to see how frightfully large the mortgage had become, with

no prospect of my ever reducing it except out of the earnings of the place, my heart sank at the prospect. I trembled for the day when they should carry me out in my coffin, and you would find yourself alone, with but a comparative pittance——”

“Oh! father,” interrupted Julia, pressing his hand, “why did you worry about me. It is for yourself only you should be concerned.”

The old man shook his head, and gazed mournfully at his daughter, but made no direct answer. At last he resumed.

“These hard times have, however, brought things to a crisis I little expected. Even our rich men begin now to want money, and the friend to whom I mortgaged my farm tells me that if I cannot pay, he shall be compelled to sell it. I have but one resource, and that is to get some other person to advance the sum, which, I suppose, is impossible. But I shall know certainly, in a day or two.”

“Who lent you the money?” said Julia.

“Didn’t I tell you? I thought I did. It was Mr. Owens.”

She sighed. “He is our richest man, isn’t he?” she said.

“He is, and, as I see you think, there is no hope elsewhere, if he cannot give us grace.”

Julia was thoughtful for a moment. At last she resumed.

“But won’t the farm, even if sold, leave something?”

“Nothing, I fear. It is a very large mortgage. In good times, indeed, the place would bring twice the amount; but not now.” And the old man, seeing his daughter look still unsatisfied, mentioned the sum for which the farm was pledged.

“I don’t know much about business,” said Julia, in surprise, “but it seems to me, father, that the sum has grown out of all proportion to the original one, and to the expenses of our education.”

“Ah! my child, capitalists, like Mr. Owens, don’t give grace for nothing to their debtors, as you would know if you were a little less ignorant of the world. I told you that, often, I could not pay the interest. When this happened, I had of course to give my creditor an acknowledgment of it; and his way of doing business was to take a new mortgage with that amount added; for, without this, he would lose the interest on this unpaid interest, as he said, and I could not deny. In this way it did not take long to double the debt.”

“But was this right?”

“Its the only way Mr. Owens lends his money,

whether right or wrong; and a good many others take the same plan. But I had no choice, except to yield to his terms, or repay the whole sum lent, which I was never able to do.”

“It seems to me extortionate,” cried Julia, indignantly. “Why, according to this, he holds a mortgage for three times as much as he has actually lent.”

Old Mr. Forester made no answer. In his heart he began to view the transaction in the same light with Julia; but he was a man of unbounded charity; and, as he still feared, at times, that he might be unjust to his creditor, he said nothing.

At last the daughter, taking her father’s face between her hands, kissed him fervently several times, and said, cheerfully,

“There, don’t mind it any more, father; but go to bed, and take a good sleep; for I feel that all will yet be right, and that we will live here these many years. I have been thinking of something, which can’t fail; but you mustn’t look so curiously,” she continued, playfully, “for I intend to keep you in suspense, as you have kept me. By this time, to-morrow, I will be able, I hope, to tell you that you needn’t fear having this dear old place sold.”

The father shook his head. He suspected that Julia’s plan was to go, in person, and endeavor to borrow the money; and though he knew the energy of her character, and felt assured that she would succeed, if success was possible, he could not derive much consolation from the scheme, for he had himself already tried every feasible channel in vain. Nevertheless, when Julia assured him, and re-assured him that she was certain of bringing him good news, he began to think that she had, perhaps, some positive grounds for speaking thus; and gradually he permitted himself to be won over to something like hope.

When, before retiring, the usual family devotions were held, the fervor with which the grey-haired elder poured out his soul to the Father above, was heightened by feelings of gratitude, that He had vouchsafed such a daughter to be the staff and support of his old age.

And lying in bed afterward, he remained awake till nearly midnight, blessing God for this great treasure, while the wind went wailing by the house, like a childless old man, as he fancied more than once, weeping and lost, and wandering in the storm.

## II.—THE CREDITOR.

JULIA also lay awake till late into the night. She had formed the resolution, while her father

had been speaking, of going personally to the creditor, believing, with the buoyant hope of youth, and with her sex's generous confidence in human goodness, that, when the fatal consequences of a sale were made fully known to Mr. Owens, he would consent to wait for his money. The scheme once conceived, Julia had persuaded herself in the excitement of the moment, that it was sure of success. "Surely, surely," she had said "he cannot dream how utterly he would ruin us, if he pressed things now. He is an old man himself, and has known father for half a century; if he has not a heart of stone he will wait till better times, at least."

But when Julia found herself alone, and began to examine, more dispassionately, the foundations for her hope, her assurance of success became fainter and fainter. Though as yet inexperienced in the ways of the world, she possessed sterling sense, so that when she reflected on Mr. Owens' conduct in the transaction; his demanding compound interest, and enforcing his claim at this period of general distress; a suspicion arose in her mind that he was acting deliberately. If this was so she knew there was no hope. In vain she tried to recover her sanguine feelings. For hours she lay awake, but the more she considered the subject, the more visionary appeared her late expectations.

She awoke unrefreshed, and with a violent headache, but anxious that her father should not see her looking jaded, she bathed her face copiously in cold water, and descended to breakfast. During the meal she exerted all her powers to appear cheerful, and succeeded to such an extent that her father's care-worn look disappeared partially.

The gale had blown itself out, during the night, without producing snow; and the sky was now of that brilliant blue only seen in winter. The sun shone with dazzling brightness. Through the keen north-west atmosphere, the smoke from the neighboring farm-houses ascended in graceful columns. The fields were alive with crows. Clear and musical across the distance came the sound of the academy bell, as it rung the children of the village to school.

As the distance was only about a mile, Julia determined to walk, and accordingly, as soon as the breakfast things were washed and put away, she set out for the village. No costly furs, as in the case of city belles, enveloped her person. Much luxuries to beautify it, while the robust exercise she took, and the bracing air she breathed, enabled her almost to defy cold. Her attire, however, though economical, was elegant.

As she tripped along the elevated foot-walk, at the side of the highway, more than one passing stranger turned to catch another glimpse, if possible, of that rosy face and those large, dark eyes.

The exhilarating atmosphere, and the loveliness of the winter scenery had, in part, restored confidence to Julia, during her walk: but when she entered the long village street, and saw the store of Mr. Owens ahead, her heart began to fail her again. Alas! had she known but half the truth about her father's creditor, she would never have ventured, brave though she was, to have proceeded with her errand.

Mr. Owens had come to the village, in early life, a poor boy. He had, at first, run errands for the principal store-keeper; had finally become a clerk in the establishment; and eventually, after years of economy and industry, had been enabled to buy out his employer. Once in business for himself, his shrewdness, energy, and careful habits had led rapidly to a fortune. He had married, just before he succeeded his old patron, and as the portion of his wife had materially assisted him to compass that venture, it was generally believed that he married for money. Certainly a more ill-tempered companion he could not have selected; and she was, besides, the senior by several years. After living together, in constant bickerings, the wife at last died, leaving an only child, a daughter, behind her.

Perhaps if Mr. Owens had found a suitable companion, and lived a happy domestic life, his sympathies might have expanded, though they had been narrow originally; but his married life soured him against his fellows, and increased his selfish love of greed. He now devoted his whole energies to the acquisition of money. To be the richest man in the place became his ambition; and to achieve this end he spared neither industry, nor, it must be confessed, worse means. As soon as he acquired more capital than he could employ in his store, he began to lend money to farmers in the vicinity, pursuing in all cases, the plan he had adopted toward Mr. Forester; and when, by thus adding interest to principal, and again adding fresh interest to both, he had increased the original debt to about half the value of the farm, he seized the first opportunity, when times grew hard, to demand payment. Most generally his victims, frightened by the very threat of a public sale, were glad to compromise with him in secret by conveying their property to him, and remaining as his tenants. Occasionally, however, the mortgage was allowed to be sued out, and, when this happened,

Mr. Owens bought in the place if it sold low, but otherwise not. By these means he had managed to get into his possession, or hold incumbrances on, some of the best farms of the county.

Mr. Owens did not, in his personal appearance, belie his character. How can a man, indeed, surrender himself to the base passions of avarice and extortion, and pursue them for years, without exhibiting their traces in his countenance? Nature revenges herself, and making the face transparent, as it were, forces the inner man to gaze forth, in all his deformity, from the eyes, and even from the features. As Mr. Owens sat, in his little dingy office, back of the store, on the morning in question, doubled up over the rusty stove, with everything dingy and dusty about him, he looked like some huge ugly spider lying in wait, in the midst of his web. Though not older in years than Mr. Forester, he had nothing of the fresh, pleasant look of the latter; but was so withered and dried up, that he might have been mistaken for a mummy, only for the restless glitter of his suspicious eye. His brows overhung the deep sockets like a shaggy penthouse; his cheeks were fallen in; and his under jaw projected: a physiognomist, in short, would have pronounced him, at the first glance, to be just the sordid and pitiless usurer he was.

Yet it was said that there was one thing this miserable old man did love; and that was his only daughter, a young lady of about Julia's age. In childhood, indeed, the two girls had attended the same school, and been quite intimate with each other, nor had the friendship ever been broken off. But Clara Owens had been spending the last two years in Philadelphia, so that Julia had not seen her but once in that period. It was a privation for Mr. Owens to be separated from his child in this way, but as she liked the gay life of a city, and never appeared happy at home after the first week, he consented to it for her sex, only indemnifying himself by a visit, every other month, to town. In these visits it flattered him to hear of the sensation his daughter's magnificent wardrobes created, and of the admiration and envy with which she was regarded; and when he returned, if he was not thinking of accumulating more money, he was thinking of Clara. But we digress, or seem to.

"Is Mr. Owens at home?" said Julia, entering the store, and assuming a calm exterior, though her spirits were low enough.

The clerk gave a second glance at that beautiful face, though he had seen it a hundred times before, and with more politeness than was usual to him, answered,

"He is, Miss Forester: will you walk back?"

With these words he left the customer he was waiting upon, and leading to the back end of the store, opened a door and ushered Julia into the presence of her father's creditor.

Mr. Owens was sitting, with a pen behind his ear, crouching over the stove to keep himself warm, for there was scarcely any fire, and his clothing, though originally sufficiently thick for the season, had years ago been worn thread-bare and thin. The room, lighted by a couple of small windows, which appeared as if they had not been washed for years, was quite dark, so that, as the door was opened, and a gush of brilliant daylight streamed in, the old man looked up, with a blink, and could not immediately recognize his visitor. He rose, however, and desired her to take a seat. Julia glanced around for a chair, but there was only an old stool, the legs of which, having lost their cross-pieces, had been fastened rudely together with a bit of unplanned board, nailed roughly on. The other furniture of the apartment was in character. A long desk stood under the windows, originally painted blue, but having only a few vestiges of that color now remaining; a box, turned upside down, and placed in one corner, supported a pitcher, a broken tumbler, and a cracked wash-bowl; and rows of old ledgers, covered with dust, and files of old bills, still dustier, occupied one entire side of the room. Mr. Owens had apparently been engaged, until the cold forced him to desist, at his usual task of computing interest, or examining accounts, for an open day-book lay on the desk, and the ink in the pen behind his ear was still liquid.

On recognizing Julia he gave a dry cough, which was almost a grunt, and divining immediately her purpose, turned his back abruptly on her, and returned to his desk.

But the brave girl, who, having once undertaken her task, was determined to go through with it, would not allow herself to be rebuffed by this rudeness, but having waited a moment to see whether he meant to attend to her or not, spoke courageously out.

"Mr. Owens," she said, "I have called to see you on some business of father's."

Here she paused, thinking he would now turn toward her, but, as he did not, she resumed,

"I hope," were her words, "that you do not particularly want the money he owes you, just at this juncture, for, as you know, it is almost impossible to obtain even the smallest sums—"

Poor Julia, with the best intentions in the world, was ignorant how to conduct her case most skillfully, or she would not have given the usurer this chance to turn her words upon herself. But it made little difference: however

adroitly she had pleaded, the result would have been the same.

He faced about, interrupting her, at this point, his little, sharp, eager eyes sparkling with triumph.

"And if it is impossible to obtain even the smallest sums, Miss, how have you the effrontery to come here soliciting so large a one?"

"I—I do not ask you to lend us anything," stammered Julia, breathless with the violence of this unexpected attack.

"You don't—don't you?" interrupted the creditor again, and this time with a sneering laugh. "Isn't every cent due that your father owes me? Won't I be lending it again if I don't let the law take its course? And what better security has he got to offer than I had before, and which I consider insufficient, or I should not have sued out the mortgage?"

There was nothing Mr. Owens disliked so much as to have a woman come as a suppliant, in behalf of a debtor; and he invariably turned on them, at the first chance the conversation offered, in this fierce and brutal way. Generally the visitor burst into tears, and was terrified into a speedy departure. But Julia, though she was at first paralyzed by the unexpected assault, and though her blood boiled afterward with indignation, was not one to be driven off thus. Her spirit rose.

"Surely, sir," she said, "my father's farm is ample security for your claim. It has always been considered worth twice that sum. But two years ago, if I recollect, he was offered even more than that, yet declined it."

For an instant the creditor gazed on the animated speaker, with something like admiration; for, in all his experience, he had never been confronted so boldly before. But immediately he answered with a sneer of contempt,

"Two years ago is not now. Your father's farm, Miss, is worth only what it will bring. If you can get twice as much as my debt for it, I see no reason why you have come here."

Julia felt the tears ready to start, but, by a strong effort, she checked them. She saw that she might as well hope to move this man with her entreaties as to melt granite, and she scorned to let him see that he had power to affect her spirits.

She rose from her seat, therefore, and stood proudly before him.

"Sir," she said, "what your motives are, in this, God only knows. As we are in your power, as the law allows your cruelty, our hereditary acres will become yours, it is plain, for half their value. You will have the pleasure," she spoke

now with a bitter emphasis, "of turning an old man, who has no other enemy in the wide world but you, out of doors a beggar, and in the depth of winter——"

"I only want my rights," growled the creditor, sullenly.

"You only want your rights?" impetuously answered Julia, stretching out her arm with the air of a princess, till even her steel-hearted listener started. "You will take his little all, and add it to your stock, though it can swell that but in a small degree. But your triumph will be only for a short time. You, like him, are old, and will soon have to die. When you meet at the bar of God it will be his turn, for your riches can do you no good there; while he, and all others you have plundered, will rise up in judgment against you. I came here, thinking you had the heart of a man; but as you have not, I will not remain to plead to you. Yet, in the name of my father whom you have ruined, and of others whom I feel that you have robbed in the same way, I call on God above to take vengeance for the crimes by which you disgrace humanity."

Carried away by the sense of bitter wrong, Julia had poured forth this passionate torrent of words, with a rapidity that would have prevented interruption, even if her hearer had attempted it. But he was struck speechless, in part by what he considered the audacity of his visitor, and in part by hearing truths which no one had ventured to pronounce in his presence for years, and whose utterance even by his conscience he had long since stifled. Before he could recover from his stupor of rage and bewilderment, Julia had swept by him with the air of a Zenobia, and was leaving the store.

"Ah! go, you jade," he snarled, shaking his clenched hand at her. "A devil's life you'll lead the man that gets you." He paused a moment, and then added. "But you shall smart for this. You said I'd turn you out of doors, beggars, and I will. Yes! literally beggars, beggars, beggars."

He repeated the word again and again, hissing it out with a kind of savage joy: and then opening his iron-safe, took out some papers, put on his hat, and went forth.

### III.—THE EXPULSION.

WHEN Julia and her father met, the latter knew, at the first glance, that she had failed in her mission. The interview took place when he came in to dinner. Julia had just arrived in time to change her dress, and set the table for this meal; but, though she tried, she could not

banish from her countenance, all traces of her late emotion. The storm of contending feelings, of pity and love for her father, and of indignation against his creditor, which had raged in her bosom all the way home, had not yet entirely subsided.

Mr. Forester took her hand kindly and said, while she averted her face.

"I thank you, my child, for the effort you made: but I see it has been in vain." Then, after a pause he added, solemnly, lifting his eyes to the ceiling, "the Lord's will be done."

Julia threw herself impulsively on his bosom, and hiding her face there, burst into tears. She could not keep her emotion to herself any longer. This relieved her, so that, after a while, she looked up, smiling through her tears.

"Never mind, dear father," she said, "for they can't separate us: and while we are together, we will be happy in spite of them." As she spoke, she clung to him fondly, her beautiful face radiant with affection.

"We will not be entirely beggars," said the old man, smiling also, stooping and kissing her forehead, "for there is the stock, which is worth something, and the furniture. We shall have no use for most of it, and had better sell what we don't want. With the proceeds we can support ourselves in the village till I can look about for something to do."

Julia seemed about to speak; but hesitated: at last, however, she remarked,

"Perhaps we can get the old place on rent, which would be best of all."

But her father shook his head.

"No, my dear, we must not hope for that. Times are so hard that there will be no one, I fear, but Mr. Owens to buy the farm; and with him," he stopped a minute, added, with emotion, "I can hereafter have no transactions."

Julia felt that her father was right. But she said nothing. Only she heaved a half audible sigh, which she checked immediately.

That day and the next were passed, at the old farm-house, in that state of uneasy expectation, when some great disaster is known to be impending, but when the exact time the blow will fall is uncertain. The interval, however, allowed Julia time to recover her usual equanimity, which the interview with Mr. Owens had disturbed. Her smile was again bright, her step buoyant, her words cheerful; and, as she went to and fro, in her household duties, her old songs were sung as before. Her father saw and heard with joy, but a joy not unallied to melancholy. "She is young and sanguine," he reflected, "and recovers from trouble as soon as the

immediate pressure is removed. Ah! when she grows old, she will not forget so easily."

But Julia did not forget, as events soon proved. She only kept up this show of spirits, in order to console her father; and the instant she was alone at night, the smile faded, and the song was hushed. How little do even the best of men understand a loving woman, concealing her own great sorrow that she may cheer a father, brother, or husband, frequently doing this for a lifetime, and dying often at the end without the secret of her self-sacrifice being discovered.

The third day after Julia's interview with Mr. Owens was cloudy and threatening. About noon the weather assumed such a lowering appearance, that Mr. Forester, on coming in to dinner, was persuaded by his daughter to remain in the house for the rest of the day. After the table had been set away, and the floor neatly swept up, Julia and he drew their chairs before the fire; Mr. Forester having the old family Bible open on his lap, and his daughter being busy with her sewing. From time to time the father looked up, when his eye almost immediately met that of his child, for some subtle magnetic influence seemed to tell her he was regarding her: and the smile which, at such moments, lit up her countenance, was radiant as a benignant angel's. Nothing could be more beautiful than Julia's whole appearance as it was on that afternoon. Her dress, though of plain materials, fitted her admirably. It was cut high in the neck, with tight sleeves as was then the mode: a style especially adapted to exhibit, yet modestly, her rounded arms, graceful bust, and shapely shoulders. One little foot peeped out from under her frock: the other was hidden coyly behind the thick draperies. Her magnificent brown hair was worn in plain bands in front, a fashion that suited well her air of serious dignity; and was gathered behind into a simple knot: if unloosed, it would have fallen to her feet, as she sat. Over the whole person and countenance there was an atmosphere of sweet, household quiet, indescribable in words. Wonderfully bewitching, indeed, is a woman in a home-dress at her own fireside.

As the afternoon advanced, the storm commenced in earnest. At first a few flakes of snow drifted slowly downward, at long intervals apart; but gradually they increased in frequency and rapidity, until soon the more distant landscape was entirely shut out by the fast-falling shower: and finally even the neighboring wood, which was separated from the house by a single field only, was but dimly perceptible. A white sheet now covered the landscape. The fences and old

buttonwoods were tipped with white also. For most of the time the flakes descended in profound silence, and almost perpendicularly, but occasionally a gust would dash them against the window, or send them chasing each other in boisterous play across the front-yard and into the field beyond. How pleasant it was to sit by the cheerful fire, in that warm, cozy room, and hearing the wind whistle without, or watching the ever falling flakes, know that neither could reach you.

Suddenly the sound of carriage wheels, half muffled by the snow, was heard, and immediately a vehicle drew up at the gate. Two men leaped out from the wagon, which turned about and drove back.

The eyes of the father and child met in curious inquiry, but no time was left for words; for the men entered the front-yard, and were heard, the next moment, on the door-step thumping the snow off their boots. Mr. Forester would have admitted the strangers, but Julia sprang before him.

When the foremost visitor had removed his cap, both Julia and her father started, knowing his presence betokened no good; for he had once been in the farmer's employ, but having been discharged for unworthiness, had ever since pursued him with undisguised hatred. He had now been, for many years, a drunken loungeur at taverns and a hanger on about the court-house; and Mr. Forester remembered to have heard that he was sometimes employed as a sheriff's officer, to do dirty work of which his principal was ashamed. This recollection, coupled with the dismissal of the carriage, implying that he and his companion had come to stay, revealed to the old man the intruder's errand, so that he was not surprised at what followed.

"I've a little business with you, squire," said this blasted wretch, leering aside at Julia insolently as he spoke, and extending a paper, with a triumphant grin, toward her father. "This is a levy, as you will see, on your furniture and stock."

The old man bowed with dignity, but could not, it was evident, trust himself to speak. Julia, him, boldly interposed, though she had, as yet, only a glimpse of the man's purpose.

"What is it you mean, sir?" she said. "I am mistress here."

The man stared at her, for an instant, and answered,

"Mean, Miss? Why that this 'ere's an execution on the houseful stuff, cattle, hay, grain, and whatever else your father has."

"An execution!"

"Yes, Miss, at the suit of Mr. Owens."

"We owe Mr. Owens nothing but the mortgage on the farm," spiritedly began Julia.

But the officer interrupted her with a coarse laugh.

"You'll find that enough, I reckon. Mr. Owens don't think his security on the farm sufficient, and so has proceeded on the bond also; and I calculate, Miss, it'll take all, these ere times, to pay him off."

Julia drew in her breath, looking toward her father; for she never had heard before that a creditor could have two remedies for his debt. The old man, understanding her mute appeal, shook his head hopelessly, by which she knew that all the officer had said was true.

"Well, sir," she said, drawing toward her father, "go on with your work."

But here Mr. Forester, who had been silent hitherto, interposed.

"Surely Mr. Owens cannot be in earnest," he said, addressing the officer. "The farm is worth more than enough to pay his debt. He runs no risk."

"Look here, squire," said the fellow, bluntly and insolently. "They say its a long lane that has no turning, and, though you've had a pretty good time of it, your turn has come at last, I reckon. Sartain it is, Mr. Owens hates you like pisin, and don't care to hide it. He as good as said he was doing this ere to be revenged on you, for he said, over and over again, when he was at the office, that he'd beggar you, and not leave you even a bed to sleep in; and my orders," added the bailiff, with another grin of exultation, that made his repulsive face look even more bestial, "is to give you no grace whatsoever, but to take everything the law allows."

At the period of which we write, no homestead laws had been passed anywhere, and the debtor was entirely at the mercy of his creditor. In the commonwealth, where the scene of our story lies, the few trifles protected from sale on execution was a mockery, nor had even imprisonment for debt been abolished. When, therefore, Mr. Forester heard these words, he knew that he was utterly ruined, and that his heartless creditor might even finish by sending him to jail.

The officer saw, with cruel joy, the anguish he was inflicting. For years he had nourished a wild vision of having his revenge; yet had scarcely dared to hope for a day like this. He gazed a moment, in silence, on the pallid face of his victim, and then went on, with a chuckle,

"You see, squire, you'd better prepare for the worst. There'll be nobody, I reckon, to bid



for the things, except Mr. Owens, for he's the only man with money hereabouts, these times. He'll not bid much, you know, eh? So it may be worse yet, a capias, and a while in jail."

Julia had stood, sheltering her father, during this conversation, now looking up anxiously into his eyes, and now facing the intruders with almost an angry air. She had been listening to obtain a correct idea of the circumstances: and this she had now secured. Advancing a step, she fixed her eyes haughtily on the officer, and extending her arm proudly, said,

"You were told once before, sir, to go on with your work; and now do it without words. My father wants nothing to say to you, or to your employer. What the law gives, take; and rid us of your presence, when that is done."

"My dear," said Mr. Forester, "these men are to stay here."

"To stay here!"

"Yes, my saucy Miss," laughed the officer, his companion laughing also, and breaking silence for the first time, "we're to stay here. We're masters now. For my part I'll take the spare room, and have a fire in it, with my bed warmed, and all that." He looked at his attendant, as he spoke, and again laughed brutally.

Julia made no answer for a full minute. She saw how completely they were in the power of these men, and a sense of dignity forbade her to carry on the controversy. At last, after a hurried glance out of doors, she said, addressing Mr. Forester,

"Father, this is no place for us. Let us leave the house. We will find somebody to shelter us, in the village. Jerry can drive us there."

She put her arm into that of her father, who looked toward the peg where his hat hung; and the two were already moving away, when the officer spoke again, turning to the father.

"You may go, squire, if you choose; and I'm sure I don't care a d— if you do: but you know enough of law to know you can't take the wagon, or remove anything else."

"Is it so, father?" asked Julia, not deigning to look at the officers.

"It is, my child."

She hesitated a little, and then said. "We

will go, nevertheless, if you don't fear the storm, father. I'll wrap you up warmly in your cloak."

"But you, my daughter—"

"I! Oh! nothing can hurt me," said Julia, with a smile. "If that is all, come. I will but tell Jerry to watch for us," she whispered to him, "and then we will leave these wretches to themselves; for the place is our home no longer."

Her father, who saw nothing to be gained by remaining but insult, which he could not avenge, even if he had desired, and who was eager, therefore, to remove his daughter from the presence of the officers, assented. His momentary depression seemed to pass away, as soon as he had come to this conclusion. He straightened himself up, and looking calmly at the bailiff, till the eye of the man quailed, with all its effrontery, proceeded to assume his great coat, to put on the heavy boots he had removed after dinner, and to carefully lay away his Bible.

Julia, who had left the room, now reappeared, followed by Jerry, their head servant. She was equipped for walking.

"Mr. Northwell," she said, turning to this faithful follower, "you will see that these men make a proper inventory, and that they lay aside, under your direction, the articles the law allows. Now, father, I am ready."

Jerry, scowling at the officers, sprang to open the door. Julia, as she spoke, threw over her father a cloak she had brought: and then moved to the door, her hand in his. When they emerged into the open air a sudden gust dashed past, almost blinding them with snow.

"Darn their plotters," said Jerry, excited beyond control, "I'll go and hitch old Sal to the wagon, in spite of 'em, if you'll say the word, squire, or you, Miss Julia."

"No," said the old man, laying his hand on Jerry's shoulder impressively. "We will have no contention. The wicked shall not always prevail, the Lord hath said."

Jerry shook his head, and muttered to himself, but said nothing openly. He pressed his old master's hand, with emotion, and when they moved away, remained sadly watching their figures, till they disappeared in the storm.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## EPIGRAM.

BY KATE WILFUL.

Mr aunt seems surprised that old Carlo and Puss  
Should keep up the din of perpetual strife:

But why does she wonder? Why make such a fuss?  
Theirs must, it is plain, be a cat and dog life!

## "DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND."

BY GARRY STANLEY.

"Now, Phil, do shut up that book," said Florence Imbrie to her brother. "What is the reason that people read in the cars, who never open a book at any other time? You have no consideration in the world for my feelings, and take my banishment to this out of the way place with as much coolness as if it was the most delightful thing in the world. As to going with mamma to visit that stately old dowager, it was out of the question; I should have come away looking like Rip Van Winkle when he awoke from his sleep in the mountains. Oh, the very thought of her chairs makes my back ache. I guess they 'came over in the May Flower.' Why in the world did mamma bundle me off to the country at this time of the year?"

"She wished to restore your roses after a winter's dissipation; and a summer at a watering place does not do much toward that," was the reply.

"Well, it is too bad. I've made every preparation in the world for Saratoga or the sea shore, to say nothing of my reception mornings at home. Madame Le Tour has finished me some of the most becoming morning and dinner dresses you can imagine, and as to my bonnets—oh, Phil! you haven't seen that love of a pink bonnet that Dery reserved purposely for me. It is perfectly bewitching. There never was such a wonderful emanation, from a milliner's brain, of tulle, and lace, and flowers. Ah! a good milliner must be a poet as well as an artist. That's *par parenthese*. I assure you a dozen wanted it, but Dery said it was my style exactly, and would not sell it. But what is the use of looking like an angel in the country!"

"I suppose that did not prevent you from bringing all those same beautiful things with you though, Flor," said her brother, as he watched, with some amusement, his sister's half vexed, half comical expression.

"To be sure I brought them. They will be entirely out of fashion before I go home: for I believe I am to be buried alive for the summer." And Florence, as she finished, threw herself back in her seat with an air of forced resignation.

For a while the restless tapping of the little hand was still, and her vexed features grew into

repose, as she watched the sleepy, elderly gentleman, dozing over the newspaper, and the young ladies ungloving their hands to show their rings, and the children munching their apples and gingerbread, and crying by way of interlude. But presently she started up again with, "I say, Phil, will you put down that book? In what part of Europe did Uncle Robert acquire a taste for pork and cabbage? the idea of any man in his senses settling down in the country is totally incomprehensible. I suppose there will be nothing in the shape of a man one can flirt with. Uncle Robert won't do, he's mamma's brother, and little Frank is not much more than a baby, and as to that Basil Cleaveland, he is a great deal worse than nobody; this having a handsome man in the room and not admiring one's self, it is an actual punishment. Phil, do you hear me? What a funny thing it must be to have a husband already cut and dried for one. Basil Cleaveland! what a pretty name. Did Anne seem very melancholy and very much in love, when you were in Europe together? I shouldn't thank anybody for willing a husband to me, if I was Anne. It is something like being a princess though, they are always affianced when they are children, but I think I would just as soon marry you, Phil, as one I had always seen so much of; there's no romance in it. If Anne is not very much in love, and the gentleman is handsome and agreeable, I may condescend to fascinate him a little; that pink bonnet will do it."

And so Florence rattled on, sometimes to her brother's amusement, sometimes to his annoyance, till they reached the depot, where their uncle's carriage met them.

"Really, Anne, this is quite a handsome room: the house is not built of logs, I suppose," was Florence's exclamation soon after her arrival.

"We think the place beautiful," was the reply. "I am——"

"Oh, I dare say," interrupted Florence, "but really, coz, I care nothing at all about the beauties of nature; I have seen Niagara and the White Mountains, and must confess that I think the beauties of art, assembled in the dining-rooms or drawing-rooms of Newport or Saratoga, much better. Now, Anne, child, I like you all

very much, but to be candid, I came here because mamma obliged me to. Now, if I was engaged to be married, like you, I should feel it my duty to settle down in some quiet place, to prepare my mind for the awful event. By the way, *cara mio*, when are you to be married? Not soon, I hope, for then there will be no possibility of getting up a flirtation with Mr. Cleaveland when he comes."

"I do not know," replied Anne, gravely, "the subject is never mentioned between us. We are not very ardent lovers to be sure. I sometimes wish Basil would speak of it, but he neither asks me to marry him, nor releases me."

"Anne, dear, do you love Mr. Cleaveland?"

"Don't ask me, Florence," was the reply, as her cousin kissed her good night.

"Well, now, that is rather singular," soliloquized Florence, when left alone. "Why, Anne, you foolish thing, you might as well have told me, for as I am a woman, I'll find out in spite of you, and flirt with your husband elect, too, if you are not too much in love with him yourself," and with this laudable intent upon the heart of Basil Cleaveland, Florence prepared for bed.

The magnificent city belle arose the next day, with the full expectation of being ennuied to death; but in some way, she could not tell how, the time never seemed to pass more quickly. It was very strange! No morning loungers in loose coats and buff colored kids dropped in; no representative of young America, with one arm thrown over the back of his chair, and with his other hand rattling his tiny pearl-headed cane against his pearly teeth, called forth her fascinations and her satire at the same time; no dear young friend stopped "just for a second," to tell her that the Baron Von B——, of the last German exportation, had declared to her that he was dying of love for the fair Florence, or to coax her up to Lawson's show-rooms, "before the most beautiful things in the world were sold."

Yes, it was strange; but some how the golden shadows on the wavy grass stole with their rich mellowing influence into her heart, and the perfume from the clusters of white and purple lilacs, and from the velvet blossoms of the brown and orange striped wall flowers, intoxicated her senses as her ball-room bouquets had never done.

Day after day, passed in a kind of dreamy pleasure to Florence; the spoiled girl seemed to have lost half her faults, and her coquetry, to have died a natural death. She fascinated all the visitors at her uncle's, with her winning manners, and Le Tour's elegant dresses; but as she told her brother, she thought the air around

Ashley had a healthy moral as well as physical tone, as she found it did not agree with a flirting constitution.

Florence often spent half her mornings with Mrs. Willits, the wife of her uncle's farmer, who tried to initiate her into all the mysteries of country housewifery, as Florence gravely informed her she meant to marry a farmer. Many a lesson did she take in baking, pickling and preserving.

One morning at the breakfast table, a letter was handed to Mr. Ashley, which he read, then threw to his daughter, saying,

"Well, Anne, your recreant knight is tired of travelling, and he says he will be here by the second, so we may look for him to-morrow or the day after at the latest."

"Well, Anne," said Florence, "I expect you want to spend the day in preparing your affections for the Prince Royal; so come, Frank, you and I'll go down to help Mrs. Willits make cheese. Aunt Mary, I am almost fit for a farmer's wife already."

And Frank, who was ever ready for a scamper with his beautiful, gay-hearted cousin, ran for his hat, and off the two went, over the dewy grass, down the hill, to the meadowy hollow, where the farmer's house stood.

And a jewel of a house it was too, according to Florence, neither very large, nor very new, but neat and comfortable, and beautifully situated, shaded in front by two large oak trees, which waved over a little green lawn, that swept down to a clear stream which wound through the meadow beyond. At the back of the house, on one side, was a rude trellis work, gay now with the scarlet bean, and the velvet flowered morning glories; and at the other, the clean, cool, brick shed, where snowy milk pails, and glistening pans stood in a row. But the pride of Mrs. Willits' heart was her garden and dairy. The former was gay in the spring time, with flaunting red peonies, and golden balled cocus, and gaudy tulip cups, that would sway and bend beneath the weight of the robber bee; or bright with the promises of green curling salad, and crisp radishes, and red veined beets, and early peas, whose blossoms added to the garden's beauty. But now it was fairly gorgeous with hollyhocks, marigolds, and painted peas, four-o'clocks, and little yellow coreopsis, with their rich brown centre, and all a country housewife's favorite flowers; and fragrant with thyme and lavender, and sage, and chamomile, covered with glistening, white clam shells, which could not keep the feathery green of the plant entirely down.

As to the dairy house, it was refreshing just to look at it. It was built of stone, over a spring, and was as white as lime could make it. Three large drooping willow trees overshadowed it. Oh! what delicious coolness, when the door was opened, and when you descended the three little steps leading into it. How softly the spring murmured, and how clear the water was, and how the white milk gleamed from the pans, and how temptingly the balls of golden butter looked in the half darkness.

No wonder Florence loved to visit the farmer's good wife.

"Mrs. Willits, Mrs. Willits," said she, on approaching the house, "do let me break up that curd for you to-day."

"Well, so you shall, Miss Florence; I have just taken it from the press," and turning the cheese from the vat into her nicely painted tub, the good woman gave Florence a large knife, then disappeared in the cheese room, to turn her treasures and rub them with cayenne pepper.

Florence commenced cutting the snowy curd into large slices; and in a short time she had a large congregation of the feathered tribe around her; young chickens, who took no thought of their death in the coming winter, and downy, half-grown ducks, who had not arrived at the dignity of feathers.

And now the huge pieces were compressed between Florence's white fingers, till they came out fine and flaky, and the little flock around her became clamorous. Good Mrs. Willits would have held up her hands in horror, had she been present, to have seen her cheese diminish so rapidly under her guest's generosity, for she held that "Ingen meal" was good enough any time for ducks and chickens, who couldn't earn their own living.

Florence went on distributing the cheese lavishly, moralizing over the greedy rabble. "Here, ducky, ducky, ducky," called she at last, when she thought, the sharp bills of the chickens had the advantage.

And "here, ducky, ducky, ducky," was repeated behind her, as her head was clasped between two strong hands, and drawn back till a kiss was imprinted on her forehead.

Florence, as soon as released, turned in astonishment, and some little anger, to look behind her. A tall, handsome stranger stood there, who seemed as much surprised as herself, and was evidently embarrassed deeply at the liberty he had taken.

"I ask your pardon, madam," he stammered, "I thought it was Anne."

"No, it is not Anne," said Florence, shortly, at once conjecturing it was Cleaveland; and assuming an air of cold dignity. "Here, ducky, ducky," she continued, turning away from him, and she commenced throwing out the curd to the ducks with frightful rapidity.

The stranger bowed and departed, and Mrs. Willits coming in a moment after, and seeing the retreating figure, exclaimed, "Lor bless me, there's Mr. Cleaveland, as sure as I live. He often leaves his baggage at the station house, and walks over, when the weather's fine. I didn't know he was coming so soon."

Florence said nothing about the mistake which had been made, but calling Frank, soon after, took her departure.

As she ascended the steps of her uncle's mansion, she espied her cousin standing in the open door.

"Here, Anne," exclaimed she, "I have had the first kiss from your husband elect. But do not be jealous, my dear; he didn't mean to bestow such a *surprising* mark of esteem on me. He is a tolerably good-looking kind of man, and I think I may possibly find him worth fascinating, with your permission, *ma cousine*."

Every word which Florence had spoken had been heard by Basil Cleaveland, who was standing at an open window, just above her, and giving one short, expressive whistle, he said mentally, with a smile, "that is your game, is it, my Lady Cleopatra? it will take two, though, to play it out, methinks."

Florence determined to commence her attack upon the citadel at once, and Anne saw with some amusement, her cousin's elaborate dinner costume, when she went to the table, though as far as Mr. Cleaveland was concerned, neither that nor Florence's brilliant conversation seemed to be noticed by him.

He conversed with all more than he did with the fair belle, and as she afterward petulantly observed, "ate his soup, and drank his wine, as if he really enjoyed them."

Several weeks passed, with apparently no better success. Basil Cleaveland was dressed for, sung for, and talked for; yet seemed to be insensible of it all.

"I declare," said Florence one day to her cousin, "I would rather undertake to make a whole ball-room of New York beaux in love with me, than a man like this Don Basil, who spends half his life in the country, thinking. His heart is like a nether mill-stone. I wonder, Anne, if he likes 'elegant simplicity.' I think I must try that."

And consequently, Florence's tactics changed

immediately; flowers were substituted for jewelry—the most brilliant conversation had now a touch of sentiment in it; the difficult music, which heretofore had been selected to show off her rich *contralto* voice, was laid aside, and simple, touching songs, took its place.

Perhaps the new scheme was unnecessary, for a gradual change seemed to be coming over Mr. Cleaveland. He more frequently joined the girls and Philip in their walks and rides, occasionally accompanied Florence when singing, and as she thought, sometimes steadily watched her, when she was in conversation with other gentlemen.

At last he said, one day, "come, ladies, what do you say to a good gallop this delightful morning. Philip and myself will be charmed to have your company; and, Miss Florence, I have a beautiful little horse, just suited for a lady, which I should feel honored if you would ride."

Florence went to prepare for the excursion, in high spirits.

"What a beautiful creature! What is its name?" asked she, as she mounted.

"I call him Mischief," was the reply.

"Mischief! oh, that is ominous. I am really afraid of him, Mr. Cleaveland."

Anne looked astonished, and Philip amused, for they both knew that Florence was an accomplished rider, and afraid of nothing.

But Basil Cleaveland retained the little hand longer than was necessary, after he had lifted her to the saddle, as he said in a low voice, "the horse is very gentle, I assure you, Florence. Had it not been so, I would not, for the world, risk your life on him."

He felt the hand he held tremble, and whilst Florence bent over to caress her horse, in order to conceal the flush which had mantled to her face, he sprang upon his own animal, and the party set off.

"Why, Flor, what is the matter with you? have you taken the vow of La Trappe, that you wont speak," asked her brother.

She looked up, and her eyes met those of Basil Cleaveland fixed on her. In truth, the gay girl was totally subdued. She had fully made up her mind, whilst putting on her riding dress, that she would play the timid young lady to perfection; that Mr. Cleaveland should adjust her reins, times without number; that her stirrup strap should be too long or too short; in fact that he should never leave her side; but now she rode on silently, almost feeling as if she wished to escape from the very man, whom, an hour before, she had been devising plans to keep by her exclusively. She longed to be at home in her own room, to examine into the multitudi-

nous feelings of her own heart, which was very much like Pandora's box, with hope at the bottom. But then came the question, "can he have been trifling too?" after which a long reverie was ended with, "I came very near being caught in my own trap, I vow."

"Very near!" Poor Florence, it had only been "very near," had things ended there, but when her eyes again met his in dismounting, and her hand was again detained for a moment, she said to herself, "surely he *must* be in earnest."

Again the weeks flew by, leaving Florence in a trance of happiness. Her glad laugh was less seldom heard, but her smile was sweeter, if less gay than formerly. Basil Cleaveland was ever by her side, with whispered words in her ears, and his dark eyes bent on her, till she felt as if under some mesmeric spell.

One day Philip returned from the post-office with a letter, which he handed to his sister, saying,

"Here, Florence, you declared you should die if you did not get to Newport this summer, and mamma, in order to preserve your valuable life, has written to say that if you will go home immediately, she will spend a week or so there, till the season closes."

Florence looked perfectly blank, and replied immediately,

"I do not want to go at all."

A smile of thanks immediately beamed on Basil Cleaveland's face, which noticing, she continued,

"I have not a dress fit to wear at a place of the kind now, and there would be no time to have any made; for everybody will have left Newport, who was worth meeting, by the time I should be ready to go."

Another smile, which puzzled Florence, gleamed in Mr. Cleaveland's eyes.

But now, as time passed, she began to feel less happy than she had been. She missed the whispered words, and the steady looking through her own eyes into her soul, which had so enthralled her; till gradually Mr. Cleaveland's manner became as coolly polite as it had been on their first acquaintance.

But Florence Imbrie's pride suffered her to make no change in her demeanor. Her old, gay spirits seemed to have returned, and her manner was as cordial as formerly; there was a laughing defiance in her eye, which seemed to say, "not quite caught yet, you see."

One night, as Florence was about retiring, Anne entered her chamber, saying,

"Coz, if you are not too sleepy, I want to tell you something."

"Never was more wide awake in my life. Has the grand signor asked you to marry him yet?" was the reply.

"If you mean Basil, he says he wont have me, but—" and Anne stopped and blushed.

"But"—Phil will, I suppose you mean to say. Well, you will make a dear little sister-in-law, to be sure. Pray, why has your prince royal condescended to release you at last."

"He told me this morning that he feared we loved each other too much as cousins, ever to be happy as husband and wife, but since, as if we did not marry, half of the fortune which Uncle John left us was to go to other heirs, he did not like to break off our engagement, as it would diminish my portion so much; but said that he had thought lately that we should both be happier without the money than with it."

"And Phil thought so too, I suppose. Well, you dear little soul, I am glad of it. You are rich enough yet, in all conscience, even if Phillip was not, and he has too much money for his own good."

Florence retired that night with renewed hopes. She now thought that the alteration in Mr. Cleaveland's conduct arose from a doubt as to whether Anne would really release him. There appeared now no obstacles to her love, and with happy dreams of the future, she went to sleep.

But with the morning's dawn, the old wilfulness returned. She began to consider whether she should not refuse him at first, just to let him see that she was not to be had too easily; but alas, for Florence's resolution, a week passed, and Basil Cleaveland's manner never changed from the indifference which had marked it for so long a time.

The green beauty of summer had given way to the gorgeousness of autumn; the ash and the hickory threw out their banners of crimson and gold on the edge of the woods; the many-hued maple and the russet leafed oak tree, sent out musical whisperings on the still air; above the brown fields and gay woods a solitary crow wheeled and cawed, seeming to add to the quiet which reigned around, and over all came the purple haze, known only in our autumns, which heightens their beauty by partially concealing it.

But not such was the landscape on which Florence Imbrie gazed half abstractedly. The rain came down in heavy pattering drops, with a ringing, musical sound on the fallen leaves. The empty chambers of the woods, rocking with a wailing voice, the oriole in its nest, or sending a gust of fine rain tinkling against the window

frame by which Florence leaned. The twilight was fast deepening into darkness, and yet Florence stood as she had been standing for half an hour, partially concealed by the curtains, her tall, elegant figure looking perfectly statuesque in its immovability.

A well known step at length crossed the room, although she was not conscious that she had been watched for some moments before. The old defiant light rose to her eyes, which but now were so sad, as she gaily exclaimed,

"By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something evil this way comes."

In a moment after she was joined by Basil Cleaveland, who said,

"Positively, Miss Florence, you are growing sentimental latterly; what is the matter? I have always observed that only young ladies in love have such intense liking, as you seem to have, for dreary, rainy days; it is so conducive to reverie, you know," and there was a "mocking devil" in his tone, that almost made the proud girl stamp her foot with anger.

"Judging by myself, Mr. Cleaveland, your observations are correct, for I am *not* in love, and I assure you that I cordially dislike these Indian ink landscapes. I was just wondering when Phillip would get over his intoxication enough to leave Anne, for the country is getting disagreeably cool."

"Yes, so much so, that I intend starting for the South in a few days. I really do not know how I am to bring my mind to coming north, to Anne's wedding in January."

"Well, I suppose Mr. Newton will not refuse to marry her, because you are not here to give your consent," replied Florence, steadily.

Basil Cleaveland darted a quick glance at the speaker, but the twilight had deepened so much that he could not see whether there was any traces of emotion on her face, although she still leaned against the window. There was a moment's silence, when Florence, having put out her hand to draw a larger chair toward her, the curtain, as she turned, brushed a cluster of splendid crimson sumach leaves from her hair. They fell at Cleaveland's feet, who picked them up, but instead of returning them to her, he said,

"Will you not let me keep these, Miss Florence? I should like a memento of you that has some sentiment in it. I want to remember you in your subdued mood, you know," and again that light, self-collected, mocking tone fell upon her ear.

"Of course," was the reply, in a voice in which not a trace of wounded pride or affection could

be recognized. "Of course I could not refuse to so intimate an acquaintance as yourself, what I have granted to some dozens of others."

"Well," exclaimed Cleaveland, gaily, twirling the leaves in his hand, "this has been a pleasant flirtation after all, Miss Florence. What a pity it was only a flirtation!" And, with his rich, mellow voice, he repeated Miss Landon's lines.

"But yet the dream was pleasant, though it hath vanished now,  
Like shaking down loose blossoms from off the careless bough;  
They never came to fruit, and their short lives soon were o'er,  
But we passed an hour beneath them, and we never asked for more.  
No vows were ever plighted, we had no farewell to say;  
Gay were we when we met at first, and we parted just as gay.  
There was little to remember, and nothing to regret.  
Love touches not the flatterer, love chains not the coquette."

It was well for Florence that the quotation was so long, for it gave her time to recover the firmness of her voice to reply,

"I never knew before, Mr. Cleaveland, how good an elocutionist you were. It is a pity I have missed so much, for I should have tried to have got you to read aloud to Anne and myself, during these hot summer mornings, when we could not stir out of the house."

The next day Florence found her cluster of sumach leaves on the floor, by the chair in which Basil Cleaveland had been sitting, having been carelessly dropped and trodden upon.

During the rest of Cleaveland's stay, Florence's manner never varied toward him. There was no blushing cheek nor drooping lid, no unnatural gaiety to hide wounded love. She never avoided his company, never seemed to wish to hurry her own departure, or delay it till after his; and as he was descending the steps of the piazza to the carriage, on the day he went away, she called out to him in a most acquaintance-like way, "be sure to come back to the wedding, Mr. Cleaveland."

The early part of the winter passed in a series of brilliant triumphs to Florence. The same gay old smile was on her lips, and at times the same saucy sparkle in her eyes, but though none knew why, all felt that her manner was not the same. Irresistible young dandies were not quite so sure of her favor as formerly; those who had sought her before to bandy gay jests with her, now felt the sting of her biting sarcasm at times; and the *blase*, who had liked her for her sparkling freshness of manner, now declared that she had grown suddenly old.

The time for Anne's wedding was now drawing

near, and the middle of January found Florence at Ashley, deep in all the mysteries of satin, lace, and orange flowers.

One afternoon, as Florence stood at the window watching the falling snow, Frank exclaimed,

"Cousin Flor, do let's go out, and have a run, won't you?" Come, we'll snow-ball each other, and then go to see Mrs. Willits."

Florence immediately acceded to the child's request, for her mother and aunt were holding consultations on the cake; Mr. Ashley was taking his after dinner nap in the library; Anne and Philip seemed to be rehearsing the marriage ceremony; and being left to her own resources was not particularly agreeable to her.

The visit to Mrs. Willits detained them till the fast falling snow and the night were coming down together, and by the time Florence had changed her dress and entered the drawing-room, nothing could be seen from the windows but the lawn and fields, enveloped in one vast sheet of white, and the parlor itself was lighted only by the large, bright fire in the grate. This threw out a warm, glowing light over the room, leaving only the large bay window at the further end, shaded by heavy curtains, in shadow.

"Oh, this is delightful after the storm without," exclaimed Florence, just as her aunt was leaving the room; and approaching the fire, she placed one foot on the low fender, and leaning her head against the mantel-piece, she gazed into it abstractedly. Her reverie ended with an audible "heigh-ho," and, going to the piano, she sat down and commenced playing. At first she ran her fingers listlessly over the keys, as if half unconsciously. Then one song followed another, all mournfully sad, and her voice rose in the quiet room, appealingly, almost wailingly in its sorrowfulness.

The curtains by the front bay window moved, and as Florence was sitting with her back to it, she knew not that the room had another occupant, till a well known voice whispered in her ear "Florence."

The piano gave a groan, as Florence placed her hand on the keys in her fright, but as she was not a young lady who was given to fainting, she only said,

"Bless my heart, Mr. Cleaveland, how you frightened me. Why I thought you were in Florida; but I am really glad to see you."

Basil Cleaveland would have been just as well satisfied, if she had not expressed her pleasure quite so freely.

"Why we had given up all expectation of seeing you now, it is so much later than you had promised to be here," continued Florence.

"I came to see you, Florence, rather than to Anne's wedding," was the reply.

"You are very kind. I am sure I appreciate the compliment, Mr. Cleaveland," and a gay laugh ended the sentence.

"Florence will you never have done with this coquetry?" he said, "you know that I love you," and his voice grew thrillingly low as he took her hand, "will you be my wife, Florence?"

The proud girl withdrew her hand, and had not her head been turned away, Basil Cleaveland might have discovered a gleam of triumph in the flashing eyes, as she haughtily answered,

"If you are serious, sir, I shall be under the necessity of declining the honor which you intend me."

She arose from her seat, just as Frank came bounding into the parlor with the intelligence that the mice had been eating the fruit cake, and that as no one could be married without that, he supposed the wedding would be deferred till some more was made.

Florence left the room, saying to herself, "I have had my revenge now;" and if an unwonted quiet, during the evening, was any indication of her real feelings, she enjoyed it exceedingly.

But as the days passed on, she began to wonder whether it had afforded her the pleasure which she had anticipated. Mr. Cleaveland made no effort to renew the subject; and when, on the night of Anne's wedding, he watched her, with her heavy black hair banded so smoothly over her calm brow, and the unflinching gaze of her dark eyes into his, he inwardly vowed her to be the most finished coquette he had ever known.

A week after the wedding had passed, and Florence had maintained her old manner toward Cleaveland, with the exception of a little more reserve when alone with him.

The night before the departure of the bridal party for their homes had come, and Florence stood at the familiar bay window, gazing out on the moonlight as it bathed the cold shrouded fields, and lighted up the dark evergreens, as they bent beneath the snow-wreaths.

"Your thoughts must be among the stars, Miss Florence," said Cleaveland, approaching.

"No. I was only wondering where we should all be this time next year—a common-place thought enough, you see," was the answer.

"Philip and Anne will scarcely have done coming by that time, and you, I suppose, will be smiling on some dozens of cavaliers," replied he, bitterly. "As for myself, I may be on the top of one of the pyramids, or sledging with some Russian beauties, down the ice-hills of St. Petersburg."

"Oh! I almost envy you your visit to Europe. I see no chance of getting there myself, for Philip and Anne have been once, you know, and it would be cruel to take mamma flying over the world to please me."

A pause in the conversation ensued for a few moments, when Cleaveland said,

"Miss Imbrie, after to-morrow we may not see each other again for years, perhaps never; and I wish to explain to you what you may have considered ungentelemanly in my behavior. Do you remember our conversation at this window, that rainy twilight, some months since? I commenced it with the full determination of offering myself to you, for I loved you then, Florence; but on the day of my arrival here, I heard you declare to Anne your determination to flirt with me, and I vowed to meet you with your own weapons. I thought I at length discovered that you loved me, but I was ungenerous enough to wish to have a full revenge, though I was totally foiled by your self-possessed manner on that evening. I then determined that you should not see your power over me, so I jested on. During my absence at the South, the hope that you loved me again returned, and it was that, rather than Anne's wedding, which brought me here. I have been convinced of my mistake, and can only crave your forgiveness for having troubled you."

"I surely have nothing to forgive. My girlish vanity led to all this," answered Florence.

Again there was a pause, broken by Cleaveland, who said,

"You will at least think of me kindly, Florence, when I am away"

But no answer came, for his listener would not trust her voice, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Will you not think of me, Florence?" and Cleaveland took one of her hands in his own, and found it trembled violently.

A whispered "yes," was the reply. It was very low, but it made the heart of Basil Cleaveland leap for joy. The hand was still retained, without an effort on the part of Florence to withdraw it, and an arm stole around her waist.

"Will you not be my wife, Florence? Must I go alone?" said Cleaveland.

We never heard precisely what reply was made, but we judge that it was not "no," for when Philip and Anne entered the room an hour afterward, they heard Florence say,

"Well, we outwitted ourselves as well as each other, for it was 'diamond cut diamond' after all, Basil."

And a few months afterward, in the list of passengers in the "Atlantic" for Europe, we saw the names of "Mr. Basil Cleaveland and lady."



## RAMBLES IN AUTHOR LAND.

BY MRS. E. H. PUTNAM.

### I.—MY FIRST STORY.

An old man,  
Gray and white, and dove-like,  
Who had in sooth, a great beard,  
And read in a fair, great book,  
Beautiful with golden clasps.

ADAM PUSHCHMAN.

My first associations with authorship are strongly connected with an old man who was the father of an early friend. He was a distinguished writer and divine, whose arguments had divided the religious opinions of many minds, but being then upon the threshold of the tomb, his attention was chiefly devoted to reading and conversation with the few persons whom he was able to admit to his society. His personal appearance was remarkable and I thought him almost a god. His hair was like the most beautiful silver shreds, falling on either side of his temples to his shoulders; his eye was mild in expression save when he was animated with the spirit of a favorite topic, then it shone like a fire and reflected a glory upon all his countenance; and his voice was flexible and sweet—such an one as vibrates on the strings of the heart like a deep strain of exquisite melody.

I had read some of his works before I saw him, and I had greatly admired their style, but I could not yield my prejudices in favor of the opinions, for I had been educated by quite another ritual. But when I heard him speak and saw him smile with that benignity which a good man feels whose life lesson is "charity never faileth," I regarded him as a master spirit who commanded the respect, nay, the admiration of all men.

"Is this the man whom I had believed a teacher of error? This an evil man? an apostate?" I asked myself in astonishment. He doubtless divined that some such thought was troubling me, for he smiled and said, "many people think me very dangerous and some consider me as a monster—but it is because I dare to speak what I believe to be the truth. I do not dissemble and clothe my real sentiments in the garments of popular opinion and hypocrisy, that I may please the world and get to myself many friends of the mighty and noble and revered. No, I am a man—a free man, and God forbid that I should be a slave. I give account alone to my Maker and no mortal shall usurp his place."

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"But you have many devoted friends," I said.  
"Ah, yes, a multitude which I can scarcely number. They have been drawn to me of their own will, but they remain by *my* will, for I have never lost a friend who was worthy to be counted such."

"Your books are widely read and thereby you gain many friends."

"Yes, that is my greatest pleasure, and if I can do good by persuading a single soul to love the truth simply for itself, and not for its connections with power and favor, and to practice it without fear of any save the One all-powerful, all-searching, I shall be content. Here is a little work which I have just completed," he continued, "it was written long ago, but I wish you to read it and then tell me your convictions of your own duty."

It was a work in manuscript and not designed for publication until after his death. I read it eagerly though carefully, and therefrom a strong, prominent and restless idea arose in my mind. I tried to crush it. I reproached myself with vanity, *unwomanliness* and false ambition, but it would not die. It lived to grow with my growth and strengthen with my strength. More than all things, save heaven and happiness, I wished to become an *author*.

I spoke again to this veteran book maker and he encouraged me. Said he,

"If you write, attempt nothing but what greatly interests yourself, if you wish to create an interest in what you write. To this end let your ideal be drawn from the real with which you are familiar. Invoke your own household gods, draw water from the moss-covered bucket which refreshed your childhood, and copy the models which Nature has placed in profusion around you. If you aspire to write of that which is above you, write of God and heaven and not of fabled fools and follies which have never been or will be. Observe that those writers are generally the most popular and the most useful in reality, who choose their themes from practical men and manners, because they address the heart and not simply the imagination. Everybody is interested in what concerns everybody, but they are *not* interested in what concerns nobody."

I resolved to profit by this counsel, which well

accorded with my inclinations. My success I propose to detail by the aid of a few random memories, and I trust that I shall be pardoned although I am "unhonored and unknown," when it is remembered that almost everything in the way of letters at the present day, appears in the form of "reveries," "recollections," "remini-scences" or "confessions."

My first effort was a tale, and as I wished to follow the advice I had just received, I looked to my own experience for the plot. At last I hit upon my hero—an old bachelor who was noted for being a flirt, a bumpkin and a miser. As he resided some distance from me in the country, and never was known to read anything but the *Daily Spy* and the *Farm Intelligence*, which he borrowed from his neighbors, I had not the slightest apprehensions of an explosion upon my devoted head. Therefore I did not spare him, but wrought out a certain ridiculous scene in which he had been the chief actor, describing his personal aspect, which was certainly a fair subject to appropriate to my uses, his unsuccessful love-scheme and the overwhelming denouement, "to the best of my ability."

Accordingly I sent it off to a popular literary journal of the day, with a little note of introduction which served the two-fold purpose of abasing myself and exalting the editor, and with anxious expectancy awaited my fate which was to decide my *debut* in the career of letters.

After some delay it was accepted with a very flattering notice, and subsequently appeared as "Daniel Lambkin, by his devoted niece, Sally Swamp."

I was entranced with my success, for to behold my thoughts, my words and my graceful *nom de plume* in print, was to me more beautiful, more glorious than ought I could then imagine. I believed that my fate was certain, and I ex-claimed,

I thought that I should not only become an author, but a first class one, and that my name should not die with my death, but live to illu-minate all the ages of coming time. And so I resolved to have a great care of my personal appearance, habits, &c., that they might at all times and in all places be such as were befitting my true character. As I wished to inform my friends with my pseudo genius, I mailed a copy of my story to many of them and circulated it in other ways. I determined to cultivate the acquaintance of the literary and talented, and to drop the recognition of many old friends whom I imagined did not regard me with merited reverence, for the reason that they were wholly incapable of appreciating my real merits.

But the fire of my exaltation was suddenly quenched, for a time at least, by the receipt of the following letter, with a seal covered in black silk, of which I give a true copy attest, as it is one of the most precious relics which I have gathered in Authorland:

"SHEEPCOTE HILL, Feb. 3rd, 18—.

MISS ALLEN.—What du yu want to kill me for yu Igrunt consated thing yu. du yu spose ime jest no body too be used in sich A shamfull way. ile tele yu yure orfully mistakin for ile larn your better manners ime A goin too Prosecute You and that ere editur hoo Printed it and ile horsewhipp Him ta ann inch of his egistunce and yu Aand him shal paye sass tu the laste farthin. Yu tel bout my kourtin mis blabson coss shese Rich and thin when she Pretendid too be pure tu leve hur and thin About mis Caul and Mary stacy and Suke Wild I saye thats all a darned confounded mess of lise as was tould on in the world. and that huckleberry pastor scrape twant so by no meense and yu do no it. Butt the wurst ont is yure ritin sich stuf About me as too sett all the gals a laffin at me and tu mak that rich widdier Tuy jokky me rite when I spected tu mary her. Arnte yu shamed of yerself to du so i am and ile du somethin wuss than sham. ile make yu qunil like a parht pee in a red hot skillet yu shal sisse and skorch and ru the day yu rote that peace.

"Yuve lost evry frend yuve gott and yule never bee anythin more off in this world or the next which is geet goode enuff for yu and ile Make yure father pony over one gude round summ fort so yule see whate yu git.

"donte you never rite another word for the papers agin nor try to git anythin in print with-out tis this leter which if you du yu git it printed wurd for wurd and not in yure own shamfull languag as yu hav dun. Youde beter let me alown in futur if yu dont mean to be shot i say beeware! and yu make the moste of it in ceeson for ive gut somethin to do with. ime Rich Ile let yu no and ile have reveng. so Beeware.

DANIEL LAMBKIN.

"N. B.—mark well youle feel a liddle humbler i gess when yu git tu here. D. L."

How can I express the sensations that I experienced when I had concluded this letter! My enthusiasm and ambition had fallen to a freezing point, and I imagined I saw the shadow of mine adversary at every corner of the street, armed to the teeth with a Colt's revolver, a double dagger and a sword cane. I thought I could comprehend something of the emotion which had inspired Sappho when she wrote,

"Thou cleaves my tongue—and subtle flame  
Shoots sudden through my tingling frame,  
And my dim eyes are fixed, and sound  
Of noises hum around."

"Such is the fate of genius!" I cried, "it has been so in all ages, and persecution is an indispen-sable part in the programme of the life of the truly great and wise. Therefore let me not despair."

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Nevertheless I secretly voted the world an ungrateful bore, and likened myself to a city which is set upon the hill and cannot be hid. On comparing notes with most young authorlings like myself, I find this to be the common prescription to the heart when it is wounded with the barbed arrow of misappreciation.

#### II.—ANANIAS.

—“She sent her maid to fetch it. And when she opened it she saw the child: and behold the babe wept.”

EXODUS.

I was now weary of drawing plots from real life, not being philosopher enough to savor the idea of being “shot” and “skorcht” and the victim of every imaginable evil.

So, I next became an essayist. My genius did not incline to this style of writing, but I consoled myself by thinking that the staid and wise people would now be my class of readers, instead of the frivolous and light minded. In this line my first effort was an essay upon childhood. I took great pains that it should be elaborate and scholarly, with an occasional ornament of a Latin or Greek quotation, and withal in the spirit of conventional charity for all creation in general, and little dears and babies in particular, concluding with very touching nursery hymns of my own manufacture.

I found it more difficult to get an insertion of an essay than a tale in the newspapers, and I did not aspire to a magazine. But after no little effort I succeeded in getting it admitted into a second-rate sectarian journal, which professed great dignity, and possessed little patronage. The editor and his readers were those who regard it a flagrant error to cast their eyes upon all works of fiction, save Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*, and a few other works of a kindred nature. I therefore could expect but a very imperfect appreciation, but I solaced myself with the thought that I was now numbered among the chosen few who consider themselves the salt of the earth.

How could I dream of the consequences of this article! How could I count its cost, when I now felt myself as innocent as Lambkin himself? I knew that “great results from little causes rise,” but I did not calculate that I had produced a cause of this description, besides, I considered myself shielded from all apprehension by the sanctity of my theme.

During the week of its publication, I was sitting in our parlor one evening with a group of my choicest spirits, engaged in chatting and reading selections from some new works, when my attention was unusually arrested by the

prolonged flourish of the street door bell. The sound was violent and I trembled involuntarily.

Clara Ashcroft, the dashing, beautiful belle, laughed lightly and exclaimed, “that’s a fortunate arrival; its a beau, I’ll be bound.”

This prophecy was succeeded by a general sensation, and one or two of the girls ran to the mirror to adjust stray ringlets and disordered collars. Then we all sat down very demurely, and pretended to be deeply absorbed in our books; however, I chanced to observe that my neighbor's attention was in an inverted ratio. We were half expecting some gentlemen, who were brothers, or particular friends to drop in upon us that evening.

Another vigorous jingle of the bell, and we heard the slapping tramp of the housemaid along the hall, then the door opened—but no sound.

“A charming prestige,” said one.

“Its a warning—a spiritual warning to us,” remarked little, blue-eyed Mary Simms, whose *marvelous* organ predominated over every other, “we should not be so rude when old Mrs. White, who has nursed half of us, lies dead.”

At that moment Bridget appeared, with a scared look, and an ample basket in her hand.

“Oh, Holy Mother!” she cried, in a trembling voice, “as sure as I live, Miss, there be strange doings here, indade there is. Its soo havey, and its mighty quare to be left without anybody with’t to say one word at all, at all. Mistress is out, and I don’t dare to kape it with me, I’m sure.”

We gathered around the mysterious basket, as she sat it upon the carpet, and a vision of “something vastly new and nice” quickly floated through my mind.”

The paper was carefully removed from the top, then came thick folds of nice flannel, and my fingers moved unsteadily; the last remove—and a sleeping infant! A beautiful little cherub, with the sweetest of round faces, a pair of long, dark eye fringes, and two red lips just parted by the angel spirit which had brooded o’er its little dream!

“A real, live baby!” exclaimed we, in a breath, then exchanged smiles, and finally went off in one grand chorus of laughter.

At this hilarious and overwhelming juncture, baby began to nestle, and presently disclosed two large black eyes, which glanced from one to another of us, like scudding stars, but seeking in vain for a familiar face, it donned the most agonizing of infantile expressions, and began to cry at the top of its lungs.

“Poor, dear thing!” said the matronly Miss Julia Hammond, who was the eldest of a family

of "nine children and one at the breast," "come nigh to me, darling, and don't cry."

The girls opened their eyes a shade wider, and contemplated the act of her taking up the baby and folding it to her bosom, in mute amazement.

"Where did it drop from?" said I, in the most miserable of tones.

"It's a joke," observed Clara, "the nurse will follow soon, I am certain."

"That is most devoutly to be wished," said I, "but it is a very darling," I added, as the little creature began to amuse itself with Miss Hammond's chataleine, "such a perfect little dimpled arm and hand? I shall be almost tempted to do as Esop did with his first-born—hug it to death."

"Ah! what have we here?" exclaimed Mary Simms, as she picked up something from the carpet."

"Is a letter!" cried two or three at once, "which has fallen from the blanket—a letter of introduction, but its directed to you, Anna."

"To me," I exclaimed, in consternation.

"Yes; and now for the solution of the mystery."

With a little *equanimity* I unsealed the envelope, and after some demur, read aloud.

"Miss Anna Allen is solicitously requested to accept the gift accompanying this, for her own, to have and to hold forever. The child is a boy, and will be one year old on the tenth of May next. The mother is not a degraded outcast, but an unfortunate woman, who observing the article upon 'Childhood' in the ———, knows that one who could write thus, will do better for the babe than she can find it in her power to do. God reward and care for the writer, even as she cares for the innocent and unprotected child."

As I concluded, words fell from the lips of my companions like water-drops from the over-fraught clouds of summer-time—words of congratulation, condolence, compassion, consternation, and condemnation, of surprise, sympathy, simplicity; but here the babe cried again, and sobbed as though its little heart was almost broken, and we were still, all but Miss Hammond, who hushed, and trotted, and soothed, and sung a snatch of all the negro melodies she could remember.

At this crisis, the door opened and my mother appeared in hood and shawl, on her return from a meeting of the Union Relief Society. My companions all besieged her *en masse* to inform her of her right to the new title of "grandma." For myself I silently handed her the "letter of introduction," and smiled very faintly.

My mother concluded reading the note, and I awaited her words with considerable anxiety.

"Well, Anna," she observed, at last, "what is another's loss is your gain."

"Gain!" repeated I, "what in the world shall I do?"

"As every mother should do, 'train up the child in the way he should go,'" she replied as she directed her steps toward baby.

"Good! Mrs. Allen," exclaimed the girls, clapping their hands.

"Darling creature!" said my mother, caressingly taking it to her arms, "my dear little Ananias!"

"Ananias! what do you mean?" said we.

"My child is called Anna, her child shall be called Ananias," replied mamma, very quietly.

"Dear me!" groaned I, in the bitterness of my spirit, "where is Sapphira?"

"Oh! she will come one of these days—your daughter in law, you know," returned Clara Ashcroft, laughing violently.

"Now this is vastly queer," I continued, musingly, "but it all comes of trying to be an author. I think now that I will never write another word again for the public so long as I live."

"Well spoken," my mother said, "I never was in favor of your being a caterer for the public taste. In the first place I do not think you are a genius, and no person without a decided genius should attempt authorship. Besides, I am not in countenance of literary women, for they make themselves unhappy and all who surround them, by aspiring to those honors which do not belong to them. Woman's sphere is emphatically at home, and there only should she emulate the great and wise and good. In thus doing she accomplishes her true mission, and perfects her own happiness by contributing to the happiness of others."

"'Persecution makes power,' you know," I rejoined, "and the very fact of your denying that I have genius, causes me to repent my decision, but I'll not write about children again, I am quite assured."

"And while we are all talking here of ourselves," said mamma, "poor Ananias is crying for something to keep life within him. Come, darling, we will go and see what Bridget has got," and she went off with my hopeful *protegee*, leaving us to the supplement of our confabulations.

The next day it rained violently, but I had to go dripping through the streets for four successive hours in search of a nurse for Ananias, yet when I reflected that it was all the result of my pen, I was compensated. At last I found a

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handsome, hale-looking Irish woman, who was very glad to accept my trust, and I soon established her and Ananias in a back chamber of the house as cosily as possible, where I made two visits of inspection every day of my life.

### III.—FALLING IN LOVE.

"Amo  
Amas  
Amat."

My next episode of existence was the very natural one to young maidens, of falling in love, deeply and blindly. My hero was a student of the neighboring University, who realized all my dreams of manly perfection, notwithstanding he was plain looking, and rather peculiar in his manners and temperament. He was an earnest student, an earnest enthusiast, an earnest lover, and in short, he was earnest in everything. This made him sanguine to a fault and impatient of contradiction, so that he was generally considered conceited and ill-natured. But I dignified all his follies and faults as the peculiarities of genius, for a real genius I was certain he was.

I believe I should never have thought of loving him had he not flattered me with ingenuity and tact which gratified me immensely. My writings were his especial praise, and he would devote hours to their criticism, which was one unvaried chapter of commendation. This was all so new and so delightful to me, that I admired him above all others, and rated him as vastly superior to any other eligible man of my acquaintance.

My lover, Mr. Augustus Somers, did not write himself, he was only "a devout worshipper of true inspiration," he said, and this was something of a marvel to me. I was quite certain that he *could* write largely and well, if he would, but he did not aspire to that distinction, and whenever I mentioned the matter to him, he betrayed great sensibility and protested with a blush and simper, "that he was not a *genius* like myself." In my heart I was glad of this, for I liked the solitary distinction which he so much celebrated, and I also surmised that his writings would be a subject of annoyance to me, for I knew that he would be as exacting as a very tyrant.

I had now been a poetaster for some time, in fact ever since I found that I had exchanged my heart for another. Poetry seemed the most fitting medium for my inspiration, in my peculiar state of mind, and I began to frame indefinite hopes of becoming the poet-woman of my country.

Whole quires of foolscap were dedicated to the muses in stanzas on "The One Beloved," "The Black Eyes," "The Lock of Hair," "Friendship," "Love," "Spiritual Recognition," &c.

These I contributed to the periodicals, as also occasionally a tale, which plot was invariably drawn from shreds of my experience. I found that I could not forego the pleasure of sarcasm, although in love and under ban of great tribulation. And as I continued to gratify this taste, it grew strongly upon my will, so that nothing but the loud reproofs of my conscience could induce me to spare my best beloved friends. It was passing sweet, even sweeter than love, to pourtray in brilliant and faithful colors, the foibles of everybody in my way. I met with considerable encouragement, notwithstanding my inauspicious beginning. The editors extolled me as my tales brought a great sale for their papers, because a universal interest was created about that *truth* which is stranger than fiction. My friends winked at my sin, which they thought discovered great cleverness and tact—save those indeed, who came under my lash. And my lover was content, so long as I praised and loved him, even though I attacked the destinies of all the rest of mankind.

Poor little Ananias was almost forgotten in my chase after the phantoms Love and Fame, but I received favorable reports of him from my mother who had assumed my part of the matronly responsibilities, so that I knew that he thrived and waxed stronger every day.

One evening—it was that which followed "Commencement-day," at ——— University, my lover came to me, more in *earnest* than I had ever seen him before. He had graduated with honorable distinction, and he was almost beside himself with conflicting emotions. A long, weary struggle had passed, and successfully, which inspired him with new courage and hope.

I saw it in his step, his air, his eyes, which gleamed in an unwonted brilliance. I felt that his assurance was now doubly sure, and I was half vexed with him.

That night he spoke of love—of *our* love, but I was silent.

He grew more explicit, while I endeavored to waive the subject in every possible manner.

At last I forced my coldness upon his notice, and he was astonished, deeply wounded. His cheek paled and his voice trembled.

"You have not thus lured me on to deceive me, Anna?" he said, searching my soul through my eyes, "*that* is not possible; oh, merciful heaven, speak or I perish."

"Presumption!" said I, slowly and meaningly.

"Oh, Anna!"

"Be not unreasonable——" I began, with a mischievous smile,

"Talk not to me of reason, when you know

that you have permitted, nay, encouraged me to love you. You taught me to adore you, Anna, and now do you scorn me! do you tell me to be reasonable! As well might you call on the stars to fall——"

"The stars sometimes do fall," said I.

My lover's eyes flashed fire, his lips paled to whiteness, and he grasped my hand till his own was stained with blood.

"Stay," cried I, "you *must* be reasonable. Mr. Somers—Augustus, see, there is blood, my blood upon your hand! How can you act thus! You actually terrify me."

"But do you intend to trifle with me, with my destiny as with every other one? Speak, tell me all and *truly*, now, Anna, as you hope for mercy from heaven," he said.

"Now, Augustus, this is all vastly amusing to me, but it is also rather gratifying than otherwise, for I know that you do love me in truth, and for myself—I can never love any other—but—but—I really would prefer not to tell *now*."

"Now!" cried he, vehemently, "*now or never*."

"Well, then if I *must*, I *must*, I suppose."

"It is?"

"You."

And here, most wisely, the curtain falls!

"But what we do determine, oft we break."  
SHAKESPEARE.

A little while after this, Mr. Somers came to me with some new books and a newspaper, in which he said there was a poem dedicated to me in reply to one of mine of earlier date. With his peculiar smile of self-complacency, he asked me to read the poem, and give him the benefit of my opinion of its merits. It was "To my Love, by the Unknown." The opening stanzas convulsed me with laughter, it was so devoid of every element of poetry, and withal such a comic union of the sublime and ridiculous. The following verses, thirteen in number, were not less laughable in my estimation, and I lavished my sarcasm unparingly upon this loving tribute of the great Unknown.

Meanwhile my lover had been poring over the leaves of a book beside me, and I did not observe the effect of my words. I was determined, however, to listen to his criticisms, and so I handed over the poem to him for that purpose.

"Come," said I, merrily, "now you must give the interpretation."

He took his head, and seemed deeply absorbed in his reading.

I was about to vigorously remonstrate, when the door opened and two of my young lady friends were announced—Clara Ashcroft and her sister.

"In the right time," cried I, after the first salutations, "here is a poem addressed to me by some unknown swain, which is just the most ridiculous production you ever saw. I have been laughing over it for the last half hour."

"What! the poem in the Daily——?" glancing curiously from me to Augustus.

"The very same," said I.

"And you, Anna, make merry of that! Impossible!" continued Clara, opening her eyes in profound astonishment.

"Why not?" I asked, "you surely cannot know what I refer to."

"Is there not one verse like this?" said Clara Ashcroft.

"My love is beauteous as an elf,  
Her eyes are all a-twitching,  
There is none fairer than herself,  
*Alas!* she's most bewitching!"

and again, is there not this," she continued, in mock gravity—

"As stars that shoot in majesty  
So does my star shoot through my soul,  
I swoond—I fall upon the tapestry,  
Beneath her eyes cerulean roll."

"Yes, indeed, that is it," I replied, "it is just the most stupid, the most ridiculous and the most intolerable poetry I ever saw in my life. I would give a round sum to know the name of the author."

"And what would you do then?" said Clara, looking uncomfortably mysterious.

"I would dub him a Knight of the Grand Order of Don Quixote, and request him to select some other inamorata than myself."

"Well, I suppose that I can tell you his name," pursued Clara, glancing mischievously at Somers.

"You cannot!" said he, rising to his feet with passion—furiously angry passion upon his face.

I was overwhelmed with surprise. My consternation was only equalled by his wrath. I knew that Clara was no friend to Somers, and could she mean *him*? my lover that author? I trembled like an aspen. He had been silent—preoccupied, and was it for this? Good heavens! what a mistake, and before Clara Ashcroft, the most independent belle of the town, the most provoking, mirth-loving of all wicked spirits, and the most determined that I should not love Mr. Somers, whom she had called "a stupid, intolerable bore!"

"I believe the author has confessed himself to several persons," persisted Clara.

Mr. Somers advanced to the door with hurried, nervous strides.

"Do not go now, Augustus," I stammered,

"it was nothing—it shall be nothing, but a clever *jeu d'esprit*."

But he vanished like a ghost of a forlorn hope, without a single word of explanation.

"How could you, Clara?" said I, when we were alone, "you have wounded him sorely."

"No, no," said she, laughing violently, "you have killed him, you have shot through his soul, you know."

"Oh! alas! for me, and the Unknown!" groaned I, "how stupid that I did not hold my peace before it was too late. I did not even mistrust his claim to those wretched, execrable verses. How in all the world did the editor accept them for publication?"

"That's the best of it," said Clara, "my brother, you know, is quite familiar with Mr. S——, the editor, and he says that Somers paid a large sum for their insertion, *after they were rejected*!"

That self-same eventful day, I received a package from Mr. Augustus Somers, containing all my letters, and a note from himself, requesting his own from me, with an additional explanation involved in two words—"unpardonable sarcasm!"

#### IV.—THE REV. ADONIJAH GOODENOW.

"We cannot reproach the cruel fates for what we bring upon our own heads." SENECA

NOTWITHSTANDING my adverse fortune in love and fame, I was soon consoled by another love, which I learned was far more in earnest than my former one. Before, my hero had been a perfect man; now, he was a god! I congratulated myself on my escape from Augustus Somers, and how did I rejoice in the possession of such a heart as throbbed the breast of the Rev. Adonijah Goodenow!

We fell mutually in interest at church. Mr. Goodenow was preaching a charity sermon in behalf of the "Young Ladies' Dorcas Society," from the text—"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

A portion of the discourse I did not like, because it was a direct reproof to all such vain-glorying girls as myself, and so I grew inattentive and worldly. I criticised the trimmings of several new hats, and planned the entire plot of a story, but still he held on to the horns of his message.

At last a couple of archbishops, (I remember them well, one was red-haired, the other white,) began to play with their buttons, and to whisper loudly. They sat just in the slip before me, without any

older person to superintend them. They grew wild, and attracted general notice. I saw several persons looking toward them, and I knew that one ancient maiden sinned greatly by coveting a lock of hair from each of their heads, her fingers actually trembled, so strong was this impulse in her heart.

At last they looked around, and I succeeded in gaining their attention. I shook my bonnet at them, and rolled up my eyes, and pursed my lips, into a whole volume of reproof, then I fixed my attention upon the preacher, for an example to them. I saw that the Rev. Adonijah Goodenow had observed me. He looked benignly upon me, and repeated, "she shall be praised." I was conscious of blushing deeply, but still I fastened my eyes upon him, though I did not retain a word of his remarks longer than the moment of utterance. I fancied, too, that in the grand circuit of his gaze upon his audience that his eyes fell upon me often, indeed, too often to escape my notice.

How did I inwardly bless those mischievous boys who had brought me such a pleasure, and I devoutly hoped that they would give me such another opportunity of winning the golden opinion of the minister.

The next day, the Rev. Adonijah Goodenow called upon me, as I was one of the officers of the Dorcas Society. I exerted myself to entertain him by talking all the theology I ever knew in my life; I repeated Scripture, and I gave him the result of my own cogitations. He conversed well, and was evidently pleased with himself and me. After a number of indefinite intimations of his departure, he arose to leave, but I pressed him so hard to remain for the afternoon, that he consented with a little show of reluctance.

Then I brought in mamma, and subsequently Ananias and his nurse, to contribute to his entertainment. He received my mother with the most profound attention, and when he saw Ananias, he took him in his arms, and protested that he loved children above all things else which were temporal. He kissed him many times, and loudly, and then handed him over to me to kiss, which I of course was sure to do in the same spots as nearly as possible.

After this, he talked with mamma about the missionaries, the education of daughters, and the wives and mothers of America, during which colloquy I pretended to be engaged with Ananias, and my crotchets work, but I stole frequent glances toward our guest, and somehow, they were always sure to meet his. I saw that he was speaking to mamma, but *at me*, which flat-

tered me and made me prink up as much as possible.

I had leisure, however, to observe his personal appearance, I was afraid that he was on the shady side of forty, and I knew that he must be either an old bachelor or a widower, but he had no wife I was certain, by the way he appeared toward me, and also by the state of his linen and buttons. His face was large and open in expression, especially when he conversed, as his mouth was remarkably generous in its dimension. His eyes likewise were very large and of a peculiarly benign expression, with an occasional shade of fire. His forehead was broad and towering, and was surrounded with dark, curling hair which betrayed a few silver threads.

All this pleased me, but his height was certainly no desideratum, as he was at least calculation, six feet and five inches, while I was precisely four and a half, but mamma pointedly said, as she did of Ananias, "what was my loss, was his gain."

As the afternoon waned, I arose and excused myself to the Rev. Mr. Goodenow, saying, that my domestic duties demanded my absence, and that I would make ready to minister to the wants of the body, while he and mamma should attend to those of the soul. He smiled and said, that he thought I must be a Martha who cared for much serving. I exchanged one glance with my mother, who looked a volume of reproof, and so I took myself off with Ananias and his nurse.

When I got well out of sight and hearing, I played merry like mad, for I had no more to do with our kitchen than one of our neighbors. Nevertheless, to be truthful, I ordered the tea, unleavened bread, ice cream, wild honey, sponge cake and cold tongue, and took pains myself, to announce when all was ready. Mr. Goodenow seemed very much gratified with my domestic propensities, and praised my appointments lavishly, which I received with becoming modesty. He remained quite late in the evening, and as papa was absent, we were all very glad of his company. For myself, I was now more than half in love with him, and thought him the noblest specimen of humanity that I had ever met. At parting he pressed my hand and promised to drop in as often as possible, although his parish was some ten miles away.

Not long after this, I caught a sudden cold and was ill of a fever for several weeks. Affliction sobered me and made me humble and repentant. I regretted the frivolity and faults of my past life, and began to think in earnest of the course which I was pursuing. I thought

too, that I might die, and I felt that I was illy prepared for such an event. Then Mr. Goodenow came to me, and spoke holy words of consolation, and of heaven and happiness, which were as a balm to my aching heart.

I grew stronger with good resolutions for the future, and I regarded all my past pleasures very differently from ever before. Not that I wholly discarded them, but I made them secondary and subservient in my heart to higher duties and interests.

I was no longer proud, sarcastic and bitter against all those whose habits and tastes did not accord with mine, but I loved everybody in peace and humility, and if I was proud of anything, it was of the friendship of the excellent Mr. Goodenow, who manifested the most generous interest in my welfare.

When I recovered, he told me his love, and I was grateful and happy. We were betrothed with the approbation of all our friends, who only wondered that he ever thought of marrying, as he had lived to his thirty-ninth year, a single man. This was in the spring, and it was arranged that our marriage should occur in the following autumn.

Time passed rapidly and pleasantly. I looked forward to my prospect in life with quiet happiness, and trusted that I was safely anchored from all the perilous shoals which I had passed.

It was about midsummer, when my engagement was very generally known, that an event occurred which suddenly produced one of those episodes which colors the fate of a life.

I received an anonymous letter, which overwhelmed me with consternation, mortification, and profound sorrow.

I read—"The man whom you are about to wed for your partner through life, is none other than the natural father of the child which was left at your door on the night of the nineteenth of December. You may doubt it, but it is nevertheless as true as that gospel which he preaches," and I fainted and remained senseless I know not how long.

When I recovered my consciousness I felt that a work of years had passed over me.

I was the victim of doubt, fear and grief. I did not wholly believe this statement, but I could not dispossess myself of its awful, overwhelming omnipresence. I recalled every circumstance in my memory which could lighten my sorrow, and a thousand times I resolved to forget everything and press forward in love and hope, but as often would I fall back upon that dark suspicion, and my heart would die within me.



For a week I remained in solitary thought, and those long, dark, miserable days and nights I shall never forget; they haunt me now, with all their tears, and words, and resolutions, like a troop of spectres.

When I came forth again before the world, I was calm, oh! how strangely calm! and I was resolved!

Mr. Goodenow received the message which dissolved our connection with a sorrow which seemed inconsolable. He requested my reasons, but these I could not give to any living being. It was the nine days wonder of the world who knew us, and my own family thought that I had lost my senses.

I lost no time in leaving home for a long visit in the country, and soon after my departure, I heard that Mr. Goodenow had sailed for Italy for the benefit of his health.

After a long and weary pilgrimage in search of forgetfulness of the past, and hope for the future, I began to pine once more for the sight of my old home. I had been absent nearly two years, and it was a blessed thought—a return to the scenes of my past joys and sorrows, where I could extract a balm of consolation and hope which could be derived from no other source.

I found the face of all things nearly as I had left it—some changes, indeed, but such as startled no fond memory in my heart.

I asked my mother after old friends.

She said there had been few events of importance—marriages, one or two deaths, and some removals, of which I had been duly apprised by letter.

“What is the latest intelligence from Mr. Goodenow?” I inquired, with a strong effort.

My mother shook her head sadly, while the

tears gathered in her eyes. My heart trembled with an indefinite fear.

“Only last week,” she said, “his friends heard that he had taken passage for home, but in consequence of a sudden storm, the vessel was wrecked, in sight of land, and among those who perished, was your old lover! Oh! Anna!”

I did not reply; I could not have spoken if the fate of worlds had depended upon my words. I hurried to my old room, and there I wept, unseen and alone.

Well would it have been for my heart's peace, if I had not been forced to add the bitterness of remorse to that of doubt and sorrow. But it was not so to be. The dregs of the cup of bitterness were yet to be drained.

A few days later, and I received a letter, which consummated the poignancy of my misfortunes. It was from Daniel Lambkin, and in the same miserable manner which he had before written to me. He informed me that he had now his revenge, that he had hired the letter written which had sealed the fate of my lover, and that without the slightest foundation in truth—and now he was dead, and I was punished for the wrong I had done himself and others!

I was indeed punished. Oh! how surely and fearfully!

Years have come and gone since then, and I am now what the world calls an old maid; but, strange as it may seem, I have still that unhappy penchant for literary distinction which has proved the great evil of my life. This day I received some of the proof of a work I have now in process of publication, the incidents of which are principally founded upon real life, and its leading sentiment is—“never say die!”

## MY MOTHER.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

MOTHER they tell me though thy head  
Is pillowed by a grassy bed,  
In glorious bowers by angels trod,  
Thy soul is happy with its God!  
They tell me that the star of night,  
On snowy cloud shines not more bright  
Than does thy spirit on the breast  
Of Heaven's own cloudless throne of rest.  
They tell me there are fairer flowers  
Than aught in this cold world of ours.  
That thousand fruitful things have birth,  
More happy there than here on earth.

They tell me there are chrystal streams  
Forever flowing—and the gleams  
From seraph wings are brighter far  
Than flower, or rainbow, cloud or star.  
They tell me Heaven hath now for thee  
Birds of a glorious minstrelsy!  
Of golden plumage, angel crest,  
To lull thy wearied soul to rest!  
I will believe it! and my prayer  
Shall be at last to join thee there!  
Mother! thou canst not come to me;  
But oh! my soul would fly to thee!

# ZANA.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

### CHAPTER I.

I MUST have been about six years old, a little more or less, when I found myself lying in a gipsy's tent perfectly alone, dizzy, feverish, and so parched with thirst that it seemed to me one drop of water would satisfy every want I could ever have again. An earthen pitcher stood near the fresh hay on which I was lying. I reached forth my feeble hand and slanted it down till the bottom glistened on my sight. Then I fell back weeping. It was empty, not a drop—not a drop! How terrible was that thirst: I felt the tears rushing down my cheek and strove to gather them in my hand, thinking, poor thing, to moisten my burning lips with the drops of my own sorrow. Then the wind blew aside the fall of canvas that concealed the entrance to my tent, and I saw through it a glimpse of the bright morning; clover fields, bathed in fragrant mist; soft, green meadow grasses sparkling with dew. Then the whole strength of my being centred in one great wish—water! I laughed delicious, and dragged myself toward the spring; my wild eyes were turned in every direction where the soft drops were flashing, dancing, leaping around me like a whirlwind of diamonds. I closed my eyes and strove to shake the hallucination from my brain; a moment's rest, and there was another calm glimpse of the dewy morning. I wonder if Paradise ever looks half so beautiful to the angels. Dizzy and fascinated, I crept under the tent on my hands and knees, dragging the loose hay after me, and moaning softly with each strain upon my sinking muscles, till I crept on into the deep verdure. How softly the cool dew-drops rained over me as I lay down at length in the soft meadow grass; my face, my arms, neck, and my little, burning feet were bathed as with new life. I lay still cradled in the soft, long grass, and laughed with a glee that frightened up a lark from her nest close by. The young ones began to flutter, and piped forth their tiny music as if to comfort the lone child that had stolen to their pretty home, still more helpless than themselves. I swept my hand across the grass, gathering up the dew which I drank greedily. Then I rolled

over and over, bathing my feet and my garments till my face came on a level with the young larks. They uttered a cry, and opened their little golden throats as if for food. This brought the mother bird back again, who circled over and over us, uttering her discontent in wild gushes of song. The flutter of her plumage between my eyes and the sun, the softened notes as she grew comforted by my stillness; the flutter that seemed half smothered in thistle down still going on in the nest; the balmy air, the bath of dew—some, perhaps all of these things slaked the fire in my veins, and I fell asleep. Did I dream? Had I wandered off again into delirium, or was the thing real? To this day I cannot tell how it was, but as I lay in that meadow which drew close up to the wayside, a long funeral procession crept by me, fringing the meadow with blackness, and gliding away sadly, solemnly, dreamily, toward a village church, whose spire cut between me and the sky.

Time went by like thistle down upon the wind. The sky was purple above me. Thousands and thousands of great stars twinkled so dreamily through the deep azure. The dew lay upon me like a shower. Still I was not cold. I turned softly, and as I moved, the lark stirred above her young; my sleep had been so like death that the bird feared me no longer.

If I had a connected thought it was this, the lark had come back to her young, with her soft bosom she kept them from the damp and cold night air. I was young: it was night: the dew fell like rain: I had no strength to move. *Where was my mother?*

I could not answer the question, my brain was too feeble, and ached beneath the confused images that crowded upon it. The funeral train, ridges of snow, heaped up stones, flashes of crimson, as if a red mantle were floating over me, disjointed fragments like these were all the answer that came back to my heart, as it drearily asked where am I? where is my mother?

Probably another day went by, I do not know, for a heavenly sleep settled on me. But at last—it must have been some time near mid day—I

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saw the lark settle down by her nest with some crumbs of bread in her bill. I watched the young ones as they greedily devoured it, and a craving desire stole over me. I envied the little ragged birdlings, and wondered how they could be so greedy and so selfish.

The mother flew away again, and I watched her with longing eyes. She might take compassion on my hunger: surely those greedy young ones had eaten enough: she would think of me now that they were satisfied. How eagerly I watched for some dark speck in the sky, some noise that should tell me of her return! She came at last, shooting through the atmosphere like an arrow. After whirling playfully over, and again over our heads, she settled down by her nest, and I saw that her bill was distended by a fine blackberry. The largest and sauciest young one, who always crowded his brethren down into the nest when food appeared, rose upward with a hungry flutter, and held his open bill quivering just beneath the delicious berry.

My heart swelled, I uttered an eager cry, and flung out my hand. The lark startled, dropped the fruit in her fright, and it fell into my palm. What did I care for the angry cry of the old bird, or the commotion among her nestlings? The fruit was melting away—oh, how deliciously between my parched lips! When that was gone, I lifted my hands imploringly to the angry bird and asked for more; she was all the friend I had, and it seemed as if she must understand my terrible want. She went away and returned; but oh, how my poor heart ached when she lighted, and with her eye turned saucily on me, dropped a grain or two of wheat for her young.

Tears crowded to my eyes—who would aid me—so hungry, so miserable, such a little creature more helpless than the birds of heaven, and they so pitiless? I turned my face from the nest, the young larks had become detestable to me. I was tempted to hurt them, to dash my hand down into the nest and exterminate the whole brood, but the very thought exhausted me, and I began to weep again with faint sighs that would have been sobs of anguish but for my prostration.

I lifted my head and strove to sit upright, looking wearily around with a vague expectation of help. At a little distance was a stone wall, and climbing over it a blackberry bush in full fruit—clusters and clusters glittering in the sunshine. The tears rained down my cheeks—I turned my eyes upon the young larks and feebly laughed out my triumph. I crept forward on my hands and knees, pulled myself along by clenching handfuls of the meadow grass, and, at length, found myself prostrate and panting by the wall.

Most of the fruit was above my reach, but some clusters fell low, and while my breast was heaving and my poor hands trembled with exhaustion, I began to gather and eat. Fortunately it was impossible for me to reach enough of the fruit to injure myself, and with the grateful taste in my mouth, I lay contemplating the clusters overhead with dreamy longing, wondering when I should be able to climb up the stones and gather them.

It is strange that while my senses were so acute in all things that pertained to my animal wants, all remembrance of the past had forsaken me; I could neither remember who I was, nor how I came to be alone in the meadow. My whole range of sympathy and existence went back no farther than the lark's nest, and its inmates, that had seemed to mock at my hunger in the midst of their own abundance. Was it from this that I drew my first lesson of sympathy for the destitute, and hate for the heartless rich? Some vague remembrance of a tent that had sheltered me did seem to haunt my memory; but when I lifted myself up by the wall it had disappeared, and that, with the rest, floated away into vague indistinctness. It was not that all memory of the past had left me, I knew what the relations of life were—I knew well that I ought to have a mother to care for me—some one to bring me food and arrange my garments; and, through the cloudiness of my ideas, one beautiful face always looked down upon me like the rich, dark eyed faces that we find repeated, and yet varied over and over again in Murillo's pictures. I knew that this face should have been my mother's, but all around it was confused, like the clouds in which the great artist sometimes buries his most ideal heads.

But even this beautiful remembrance was floating and visionary at the time; I had no strength to grasp a continued thought. Even the aspect of nature, the meadows, the distant woods, and the gables of a building that shot up from their midst, had a novel aspect. The feeble impression thus left was like that of bright colors to an infant. I felt happier, more elastic; the world seemed very beautiful, and a keen desire for action came upon me. I tried to walk, but fell down like an infant making its first attempt. I made another effort, tottered on a few paces, and lay quietly down overcome with a desire to sleep. Then I started again, creeping, staggering a little on my feet, resting every few minutes, but all the while making progress toward the building whose gables I had seen in the distance. I had no definite object, but the instincts of humanity alone must have induced me to seek a human habitation.

I must have passed over the spot where the tent had stood, for some loose hay littered the grass in one place, and among it I found a crust of dry bread. I uttered a low shout, and seizing it with both hands, sat down in the hay and began to eat voraciously. Never, never have I tasted food so delicious, I cannot think of it yet without a sensation of delight!

As I sat devouring the precious morsel, there came a sweet sound to my ear—a delicious soft gurgle, that made me pause in my exquisite banquet and listen. Old associations were not altogether lost: I knew by the sound that a spring or brook was near, and my joy broke forth in a laugh that overpowered the flow of the waters. I crept on toward the sound, hoarding the fragment of my crust. It was a beautiful little spring gushing up from the cleft in a rock which lay cradled in a hollow close by. The rock was covered with moss and the most delicate lichen, thick with tiny, red drops, more beautiful than coral. The water rushed down in a single stream, slender and graceful as the flight of a silver arrow, and spread away sparkling and with soft murmurs, through the peppermint and cowslips that lined the hollow. I drank of the water slowly, like a little epicure, inhaling each drop as if it had been a liquid diamond, and enjoying the cool taste on my lips with exquisite relish. Then, enticed by the fragrance, I gathered a stem or two of the mint, and laying the moist leaves on my bread, made a meal such as one never takes twice in a life time.

The waters gathered in a pretty pool beneath the rock, as bright and scarcely larger than a good sized mirror. I turned, after my bread was exhausted, and saw myself reflected in the pool—not myself at the time, for I supposed it another child—a poor, little, miserable thing, in an old dress of torn and soiled embroidery, whose original richness gave force to its poverty-stricken raggedness. Her little feet were bare and white as two water-lilies, and great, black eyes, illuminating a miserable pale face, like lamps that could never burn out, were staring at me so wildly, that I flung out my arms to repulse her. She also flung up her bare arms, and looked more like a wretched thing than ever. The action terrified me—I burst into tears, and clambered up the hollow, looking back in terror lest she should follow me.

Then I wandered on, still keeping the gables in view, now lying down on a bank for rest, now pausing to gather a wild berry, but always diminishing the distance between myself and the dwelling.

The night came on, but over-excitement kept me wakeful. I had no lonesome feelings. The skies above were crowded with stars, that seemed like smiling play-fellows glad to have me in sight, and the moonbeams fell through the branches—for I was beneath trees now—and played around me like a cloud of silver butterflies. Then came the delicious scent of blossoms, the trees grew thin, and velvet turf yielded luxuriously to my naked feet. Beautiful flowers were budding around me, enameling the turf in circles, mounds, and all sorts of intricate figures: these, like the stars, seemed old playmates. Fuschias, heliotrope, moss roses, I recognized them with a gush of joy, and talked to them softly as I stole along.

A hard, gravel walk glistened before me, sweeping around the proud old mansion whose gables I had seen. I entered it, but the gravel hurt my feet, and leaving thin, little prints in dew upon it, I turned an angle of the building. Now something of terror, a vague, dark impassable memory seemed floating between me and the stars. A shadow from the building fell over me like a pall. I grew cold and began to shiver, but still moving on toward the moonlight.

It was reached. I looked up, and before me was a great, stone doorway, surmounted with masses of dark marble, chiseled so deep that the hollows seemed choked up with ebony, the shadows contrasted so densely with the moonbeams on the surface. Half a dozen broad, granite steps led to the doorway; I stood upon these steps and looked upward; a strange sensation crept over me. I grew colder, weaker, and sunk upon the steps with my head resting upon the door sill; a rush of confused thoughts crowded upon my brain and stunned it. I lay as one dead, motionless, but with a vague idea of existence. The first thing that I remember was confused noises in the dwelling, that sort of bee-like hum which accompanies the uprising of a large household. Sometimes the sound of a door jarred through my whole frame, and then I would drop away into some stage of unconsciousness: it might be the sleep of pure exhaustion, or deeper insensibility, I cannot tell.

At last there was a rustle and rush in the hall, the sound of feet and brooms set in motion, with confused voices and the ponderous movement of a door close to my head that jarred a pang through and through me. A tumultuous sound of voices followed, a hastily dropped floor-brush fell across me. Laughing, exclamations, a bustling noise, and then I heard a woman's voice say distinctly above the rest, "ah! here

comes one who knows something—he can tell us what it is!”

Then a voice followed that sharpened my faculties like a draught of wine, “well, what are you chattering about the door-shed for, like so many magpies around a church steeple; can the housekeeper find you no better business!”

“Oh, come and see for yourself,” answered a peevish voice, “is it a witch, an imp—a—a—do tell us, Mr. Turner, you who have been in foreign parts and know all sorts of outlandish creatures by heart—look—look—its great black eyes are wide open now, you can see them glistening through the hair that lies all sorts of ways over its face. Gracious me, they burn into one like a live coal!”

“Stand back,” said the male voice, “stand back, and let me have room. The poor creature is human. It may be—it may be—no, no, poor, wild thing—no, no, God forbid!”

The voice was broken, eager and full of anxiety. I felt the long hair parted back from my forehead, and opening my eyes, saw a little, old face, wrinkled and contracted, but oh, how comforting.

“Those great, wild eyes—those lips pinched, blue!—this skeleton frame—no, no, not her’s thank God for that, I could not have borne it!”

“What is the creature—what shall we do with it?” inquired the female voice.

“What is it?” said the old man, looking up from my face, “what is it? a human soul almost leaving the body—a child’s soul. What is it—don’t you see, woman?”

“Is it dying, can it speak?” was the rejoinder.

The old man lifted me in his arms without answering, and laid my head on his shoulder. A strange gush of pleasure came over me, and my soul seemed melting away in tears—silent, quiet tears, for I was too full for noisy emotions. I stole one arm around his neck, and nestled my cheek close to his. Was the action familiar to the old man? With me it was natural as the infant’s habit of lifting its hands to the mother’s mouth, that it may gather up kisses.

He did not return the caress, but almost dropped me from his arms. His bosom heaved, and some exclamation that he seemed about to utter broke into a groan, and directly I felt tears running down the cheek that touched mine.

“Why, what are you about, Mr. Turner, what on earth are you thinking of, don’t you see how forlorn and ragged the creature is, and holding it against your new mourning, what has come over you?” exclaimed the housemaid, horrified and astonished.

The old man made no reply, but looked

searchingly down over my old frock, as if it had some deep interest to him.

“Very well, every one to his own business,” cried the housemaid, resenting his silence, “you hug that little witch as if it was your own—ha, ha, who knows—who knows! oh, if my lord could but see you.”

The old man had been holding up a fold of my frock during this speech, and was still intently examining the soiled embroidery. His thin face writhed and twitched in all its features, but when he dropped the fold it settled into an expression of mournful certainty.

The old man looked on her with mournful sternness. “Before heaven, I wish he could see us—his old servant and—and—tush! woman, go about your work—go all!”

“I wonder how she come here, at any rate,” persisted the housemaid, saucily. “Gracious goodness! but the thing does seem to take to you, Mr. Turner, so natural. Isn’t it a sight to behold?”

“Peace, woman,” cried the old man, stamping his foot till it rang loud on the tessellated floor.

“Have you no decency?”

“Decency, indeed!”

As the woman tossed her head, with this pert rejoinder, a tall, thin and exceedingly languid woman came through a side door and moved toward us. Her morning dress of the most delicate cashmere swept the marble as she walked, and long silken tassels swayed the cord slowly to and fro which bound the sumptuous garment to her waist. She held a tiny dog in her arms and paused to caress him.

“What is all this?” she said, addressing Turner. “Something found on the door-step—where is it? Pray, Turner, let me look at the creature—what is it like?”

“Very like a hungry, sick, dying little girl,” replied Turner, pressing me closer to him, “nothing more!”

“Who can it be? have you the least idea, Turner?” cried the lady.

“I, madam—I, how can that be?”

“Don’t hide its face so, good Turner. Dear little infant! let me look at it. There is something so touching in the thought of a child fatherless, motherless, being gathered up from one’s door-step. Is it pretty? Hush, Tip. See, the darling is jealous already—there, there.”

While the lady was soothing her dog, Turner, with much reluctance, and many distortions, turned my head upon his bosom, and the lady saw my face. She started, and the King Charles began to snarl viciously.

“Dear—why it is a perfect little animal,” she

exclaimed, drawing back. "What eyes—how frightfully large—and so sickly! Mr. Turner, Mr. Turner, how very imprudent in you. It may be contagious fever or small-pox, and here I have been exposing my precious, precious darling. Do take the creature away!" She drew slowly backward while giving this command, holding the dog to her bosom, with a look of absolute terror, as if she really feared that he might suffer.

"Take her away—quite away!" she kept repeating.

"Where shall I take her to, Lady Catharine?"

There was something so familiar about his curt, dry way of putting the question, that I felt more at home with him than ever.

"Where, indeed? why back again, certainly; that must be the most natural place for the poor creature."

"Shall I leave her on the door-steps, madam," said he, with a sort of rebuking humor.

"Turner—Turner, this is trifling, inexcusable! but that you are a favorite servant of my poor brother's, I would not endure it an instant."

"I am a man! At least I was, till this poor, poor—there I am at it again—till she made me cry like a baby for the first time in my life; but I will obey you—I will carry her off, not that her disease is contagious—souls are not catching, at any rate, in this neighborhood."

The old man muttered over these last words to himself, then lifting his voice said in a more respectful tone, "madam, your orders, where am I to place the child?"

"Anywhere. It is not of the least consequence—take it down to the village. I fancy some of the tenants would like it of all things. If it were not so very strange looking, and if Tip did not take against it so, I wouldn't mind letting it run about the housekeeper's apartments; but, with that face, and while Tip holds his prejudices, poor fellow, that is out of the question."

"Yes, it is out of the question that she should be the companion of a puppy, or run about in the housekeeper's room—quite out of the question," muttered Turner.

The lady caught his last words only.

"Certainly! I am sure every one must see it in that point of view. Besides, I have no right to receive incumbrances in Lord Clare's house during his absence."

"Lord Clare never sent a starving fellow-creature from his door yet," answered Turner, stoutly. "It is not in him."

"Starving—what horrible words you do use, Turner. Why no one starves, except in poems and novels, and one doesn't turn one's house into

a romance to carry out an idea—not that it does not tell sometimes, when an object of charity is very pretty, and promises to be of no trouble. I once had a fancy of that sort myself, but not a sickly fright, like that—heaven forbid!"

Turner did not listen; he was looking down into my face very thoughtfully—his countenance stirring as one who ponders over a painful subject. I lay feebly in his arms, contented as a lamb, my little heart full of unalloyed trust, beating tenderly against his bosom. Silently at last he carried me out into the open air.

He walked fast, without speaking, till the shadow of some tall trees fell over us, then his step grew heavier, and he looked in my face from time to time, while an expression of strong tenderness imbued every wrinkle of his features.

"Do you remember me?" he said at last, but in a hesitating way.

I struggled hard with my weakness, and tried to think.

"Speak, little one, we are all alone, don't be afraid of me, old Turner, you know."

"Yes, yes," I murmured, faintly enough, "she called you Turner."

"She! what she are you talking of, little one."

"The tall lady up yonder with the dog," I answered; for struggle as I would, my mind refused to go farther back.

He looked at me with a strange expression.

"Then it was not your—your mother?"

Instantly that face half buried in clouds came before me.

"She—my mother never speaks," I said, "she looks at me through the clouds, but does not say a word."

He stopped, looked at me wistfully a moment, and then bending his head closer to mine, whispered, "tell me, tell old Turner, where is she?"

"She—who?" I whispered back.

"Your mother, Aurora—your mother, child."

"I don't know, she was here just now."

"Here!" he said, looking around, "here?"

"Did you not see her face among the white clouds, close down here, a minute ago! I did."

He felt my cheek with his palm, took hold of my hands and feet—"she has no fever," he muttered, "what does all this mean?"

"Tell me," he said after a little, "where did you go—you and your mother?"

"No where"

"What, was she in the neighborhood?"

"I don't know."

"Not—speak, child! not within a few weeks, not since Lady Clara died?"

"I think she is always with me, but then the lark fed her young ones when they wanted some—

thing to eat, but she never fed me, and I was very, very hungry. Why did she look upon me from the clouds, but never give me one morsel to eat or a drop to drink?"

"Poor child—poor, poor child," said the old man, kissing me, oh, so tenderly—"try and think—make one effort—I do so want to know the truth—where have you been these many months?"

I tried to think, but it confused me, and at last I answered, with starting tears,

"Indeed, I do not know."

He bent his face close to mine, and kissed away the tears that stood on my cheeks—then he questioned me again.

"Is your mother dead?"

Dead, the word struck like cold iron upon my heart. I shuddered on the old man's bosom, my brain ached with the weight of some painful memory, but it gave back no distinct answer. It seemed as if his question had heaped mountains of snow around me, but I could only reply,

"Dead, what is that?"

He heaved a deep groan and walked on muttering strangely to himself.

I knew by the odor, that he was carrying me over innumerable flower beds, for the air was rich with the scent of heliotrope and flowering daphnas, the breath of my old playmates. Then he mounted up some steps, tearing his way through a quantity of vines, and forcing open a sash window with his foot, carried me in.

It was a luxurious apartment but very gloomy, and silent as a catacomb. The shutters were closed, the air unwholesome and heavy with the odor of dead flowers. I saw nothing distinctly though my eyes roved with a sort of fascination from object to object. Something deeper than memory stirred in the depths of my soul: a chilliness seized me and I longed to go away.

Turner passed on, evidently glad to leave the chamber, and did not pause again till we reached a little room that was smaller and more cheerful. He held me with one arm, and with his right hand threw open the shutters.

The sash was a single piece of plate glass, transparent as water. Curtains of gossamer lace and rose colored silk fell over it, and through this the morning sunshine glowed like the dawning of a rainbow.

The old man made me sit up in his arms and look around while he curiously regarded my face. I have said the room was flooded with soft light. The walls were covered with hangings of rich white satin sprinkled with rose buds. A carpet of snowy ground, with bouquets of gorgeous flowers scattered over it, as if in veritable bloom,

spread from side to side. A diminutive easy chair and sofa dressed in satin, like the walls, stood opposite to a small bed of gilded ivory, gleaming through a cloud of gossamer lace, which fell in soft, snowy waves from a small hoop of white and gold, like the bedstead, swung to the ceiling by a cord and tassels of silk, twisted with threads of the precious metal.

Turner looked at me anxiously, as my eyes wandered around the beautiful room, fitted up evidently for a child—for the bedstead was scarcely larger than a crib, and everything bore evidence of a very youthful occupant.

A pleasant, grateful sensation stole over me, as I gazed languidly around. The atmosphere seemed familiar, and I felt a smile stealing over my mouth.

Turner saw it and smiled, nay, almost laughed through the tears that were clouding his eyes.

"Do you like this?" he whispered, softly.

"Oh, yes, so much!"

"Shall I put you into that pretty bed?"

"No, no!" I shrieked, with a sudden pang, "it is white like a snow-drift; I would rather go back to the meadow and sleep with the larks."

The old man looked sad again. He carried me close to the bed, and put some folds of the curtain in my hand; but I shrank back appalled by their unmixt whiteness. He could not comprehend this shuddering sense of something, that had left an intuition in my mind stronger than memory itself, but seeing my nervous agitation he sought to remove the cause. Curtains of silk, like those at the window, were looped through the ivory hoop, and these he shook loose till they mingled in bright blossom colored waves with the lace. Then I began to smile again, and a sweet home feeling stole over me.

Turner carried me in his arms to the door and called aloud. An old woman answered, and came with her sad countenance into the room. When her eyes fell upon me they dilated, grew larger, and she uttered a few rapid words in some language that I did not understand. Turner answered her in the same tongue, and all at once she fell upon her knees, and raising her clasped hands began to weep.

Turner addressed her again, and with eager haste she prepared a bath. She bathed me with gentle haste, brought forth night clothes of the finest linen, and laid me in the bed exhausted, but tranquil and sleepy as an infant.

I heard Turner and the old woman moving softly around my bed—I knew that tears and kisses were left upon my face, and then I slept, oh, how sweetly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

"To-morrow will be the last day of the old year," remarked the young and handsome Mrs. Harmon to her husband, as they sat at breakfast. "I hope, my dear, you have fixed on a nice New Year's present for me."

Mr. Harmon pushed back his chair and looked abstractedly in the fire, as if matters of more weight than New Year's gifts were passing in his mind.

His young wife did not observe his inattention, but continued her remarks.

"I saw a magnificent shawl in Page's to-day, and so cheap too—positively, they only asked ninety dollars for it! Would you have believed it? They have rich cloaks too; one—but I will leave it all to your own choice. I know you will be sure to give me an elegant present."

"Hum—yes—the thirtieth to-day?" observed her husband, as if awakening from a reverie. Smith's note falls due to-day, and that draft of a thousand to-morrow. Dear—dear—how the time flies."

"Going to office so early? I have several things to arrange with you about our party next week, and, you know, I must get some more money from you to procure dresses and various articles. Well, if you must go now we will talk it over in the evening. Good-bye, mind the day after to-morrow is New Year's day."

Mr. Harmon took his way to office in a very thoughtful mood. He had been married about ten months, and during that time his domestic peace had been undisturbed by a single breeze, and yet, for the latter part of the time he had been anything but a happy man. A cloud hovered over his spirits, and the cloud gathered density every day.

When he married, he was a merchant in a fair way of business. His wife was taken from the upper circles, and was consequently accustomed to gaieties and luxuries to which he had been a stranger. He could not, however, find it in his heart to deprive her of anything to which she had been accustomed, and so he kept up an expensive style of living, utterly unsuited to his means. He had given his wife two thousand dollars on their wedding day, and the extravagant expenditure of his household being added to this, soon crippled his resources. Latterly he had

become painfully conscious of his downward course, and he was more aware of it on that December morning, when he found a note due and hardly a possibility of meeting it. He had determined frequently for the last two months to look into his affairs, but never could summon sufficient resolution to face the dreadful array of figures and facts. On this day he determined to set about it in earnest.

He directed the book-keeper to draw up a statement of the position of the business, and then he proceeded to cast around for means to pay the note. Eventually this was accomplished, and the evil day put off.

That night there was a torrent of playful questions poured on him as to the nature of the intended present, and his pretty wife guessed and wondered what it could be that he kept so secret and appeared so grave about it.

The next day the book-keeper handed Mr. Harmon the balance-sheet. The first glance at it struck a chill to his heart. He passed into his private room, and placing the paper on the table, sat down and looked at it as if it were a deadly serpent. At last he summoned his courage, and with a countenance rigid as marble, went through all the withering details. There was no error—no miscalculation. The book-keeper had performed his task but too correctly, and had stated in incontrovertible figures that the merchant was—ruined! Hopelessly, irretrievably ruined.

He clenched his fingers in his hair, and, resting his elbows on the table, glared on the document as if he would have burnt out the figures with his fiery looks. Then the thought of his wife came, and he bowed his head down and wept like a child.

He felt so thoroughly miserable as he turned toward home that evening, that he dreaded to meet his wife, but fortunately, she was out visiting and had not returned. Hastily despatching his meal he again went to his office to brood over the evidence of his ruin and to consider if there were no means of averting it.

When Mrs. Harmon returned and discovered her husband's departure, she smiled, and concluding that he had gone to purchase the present for the morning, thought no more of it.

Night wore on, but the sojourn broken man still



sat in his office, his head resting on his hands, with the fatal document extended on the table between his elbows. His eyes were riveted to the one item that showed him to be a beggar. A current of bitter reflections was passing rapidly through his mind.

"To-morrow, and the whole city will know it. My clerks know it already and are talking of it among their friends. A day or two and the creditors will be swarming around my doors. And Lydia will know it—will know that the husband she supposed so rich is penniless and in debt. Will she not turn from me in scorn? Will she not say I have deceived her, and then leave me for the home of her parents? Oh, God! if I am to be deserted by all it will certainly kill me."

Then followed another reverie, at the end of which he started up, with somewhat more of determination than he had evinced since his knowledge of his fall.

"I must tell her. There is no other course. The blow must come, and it will come better from me than from my enemies."

It was after midnight when he reached home, and his wife was in bed and asleep. He silently lay down and endeavored to gain a little slumber, but failed. Then he got up and paced around the garden until morning. He did not enter the house until the breakfast bell rang, and then it was with a firm step as that of a man who has a disagreeable duty to perform and who has mustered all his energies to the task.

"Frederick, where were you last night?" said his wife, reproachfully. "I was in terror for your safety; where have you been?"

"Looking for a fitting New Year's gift," he answered, with a forced smile. "It is here," and he laid the folded balance sheet somewhat forcibly on the table.

"What is that—great Heavens! what has happened?" she exclaimed, in terror at his strange looks and actions.

"Look at it. See; it means that I am ruined—ruined! It means that I am no longer a wealthy merchant, but a beggar!"

She turned deathly pale at his violence, but did not shriek or faint as he expected she would do. The suddenness of the catastrophe seemed to give her strength.

"This paper——" She partly opened it and looked at him for an explanation.

"That is the proof of my ruin—the balance-sheet of my business."

She sat down with a calmness that utterly confounded him, and proceeded to examine the particulars of the account, at times calling on him for an explanation of the items. When she finished, she inquired of him how much was required to set him straight with his creditors.

"It would take some five thousand dollars to pay my debts, and then we should be left penniless."

She left the room without another word, and shortly returned with a slip of paper which she handed to him.

"There is my New Year's gift—a truly acceptable one, I flatter myself."

"Lydia—this money—what is it?"

"Those are bills for the two thousand dollars you gave me on our wedding day. I did not want it, so laid it aside. We must sell this house with its costly furniture, dismiss our array of servants, and take a neat cottage and one girl. After paying your debts there will then be a balance with which you can begin business again. We will live economically, but comfortably. I do delight in a small cottage, and I shall have the household affairs to attend to, which is so much more pleasant than receiving or paying idle visits, and we shall get along much more happily than in this great unwieldy and uncomfortable mansion."

"My dear Lydia, how can I ever repay——?"

"Let's say no more about it. You must be up and doing; and remember for the future that I am a partner in your business as well as your domestic life. See that I am not kept in ignorance of anything that passes, and I'll undertake that you shall never again have occasion to present me with such a New Year's gift as that of to-day."

## ON A CERTAIN LADY.

BY H. K. ROWE.

MELISSA lavishly bestows:  
She daily gives, 'tis said,  
To Frisk, her lap-dog, kicks and blows,  
And warning to her maid.

She is all generosity—  
Her spouse her kindness shares—  
She gives him—cause for jealousy,  
And gives herself—great airs!

# DREAMS AND REALITIES.

BY SALLIE A. CLARENCE.

## I.—THE DREAMERS.

"These two, a maiden and a youth, were there. Gazing—the one on all that was beneath her as herself—but the boy gazed on her."

NIGHT folded earth's weary children under her robe of darkness, and thousands of restless spirits in a great city were stilled in slumber. But there were two who waked to watch for the rising moon while others slept; two on whose cheeks yet lingered the bloom of youth, and over whose heads few summers had passed. So a stranger would have said, to see them for the first time standing out in that portico, their forms believed against the silvery sky.

One was a youth, with a manly form, a broad, high forehead, an eagle eye, and a proud, yet beautiful mouth. You felt instinctively that this was a spirit born to command. His arm rested caressingly round the slight, girlish form beside him, and his eyes beamed on her with brotherly affection. Yet she looked so frail that you wondered at his imprudence in permitting her to linger in the baleful influence of a southern night dew.

The two were cousins, as you would guess from the faint resemblance; for the same soft, brown tresses floated on either cheek, the same fire flashed from her eyes, and that fraternal embrace would be scarce permitted to a stranger. They had been promenading the gallery for hours, talking eagerly of some all-absorbing subject, and but now paused to watch that rising moon.

"To-morrow, then, we part," said the girl.

"Yes, to-morrow, Agness, you return to your home, to reign again as fashion's queen, to flirt and dance, and break a hundred hearts as you would fain have broken mine. I know that you will rejoice to go back."

"It is useless, George, to combat your prejudices. My bare assertion of a different purpose will not convince you; I leave that work to time. But, you, George, I have more faith in you. I will trust, ere many months, to hear of you in your official capacity, and that you have not been idle; and I will look forward to your filling the highest offices in a few years, and with credit."

"You feel that certainty, Agnes, because I am

entering life, my course yet to choose, and with no other inclination. So you must not blame me, cousin, if I do not yield equal credence to your wise resolutions, for your habits were fixed, your associations formed, your natural disposition devolved long ago."

Agnes sighed, and answered without reference to herself, "you must not forget, dear George, that my sympathies are enlisted in your success. You must think of me often, George, and when you bear your blushing honors thick upon you, write to Cousin Agnes."

"Being the sole representative of a proud name, having the ambition of so many to gratify, is a weighty task, and more, I sometimes fear, than I can ever accomplish. If there were but another son to bear these honors, I would indulge my constitutional indolence, and leave glory to him. But as it is, I am determined to succeed, and to press forward till even your insatiable aspirations say enough."

"Yes, George, our hopes all centre in you—not because you are the only son, but because you have those talents and principles which justify our exalted ambition."

"And often, Agnes, you will come to the statesman's home, (for I will have a domestic hearth,) and lend your versatile talents to our tea-table talk, and cheer our quiet evenings. What glorious times those will be! And my fair lady, (as I intend her to be,) will love her cousin for her own sake, and welcome her for mine."

Poor Agnes' lip quivered when he alluded to his future bride, but she answered quietly,

"So you think now, dear George, while bright anticipation lends its rose color to that far distant future. But let that future come! The faded, querulous, old maid, with her moral strictures on society, her disagreeable reminiscences of other days, and her everlasting pen and ink, will be sadly out of place in your world of proprieties and elegance."

"Pshaw! Agnes, I can never fancy you, who are so faultless in dress, metamorphosed into a slovenly, blue stocking, with cap awry, untidy hair, and those fair hands all spotted with ink, rushing unceremoniously from our social circle to the writing desk to note some beautiful thought, or some new idea. And then an old

maid! No, never, Agnes. If you once give up flirting you'll be a bride in six months: such is my prophecy."

"You are right, Cousin George, as to the dress and hair, but I cannot answer for the ink spots, you might find them to-morrow."

"So you persist in becoming an authoress."

"I am certainly resolved to withdraw from my present profitless associations. To apply myself closer to study than ever, and to endeavor, while making an effort to improve myself, to benefit my fellow-beings."

"It seems strange, almost sad, to hear a young girl at twenty renounce the world; yet your's is a noble undertaking, and I wish you success. But it grows late, Agnes, and we must part, sweet cousin. Let us often think of each other in our different paths, and cherish the affection we now feel."

He folded her to his breast, pressed one fraternal kiss upon her lips, and was gone, little thinking that he then turned from the fondest, truest heart that ever beat for him; from the love that would have brightened the pathway of life, and rendered his sensitive spirit impervious to the shafts of malignity and ingratitude.

And thus the one left his home, confidently looking for the fulfilment of his dream; while the other, with the pangs of unrequited love rending her heart, turned away with disgust from her accustomed round of pleasure and fashionable dissipation; for oh! her dream had been already too rudely broken. It but remained to hide the blight that had fallen on her hopes. She too, disappeared, and was no more seen in her former world of gaiety.

#### II.—REALITY.

"And many leaves, once fair and gay,  
From youth's full bloom have passed away—  
But as these looser leaves depart  
The less'n'd flower gets near the core,  
And, when deserted quite, the heart  
Takes closer what was dear of yore—  
And years to those who loved it first—  
The sunshine and the dew by which its bud was  
nursed."

THERE was a little cottage, deep down in a sheltered nook, where the mellowed sunlight stole lovingly through the opening trees upon its vine-clad porch, warming the young flowers to life and gladness. The bird's song had a murmuring tone, the flower's breath stole upon the senses lulling, and this humble dwelling seemed the abode of peace.

Not often came to this cottage the world's peculiar children; the echoes slumbered undisturbed by whirling carriage wheels, and never entered from the outer world its contests, hopes,

ambitions or despair, to disturb the repose of its inmate. The world forgetting, and by the world forgot, here dwelt one of heaven's ministers—a loving, Christian woman.

Open the door softly. Do you see her there sitting by the half-open window, unmindful of the scene without, gazing dreamily on vacancy, as if in the invisible air she saw pictures of stormier or wilder scenes? Yes, there is memory in that mournful smile, and the dirge of youth in that low-breathed sigh. Would you have me draw her portrait? Well, I will shadow its outlines, and let fancy fill the sketch.

The form is slight and flexible, like to the trailing jessamine about the porch; and sweet as that jessamine's perfume is the heart breathing in that face. The face is plain. Years are on the broad brow, and time's fingers have left their trace on the features, which beauty disdained to mould to a classic grace. Yet those eyes have a deep, loving light undimmed by the hand of time. Look through those "windows of the soul" down into the pure heart, and you read courage, patience and content. That spirit, like a stream, moves on with steady current toward the shore, where time's boundaries disappear in eternity, bearing upon its bosom the record of a quiet conscience, and its depths illuminated by the sure hope of a better rest beyond the grave. Soft, smooth bands of light brown hair, a simple muslin dress, a little foot peeping out beneath the flowing skirt, and a thin, white hand supporting the faded cheek: she is before you. After all it is but an old maid.

Yes, reader—a neat, plain, old maid. How like you the picture? Bright, joyous girl, queen of hearts and leader of the fashion, don't turn away in disgust from my heroine; for down the vista of the past the old maid sees a thronging crowd of worshippers, and her own fair self moving to the violin's notes as brilliant as thou. Happy thou, if the future bring to thy restless soul as holy calm as her's! Happy if thy guardian angel win thee with like thoughts of duty from this waste of life, to rest on the sure anchor of peace with God! But these pictures from the past have deepened the shadow on her face, and one single tear falls, to tell that these things have been; but that sad sigh was wrung from her by the memory of her one love-dream. Then come brighter pictures to chase away the shadows and recall the gentle smile.

The cottage door opens softly again, and into its atmosphere of purity comes another traveller half way down the path of life. "Oh, weary heart! thou'rt half way home!"

It is a noble form that darkens the doorway,

and as he pauses to note the cheerful, yet humble look of the room, we may draw his portrait too. His form is large, proudly erect, one which had moved with a firm tread in senatorial halls, and his voice had spoken off to eager ears the sentiments of patriotism and honor which fired his own breast. This man from the noisy, turbulent world without, the dweller in cities, what doeth he here?

"Can the long fever of the heart be cooled  
By a sweet breath from Nature?"

His own lips will tell you of his purpose. In the features of the two are a faint resemblance, but on his brow are the deep wrinkles of care and thought; in his eye is the glance that reads men's souls while shutting up his own; and around his lips linger no loving smiles but a heart weariness that appeals painfully to your sympathy. Yes, he had a yearning desire for rest, but not a touch of shame mingled with the weary, weary look.

Reader, have you not recognized in this faded woman, and this care-worn man, the two dreamers? Taking in slowly the belongings of that pleasant chamber, and seeing the still dreaming woman before him, he steps forward, and in a voice, whose cadence tells all the long love of years, says,

"Agnes!"

She springs forward with a cry of joy, and sinks into the outstretched arms so *trustfully*. Yes, the drooping lily is laid upon a sheltering bosom. The fragile creeper has found a sturdy oak around which to twine its tendrils. He leads her to the window seat, and they sit down, his arms still enfolding her, and her head nestling on his shoulder. Surely that had been its resting-place in that picture of the past.

"George," she says, "I always felt that you would come, and all this evening a presentiment has haunted me of some startling event approaching me. Old memories have been busy about my heart, and but now I thought of you."

"Yes, Agnes, the world-worn seeker after happiness has come to lay his burthen on your spirit, and prays you for a little of the old, kind love, the well-remembered words of counsel."

"Dear George, it is no burthen, but a happy privilege to soothe and restore you. But it is long since you wrote, and you have never written confidently. Tell me now, George, what has been your success in the search for happiness?"

"Ten years ago we parted, Agnes. Ten years that have stolen lightly over your head, scarce leaving one record of their passing. But they have traced the record of their events on my heart, cutting down like the graver's tool in

marble, wearing into my stubborn soul, destroying youth's alluring dreams, and crushing each fond hope, till nought is left but the fiercer passions of mature manhood, and the craving void of unsatisfied affection."

"George, this is saddening; but, had fortune crowned your wishes, you might have forgotten God, 'He doeth all things well.'"

"Perhaps it is so," he answered, gloomily.

"But you asked me for a sketch of my chase after that phantom, happiness. Listen, Agnes, and in your own peaceful heart, you will thank God, that you early forsook the world. I went forth ten years ago—ambition my mistress, and love my evening dream. My ambition was gratified. You told me then that I had talents, and that I was destined for great deeds: perhaps so. At least I was plunged into the stormy conflicts of political life, and rose rapidly over older and wiser men. My public career I kept you informed of, and you know how my pride has been gratified even to satiety. Yet even here I have met occasional ingratitude and false accusations. These I did not heed. Thanks to the lessons of my childhood, my sense of moral obligation was clear and acute, thanks to your gentle monitions that first image of purity was never dimmed by the breath of political allurements. But, wherever ambition led me, my soul pined for woman's love, and her companionship had a temptation for me greater than honor or fame. So I haunted every scene brightened by woman's presence, and found many a vase of rare workmanship, but none without a flaw. It would weary me to recount and you to hear the story of my disappointments. In courtly Europe, in our land of equality, in palace and in cottage, I have often found woman gloriously beautiful, yet my heart turned unsatisfied from all. What was it that my soul yearned for? Was it a being faultless from the hand of God? No, Agnes, 't was that I had mirrored all unconsciously thy image, and ever after refused to reflect another. But I knew not this. Disappointment sickened me. Saddened, cynical, misanthropic, I loathed my kind; and then stole upon me the picture you had painted of your 'bird's nest,' and forsaking my unsatisfying pursuits I am here."

A tear of sympathy trickled through Agnes' slender fingers, and he felt the fond heart pressing closer to his own. After a moment of sad musing, he asked, clasping the little hand,

"And thy search, Agnes—what of it?"

"The budding of my hopes and their blighting belongs to an earlier period, before we parted, and you know my youth's history."

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Open the door softly. Do you see her there sitting by the half-open window, unmindful of the scene without, gazing dreamily on vacancy, as if in the invisible air she saw pictures of stormier or wilder scenes? Yes, there is memory in that mournful smile, and the dirge of youth in that low-breathed sigh. Would you have me draw her portrait? Well, I will shadow its outlines, and let fancy fill the sketch.

The form is slight and flexible, like to the trailing jessamine about the porch; and sweet as that jessamine's perfume is the heart breathing in that face. The face is plain. Years are on the broad brow, and time's fingers have left their trace on the features, which beauty disdained to mould to a classic grace. Yet those eyes have a deep, loving light undimmed by the hand of time. Look through those "windows of the soul" down into the pure heart, and you read courage, patience and content. That spirit, like a stream, moves on with steady current toward the shore, where time's boundaries disappear in eternity, bearing upon its bosom the record of a quiet conscience, and its depths illuminated by the sure hope of a better rest beyond the grave. Soft, smooth bands of light brown hair, a simple muslin dress, a little foot peeping out beneath the flowing skirt, and a thin, white hand supporting the faded cheek: she is before you. After all it is but an old maid.

Yes, reader—a neat, plain, old maid. How like you the picture? Bright, joyous girl, queen of hearts and leader of the fashion, don't turn away in disgust from my heroine; for down the vista of the past the old maid sees a thronging crowd of worshippers, and her own fair self moving to the violin's notes as brilliant as thou. Happy thou, if the future bring to thy restless soul as holy calm as her's! Happy if thy guardian angel win thee with like thoughts of duty from this waste of life, to rest on the sure anchor of peace with God! But these pictures from the past have deepened the shadow on her face, and one single tear falls, to tell that these things have been; but that sad sigh was wrung from her by the memory of her one love-dream. Then come brighter pictures to chase away the shadows and recall the gentle smile.

The cottage door opens softly again, and into its atmosphere of purity comes another traveller half way down the path of life. "Oh, weary heart! thou'rt half way home!"

It is a noble form that darkens the doorway,

and as he pauses to note the cheerful, yet humble look of the room, we may draw his portrait too. His form is large, proudly erect, one which had moved with a firm tread in senatorial halls, and his voice had spoken oft to eager ears the sentiments of patriotism and honor which fired his own breast. This man from the noisy, turbulent world without, the dweller in cities, what doeth he here?

"Can the long fever of the heart be cooled  
By a sweet breath from Nature?"

His own lips will tell you of his purpose. In the features of the two are a faint resemblance, but on his brow are the deep wrinkles of care and thought; in his eye is the glance that reads men's souls while shutting up his own; and around his lips linger no loving smiles but a heart weariness that appeals painfully to your sympathy. Yes, he had a yearning desire for rest, but not a touch of shame mingled with the weary, weary look.

Reader, have you not recognized in this faded woman, and this care-worn man, the two dreamers? Taking in slowly the belongings of that pleasant chamber, and seeing the still dreaming woman before him, he steps forward, and in a voice, whose cadence tells all the long love of years, says, "Agnes!"

She springs forward with a cry of joy, and sinks into the outstretched arms so trustfully. Yes, the drooping lily is laid upon a sheltering bosom. The fragile creeper has found a sturdy oak around which to twine its tendrils. He leads her to the window seat, and they sit down, his arms still enfolding her, and her head nestling on his shoulder. Surely that had been its resting-place in that picture of the past.

"George," she says, "I always felt that you would come, and all this evening a presentiment has haunted me of some startling event approaching me. Old memories have been busy about my heart, and but now I thought of you."

"Yes, Agnes, the world-worn seeker after happiness has come to lay his burthen on your spirit, and prays you for a little of the old, kind love, the well-remembered words of counsel."

"Dear George, it is no burthen, but a happy privilege to soothe and restore you. But it is long since you wrote, and you have never written confidently. Tell me now, George, what has been your success in the search for happiness?"

"Ten years ago we parted, Agnes. Ten years that have stolen lightly over your head, scarce leaving one record of their passing. But they have traced the record of their events on my heart, cutting down like the graver's tool in

marble, wearing into my stubborn soul, destroying youth's alluring dreams, and crushing each fond hope, till nought is left but the fiercer passions of mature manhood, and the craving void of unsatisfied affection."

"George, this is saddening; but, had fortune crowned your wishes, you might have forgotten God, 'He doeth all things well.'"

"Perhaps it is so," he answered, gloomily.

"But you asked me for a sketch of my chase after that phantom, happiness. Listen, Agnes, and in your own peaceful heart, you will thank God, that you early forsook the world. I went forth ten years ago—ambition my mistress, and love my evening dream. My ambition was gratified. You told me then that I had talents, and that I was destined for great deeds: perhaps so. At least I was plunged into the stormy conflicts of political life, and rose rapidly over older and wiser men. My public career I kept you informed of, and you know how my pride has been gratified even to satiety. Yet even here I have met occasional ingratitude and false accusations. These I did not heed. Thanks to the lessons of my childhood, my sense of moral obligation was clear and acute, thanks to your gentle monitions that first image of purity was never dimmed by the breath of political allurements. But, wherever ambition led me, my soul pined for woman's love, and her companionship had a temptation for me greater than honor or fame. So I haunted every scene brightened by woman's presence, and found many a vase of rare workmanship, but none without a flaw. It would weary me to recount and you to hear the story of my disappointments. In courtly Europe, in our land of equality, in palace and in cottage, I have often found woman gloriously beautiful, yet my heart turned unsatisfied from all. What was it that my soul yearned for? Was it a being faultless from the hand of God? No, Agnes, 't was that I had mirrored all unconsciously thy image, and ever after refused to reflect another. But I knew not this. Disappointment sickened me. Saddened, cynical, misanthropic, I loathed my kind; and then stole upon me the picture you had painted of your 'bird's nest,' and forsaking my unsatisfying pursuits I am here."

A tear of sympathy trickled through Agnes' slender fingers, and he felt the fond heart pressing closer to his own. After a moment of sad musing, he asked, clasping the little hand,

"And thy search, Agnes—what of it?"

"The budding of my hopes and their blighting belongs to an earlier period, before we parted, and you know my youth's history"

"Yes, Agnes, I know the outer life, but what of the under current, what of thy soul in girlhood, that traced its fierce conflicts on your brow more legibly than time's passing is written there now?"

"Alas! George, these memories you would waken are very saddening. Yet it is well at times to recall the unsatisfactory nature of earthly pleasure in order to appreciate my happy home. Those pictures from the past have no fanciful colorings, such as are given to dreams of the future; but stripped of every enchantment, stand stern mementoes of my youth. They are sentinels to turn me from temptation, and preserve me in the way of truth. I began my life-experience much earlier than you. Both of us were fired by ambition, and pining for love; but my ambition was merely to be distinguished, to be flattered and admired. This was gratified, and I lived upon the incense of praise, blind to all nobler pursuits, the *belle esprit* of a fashionable set, the ruling star of our little world. Triflers of the same stamp professed to admire, and sometimes loved; but I turned with disgust from such love, yearning for one pure heart's tenderness. Between myself and associates there was at first no unity, for my intellectual vision had been opened to the perception of better and nobler aims in life; but I gradually descended to their level, eradicating every germ of better purposes, until we were one in hopes and ambition. When I had grown world-wise and sick of such triumphs, I met such a being as I had dreamed of years before. Then, in an instant, awoke each slumbering principle, and lofty aspiration, that years had crusted over with worldly rust; and as this fresh, pure heart unfolded to my eye, every pulse of my own awoke with the intense limitlessness of woman's first, last love. The sentiment had slumbered with me until reason was fully matured; this gave to my love tenfold force. But time had engraved upon my brow lines of worldly experience which repelled him, and while he loved me, with the full, unreserved affection of a brother, he could not dream of the real sentiments he inspired. Often he sat, with his arm encircling me, talking of the untried future, and appealing to my *mature* judgment; for he was my cousin. When I found that my dream of love was futile, I urged him on to ambition: I succeeded. His name went before the people, and they willingly gave their suffrages to the noble representative of an illustrious name. Ten years ago we parted: he to learn of the future his destiny, I with mine suffered and completed. I turned with loathing now from the memory of late habits and associa-

tions, and began courageously the work of reform; uprooting errors and correcting the habits of years. Since then all has been peace."

"Yes, but whence comes that peace? I can not understand that transformation, because it would argue a change of nature. When we were daily together I remarked in you a constant restlessness and desire of change. You were never content, always seeking some new object of interest; truly,

"As variable, as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made."

"You are right, George, and when we parted I yielded tumultuously to grief; but over the waste of years came the voice of a mother's prayer, and after the first wild burst of passion, I prayed also; prayed for rest—for death. At last the dove of peace came and folded its wings upon my bosom. I left the world resolutely, and forever. Shutting myself up here with books and nature, I prayed and studied until the lesson of submission was fully learned, and I listened calmly to the echoes of your greatness."

She paused, and then resumed,

"At last I longed for sympathy with my kind, and began to breathe to them, under a fictitious name, the lessons of my lonely hours. Then came to me their praises, and I joyed in my hiding-place that they could not penetrate my disguise: for, oh! I knew well what the sweet breath of flattery can do. My roof is a humble one, yet it freely shelters every suffering wayfarer, and God has given me a mite to spare the poor—and that 'peace that passeth understanding' is with me, night and day, better than palaces or glittering pageantries."

"And now, Agnes, will that peace-branch still bloom above your door, sheltering with the old love, the world's child in its shadow? Can your heart glide as serenely in its accustomed channel, and yet cherish your first fond dream? Will you be mine, Agnes?"

"Dear George, more proudly now than in the spring time of life."

"We have both of us suffered, Agnes, and can cheerfully renounce the world, to dwell in the sweet solitude of 'Bird's Nest.'"

"Nay, George, such is not your duty. As a suffering, lonely woman, I might fly hither to hide my grief, and also to avoid temptations which I was too weak to resist: but you owe it to your fellow beings to mingle with them and endeavor to benefit all within your influence. A Christian dare not bury himself in seclusion, to avoid such things as wound his sensitive spirit; for we are commanded to let our light so shine

that it may be seen by all that are in the house."

Here we leave them, for our purpose was but to narrate one of the every day incidents of life,

and to show that "whom He loveth He chasteneth."

Would that all who suffer from affliction could perceive "the silver lining to the cloud."

## UNDINE.

BY EDWARD D. HOWARD.

Nay, tell me not the fairy sprite,  
The gentle creature of delight;  
The fountain born, the waves sweet child;  
The wayward, laughing beauty wild;  
Lives not; exists not; ne'er arose  
To light when sparkling water flows;  
Oh, tell me not the fair Undine  
Lives not, the fountain's lovely queen!

I stood beside the glancing stream  
Upflashing in the white moonbeam;  
I saw its pearly spray descend  
As dew-drop laden willows bend;  
I heard its rushing music play  
As joys in throbbing hearts make way;  
It flashed the moon and me between.  
But yet, I saw not sweet Undine.

I launched my boat upon the lake  
When not a breeze disturbed the brake;  
I floated softly on the wave  
Where well might be the Naiad's cave;  
Down in the chrystal waters clear  
I gazed—I wooed her to appear;  
Looked with a beating heart, I ween,  
But saw not witching, bright Undine.

Where, like a life-tide, o'er the steep  
The glancing waters foaming leap—  
A tide of swift impetuous bliss  
Rushing down passion's precipice;  
I watched the cataract sublime  
One long bright day of Summer-time;  
E'en then, e'en there I had not seen  
The blue-eyed, golden haired Undine

One night I looked the lids between  
That shut within a poet's dream  
My spirit passed into that land,  
Where blossoms of the soul expand;  
There flashed, a wondrous fountain forth—  
The fount of Genius;—there had birth  
From those bright waters chrystaline  
The lovely being of Undine.

I saw her form of witching grace;  
The childish beauty of her face;  
The pure light of her sunny smile,  
Free, as an angel's heart, from guile;  
I heard the music of her voice,  
So sweet it made my heart rejoice;—  
Thus saw I her—the fountain queen,  
The laughing, beauteous sprite—Undine!

## LINES

TO A YOUNG LADY.

As onward pressed by gentle breeze;  
The ship glides proudly o'er the seas,  
And leaves no path or trace behind  
So heedless pass with rapid flight,  
And sink in dark oblivion's night,  
The fleeting visions of the mind.

But when the storms in fury sweep  
The bosom of the raging deep,  
And sink the ship beneath the main,

Still may some plank float on to show  
The wreck that's buried far below,  
The only vestige of the slain!

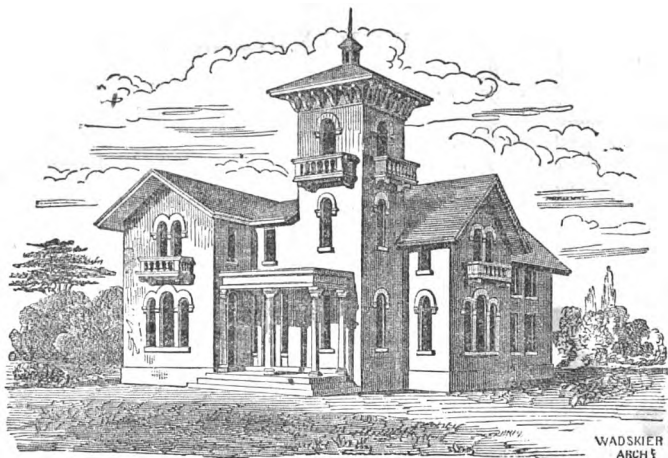
So thus, perchance, in after years,  
When joy, and grief, and hopes, and fears  
Have almost hid me from thy view,  
E'en then these lines may haply chance  
To claim from thee a passing glance,  
And I shall be remembered too.

ANDIAMO.



# COTTAGE AND VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE.

## NO. I.—AN ITALIAN VILLA.

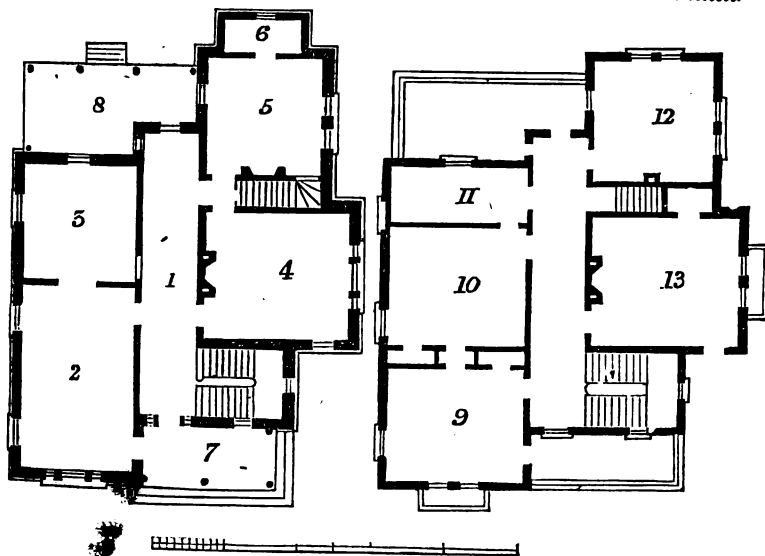


THE Italian style is especially agreeable in our summers of bright, hot sunshine. The leading features of this style are its flat roofs, projecting upon brackets or cantalivers, its arched windows, frequently with massive dressings; its arcades or verandas, supported on columns or piers; its chimney-tops of tasteful and fantastic forms; and particularly the campanile or Italian tower, with its bold projecting cornice and balconies, which brings the broken outline of the building into unity, and give an expression of power and picturesqueness to the whole composition.

The villa, represented in our engraving, is designed to be a comfortable residence for a family of moderate means and size. The interior arrangement is shown by the ground plans, with the names and sizes of the different apartments marked; but still, some explanation may be acceptable.

Ascending three risers, we find ourselves under the veranda in front, supported by columns. Crossing eight feet to the entrance door, and ascending one riser we are in the hall. The stairs on the right side are the principal stairs leading to the chamber floor, and thence continued to the upper floor in the campanile. On

the left side of the hall is a handsome drawing room, with an adjoining library, connected, either with sliding doors, or a five feet broad door; from the library is a door communicating with the hall, and, if desired, a door to the back veranda instead of the window. From the drawing-room is a door to the front veranda; and, if a handsome view from the drawing-room should render a bay window desirable, it can be attached for a moderate cost. Opposite the drawing-room, on the other side of the hall, we enter the dining room connected with the kitchen, but the direct communication is cut off, in order to get a private stair to the chamber floor, and stairs to the cellar, and to stop all smells and sounds from the kitchen. With the kitchen is connected a pantry, large enough to be divided, and a door to the veranda, with steps descending to the yard. The second floor is divided into five comfortable chambers, the hall running through, and giving an excellent communication to all the chambers: a door might lead out on the back veranda, ornamented with stained glass. There should be a cellar constructed under the whole part of the building, divided into the necessary and desired compart-



GROUND PLAN.

ments, including a furnace, with the requisite pipes and flues for heating the whole building throughout.

The villa is to be brick, either roughcast or masticated, and painted of a light freestone color. The window-sills and brackets under balconies to be freestone, the balconies, veranda, and cornice for tower to be wood, colored to harmonize with the walls.

All the window-sashes, and every variety of inside woodwork, except floor, to be of a dark color, grained to represent oak or walnut. The first story to be twelve feet in the clear, and the next story eleven feet. Inside shutters to all the windows, made either to slide into the wall, or to fold. The walls to be papered, and the paper of a pattern corresponding with the style of the building.

PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

The following are the measurements of the building:

1. Hall, 8 × 38.
2. Drawing-room, 18 × 25.
3. Library, 16 × 18.
4. Dining-room, 17 × 20.
5. Kitchen, 16 × 16.
6. Pantry, 5 × 11.
7. Porch, 9 × 19.
8. Veranda, 12 × 26.
9. 16 × 19,
10. 16 × 19,
11. 8 × 19,
12. 17 × 17,
13. 18 × 21,

Bed-rooms

Before undertaking to build, get a specification, and estimate of the cost, from some competent builder or architect.

## A THOUGHT FOR JANUARY.

BY CATHERINE ALLAN.

The Winter snow lies deep and chill  
On wood and meadow, field and hill.  
And Winter winds pipe all the day  
Piling huge drifts across the way.

See! yonder struggling through the wild,  
A mother with her baby-child.  
Go! bring her in; for Christ hath said,  
"Who feedeth such, to me gives bread"

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.—We make our *debut* for 1853 with the present number, by far the costliest we ever published, and also the most elegant. We intend too that the coming volume of our Magazine shall excel all preceding volumes as much as this number surpasses former January ones. As we promised, in our Prospectus, and begin to fulfil in this issue, the quantity of reading matter shall be greatly increased, without deteriorating from its merit, or originality, and also without that corresponding reduction in the number and quality of embellishments which has lately marked the career of our cotemporaries.

It may be as well to recapitulate, at the commencement of the year, what are the claims we put forth to public favor. In the first place we publish a Magazine of original literature. Formerly nearly all the American periodicals resembled us in this respect. But within the last two years they have taken to copying largely from the English Magazines, thus furnishing their readers with the identical tales republished by the newspapers, where they generally appear, moreover, before the monthly periodicals here can give them, so that much of this foreign stuff is actually stale even to American readers. In addition, these articles are generally of inferior merit, because necessarily copied from second-rate English Magazines. As these mediocre British periodicals fill their columns, in part, by stealing the good things they find in the original periodicals on this side of the Atlantic, it has often happened that our cotemporaries have republished stories which had first appeared here.

There is not a number of this Magazine that does not supply British periodicals with articles. In some instances, tales from these pages have been even translated into French or German, and published in French or German periodicals, from which subsequently they have been translated back into English, published in British Magazines, and finally copied into American newspapers. No subscriber need fear, however, to find such stale reading in this Magazine. By giving only what has been written originally for us, we avoid all such perils, and secure what is fresh at least. For its merit we appeal to the general declaration of the press, that this is "the most readable" of the magazines, and to the fact that nearly everything we publish is reprinted in these second-rate periodicals over the water, which, like the second-rate ones here, live on other people's brains, stealing all they can.

A word now about the character of our contents. Certain parties, within a year or two, have endeavored to cry down stories. "The people want solid reading,"

they say, "not ephemeral fiction." Oh! wises of wiseacres. Oh! second Daniels come to judgment. While mankind lives and remains mankind, fiction will always be the most popular vehicle, and, therefore, the most potent, for imparting truth. From the times of the patriarchs down, more good has been done by parables, fables, and other fictions, than by all the dry didactic treatises ever written. We acknowledge that sickly love-stories, or tales violating all probability, ought not to be sustained by the public; and it is because some of our cotemporaries have filled their pages with such trash, that they have failed of success. But we have made it our especial aim, in editing this Magazine, to have all our stories with a moral; to let them inculcate some useful truth, or describe some particular age; so that the reader may rise from their perusal instructed as well as amused:—and we believe that it is this kind of a solid magazine literature the people of these United States want, and not dry treatises or drier subjects copied out of Encyclopedias, or mawkish stories of love, full of impossible incidents, and "signifying nothing." In a word the reading matter we give is what is required in the family, and by ladies; and we give it original, and the best of its kind. This is alike our claim to support, and the reason of our success.

Less important, but still a feature of this Magazine, is the fashion department. Every woman wants to know how to dress. When the Bloomer revolution was started, its converts were as eager as other people to know "what the styles" were; and even yet, though Bloomerism is defunct, except as a provincialism, ladies write to Mrs. Bloomer, as she admits in her journal, "The Lily," to know what are the Bloomer fashions. We have, from the first, given later and prettier fashion plates than any other American Magazine, and we shall continue to excel in this department, cost what it will. The lady who subscribes to this periodical gets plates of the real fashions, with full accounts of every new style worn, or about to be worn. Dunces may cry down "fashion books" as much as they will, but we fear that, without the "fashion books," the ladies would soon get to dressing like frights, and that without saving any thing either.

A third feature of this Magazine is its illustrations. These we shall continue to give, in every style of art, mezzotint, line, litho-chromo, colored, &c. &c. We shall exercise our best abilities in selecting choice subjects for our engravers, and in having them executed superbly, for we have learned, by an experience of ten years, that generally subscribers prefer one first-rate plate to two inferior ones. In most instances our plates will illustrate original stories. We have several beautiful designs, lately

made expressly for us, in the hands of engravers, which we shall publish at an early day.

To conclude we do not publish, nor do we intend to publish, a stupid review, nor even a dry, statistical monthly: but a Magazine of literature, fashion and art, to be distinguished for its moral purity, and be "just the thing" for family reading.

"ZANA."—We begin, in this number, a new copy-right novel, by our co-editor, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. It is a sequel to the "Gipsy's Legacy," which we published in the volume for 1852: and as many new subscribers will not have read that story, it may be as well to give an outline of it, in order that they may the better understand the sequel. The tale of "The Gipsy's Legacy" opens in the Alhambra, where an English lord accidentally meets a young and beautiful gipsy girl, falls in love with her, and persuades her to abandon her people and follow him. Before their departure, however, they are married according to gipsy rites, in the presence of the girl's grandmother. For a while, after their arrival in England, all goes well. But eventually a lady of rank, with whom the nobleman had formerly been in love, but whom a train of circumstances had torn from him, returns to the neighborhood a widow, her term of mourning expired, ready and eager to atone for the past. To an interview between these two, the gipsy's child, a daughter, is accidentally a secret witness: and she reveals all to her mother. The poor, heart broken thing, instead of seeking revenge, leaves her once happy home, taking her child with her, and returning to Grenada offers her life up, according to the laws of her people, in atonement for having loved and followed a stranger. The story concludes by the grandmother going to England, and poisoning the new and legal wife in revenge; while the husband, made old before his time, departs for years of travel. The child survives, and is left growing up to womanhood, the inheritor of her mother's wrongs, which are her only legacy. It is at this point the sequel begins.

THE AMERICAN COURIER.—One of the best weeklies published in Philadelphia is McMakin's "American Model Courier." It is never without an original novel running through its columns, either by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz or some other famous writer; its selected articles are always culled with the greatest taste; and the news items, musical record, and other matters of general interest are admirably digested. It is also a witty paper, which, in the general crowd of dullness, is a vast recommendation. The terms of the "Courier" are two dollars a-year to single subscribers, with a liberal discount to clubs. For three dollars we will send a copy of this Magazine, and one of the "Courier," for one year; the full price of the two, it will be recollected, being four.

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.—This popular and excellent journal comes to us greatly improved in appearance, with new type, ornamented column heads,

and whiter paper. Its proprietor and editor is one of those energetic men, who never stop till they have reached the top of the ladder, and the subscribers to his journal, therefore, may look for better and better things continually. The price of "Scott's Weekly" is two dollars a-year, with very great reductions to clubs. For three dollars we will send a copy of this Magazine, and one of "Scott's Weekly," for one year.

ADVERTISEMENTS IN THIS NUMBER.—We call attention to the various advertisements on the cover, and at the end of this number; and would add that we are prepared to insert a moderate number of advertisements monthly at a moderate price. Booksellers particularly would find it to their advantage to advertise in this Magazine, as it reaches the very class of readers whose attention they generally wish to gain.

CLUBBING WITH NEWSPAPERS.—To oblige persons, who desire a newspaper as well as a magazine, we will send, for three dollars, a copy of this periodical, and a copy of any of the Philadelphia two dollar weeklies, for one year. This will save a dollar.

# REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Library Edition of the Waverly Novels. Vols. XIII, XIV, XV, XVI. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.—It is often the case, in serial works of this character, that the earliest volumes are the best; but the reverse of it has proved to be true in reference to this beautiful edition of Scott's novels. If we had a fault to find with the first volumes of the series it was that their embellishments were scarcely elegant enough. This, however, has long been remedied. The illustrations in the four volumes noticed this month, and in those noticed in our December number, are not to be excelled. Considering that, in this edition, every novel makes a volume by itself; that the type is large and clear; and that the price is so low, the publishers ought to sell fifty thousand copies. We advise its purchase in preference to any other American edition.

Regal Rome, an Introduction to Roman History. By Francis N. Newman. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—The author of this little work has given us, in a single volume, a more reliable account of Roman history from Romulus to Tarquin, than can be found in all Livy. Without entirely following Niebuhr, he has adopted most of his views. His book should be in the hands of every one who purposes to study Roman history. As a clue to a labyrinth so is this work to the early annals of Rome.

Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. Parts VII and VIII. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In these numbers, the last especially, Dickens is "himself again." The scene in which Lady Dedlock is proved to be Miss Summerfield's mother is particularly fine.

*Henry Esmond. By W. M. Thackeray. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—In many respects we consider Thackeray superior to Dickens. His experience of life is more profound, and though his imagination is inferior, and his characters consequently less ideally beautiful, they have a closer resemblance to real life than those of "Boz." The young will prefer Dickens, but the old, who have "seen the skeleton," who know how hollow a thing life is, will choose Thackeray; and though not yet very aged ourselves, we must confess to being better satisfied with the realities we find in "Pendennis," than with the visionary, though beautiful creations in most of the novels of "Boz." The present work is an autobiography. The hero is an English gentleman of birth, who, about a century ago, sat down in voluntary exile, (so the reader is to suppose) to write his memoirs in the then wilds of Virginia, after having, in earlier life, taken part in the Jacobite intrigues of the reigns of Queen Anne, and mingled familiarly with Bolingbroke, Harley, Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele and other wits and statesmen of that day. Thackeray has admirably caught the style of a polished writer of the time, so that his novel has an air of reality, apart from its truthful delineation of the age generally, and particularly of the characters he introduces. Indeed as a work of art it is worthy even of Fielding. We find in it less of that bitter satire, which marked the earlier productions of its author, and more of a spirit of genial humanity, charity, and forbearance. Either his increasing success as an author, or his last years "sickness" almost "unto death," has melted away much of Thackeray's cynicism, or else the public has never appreciated that great, loving heart which is manifestly his. We add, in conclusion, that the chief actors in the story are depicted as only Thackeray, among living writers, can delineate: Lady Esmond, the Colonel, Beatrice, and the three Lord Viscounts are all drawn with the greatest skill and the most extraordinary fidelity to nature. Since Fielding died no author has written, in the English tongue, so akin to that greatest of British novelists, and consequently so worthy to wear his mantle. "Harry Esmond" is published in a cheap form, at fifty cents a copy.

*Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi. By J. G. Shea. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.*—In this tasteful volume, which looks all over of "the olden time," we have the narratives of Marquette and others of the early Jesuit missionaries, descriptive of their explorations of the Mississippi and North West. It is the first time that the veritable journal of the excellent Marquette has been published in its integrity, for which act Mr. Shea deserves the gratitude of every American who has the truth of history at heart. The narrative is full of valuable information, and, with the accompanying map copied from the original by Marquette, conclusively settles the right of the good father to be considered the first explorer of the middle Mississippi. The world has not done justice to those early missionaries. In

reading of the death of Marquette, as described by the continuator of his narrative, it is impossible not to feel the heart drawn profoundly to the meek, self-sacrificing man, who, far away from home, from civilization, and even from medical aid, lies down on the wild Michigan shore, and fixing his thoughts on heaven, prepares to yield up his soul to God. It is a story of heroic faith and martyrdom calculated to draw tears even from the coldest eyes. We notice that Mr. Shea, in introducing the various narratives, gives a short biographical notice of the author, a feature which is of the greatest value to the general reader.

*Oracles for Youth. A Home Pastime. By Caroline Gilman. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—This is a selection of couplets, arranged in numbers, and under appropriate heads, such as "What is your character?" "What is your private study?" "What will be your destiny?" &c. &c. A person holds the book, and asks a question, and the individual interrogated mentions what number he, or she will choose. For example. The first says, "What is your character?" The other replies, "I choose number three." Under the head of "What is your character," number three is sought out, and found to be as follows:—

"Gentle tempered, sweet and kind,  
To no angry word inclined."

As there are fifteen questions, averaging about fifty answers, there are over seven hundred replies in all. In such a number there is an infinite variety of course, so that the game is a pleasant one for young persons on a winter evening, affording opportunity for excellent hits as well as for others not so *apropos*. The volume is prettily issued.

*Select British Eloquence. By Chauncey A. Goodrich, D. D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a large, thick octavo volume, embracing a selection of the best speeches, by British orators, during the last two hundred years. Each speech is given entire, so that it may be judged as a whole, the only true way to do justice to any intellectual effort; for mutilated fragments, such as are generally presented in works of this class, often lead to very unfair estimates. A sketch of each orator's life, with a criticism on his genius precedes each speech; and to these are added, wherever necessary, notes explanatory and otherwise. Dr. Goodrich has spent years in the preparation of the volume, for to maturely weigh the relative merits of each orator, and then decide on what specimen of his eloquence to select, was no slight task, even for one so competent as the compiler. The work must eventually supercede, for general use, all others of a similar character.

*A Life of Vicissitudes. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The most indifferent novel James ever wrote. Our weekly newspapers continually furnish better original stories than this.

*Hildreth's History of the United States. Second Series. Vol. II and III. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Among the books which we have noticed from Harpers' establishment this season, we find more than the usual number of excellent works that have run up to second, third and fourth editions with astonishing rapidity, while others were provided for at first by immense editions commensurate to the established popularity of the authors. Among the latter is Hildreth's History of the United States, a work so thorough in its details, so concise and yet elegant in its style, that it must continue for years to command a permanent market in the nation and among the people to whom it renders so great a service. The third volume of the second series carries our history into the sixteenth Congress, and to 1821. A book which brings our national history within the life-time almost of our children, giving it in faithful detail back to the forming of our Constitution, should and will be lasting as it is useful. It is such enterprises as these that have secured to the Harpers, not only reputation, but a permanent and enormous income from the reading masses.

*Garden Walks with the Poets. By Mrs. Kirkland. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—As a Christmas or New Year's Gift to a lady, we know no book more appropriate than this. It is a collection of poems, on subjects connected with the garden, culled, with the nicest appreciation, from the best British and American writers. In its printing, binding, illustrated title-page, and other matters where the publisher labored, it exhibits also the perfection of taste. We cordially commend it to the refined and intelligent of the ladies of America. Any woman of taste would prefer such a book as this, for a gift, to a dozen rapid annuals.

*The Cabin and Parlor. By J. Thornton Randolph. Fifth Edition. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—A fifth edition of this novel has been laid on our table. Our copy is superbly gilt, in a style suitable, as the publisher writes, for a Christmas or New Year's present. Few American works have ever had such success with the public, or received such encomiums from the press. In a lengthy advertisement, at the end of this number, the publisher quotes the opinions of nearly one hundred and fifty leading journals, in the United States and British provinces, all extolling the literary ability displayed in the volume.

*Kathay. A Cruise in the Chinese Seas. By Hastings Mowley. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam. Philada: Lindsay & Blakiston.*—An agreeable book, whose title implies its purport, but affords no idea of the interest and sprightliness of the narrative. The volume is beautifully got up. Indeed Mr. Putnam is one of the most eminent of those few American publishers, alas! how few, who have been striving, for the last five years, to improve the mechanical department of book-making in the United States. He has been aptly called, for his efforts in this line, the American Murray.

*Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. By Benson J. Lossing. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We have watched the serial publication of this great national work with unabated interest, and now that it is completed congratulate author and publishers on the entire success of the enterprise. No person should presume, after this, to speak of the American Revolution, until he has perused these volumes, for they contain so much that is new, that not to have read them is to be ignorant of a vast deal that ought to be known. The two volumes contain nearly eight hundred pages each, and more than a thousand engravings on wood, chiefly from sketches by the author. They are handsomely bound, in embossed cloth, with appropriate designs. Every library, small or great, should have this work.

## FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—A HOUSE DRESS OF OAK COLORED CASHMERE, skirt long and full, trimmed with graduated rows of black velvet. Corsage high and open in front, and finished with two rows of narrow black velvet. Over this is worn a black velvet *paletot*. Chemisette of French embroidered muslin, having a small square collar under which is worn a ribbon, tied in a careless bow in front. Cap of Honiton lace, trimmed with crimson ribbon.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS OF MAROON COLORED SILK, skirt plain and full. Mantilla of green velvet, round and deeper behind than in front, and trimmed with two rows of wide figured silk braid. Bonnet of canary colored silk, fluted.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF BLUE SILK, skirt trimmed with three flounces woven with a rich plaid border. Cloak of black velvet richly embroidered. The fronts of this cloak are separate from the back, unlike that in figure No. II., which is cut all in one. A very deep and heavy net fringe put on beneath a row of embroidery gives this cloak the appearance of having a cape. Bonnet of white drawn satin, with a heavy drooping feather on each side. Crimson velvet face trimmings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Velvet was never more fashionable than at the present season. It will be employed this winter for trimmings of every description. It may be set on in plain rows, or cut out in vandykes, or edged with narrow black lace, or with ruffles of narrow ribbon. On a single broad flounce (now a style of flouncing frequently adopted) seven or eight rows of narrow velvet may be run; or the velvet may be set on in a lozenge pattern, the edge of the flounce being cut in points, conformably with the lower row of lozenges.

MANY dresses are now made with a trimming at the waist, which has the effect of a very short basquine; it consists of a row of lace or fringe round the waist of the dress. When lace is employed for this purpose it should be guipure. This style of trimming has become very fashionable.

THE chief novelty in sleeves is that the trimming is now placed above the elbow. Another new kind of sleeve is beginning to be fashionable in evening dress: it is made somewhat fuller than usual, and the fulness is gathered on a band sufficiently wide to enable the hand to pass through. To the lower edge of this band the trimming is attached in fulness. This trimming is also gathered at the lower part and descends nearly to the hand, showing the under-sleeve, which is made and trimmed in the same style. This has a very elegant effect.

JACKETS of warm materials are beginning to be much worn within doors. They are frequently made of cloth, embroidered with soutache or braid, which renders them very elegant. Those of a lighter kind may be of silk or velvet. But, whatever the material employed, black is the favorite color whenever the jacket is not of the same material as the dress with which it is intended to be worn. Last season jackets were worn open and rounded at the ends in front: this year they are fastened closely up to the throat; the bands are left square in front and slightly diverging one from another.

Light cloth will be much employed for dresses during the winter, and it seems likely to supersede merino. For these cloth dresses dark blue appears to be the favorite color. A dress of this light kind of cloth, with a small cloak of the same, is a very suitable winter costume for a young lady. The corsage and front of the skirt may be ornamented with braid or velvet, and the cloak should be bordered with the same pattern, but the pattern should be designed on a larger scale.

POPLIN DRESSES still continue to be much worn, especially by children and young ladies. Those of plaided patterns are much in favor. Many dresses are made with two broad flounces; this is a favorite style at present, and dresses made of silk in this way have the flounces edged with velvet. A dress recently imported from Paris was made of grosgrain colored silk shaded with black. The skirt had two deep flounces edged with black velvet set on in lozenges. This trimming was remarkably *distingue* in its effect. The open corsage was headed by a bordering the same as that of the flounces, but of smaller proportions. The open fronts of the corsage are partially confined by bands of velvet fastened by small enamel buttons.

A very pretty fashion for white muslin dresses has appeared. Where the flounces are embroidered, each is supported underneath by a flounce of colored taffeta; the corsage and sleeves are, in this case, trimmed with ribbon to match, and a sash, with flowing ends, completes the dress. The ribbon bracelets are as much worn as ever: either they are made to match the prevailing color of the *toilette*, or in black or *ecossais* ribbon, which go with everything. They will, no doubt, continue in fashion throughout the winter, as they are a great protection to the wrists, which are so apt to be affected by the frost, where the skin is sensitive.

Hoods to cloaks are fast disappearing, and are giving place to collars.

SLIPPERS, we may mention are now made with heels, as in the days of our great-grandmothers. Those good ladies, it is true, did not move about quite so actively as the belles of the present generation. They were not great walkers, and they wore slippers of a peculiar make, which were called *mules*. These slippers, having very high heels and no hind quarters, rendered any kind of rapid movements impossible, and the fair wearers of them were necessarily obliged to walk at a very slow and dignified pace, and even then to observe the utmost caution in order to avoid sprained ankles. The liability of this accident is, however, infinitely diminished by the make of the slippers now introduced in imitation of those worn by ladies of fashion about the middle of the last century. The new slippers have high heels, but the height is moderate, and they have hind quarters like shoes. They are made in satin or velvet, either black or colored, and are usually ornamented with embroidery on the fronts. We have observed some made of black satin, trimmed with lace, and having red heels. Boots with small military heels have, as our readers are aware, long been fashionable, but in a boot the foot is well supported, high heels may then be worn without danger; how it may be with slippers is a question which can best be determined by those ladies who are inclined to try them.

In Paris efforts have recently been made to resuscitate the fashions of the Empire. These efforts are, however, likely to prove abortive. The short waist, and the corsage without a point, are innovations not suited to the taste of the present day, and dresses made in what is styled the *genre Empire*, have the waists shortened only in a very modified degree. Among the dresses made in this old style several have had short sleeves and low corsages. The sleeves were in double puffs, and round the waist there were ceintures of broad ribbon of plaided patterns in various shades of color. These broad ribbon sashes are sometimes disposed in a very elegant and fanciful way. The ribbon being pinned down in a point at the back of the waist, and from thence is brought up on each side and carried over the shoulders, after which it descends in a heart shape to the bottom of the waist in front. There the ribbon is narrowed by being gathered in a few narrow plaits, and the ends are left flowing to about midway down the skirt. Velvet ribbons, either dark or of black colors, may be pinned on the corsage in this style, and the effect is very pretty and novel.

ANOTHER resuscitation of the fashions of the Empire has been observable in the style of dressing the hair. Several ladies have recently appeared at the theatres in Paris with their hair dressed in a very peculiar style. The bandeaux on each side of the forehead were replaced by small short curls around the face, the back hair arranged loosely, with a ribbon band passed above the forehead.



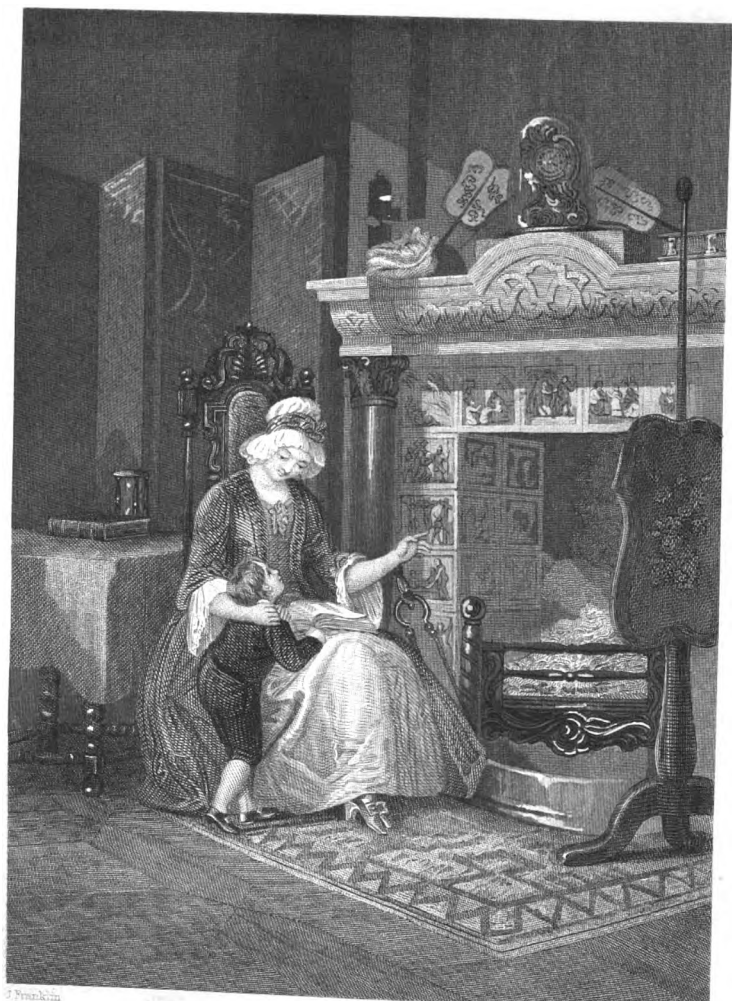
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J. Franklin

Thomas W. Scott

THE OLD FATHER'S STORY

1850

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

## THE MOTHER OF DODDRIDGE.

BY REV. JAMES STEVENS.

It is related of the mother of that eminent and pious man, the Rev. Dr. Doddridge, that she was accustomed to draw her boy to her knee, almost as soon as he could talk, and pointing to the porcelain tiles, with which fire-places were then adorned, instruct him in Bible history from the Scripture incidents there set forth.

The good old fashion of ornamenting our fire-places in this manner has long passed away. In a few ancient mansions may still be seen such china tiles, with their brilliant colors and suggestive delineations, pictorially telling how Joseph was sold by his brethren, how the cup was found in Benjamin's sack, and how Jacob coming up to Egypt was presented by his now princely son to Pharaoh. Or they represent David going forth against Goliath, Absalom hanging by the hair of his head, the ravens feeding the prophet, or the lightning kindling the altar erected to the true God, while the priests of Baal prayed in vain for fire from heaven for their own. Or, coming down to New Testament history, they exhibit the Saviour blessing little children, or confounding the doctors in the temple, or raising Lazarus from the dead.

It was before such a storied fire-place that the mother of Doddridge drew her boy, as evening approached, and imparted to his young mind the narrative of the Bible incidents depicted on the tiles. She told him of the babe born in a manger, of the murder of the innocents, of the flight into Egypt, and of the divine life of the Saviour up to the agony in the garden, the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the final ascension. She explained the parables of the prodigal son, the lost sheep, and the sower and the seed. Long after the twilight had set in, and all without the room was dark, she continued her discourse by the fire-light that illumined the tiles. Thus,

from his earliest childhood, Bible history was familiar to Doddridge. Even before he could read, the beauty of its divine truth was implanted in his mind, and he had learned to shed tears over the tragic scene at Calvary, and to love the ideal of perfect goodness revealed in the incarnate Christ. Is it singular that, with early instruction like this, he grew to be one of the purest minded and most useful men of his day?

The old emblazoned tiles are no longer seen on our chimney-pieces, but the twilight hour still remains, Bible history is still as alluring to children as ever. Mother, do you ever, at that softening household hour, take your little one to your knee, and rehearse, as the mother of Doddridge did, the events described in that "book of books," at once the most ancient, the most interesting, and the most authentic of histories? If there are no longer porcelain tiles, with their rude pictorial representations, there are thousands of beautiful books, illustrating the Bible; and these should be your assistants. There is no stronger security for the future uprightness of your child, than an early and reverential acquaintance with the sacred story. Teach him the salutary lessons its parables convey, hold up before him the divine example of him who "spake as never man spake," and though temptations should overcome him in after years, he will finally remember you and your instructions, and return like the lost lamb to the fold. An early acquaintance with Bible history and Bible purity is an anchor which holds fast through waves and winds to the end.

We are the advocates of no sect when we speak thus. We do not ask you to make your child a Presbyterian, a Baptist, an Episcopalian, or a Methodist. Teach him the Bible, and leave,

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the rest to time. If you accustom him to contemplate the wonders of Old Testament history, the self-sacrificing life of Christ, and the miraculous circumstances that attended the career of the apostles, you may safely leave to the future and to his maturer years, the consideration of doctrinal questions, and the speculative problems of the schools. What your child wants is not a narrow dogmatism, but a wide and liberal Bible spirit. Without this foundation of fixed principle, which he can obtain in no other way, he will be, when he grows up, like a leaf torn from the parent stem, which the wind "bloweth where it listeth."

You can find, in no book extant, events so interesting for him as in the Bible. Read the story of Daniel in the lion's den, of the three young Hebrews in the fiery furnace, of Moses in the bulrushes, or of the destruction of Pharaoh's

hosts, and you will find that no tale affects his young imagination half so powerfully. In our experience we have found the Bible is without a rival, in its hold on the heart and the fancy of childhood.

The mother who should leave her offspring to perish, as Hindoo mothers do, by exposure on a river's bank, would be considered, and would consider herself an unnatural monster. But, without Bible instruction, a child is virtually abandoned to vice, if not to crime, to moral degradation and a moral death. Oh! mothers of America, if you would have virtuous sons, men like the venerated Doddridge, teach them their Bible. The mother of Washington did it. The mother of every great and good man has done it. "Cast your bread upon the waters," says the Bible itself, "and after many days you shall find it."

## THE WORSHIPPERS.

BY H. W. PAYSON

No costly apparel enrobed her form,  
No jewels, no gewgaws were there,  
No ringlet escaped on the breeze to play,  
Display'd with negligent care:  
As she stepped through the aisle of the village church,  
To her seat in the house of prayer.

No roses were blooming upon her cheek,  
For paleness alone was there,  
No radiance lurk'd in her quiet eye,  
It was stolen by want and care,  
No delicate moulded hand was hers,  
Which had heavy toil to bear.

A light on her pallid face was playing,  
'Twas the rays of a holy thought,  
As they came from the beautiful spirit within,  
And whisper'd the peace it brought;  
And that rapturous music thrilling there,  
Which her ear alone had caught.

In the rich robes from Hindostan's looms,  
A figure was at her side  
To take of those Holy Emblems they knelt,  
Of Him who for all hath died.  
The humble, the toil-worn daughter of want,  
And the child of affluent pride.

The service was over, yet why turn'd the one  
Thus quickly and coldly aside?  
Why flash'd her bright eye while her lip curl'd in scorn,  
There the heart wrote its shameless pride,  
For the harden'd hand of the rustic maid  
Love proffer'd had been denied?

Christian! can you—can I bear the name,  
With a mind so narrow and base,  
Could we crush the sweet life of a loving smile,  
Which lives on a truthful face?  
Or darken the joy of a pure, noble soul  
By the pride of station or place?

## STEALING CUPID'S BOW.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

ONE day, in the leafy shade,  
Cupid hid to catch a maid;  
But the maid, more sly they say,  
Came and stole his bow away.

Cupid coaxed, and Cupid prayed:  
But he could not move the maid.  
So the women have since then,  
At their mercy all us men.

## LOVE AND FAME.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

NEVER did golden flecks of sunlight flutter through greener leaves, to cushion themselves on greener, softer moss, than that which covered the broad, flat overhanging rock by the brookside, whither I would conduct my reader. It was a spot of sweet, wild loveliness, where the eye revelled in beauty, and the murmurs of the rapid creek, the swaying of the forest trees, and the warbling of the wild birds reached the delighted ear in most harmonious strains.

Nor were eyes and ears wanting to enjoy the pleasures Nature seemed to delight in offering. The gnarled root and trunk of an old pine had twisted themselves into a rude kind of arm-chair, and seated in this rustic seat was a young lady of a rare and lofty beauty. Her hands were busy with some woman's work, but her air was that of an enthroned queen. At her feet, stretched on the moss, a youth half reclined, whose sad and delicate features inspired those who gazed on them with almost painful interest. All the marks of genius were stamped on that intellectual face, and his eye beamed with its light; but there, too, might be observed the tokens of constitutional delicacy which so often accompany rare mental endowments, and which seems to warn mankind to cherish tenderly, if they would not lose, their most gifted ones.

An open book lay on the moss beside the youth. He had apparently been reading aloud to his companion; but in weariness or disgust the volume had been thrown aside, and now his eager eyes were reading a page of deeper interest—they were fixed on the young girl's face, and various tell-tale expressions were sweeping over his own countenance. First ardent, impassioned love glowed there, then a look of sadness and humility, which again was banished by a glance of energy and triumph; but finally the flush on his cheek paled, and with an expression of weakness and depression his head sunk between his hands, and his whole attitude became one of the deepest dejection—almost despair. The young girl's eyes rested on him, sadly—lovingly.

"Ralf!" she said, gently, after a few moments.

The youth looked up, eagerly.

"Pray go on—read me something more."

"There is nothing here of interest," replied the youth, resuming the book, "nothing you would like—yet stay—here is a little tale, a trifle, I have never read you—will you have it?"

The young lady assented, and Ralf read as follows:

"In the days of the Crusades, an old knight dwelt all alone in his old ancestral castle. His wife had died in his youth, and thenceforth the knight had dwelt apart from men, a gloomy, disappointed man. An only child, his son, shared his solitude, but not his heart. He was seldom allowed to approach his stern father, and so the boy grew up without love—love the first necessity of childhood. The boy was silent, sad, and delicate; men said he was not without feeling, and even talent, but the soul forced to grow without sympathy, is like a flower grown without sunshine, but a pale, miserable failure. When the boy was twelve years old, sunlight suddenly broke upon him. An orphan girl, an heiress, and a distant relative, was committed to the old knight's guardianship by a dying friend. The office was an unwelcome one to him, but one circumstances compelled him to accept. Who cannot, and yet who can, understand the new world of emotions which opened to the boy. From the first hour of the beautiful little stranger's arrival he loved her—nay, worshipped. In his inmost heart he cherished and loved her more and more, and boy though he was, resolved when manhood came, to woo and win her for his bride. For her he vowed to make his name renowned. For her he would gird on his sword, and win glory in the Holy-Land—at her feet, should all his laurels be laid—and then having made her name as well as his own immortal, he would dare to claim the reward of her love. Dreams, dreams all! Manhood came to the boy, but, alas, the strength of manhood came not with it. Ill health unnerved both his arm and his mind; how could he, with scarce the physical strength of a girl, go forth to cope with warriors. In silent agony he saw his dreams not of fame alone, but of love also, fading away; for how should the poor, sickly, unknown youth ever dare to speak of love to the beautiful, queenly young heiress. Pride and honor both forbade the thought. He sought to school him-

self—to accustom himself little by little to the idea of resigning the object of his long cherished love—but this lesson his stubborn, foolish heart utterly refused to learn.”

Ralf suddenly paused, and an inexplicable emotion shook his whole frame. Lenora was almost as much agitated, yet she spoke first.

“Pray, how does the story end—happily, I hope? Go on, I beg.”

“Nay, the tale is not worth finishing,” said Ralf, “the end cannot be otherwise than gloomy, and would make you sad. Doubtless the presuming youth received the fate his audacity merited.”

“You are severe,” replied Lenora, “I know not how the proud dames of old might have looked on such a love, but had I such a lover I should say to him, there are other fields besides the battle-field—the pen is the sword of modern times—go forth and conquer. Then come to me, and I will show you what reward love has for him who has won fame.”

The young girl spoke with enthusiasm, her head was raised, and her cheeks were flushed, but as she concluded a blush rushed to her cheeks, and she bowed her head in sudden shame. The youth spoke not a word; his emotion seemed too deep for speech, and the quick flush which spread over his face was succeeded by a mortal paleness. After a long silence, more eloquent than words, Ralf took his companion's hand in his and kissed it reverently, “adieu, Lenora, you will hear of me next through the mouth of fame, or never.”

On the morrow Lenora sat again on the mossy rock—alone now—turning over the leaves of a book, seeking there for a tale which she knows she shall not find.

Two years have gone slowly by, and the world has not yet heard of our poor Ralf. During this time he has been busy, however, with his books and pen, and his pale cheek is now still paler than before. But the die will soon be cast—this very night all will be achieved, and he will have won fame, and with it love, or all will be lost. To-night his play is to be produced, the beloved child of his imagination is to be brought to the light of day. No longer an ideal creation it is now to take its place among the realities of the world. The stern, unbiased public is to pronounce judgment, and no undue tenderness, no weak indulgence will warp that judgment, though the author's heart should be broken by the decision.

In feverish excitement as the time approached, Ralf dressed himself with unusual care, and took his way to the theatre. From behind the half

drawn curtain of his box, he saw the company assembling—it was already a crowded house, and no party was without its interest in Ralf's eyes. He took singular pleasure in watching lovely ladies, gaily dressed, step lightly across the seats to take their places in front, while attending gallants gathered behind them, and all seemed eager, bustling expectant—all had come to see his play. But see—there—there—what queen enters yon box? Ralf's heart is beating violently, for it is she—his own, his Lenora. Once again he sees her, more beautiful, more queenly than ever. How comes she here? Does she know—yes, she knows all, he feels sure, and she has come to witness his—yes, it *must* be—his triumph.

The curtain rises, and the play begins, but Ralf sees nothing but the earnest face of Lenora, whose cheeks are crimsoned by excitement. Ralf's heart is busy ~~only~~ with her—his play is utterly forgotten. It was not till the close of the first act that his thoughts once reverted to it. A deadly stillness was over the house—an ominous silence—no warmth, no enthusiasm—Ralf almost feared the beatings of his agitated heart would be heard in the death-like quiet. Again the curtain rises, and now his eyes are directed eagerly to the stage. What is the matter? The actors seem palsied by the coldness of the audience, who in their turn are chilled by the automaton-like acting. The whole thing is spiritless, lifeless. Ralf knows all is over, long before the storm of hisses and groans announced that the play is “damned.”

Utterly overcome, Ralf turned his dim eyes to Lenora. She sat still and motionless, with compressed lips, and cheeks white as marble. The sight wholly unmanned Ralf's already exhausted nature, and in the effort to rise and leave the theatre, he fell back lifeless into the arms of some strangers in the same box with him. They bore him from the house, and conveyed him to his lodgings. A raging fever had already seized upon him, and for many days he raved in wild delirium—telling how he staked all on one die and lost—and how he has not now strength left to begin the struggle anew. But an angel is by his bedside, soothing and cheering him with sweet whispers of hope and love. To Lenora's tender care he owes it that his life is spared. His father too is often by his bedside—an old man now, and much changed. Lenora has let sunshine also into that old heart, and softened and subdued it by her tenderness.

Once more Ralf was able to ride out, and strange fancy, Lenora insisted that the first drive should be in the evening, and to the theatre. It

would rouse Ralf from his deep dejection, she said. But when there Ralf sat beside Lenora, pale, listless, and unobservant like one in a dream, till the loud applause of the audience drew his attention to the stage. Was it some trick of his imagination, or was it indeed his own play, that was being acted with so much grace and spirit. He listened breathless with delight, every point told—the wit was so sparkling and effective, that even Ralf himself was astonished at its brilliancy. The curtain fell amidst rounds of applause, and Ralf being recognized as the author, was eagerly called for. It was a trial for his modest nature, but he pushed aside the curtain, and bowed gravely and gracefully to the audience. The ride home was nearly silent, but when alone with Lenora, Ralf said, like one sore perplexed, “how is this, Lenora—I cannot understand it?”

“‘Tis a simple matter enough,” replied Lenora, smiling. “On the night when your play was pro-

duced, the principal actor was absent from indisposition, and his substitute ruined all by knowing nothing of his part. I saw how it was, your play was full of genius, it had all the elements of success, but everything was ruined by the manner in which it was produced. Your father and I persuaded the manager to give it another and fairer trial—the result was its entire success. It has now been acted every night for two weeks, and is in short—the rage. Now, dear Ralf, are you content? Are you famous enough yet to satisfy your far-reaching ambition?”

“It is indeed far-reaching when it looks up to your love, my own Lenora,” Ralf replied; “dare it—dare it so aspire?” He stretched out his arms—Lenora sank within them.

“Ah, Ralf,” she sighed, tearfully, “do you think success was needful to win my love? It has long been yours, and never more than when all hope of fame seemed lost to you.”

## THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

The midnight winds are breathing now  
A soft and gentle pray'r,  
That floats like angel whisperings  
Upon the silent air;  
And flowers are weeping dewy tears,  
And stars smile down in gloe;  
And now my thoughts will fondly turn  
To thee, dear one—to thee!

Earth's weary ones now rest in peace,  
And calmly, sweetly sleep;  
While o'er the orphan angels bend,  
And holy vigils keep:  
The world is purer, better now,  
And oh! I feel its pow'r  
Steal o'er my heart in the deep hush  
Of this calm, gentle hour.

Ah! whither do thy thoughts now roam?  
Dost gaze on that fair star,  
That twinkles in its azure home,  
And think of one afar  
Do straying zephyrs waft to thee  
A whisper'd word, or tone,  
That thrills thy heart with gentle dreams,  
And music, all its own?

But midnight o'er the sleeping world,  
Hath toll'd its iron bell,  
And thou, perchance, art resting too,  
Beneath its holy spell:  
Oh! may thy dreams be pure and sweet,  
With innocence and glee;  
While I bow down beneath the stars,  
And breathe a pray'r for thee!

## LINES

TO A YOUNG LADY.

May all accomplishments enrich thy mind,  
Affluent, but modest, strong, and yet refined;  
Nor vain with reason, nor with wit unkind;  
Imagination ardent and intense,  
And talent qualified by common sense.  
Whate'er thy station, dignify thy place,

Giving, not gaining honor, form to grace  
Each character upon the stage of life,  
Splendid or poor, as friend, companion, wife—  
Worthy the first of men; this may'st thou be,  
Then Heav'n send thee one, who's worthy thee.



## "YE PAY TITHE OF MINT."

BY J. THORNTON RANDOLPH, AUTHOR OF "THE CABIN AND PARLOR."

"PLEASE, sir, if its only a cent."

It was a plaintive, childish voice that uttered these words. The person addressed, a burly, yet luxuriously dressed man, checked the rapid pace with which he was hurrying along, and turning to look for the speaker, beheld a little girl, poorly clad, who stood under the street lamp, her thin, wan face and unnaturally large eyes telling one of those tales of orphaned and beggared childhood, the prey of starvation and fever, such as make modern cities Gomorrachs.

The night was shutting in, with a drizzling rain, that froze as it fell. The long street, usually so crowded at this hour, was now almost deserted. Most of the retail stores were already closed, as if to keep open were useless on such an evening, and the clerks, here and there, were putting up the slides of the others. Now and then the solitary tread of a belated mechanic or merchant hurrying homeward was heard, or a muffled figure flitted by in the comparative darkness and disappeared down the shadowy avenue: but with these exceptions nothing disturbed the silence of the desolate thoroughfare.

Something in the tone of the suppliant's voice, which struck him as strangely familiar, had checked the footsteps of the man we describe. The child immediately sprang forward, with one hand drawing a summer shawl around her thinly clad figure, while she eagerly extended the other, and looked imploringly up.

"Oh! sir," she said, "I've had nothing to eat since morning. If I go home without anything I'll be whipped; and not get supper either. Please, sir, please."

But the momentary curiosity, or pity, or other motive whatever it was, that had induced the man to stop, had now left him: he rudely pushed back the child, as if her rags made her an outcast to humanity, saying angrily,

"Get away with your lies, you whining little hypocrite. Go to the guardians of the poor; they'll take care of you: they're paid for it."

But, with a strange pertinacity, the child followed him. She had literally eaten nothing, as she said, that day, and was desperate with hunger, and with cold. Everywhere she had been repulsed when she asked alms. The doors of warm and splendid dwellings, where luxury

wasted daily more than the pittance she asked, had been slammed in her face; sour tradesmen had turned her out of their stores, with sharp words, angry that she should bring her squalidness to offend the eyes of their fine-lady customers; she had been called impostor, beggar's brat, and other vile and insulting names; and yet not a cent, not a crust of bread had been bestowed on her all through that long winter day. For many hours, lingering about the shop-windows, in a state of half stupefaction, she had ceased to ask. But when night began to fall, came the recollection of the punishment that awaited her, if she returned without money, to the miserable cellar which was her home. Not home in the sense which you and I, reader, understand the word. But such a home as friendless orphans have among the vicious and outcast, who feed such little ones, not for charity, but that they may live on the alms those pale faces and piteous tones extort in the public streets. So, rousing herself, the child renewed her task. But, for once, all in vain. The very tempest which, beating so pitilessly on her poor unprotected head, ought to have softened every heart in her favor, seemed to have a hardening effect, rendering them impatient to reach warmth and shelter, and irritating them at being stopped. So when this last appeal appeared about to fail, despair lent her unusual courage; she ran after the speaker; and clutching his coat, cried,

"Please, sir, I don't know where to find the people you tell of; but give me something, only this once; only this once."

Her teeth chattered, and her voice shook with cold; any man of ordinary feeling would have had pity; but Mr. Morrison held certain principles, on which he prided himself, respecting poverty. Nobody, he said, starves in a free country like this, unless by their own fault. He had begun life a poor boy himself, and knew all about it. "Besides, he didn't believe," he would continue, "in this modern cant about the poor having a right to be supported. Whoever couldn't work ought to want. The case of children was no exception, for even if they starved, it was only the sin of the father being visited on the descendants, since people too poor to support offspring committed a crime in marrying. At

the worst, beggars had no claims on him, for the state undertook to support the poor, and taxed him and other property-holders for the purpose; and if he gave alms in the street, he only paid twice over, besides encouraging vagrancy. No," he was accustomed to exclaim, buttoning up his pockets energetically, "he would never give a street mendicant a cent; it was a principle with him not to do it; if others would imitate his example, society would soon get rid of this pest, for these whining beggars would go to work in order to avoid starving." Ah! he paid "tithe of mint, anise and cummin, but omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, *mercy* and faith." He tore himself, rudely, from the child's grasp, saying, with cruel inflexibility,

"Let go, let go: don't stop me; I know all about your tricks." And as he hurried away, he muttered to himself, "the police oughtn't to let a man be annoyed in this manner: besides, what a life they're allowing that child to grow up to."

The girl retreated to her old position, letting her hands fall listlessly by her side, so that the wind blew apart her wet shawl and revealed how scantily she was dressed. A thin, torn frock, clinging close to her figure, showed that her underclothes were altogether too few; and her feet were stuck into shoes, that after being often patched, still gaped to the cold and wet. Oh! tender-hearted mothers, pray heaven that your little ones may die, rather than be left, in indigence and orphanage, to a lot like this.

For not always had this patient, suffering child been such as she was now. She remembered when, far back in her young existence, she had a comfortable home, and a mother who fondled her: when lullabies sang her to sleep, and soothing words reassured her if she woke frightened from a dream. Not that life had ever been as joyous to her as to other children. That loved mother was always sad, and often in tears, and so a shadow had fallen on the daughter in her very infancy. Her young mind could not entirely understand it even yet, but, as she never knew a father, like other children did, she often thought now vaguely that her mother must have been a widow. While that dear parent lived she had never known a want. They had not enjoyed splendor, but they had possessed comfort: and their mutual affection would have supplied even deficiencies. But, at last, the mother had died. The child was too young at the time to remember exactly how, was still too young to comprehend everything connected with it. But she had a vivid memory of their living in a poorer house, of sometimes going without meals, and finally of being held to kiss her mother, who

lay in bed and seemed strangely altered. Then she recollected a sad, sad day, a day she should never forget if she lived to be as old as the withered crone who sometimes whipped her; when she saw her mother stiff and cold in what they called a coffin; when she heard a lid screwed down over that sweet countenance; and when strange men carried the ugly thing away, with her mother fastened in it, and the crone shook her, and beat her at last, because she went into such a passion of cries and tears at the sight.

After this all was a blank comparatively. She remembered nothing since but cold, and hunger, and ill-usage. Nothing but being driven out to beg, and punished if she was unsuccessful. Nothing but sleeping in one corner of a damp cellar, where she was woke often by rats running over her, but where as often she could not sleep at all for cold. How long she had lived this life, or what tie united her with the outcasts who kept her, she was ignorant. Hunger and cold, cold and hunger, these stern realities engrossed her young mind; and she had no thought, no feeling but this. Yes! there was one subject else that often occupied her. Lying awake, in the long, lonely nights, she recalled that motherly face which, even in its saddest mood, always looked lovingly on her's, and remembered how from those dear lips had come strange words about a beautiful country, where good children went after death, and where somehow, in some vague way, she had a conviction that her parent now awaited her. It was a place, she recollected to have heard, where cold, and hunger were no more; where trees and grass and flowers grew by lovely rivers; and where all day long, forever and forever, happy children went singing, hand in hand, or sat at their mothers' knees, listening to stories of the Good Shepherd, who took little ones that he loved, up in his bosom, like lambs, as she had once seen in a picture. She had a shadowy idea also that it was here the angels lived, and that her mother now was one, though none the less her mother: and sometimes, in dreams, she saw that remembered face, radiant with light, smiling on her: and oh! how blest she was. But these things were rare, and seemed to grow rarer. She never now heard of heaven, or angels, or the Good Shepherd. She never saw any one kneel in prayer. But her ears, day and night, were filled with curses, and with words of which she knew not the meaning, except that it was something horrible. This life was fast benumbing her, she felt that: but she was too young to know why: and so the sadness and loneliness and despair at her heart increased; and life grew more and

more a blank, with only cold and hunger left, hunger and cold.

All this rose to her memory, in a dull, faint way, till she grew unconscious of time. She still stood where we left her, but the night had now closed entirely in, the stores were all shut, and she and the tempest were alone together. At last a rough voice aroused her.

"Hillo there," it cried. "Come, be moving."

She looked up, and recognized a watchman, who, in shaggy overcoat, and with badge on hat, was going to his post. The child had learned already to dread the law and its officers; for they had always harsh words, and only harsh words for her; and starting, she hurriedly moved away.

"I say," cried the watchman, raising his voice that she might hear, "don't let me catch you here again to-night, or it'll be worse for you."

He had a vague suspicion that she was a spy, in the employ of some burglars: like the respectability he represented and guarded, he could never see misfortune in the beggar, but only vice and crime.

His harsh voice quickened her pace to a run, and she fled onward through the tempest, almost breathless, turning a corner here, and another there, till finally glancing over her shoulder, and not seeing him, she ventured to slacken her speed. She found that she had left the business portion of the city, and was now in a street occupied entirely by dwellings. The windows of the houses were all closed tightly, however, and as not a person was abroad, everything looked inexpressibly lonely and desolate. The child thought of her cold cellar, for a moment, almost with relief. But the recollection of the terrible punishment she had received, on the last occasion she returned empty-handed, nerved her to continue out, in the faint hope that she might yet meet some charitable person. At the worst, she thought, it was better walking about, even in the storm, than returning to that angry crone, especially if, now and then, she could only come across an open window or two, and see the reflection of the fire shining ruddily inside.

One appeared in view even now. It was there, half a block ahead, where the light streamed quite across the street, in two broad, warm, cheerful strips from the parlor windows. She hurried her pace, and soon stood at the house. The sleet was rattling against the panes, and coating the brick front with ice; the wind roared madly as it twisted and bent the ornamental trees on the pavement; all without was cold, wet, forbidding. All did we say? No, for that pale, shivering orphan girl forgot her hunger,

forgot the tempest, when she saw that genial light, and heard the merry, childish laughter within. It was a house to which some young cousins had come, from another city, to spend a fortnight with the little boy that belonged there; and every evening for a week past they had been having such grand times, as they would every evening for a week to come. Oh! how that houseless one without envied those little ones. How she stood on tip-toe to try and peep within. How, failing in this, she would have ascended the steps if she dared, and endeavored to catch a glimpse in that way. Yet how, though disappointed in all, and wishing often that she could be inside a happy child at play with the rest, she was cheered even by the sound of the laughter, and warmed by the fire-light reflected on the ceiling.

Several times she went away, dreading lest some person should come out and detect her, for so deep had the sense of degradation sunk into her soul, that it almost seemed wrong to be watching rich and respectable people in this way, stealing their crumbs of fire-light and merriment, and drinking the overflow of their exuberant happiness. But she returned as often. The house had a spell for her she could not resist. It appeared to her as if she had, somehow, a right to share in its comfort and joy; as if she was being defrauded by this exclusion from it; or, at worst, as if there was gross injustice that she should be shivering hungrily outside, while within there was such a superfluity of all things. It made her happy also, for the moment, when she came in sight again of that bright, warm window, and heard the merry laughter of little boys and girls, mixed occasionally with the sweet tones of woman and the full, hearty voice of manhood. Once or twice the sound of the latter seemed familiar to her. Was it the voice that had so cruelly refused her two hours ago? Oh! no, it could not be that: it was only a strange coincidence; from no such cold and callous heart could come laughter like this.

The last time she was driven away, her fears of detection nearly proved true, for a colored servant coming to close the shutters, caught a glimpse of her running off. After a while, however, she returned again, and though all was now dark and desolate, she could as little leave as before: nay! the dread of being discovered being now removed, she felt a certain pleasure in her security, that almost compensated for the absence of the lighted windows and the gay merriment. She sat down on the steps, at first with a little nervousness; but this gradually wore off;

and ascending step by step, at successive intervals, at last she nestled close to the very door. It was strange, but a sensation of warmth seemed still to go out from the house, and fold the child in its arms, till, as she pressed against the door, she began to feel as she used to, in the old, dear days, when folded to her mother's bosom.

The night advanced. In their little beds, lovingly encircling each other with their arms, slumbered the children within; and in the next chamber lay a fair, sweet lady, and by her side her sleeping lord. Ah! had she known all his history, would she lie there so peacefully? Strange that no dark dreams disturbed his rest. Had he forgotten the tale of pretended love, the insidious arguments, and the other treacherous means, which he had employed to win the trust of one who, if living, had a prior right, in the eye of God, to that place at his side? Did the grave never open, that his victim might come, and standing at the foot of his bed, gaze on him, with sad, reproachful eyes, till his hair bristled with horror and his blood froze? Was no sepulchral voice heard, at dread midnight, asking where was his first-born? Did never a sheeted figure, damp and icy from the tomb, place itself silently between him and his wife? Could it be that, with such a sin upon his soul, he could look men honestly in the face, or fold his innocent boy to his bosom? Was there never remorse in the heart of that proud and successful man? Oh! while society forgives the traitor, and condemns the betrayed unheard, men will sleep unbroken slumbers, though the cold grave holds their victims, and though their abandoned offspring lie starving at their doors. So the rich merchant slept on, nor thought of the child he had denied, and left to perish in the streets; and so that child slept at his threshold, in cold and wet, as its dead, wronged mother slept in the dark churchyard.

Once that houseless little one stirred and half awoke. It was when a watchman went slowly by, on the other side, drowsily crying the hour. But his faint steps had scarcely died down the long street, when she slumbered again. The rain still continued, freezing as it fell; but cold, nor hunger, nor wet affected her now. She dreamed, and in that dream saw things, to which all she had fancied of happiness was nothing. There was warm sunshine, and delicious fruits, and beautiful grass where children were playing, children who did not fly from her, or frown when she drew near, but smilingly asked her to join their sports. There also came her mother, more kind, more beautiful than ever. She sprang to meet her with a cry and was folded to her bosom.

Oh! blessed dream, must she awake from it? Awake to cold, and hunger, and friendlessness again? No, thanks be to God! for all is not a dream. It has become a reality at last. Another lamb has been added to the heavenly flock: and the orphan, rejected by her earthly father, sleeps in the arms of Jesus.

At day-break, the servant who came to open the door started back in affright; for nestled close to it, on the sill outside, lay a pale child in a winding-sheet of ice. Terrified, he summoned his master, who, at this unusual occurrence, hastened to rise.

"Its some poor chile," said the old colored coachman, as he tenderly bore in the corpse, "dat's got nobody to take care of it. Poor thing, see how thin she's dressed; and her arms looks as if she been a-most starved."

The merchant was gazing with eager eyes. He had recognized the beggar child of the preceding evening, and his compressed lips showed that he felt something like remorse.

But a sharper pang was reserved for him. Suddenly the grey-headed negro said,

"What's this?" And, as he spoke, he drew forth from the bosom of the child a locket, which had been suspended from the neck by a simple string.

Mr. Morrison, at this exclamation, leaned forward. But at sight of the locket he staggered back as if he saw a spectre.

The old coachman sprang to assist his master, saying, "Lor Almighty, sir, what's the matter? Are you sick? You're not used to this kind o' thing."

Mr. Morrison with a strong effort, rallied, and holding out his hand, said,

"Give me that locket. It may afford some trace to the child's parents."

For he had recognized a gift of his own in that trinket. With it, like a flash of lightning, came the consciousness of what it was that had so powerfully attracted him, the evening before, in the voice and look of the child. He knew that his first-born lay before him. And for once in his life he believed in the fearful words:—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

He took the locket with trembling hands, and hurrying from the room, shut himself up for hours. What passed within those locked doors no human eye saw. When he reappeared he was as calm as usual, but the old coachman, who alone had seen his emotion, fancied that there were traces on his countenance of a mighty struggle gone through, and his suspicions grew to certainties when an undertaker was sent for,

a handsome coffin ordered, and this cast-away child, shipwrecked at the door of the rich man, was interred in the family burial lot.

The world wondered, and praised the act. No one had thought that Mr. Morrison would ever, for mere compassion, do so humane a deed. Many regretted they had misjudged him. Others, when they next met him, pressed his hand more warmly than had been their custom. Alas! alas!

For already the incident has passed from his memory, or is remembered only as an unpleasant dream, he labors to forget. "Even if the world knew all," he says to himself, "I would not be

greatly blamed; such affairs are common things, only they do not always end so tragically;" and, in his secret soul, he thinks it very hard that he should have been the victim of so unfortunate a catastrophe.

There are some men, so naturally callous of heart, or so self-righteous in conventional morality, that "they will not believe, though one rose from the dead."

He is still the rich and respectable Mr. Morrison, scrupulously paying "tithe of mint."

But there is a God in heaven. There will be a Judgment Day!

## MONOCKONOCK ISLAND.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

BY FRANK LEE.

I HAVE wander'd far this sunlit day,  
My hands are full of flow'rs;  
It brings my joyous childhood back  
With its wealth of dancing hours.  
The low wind sigh'd through the island grass,  
There were dingles fair to see,  
And oh! it brought another scene  
So vividly to me.

The dark cliffs rose on either side,  
With a tyrant's gloomy frown,  
The river in the sunlight laugh'd  
While leaping gaily down.  
The meadows spread their joyous slopes,  
The trees along the bank  
Cast shadows mingl'd with the sun,  
That on th' bright waves rose and sank.

Over the sky the white clouds troop'd  
And on the waters glanc'd,  
Over the grass like wandering elves  
The leaves and sunlight danc'd.  
Over the dell the great oaks hung,  
Heavy with drooping vines,  
And in the forest was a moan—  
Th' moan of the troubled pines!

I spatter'd the cool drops on my brow,  
It made my pulses dance,  
Over my heart came rushing then  
The forms of sad romance.  
The tale a gifted hand hath wove\*  
About this island-shrine,

Whose mournful earnestness can chain  
This dreaming soul of mine.

It haunted me in childhood's hours,  
It made me a dreamer then;  
It hath strange power o'er me yet—  
Th' tale of that sunlit glen.  
I lov'd it for its very sadness,  
E'en then I understood  
The unspoken dreams which haunt'd her—  
That maiden of th' wood!

I was a child and far away—  
My steps have wander'd far!  
I stood to-day in that sunlit dell  
Where bright the waters are.  
A change is on my soul, and grief  
Its lava-tide hath pour'd  
O'er all the treasures which the heart  
Had sought in vain to hoard.

I have learn'd the tale which all must learn,  
That dreams are vain as sweet,  
And I have learn'd to scorn the world,  
Its guile and false deceit.  
Yet my spirit to one vision clings,  
Of a home in th' wildwood deep,  
Where the white-man's foot has never trod  
And th' shadows of ages sleep.

Where th' sunbeams fall on the grey wolf's lair,  
The mountain eagle cries,  
And th' torrent bounding madly on  
With echo hoarse replies.  
Where th' foot starts back as if it trod  
On another world's confine—  
That stillness, dim and vast, would suit  
A spirit dark as mine!

\* I refer to that beautiful tale, "Mary Derwent," which has given its authoress a more lasting fame in the heart of every citizen of the Keystone State, than whole volumes written by other hands.

## TOM HARRIS' SECOND WIFE.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

EVERY one wondered when it was known that Tom Harris was going to marry Mary Allen. The buxom, rosy-cheeked wives of the neighboring farmers declared that such a delicate spoiled thing as she had been was not fit to superintend such a farm as that—a poor, puny, slip of a girl, as white and as limp as a rag, who never did anything at home but sew and read, or perhaps dust up a little on busy days; he'd find out that he would want any quantity of "help," as well as a housekeeper and nurse if he married her, they knew; and the good dames looked wisely, and shook their heads and sighed over poor Tom Harris.

In the midst of these prognostications, Mary Allen became the young farmer's wife.

She ventured on her arduous duties with a quiet determination which rather astonished her hard working neighbors, but they sagely remarked that "a new broom swept clean," and that Tom Harris would discover yet that he had married a child to nurse, instead of a wife to help him. But Tom himself seemed very well satisfied with his bargain; his sweet young wife was the very light of his eyes. He never heard her complain of her being tired of household duties, but everything went on like clock work; no bustle, no hurry; his favorite pies were always on the dinner-table, his favorite cakes always ready for tea; and when the day's work was done, and Tom had drawn off his heavy boots, and run his feet into the comfortable slippers which his wife had worked, he gave her a kiss, took up his newspaper, and whilst she stitched steadily away, he read to her; but always the little story or sketch on the first page, then the marriages and deaths, the general news, till at last came accounts of agricultural fairs, the best ways of grafting trees or keeping turnips, the superiority of guano over lime as a manure, the prices of wheat, corn and potatoes, and so on down to the very advertisements.

Then came the large, mellow apples, the crisp, spiced gingerbread, and the mulled cider prepared by Mary's own hands, because they were her husband's favorite evening refreshments.

In the meantime, in the kitchen, the milk had been strained and put away, the tea things placed in the closet, the wood brought in for the next morning's fire, the pots and kettles filled, and

Sam and Kitty, two little "take" children, as they are called, set down to sew carpet-rags, whilst the older "farm help" gathered around the two tallow candles on the little stand before the fire; the girls to sew, and one or two of the men to take up a spelling-book or testament, or with a blotted sheet of paper before them, proceed laboriously in their self-education.

Directly would come a quiet voice from the sitting-room calling Kitty and Sam, who hustled away the carpet-rags, gave each other a pinch or push, and usually made out to tumble into the sitting-room together.

The apples, and gingerbread, and cider, had been cleared away, and in their place was the large family Bible. Mary opens it and read in a sweet, musical voice, the cadences of which have a wonderful magnetism for her husband, who receives new revelations through her; Kitty's black, restless eyes roam over the room, settling now and then on her mistress with a loving look, then wandering off again with a mischievous glance to Sam, who has become tired of kicking his heels against the round of his chair, and is nodding away, first on one side, then on the other, till, to Kitty's great delight, he has nearly lost his balance and fallen over.

The farmer's wives of the neighborhood had waited with some anxiety their first introduction into Tom Harris' house after the installation of its new mistress, but they were obliged to acknowledge that her bread was light and sweet, beyond criticism, her butter delicious, and the tea the most fragrant they had ever tasted. It soon happened that there was scarcely a Sunday when she appeared at meeting, that she was not informed that if her husband and herself would be at home, some two or three of the neighbors would come to spend the afternoon with them; for the good people who worked hard through the whole week, looked upon it as no sin to use the Sabbath as a day of rest and relaxation, and visit their neighbors to discuss the crops, the weather, the poultry, and the sermon of the morning.

The young matron moved about her house with a quiet ease, which astonished her more bustling friends. "She always looks so easy and calm-like," said old Mrs. Reeves, "that she

puts me in mind of a lily and rose-bud together. I really think the pink or blue ribbons she wears around her neck has something to do with it, the rest of her dress is so plain, and grey, that they seem to bring her face out, like. But she looks very poorly, poor thing. I'm afraid she ain't long for this world."

And Mrs. Reeves was too nearly right. From the time of little Nelly's birth, the young wife seemed to grow more shadowy. The great, healthy child appeared to thrive on its mother's very life. As it grew larger and stronger every day, the plaything of Kitty and the wonder of Sam, Mary Harris' step became slower, and her cheek thinner. The evening chapters were often interrupted by spells of coughing, and Tom Harris now saw that the house was fast and safe of evenings in the place of his wife.

Very gradual but sure was the change. The panting breath came harder night by night as she ascended the stairs; the eyes grew brighter, the feverish cheek thinner, and the white hands more transparent as the winter wore on. And then came the time, when she no more took her seat at the breakfast-table, when her husband swallowed his cup of coffee with a great gulp as if with a sob, when Kitty browned the toast and made the tea for her mistress with the air of a connoisseur, and carried it to her bedside; when she would hush the cries of little Nelly, go stealthily around the room on tip-toe, drop the curtains if Mary slept, with wonderful judgment and care in one so young.

March with its cutting winds came. On the uplands small patches of snow were still visible, the brown fields and leafless trees looked sad and desolate. On a quiet Sabbath afternoon, when huge crows wheeled and cawed busily over the bare fields, breaking the else profound stillness, there was another gathering at Tom Harris'.

Wagon after wagon drove into the white gate and deposited its inmates at the entry door; stalwart men scraped their feet, entered shyly, shook hands with each other, took their seats, and spoke in whispers; then wives went into a darkened chamber with its covered glasses, to look at a pale-white corpse there, whispered to each other over the coffin with tearful eyes, and left the room to make places for others.

Then the minister spoke to the nearest relatives in the next chamber, soothingly and hopefully, and taking up his hymn book, asked all who could to join him, and gave out the words, "I would not live away."

At first there was a pause; none in that room could find strength to join in; again the good man repeated the words—a trembling, sobbing

voice here and there now commenced, till the verse was caught up by those in the entry, in other rooms, and at length the strong bass of many voices, and sweet woman tones from parlor and kitchen swelled the hymn into something like a triumphal shout.

Then came the short, simple prayer, that this great cross to the bereaved ones, might bring the crown, that the grave in which the beloved wife, and daughter and sister, was to be laid, might to them be the portal, even though a dark and dreary one, to a mansion in the skies; that their love for the departed might be the gentle cords drawing them nearer her home in heaven.

After that was a terrible stillness; then the uncertain step of men, bearing a heavy weight, down a staircase; then a sob here and there; then the moving of chairs, the rustle of garments, and muffled footfalls; then the rasping of carriage wheels over the dirt and stones; and in the midst of this solemnity, the pining cry of a little child just able to articulate, "mamma, mamma, mamma."

Four years have passed since that still March Sabbath. Report says that Tom Harris is looking around for another wife, that his mother is getting too old to be worried with the care of so large a farm, and that she is going to live with a married daughter; that Nelly Harris wants some one to bring her under discipline; and this time the good gossips who so murmured at the prospect of the first wife, all agree that the Widow Brown, who, it is said, is to be the second Mrs. Harris, is exactly the woman for the place. She is a year or two older than Tom, but that is no disadvantage on a farm, whose prosperity depends almost as much on the thrift indoors as out of them; then her property joins Tom's own; and then again she has no children to take her affections from little Nelly; and, moreover, she is a notable housewife, who has wonderful butter and cheese, and a peculiar talent for curing pork.

When the weary longing for Mary's presence had in some degree died away, there came another longing for a nearer companionship than his mother's, a something wanting which his child or his farm could not supply, till somehow, he knew not how, he found himself engaged and married to the Widow Brown. And so Tom Harris' second wife took her seat at the table where the gentle Mary Harris had presided.

"I don't like her, she ain't a bit like tother Miss Harris," was Kitty's remark to Sam, a few days after the installation of the new bride.

And no wonder Kitty didn't like her, for she was set heartily to work, a thing which had scarcely happened during the whole time of old

Mrs. Harris' government, for Nelly had insisted on keeping Kitty for her own special self, and Nelly ruled the house more than her grandmother did.

Indeed the whole quiet, lazy household soon seemed to change. An hour or two before day, Mrs. Harris called the girls, to be up at their washing on Mondays, and midst the unpleasant smell of suds, the noise of pots moved on the trammels, the dropping of calabashes, and his wife's raised voice, Tom Harris sat to eat his breakfast. He thought with a sigh sometimes of this quiet meal when Mary was at the head of his table, and he would talk over with her the plans for the day, that the grass in "the mash" was to be cut, or the young corn ploughed; but now Sarah bustled about, jumped up from the table as soon as her own coffee was swallowed, pushing him the pot with the sugar and cream, saying he must help himself, for she saw the clothes were boiling. Tom never read Burns, but he certainly felt that

"There's na guid luck aboot the house upon a washing day."

And the night before baking day, and "baking morning" itself, was but little better.

Sam and Kitty actually dreaded Tuesday and Friday nights. The tea things were hurried away, the dough-trough lid turned upside down with a thump, the flour kettle jerked out with a rattle, and then the work began. Mrs. Harris with an ominous tread proceeded to the flour bin, followed by Kitty, bearing a tallow candle, which in her nervous awkwardness she was sure to hold crooked, and let the streaming tallow drop in the kettle; and Sam, whose work it was to carry a pan of new milk to mix the bread with, up from the cellar, always selected the fullest one, and as surely left a "milky way" on the brilliant red bricks, white cellar steps, and kitchen carpet; and just as surely received the impression of Mrs. Harris' floury hands on his shoulders, giving the final tilt to the milk pan, and sending the white fluid down in a perfect stream. Then Kitty invariably let the first saucepan full which was set over the fire, burn, for which she received a push from her mistress, who declared "she wasn't worth the salt she eat in her vittals."

Then the baking morning! Poor Tom Harris sometimes thought he would rather eat no more than hear such a din.

"It's jaw, jaw, jaw, all the time" said Sam to Kitty, but Tom who overheard the remark, did not think proper to correct the boy for telling the truth.

Besides that the poor children usually had the

worst of it to bear. If Sam took the scraper to draw the red hot coals from the mouth of the huge brick oven, he nearly always pulled them on his feet, or burnt a hole in his pantaloons; and Kitty, in her hurry to accomplish her work, never took a cloth thick enough to protect her fingers from the hot pie-plate, and generally made out to drop one at least, on the cellar steps, every baking day.

We suspect that Tom Harris had forgotten the text which used to be set in his copy-book, that "comparisons are odious," for often with a sigh did he think of the sweet face, and gentle voice of Mary, and wonder what possessed him ever to marry one so much her opposite.

With Sarah Harris there was no delicate pink ribbon, which gave so engaging and womanly appearance to Mary, no gracefully falling folds, with their soft, grey shadows, as in Mary's dress; but with her all was square and hard—her features, her shoulders, her waist, the very plaits in her frock, looked uncompromising. Tom now missed the glass of trailing arbutus and early violets in the spring-time, the first rose-buds of June, or the last white and yellow chrysanthemums, that the frost had left, which used always decorate the little table in the sitting-room.

In truth, too, the sitting-room was but little used now. It was a useless expense, Mrs. Harris thought, to have a fire there in winter, so Tom and herself occupied a table at one end of the kitchen, whilst the now surly servants went off to bed as soon as possible. Apples and cider still appeared at night, if Tom asked for them, sometimes accompanied by a plate of walnuts or shell-barks, which Sam and Kitty usually cracked in about the same proportion as they did their fingers; but if the cider was to be mulled, the poor fellow had to do it himself; and alas, the spiced gingerbread was "as rare as Christian charity."

Tom now read his newspaper to himself, usually dozing by the time he got as far as the advertisements, to be awakened sometimes by his wife's voice loud in reproof, or a box on the ears which she was administering to one of the unlucky children.

Sam and Kitty were not allowed to go to bed on the long winter evenings till eight o'clock, no matter how sleepy they might be, or to sit up five minutes after that hour, if they were as wide awake as noon-day. Kitty still worked on carpet-rags, but she sewed now with no spirit, whilst Sam strode a spade, placed across a tub on the floor, letting the grains of corn which he rasped from the cob, against the edge of the spade, fall into another tub before him.



If Mrs. Harris' back happened to be turned, and Kitty more than usually intent on her carpet-rage, the girl would sometimes feel a grain of corn pop against her face, and see Sam watching her out of one corner of his mischievous blue eyes, which made her forget her own work, and the two would amuse themselves shooting each other as they called it, and often end by dexterously grazing Mrs. Harris' hair. This feat so delighted them, that they could keep still no longer, and their suppressed laughter would be sure to call forth the remark that they were the greatest plagues in the world, with an order to Kitty to go on with her balls, and Sam to shell his corn.

As for poor little Nelly, she was no longer allowed to stretch herself out by the side of old Carlo, and go to sleep, nor to build her cob-houses and sheep-pens, on the great hearth, by the light of the fire, nor to pull straws from the broom to make handles and spouts for her acorn tea-pots.

She was usually dismissed with the tea-things, to her bed, under Kitty's care, who talked her to sleep with the promise of the first lamb for a pet, of hunting hens' eggs in the hay-mow, or of bright flowers and butterflies in the summer-time.

But, alas, her step-mother told her that pet lambs were troublesome, and to "make no more fuss about it," and that she would tie her feet up if she made mud ovens over them, to bake sand pies in acorn cups.

But she could not be deprived of the flowers, and the butterflies, and the sunshine; and the summer-time was a happy time for Nelly Harris, if her mother was only too busy to remember that she was old enough to begin to learn something.

The child sometimes stood peeping through the barn-yard gate, which she dared not enter, applauding Sam and Kitty, who, for her amuse-

ment, would butt at the sheep, put bushel baskets on the calves heads, bestride the cows, and altogether do everything they could to make the cattle as mischievous as possible.

And they succeeded admirably, too. Sam had rendered the sheep so vicious that there was one old fellow with huge twisted horns, that would butt at every one who came near him, but was always foiled by the boy, who had become agile in jumping, from his practice under Mrs. Harris' hands.

Sam generally managed to drive him out of the way if he saw his mistress approach the barn-yard, but one day, as she was walking slowly along with a pan of warm milk for a sick calf, the animal made a spring, bent his head, leveled Mrs. Harris, spilled the milk, broke the pan, and then with a jump over his prostrate victim, ran to another part of the yard.

Little Nelly who, as usual at milking time, was peeping through the bars, screamed with affright, the whole flock of sheep which had not yet been penned rushed in among the cows, who kicked over the pails of milk, while Kitty stuffed her apron in her mouth to keep from laughing, and Sam made a dash at the sheep as if to quiet them, at the same time dexterously driving them back toward Mrs. Harris, who had just risen.

Alas for the judgment from outward appearances. This hard, bustling woman, who would force a dose of medicine upon a sick child as she would the filling into a chicken, with no kind word, no stroking of the hand over the hot brow, no glance of sympathy in her cold, grey eyes; this woman, who attached no human being to her warmly, was pronounced by her neighbors to be a fine person, and an excellent wife, step-mother, and mistress, for she had such splendid cellars, and fat poultry, such a quantity of help at harvest time, that Tom Harris must certainly have got a prize in his second wife. Alas! poor Tom. He never gave his opinion though.

## NEVER DESPAIR.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

Why should we despair:

Why be for ever sighing?

Life is never drear

Whilst on hope relying.

To-day is dark and dreary,

Full of care and sorrow,

Sad it is and weary—

But there comes a morrow.

Winter old is with us,

Storms are on his wing

Little joy he gives us—

But there comes a Spring.

Be not thus despairing,

Ever full of sorrow;

Instead of evils fearing,

Hope for the morrow.

# A CHAT ABOUT DIAMONDS.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

The diamond, though the most valuable of the precious stones, is composed of the meanest materials. A bit of charcoal is but a diamond under a different form. When burned it becomes a volatile gas, nauseous to the smell, and dangerous to inhale. As an eloquent writer says, to whom we are indebted for much curious knowledge respecting the diamond:—"It excels in value more than a hundred thousand times its mass in gold. It is the most cherished property and the proudest ornament of kings. It is the most prized and the brightest jewel in the chaplet of beauty. And yet it is but a lump of coal, which it reduces to a cinder, and dissipates into that insalubrious gas which ascends from the most putrid marsh, and bubbles from the filthiest quagmire."

The most valuable diamonds are those which are so transparent as to be perfectly colorless. Yet even those of the purest water are less transparent than pure water, or pure glass. A window glazed with diamond, if such a thing could be possible, would make a darker room than one glazed with colorless glass. The beauty of the diamond really arises from a peculiar combination of optical qualities. "The superiority of the diamond," says the same writer we have already quoted, "depends not only on its high refractive power, which alone separates the colors of white light to a very great degree, but also on its low dispersive power which prevents them from being separated too much, and detained, as it were, within the stone, or rather, prevented from emerging from it after reflection."

The immense value placed on such large diamonds as are pure brilliants, is a consequence of the extreme rarity of perfect gems. So few diamonds but have flaws, or cavities, that jewelers admit it to be the foulest stone, beyond all comparison employed in their art. Some diamonds derive their black color from the number of cavities which they contain, and which will not permit any light to pass between them. A celebrated diamond merchant tells of a diamond, weighing one hundred and four carats, which was so foul that nobody would buy it for a long time; but at last a Hollander, venturing on the purchase, cut it in two, and found in the middle eight carats of filth like a rotten weed.

The diamond is found in Hindoostan, Borneo, the Ural Mountains, Brazil and Africa. It is usually discovered in a sort of pudding stone, called by geologists sandstone braccia, composed of rounded pebbles of various kinds, cemented by earthly matter. When met with in the beds of rivers, it has been washed down by the annual rains, from localities where the above description of rock prevails. It is believed in India that diamonds are always growing. The diamond hunters consequently do not hesitate to search earth, which has been examined a dozen times before; and assert that the chips and small pieces rejected by former explorers actually increase in size and become large gems in course of time. There is nothing in science to contradict this idea. On the reverse, crystallization is known to go on with wonderful rapidity in hot climates; and it was believed, by the late eminent Mr. Vosey, that amethyst, zeolite and feldspar recrystallize in alluvial soils. All geologists concede that diamonds are among the latest works of Nature. They have been found in Siberia in localities proving them to have crystallized subsequent to the era of the Mastodon. Chemists have often tried to make diamonds, but have never yet succeeded. The attempt, however, is not considered hopeless.

Diamonds are not only colorless, but green, yellow, blue and pink. The yellow are little prized, but the others have great value. A blue diamond, exhibited at the World's Fair, weighing forty-four carats, was valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Only three others of this color are known to exist. The King of Saxony has a large green diamond, said to be the most brilliant of its color known. In Vienna there is a rose colored diamond, distinguished for its size and lustre, belonging to the reigning house of Austria. The sky blue diamond, in the crown jewels of France, is valued at six hundred thousand dollars.

The art of cutting and polishing diamonds was known at an early period in China and India; but the process was rude, wasteful and exceedingly laborious. It was not until 1745 that Lewis Van Berguen, a native of Bruges, conceived the idea of cutting and polishing diamonds with their own powder. He constructed a polishing wheel,

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on which, by using diamond powder instead of the emory powder which the Oriental lapidaries employed, he was enabled to grind and polish his gems with the greatest facility. Few diamonds become ornamental until properly cut. In their original state they are generally shapeless, like water-worn pebbles, and have to be cut into facets, in order to develop their peculiar and unrivalled beauty. Often the gem is greatly reduced by being cut. The Koh-I-Noor has been, at different times, cut down from seven hundred and ninety-three carats to one hundred. Its last cutting was in England, during the past summer. The beauty of the gem is said to have been immeasurably heightened by this feat, the most remarkable lapidary triumph ever achieved.

This, indeed, is the most noted diamond in the world. Its history is so well known that we shall not speak of it further, except to say that no approximation to its value has ever been made. The next most famous diamond is the Pitt, or Regent diamond, which is the finest known, in beauty of form and purity of water, though not in size. It weighs one hundred and thirty-six carats, and is estimated to be worth two millions and a quarter. This gem was brought from India, in 1701, by Thomas Pitt, governor of Madras, and sold to the Regent Orleans, since which time it has remained among the crown jewels of France. The Bourbon monarchs wore this diamond in their hats, and Napoleon had it fixed in the pommel of his sword. The third great diamond of the world belongs to the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo; but little is known of it, beyond its enormous size and value. The kings of Persia own a diamond

weighing two hundred and thirty-two carats, called the Sea of Light. In the crown of Russia is one weighing one hundred and ninety-four carats. At Vienna one is shown weighing one hundred and forty carats. The Portuguese crown owns one weighing two hundred and fifteen carats. The great Brazil diamond, as it was long called, has turned out to be a white topaz: if it had been really a diamond, it would have been incalculably precious, for it is as large as an ostrich egg, and weighs one thousand six hundred and eighty carats.

Many of these diamonds are uncut, which must be taken into account, in comparing their weight with that of the Koh-I-Noor, Pitt, and others that have been cut. The Pitt diamond weighs an ounce and an eighth, and as few of our fair readers ever saw one, perhaps, that weighed even one sixteenth as much, they may form some idea of its size. But what must have been the value and beauty of the Koh-I-Noor before it received its first clumsy cutting, and when it weighed seven hundred and ninety-three carats, or more than six ounces and a half! Even when it first reached England, it was a magnificent affair, in point of size at least, being as large round as the butt-end of a hen's egg, and over an inch high.

The best way to test a diamond is to immerse it in alcohol, when, if a real gem, it will retain its lustre, but if an artificial one it will lose it. Another method is to touch it with the tongue, for the real diamond tastes colder than an imitation; but to render this test sure the false and true gems should have been placed close to each other, so as to acquire the same temperature.

## LINES.

FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE night is calm, the sky is clear  
The birds are silent, and the flowers,  
Fresh with the heavy Summer dew,  
Dream out the solitary hours.  
Then, still be every whisper, lest  
The sleep of any living thing  
Be broken, for in every breast  
Some little world is habiting.

The lark dreams of the coming light,  
And sings and soars in the pure air:  
The flowers interpret their delight,  
With their sweet odors everywhere.

Oh! endless worlds, both great and small!  
Oh! mighty depths of Heaven and space,  
Into my heart I take ye all,  
And give to all a resting-place!

Thine eyes are fill'd with tears, although  
A double sense of peace and rest  
Makes all my senses o'erflow  
With love for all things that exist—  
But now the stars wax pale; and soft  
The daylight comes. Yet dream and sleep!  
The sky is blue, and clear aloft—  
And my heart's peace is calm and deep.

# GRACE EVERGREEN.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

THERE is a sombre beauty in the autumnal landscape which finds its way to the heart that even the summer glows have failed to move. While each succeeding day repeats its greenness and its promise, we are disinclined to pause and enjoy; but feeling that "to-morrow will be as this day, and yet more abundant," we look to the future, instead of prizing the present. But when every breath of wind detaches and floats to our feet some fragment of the gorgeous picture around us—when leaf after leaf of the brilliant foliage is stripped from the trees, we see and feel—THE END.

The scene was in perfect and melancholy, yet cheerful keeping with the thoughts of a matronly personage who pursued alone, and as with no positive purpose a lonely ramble. Now she gazed on the beautiful landscape, as turns in the road, or openings in the trees presented new views, from the hill around which her road wandered; now she stooped to admire some tiny moss, or to pick up and examine some curious pebble—not less curious because common. Now the fantastic roots of some old tree caught her attention—and now the abrupt banks of a wild stream challenged such youthful impulses as time had spared in her heart. She longed to bound down, and skip a cross on the tempting stepping-stones—but a step or two reminded her of—rheumatism!—and she paused.

Oh, most unpoetical and unromantic! Rheumatism! A pica for the word—as ancient Pestol hath it. The wise, that is to say the refined, call it *neuralgia*. But disguise it as thou wilt—still twinge and torture and sleepless nights and daily premonitions, whether summed as a noun collective under one name or another, from a bitter draught—or lead to many such—unless indeed you scorn allopathy, and take medicaments in pellets of sugar of milk. Miss Evergreen was strongly inclined to become a patroness of Hahn-

man. Miss! the reader is ready to say—I thought you said your heroine was *matronly*. To be sure we did; but there are many women with whom good digestion wants an appetite, who remain in single blessedness, and still grow as unromantically unwise as if they were grandmothers. There is no charm in the monosyllable "Miss"

to ward off plathora and amplitude of weight, size and resistance. So Miss Evergreen felt, and sighed. But what was she wandering here for, upon this pleasant autumn afternoon—pleasant enough to be sure, but still remarkably bilious and rheumatic in the incipient mist which was gathering itself up slowly from the marches, to settle like a hood over the landscape at sundown?

Miss Evergreen was a pilgrim to the haunts of her youth. She had been absent from Bellview—oh, ever so long—and now she had returned to toy with the children of those whose childhood she had amused. If she deluded herself with the thought, while absent, that time had stood still with her, she found upon her return that it had galloped with her early acquaintances, and the conviction was forcing itself upon her mind that she was no longer young. Her age was reflected back from others, as from a mirror. She saw her own years in the grey hairs of those who were young ladies when she was a child, and, therefore, having passed her summer, she sympathized with autumn. "Heigh-ho!" she sighed, as she seated herself upon a recently decapitated stump—"heigh-ho!"

"Hum!" ejaculated a male voice at her elbow.

Miss Evergreen turned suddenly, and a pace or two from her stood a gentleman with his hat in hand making a very profound bow, which he repeated as Miss Evergreen rose—blushing certainly—though her fair and fat, round face laughed all over, pitted into as many dimples, as there are islands in the St. Lawrence—and they are said to be a thousand—more or less. "Put on your hat, Ned," said she, for the gentleman remained still uncovered—"put on your hat, old gentleman, or you'll certainly take cold!" "Still the same mad-cap as ever," replied the gentleman, complying. "But how do you do—Mrs.—or Miss?"

"Miss, if you please," said she, with a profound courtesy, which flattered the dead leaves for a radius of six feet outside of the ample circumference of her drapery. "Miss Evergreen forever!"

A breeze along the hill-side an avant courier of November eddied the leaves as she rose, and they danced off down the pathway.

"So fled the hopes of our youth," said he, with a smile.

"Upon my word you *are* tipped with grey," said Miss Evergreen, with an affectation of great concern. "You should not have ventured out without an over-coat!" And the two stood looking at each other till silence became awkward, and they relieved the monotony with a hearty laugh a little forced. *Caw! caw!* responded a flock of crows, disturbed by such unusual echoes, and the two old youths laughed again—louder than before.

"Miss Evergreen," said he, at length, "do you know what tree these vandals have cut down? Do you know what stump you have been reclining upon?"

"I suppose," said she, smiling, "*you sang 'Woodman spare' to them.*"

"I might," he answered, "had you been here to make a duet of it. In youth it sheltered us both. It was our old trysting tree, where you promised——"

"And you pledged," said she, interrupting him. "There are two of us foresworn! But, as the phrase goes, you have the advantage of me. You know I am *Miss*—but *Mr.* does not tell me whether I am talking to another woman's husband, or not."

"I am the father of six children."

"Goodness!"

"Of which you should have been the mother!"

"Gracious!" said Miss Evergreen, sitting down on the stump again—"six children! And pray who and how is your wife?"

"She is dead."

Farther trifling ceased between the couple who had so strangely renewed an old acquaintance. Miss Evergreen naturally wondered within herself, whether, had they twain kept their promise, and become one, she should have left to him thus early the sole direction of her little ones. And he said within himself that had he married her, he would not now be without a help meet. There are strange thoughts in every heart. The prudent conceal them—the foolish speak all—and the difference, we suspect, between those whom the world regards as wise, and those whom it pities as deficient, is more in the wisdom of concealment than in any inherent difference in the properties of mind, or the qualities of thought.

The two returned to the village together—very busy in conversation—constrained in fact, though laboring to be free; for both were anxious to seem perfectly at ease, and unconcerned. Every body who has made the effort to do this—as who has not—knows how difficult it is. There was no lack of words—none of questions—none of

answers; and there certainly was not at the close of the interview, that disposition to avoid each other which there would have been, save for their accidental encounter.

The gentleman did not suffer the acquaintance which had been recommenced to die out for want of attention. He was a very frequent visitor during the few weeks Miss Evergreen remained in Bellview—only, he said out of politeness! and a natural desire to make the most of the society of an old friend—whose value, as he ventured one day to tell her, he had never till now, half appreciated.

"Now, Ned, Ned," she answered, "tell me, does not that sort of talk border a very little on the ridiculous? You, the sworn husband of another, to talk of your appreciation of my value? *De-preciation* you mean, or you would never have behaved in the heartless manner you did! I declare I ought to be pouting at you now, instead of receiving you with any pretence of cordiality. It is time that we dropped this renewal of acquaintance, if you are beginning your old sentimentalities!"

But he did not drop the acquaintance—nor the "sentimental review" of which Miss Evergreen professed such horror. Men gain in experience as they grow older, and become almost as great adepts, at sixty, in affairs of the heart, as a woman is at sixteen, by intuition. And our hero had a very happy faculty of making himself agreeable, as Miss Evergreen had learned of old. So she went back to her friends with the feeling that the meeting with her old friend at Bellview had certainly added very much to the pleasure of the visit. Nothing was said of their ever meeting again. He did not even ask her permission to write to her. The fact was that both of them had outlived their nonsense. There are seasons in life for everything; and an old couple might with quite as much wisdom return to marbles and doll-babies, grace hoops and bats and balls, as to attempt to do over again the small talk of an interchange of billet doux. There were some temptations to wander on his part. He wrote her a *business* letter—setting forth that as winter was setting in, and he was setting up stoves, if she had seen any new and desirable improvements, he should be very much obliged if she would apprise him—she being a resident in town, &c., &c. And the man actually did send this epistle!

Miss Evergreen quietly laughed half an hour by the clock. And then she took a stove man's circular, and enclosed it, with her card, in an envelope, to Edward Pruyte, Esq. And when that gentleman received it, he laughed no less;

acknowledging her to be one of the most provoking of women! Here was as convenient an opportunity as could possibly have been offered her to reply—opening thereupon duple, treply, quadruple, quintuple, and so on, till all should end in two cards in one envelope, with the words “at home” neatly engraved on one of them.

There was nothing for it but to carry the war into Africa. So he gave out to his six children that he was going to town—to buy stoves. And one fine winter morning as Mrs. Evergreen sat in her nice little room in a quiet boarding-house in Walnut street, working as much juvenility as it would bear into a nice little cap, the servant brought up Mr. Edward Pruytle’s card—in an envelope with that same stove circular.

There was no one but him in the drawing-room. They met with smiles and blushes, for the “renewal of the acquaintance” was becoming more interesting, and, at the same time, more embarrassing. After the usual interchange of compliments, Mr. Pruytle said, “will Miss Evergreen do me the favor to help select my stoves?”

“Preposterous!” said the lady.

And so indeed it was. What could *she* know of stoves—she who had lived on in single blessedness and boarding-house independence all her days? Then Mr. Pruytle, forgetting business, chatted a few moments upon indifferent, thence changing to different subjects—until at length they settled upon one, in under tones, in which there was no indifference. The result proved, moreover, that there was no difference upon the topic whatever it was—for they gave in that quiet corner the most modest and graceful yet unmistakable evidence of united opinion. And he took his hat immediately after, and walked away from the house with a step much more cheerful and elastic than he had entered it.

On the morrow Mr. Pruytle called again. We should have mentioned, by the way, that the evening previous was spent by the two together; and we may add that Miss Evergreen was not at all surprised when the servant came up and advised her that “that gentleman from the country had called again.” And when he proposed to-day, “let us go out and select our stoves”—there was an easy assurance in his manner, which showed

that another and graver proposal had paved the way for this. Miss Evergreen demurred a little, but that other acceptance, made this easy, and they walked together.

While out much more shopping suggested itself, and Grace Evergreen was surprised with what cleverness she could buy for little girls. And even boys wants were not so very far above her comprehension, for she found it necessary to correct him many times in his wild purchases. She knew what would wear, and what would not, and only wondered that the man had not already beggared himself, if that was the way he bought.

The end of all was that Mr. Pruytle made a weeks’ stay where he had purposed a day only—and that he went home but to return almost immediately. He brought his oldest daughter down with him—a fine girl of fourteen, and placed her with her new mother, and he had, moreover, prepared his whole house for the change that he proposed. It cannot be said that it was unexpected to the good people of Bellview—for gossip had been very busy ever since that October afternoon. Christmas made a fixed fact of what had before been rumor, and Mrs. Pruytle spent her New Year’s in her own new home.

Well—what came of it? Not bliss *superlative*—but a life of quiet and unexcited happiness. In this there was no disappointment—but when young people marry in raptures, the dull realities of life bring them unwillingly to their senses. Our couple had reached years of discretion—and ceased to look for perfection in each other—or indeed in any human being. Even the six children Mrs. Pruytle found were much less difficult to manage than she had supposed, and they found that the bug-bear of a step-mother, which some considerate souls had been at no small pains to describe to them, must be a very different person from their new mother whom they loved so dearly.

Thus did Mr. and Mrs. Pruytle verify their early impression that they were designed for each other, and in these sober years repair the error of their youth—if it was an error. And thus, in our private opinion, they proved themselves sensible people, who understood how to consult their own happiness.

## AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

Two dandies at a party stood,  
And watched each beauty pass.  
Sudden cried Jack; “Egad! who’s that?”  
Said Nat; “Oh! that’s Miss Glass.”

“Miss Glass! I’faith, I’d often be  
Intoxicated, Nat,”  
Cried laughing Jack, “If to my lips  
I’d place a glass like that.” H. J. V.

## MAUD GARRISON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

### CHAPTER I.

THE pretty village of J—— had been going down hill year after year. It had been going down hill, in fact, ever since a Boston company bought the water-power and its environs at S——, on the Winnepisiogee river, two miles below. Since that day, stone factories, brick dwellings and stores, and beautifully shaped wood cottages had been taking their places there at S——, along the pleasant stream, on the hill and knoll sides and tops, wherever there were grand old trees to shade them, and to let in through their sweeping branches glimpses of the sparkling river. And nearly all the enterprise, nearly all the stirring capital of J—— had been turned in hither. George Lund, who was the life of J——, as was admitted on all hands, removed to S——, taking his fine house and his office with him. Dr. Mooney, who was so often arm-in-arm with Lund, as the twain went with strong steps through the streets, moved over to S——, but left his house and office behind to be rented. The Widow Ladd moved from S—— over into his house, because rent was so low at J——, and because young Henry Ainsworth was making the village school so well known both at home and in the neighboring towns, that she would soon fill her house with boarders from the academy. Her twelve-years-old boy sold confections and crackers and herrings in the office. He had few customers, none worth naming, save when parties strolled over from S——; strangers, to look on the beautiful landscape; and old denizens of J——, to see how grass was really growing in strips in the streets, since their busy tread was there no more. *They* were sad, some of them, as if they trod on graves. While others had self conceit, in seeing that, after all, in one thing they were missed at J——.

At length old Esquire Harvey went over to S——, taking his three or four branches of manufacture and trade, and his score of work-people with him; and from that time the pulse of the village beat thrice languidly—especially in school hours, when no young people were threading the streets and paths—until the Honorable Harrison Garrison came there. He bought the village hotel and the large store close by it. He fitted up the hotel anew, even every nook and corner.

He took away the creaking sign-board—and old Mrs. Thompson could not sleep nights after it; she had heard it so many years, whenever she lay awake in the night. It had been company for her many and many an hour; and she would be glad if the Honorable Harrison Garrison were back in Massachusetts, where he belonged. But there he was at J——. He kicked the old sign-board out of the way with his polished boot; and on granite posts consolidated a new one, inscribed on one side—"Garrison's Coffee House," on the other, embellished with portraits of his horse, Jackson, and of his dog, Pope. The horse Jackson was on his way over the Alps; the dog, Pope, lay comportedly with his nose on his pan at his feet. The dog, it seemed, had no faith in any Alps being near.

The store was a dingy place, where of late old Uncle Heath had sold codfish, brown sugar and the like, to stray customers. The Honorable Harrison Garrison flourished his heavy walking stick a little before the small windows and before the eyes of his "head carpenter." It was only a few hours, and large panes of plate glass were there, larger and dearer than could be found even at S——. It was only a few days, and the odor of old Uncle Heath's codfish, brown sugar and strong molasses was put down by the Honorable Harrison Garrison's wines, his spices, his bright green teas, his Baldwin and his Pippins. And then, in a few months, he had nearly all J—— "under his thumb," to use an expressive and well-beloved phrase of his own. All but Henry Ainsworth. He held his individuality as quietly, as completely, all his action was as free, as if no Harrison Garrison had been there at J——; as if he had not so often come upon him at his mother's gate, at the academy turnstile, in the post-office, and in the street, with talk of all he was able and willing to do for the old academy; in giving it a whiter coat, a heavier bell, additional apparatus, and in the use of his influence in bringing in pupils, patrons, and so on, and so on, from some of the large towns of Massachusetts. Harry thanked him; but came not down in the least to sit at our rich man's feet. On the contrary, his intelligent cordiality, his straightforward manliness made him master of the other, even as he was master of himself.

Garrison had two daughters; the elder, Maud, ugly as one can be who has a wide, thin mouth, with despondent corners; large, abstracted, melancholy eyes; a sallow skin; and, at the same time, a most benign expression beaming upon all the poor and unfortunate who came near, and who let it be felt that her sympathy would be worth the having to them. She was the squire's daughter by his first marriage. Her mother before her was an ugly woman; but with a holy mind, fit for heaven as mortal mind can be made by native innocence, and by God's grace, growing and ripening all the more maturely for the tears with which it was watered, for the suffering with which, day by day, it was harassed. For her husband, the Honorable Harrison Garrison, was a hard man, who never yet had loved any mortal; not even her, not even in the midst of his vows to love and to cherish. When he knelt to her, as in truth he did, and more like a crouching spaniel than like one who feels himself a man, when he said—"don't say no to me, Grace! That I can never bear!" he thought of her ten thousands in the Suffolk county bank, and longed for them like a miser. Well, Grace looked down on him and said—yes. For she was an orphan. And because she was an orphan and ugly, she had had few love her. She had very often had dreams—waking ones—of the man she would love to call husband; and not at all like the man of her dreams was Harrison Garrison. He, the man of her dreams, was gentler, with a graver, manlier bearing. But she would let him pass on to the shadowy land. She would no longer need the thought of him for her solitary hours. For she would say yes to Harrison Garrison, and be solitary no more. She said yes; but she did not feel that it lifted any burden. She had never felt so wretched, so far from all mortal aid and comfort, as in that moment. Her wooer, on the other hand, sprang to his feet at the electrical word that put the ten thousands irrevocably into his hands. He paced the floor with vigorous strides; with glistening eyes, talked—as if more to the walls than to Grace—of all he would do there; of the house he would build in the midst of the garden, and of the pillars and trellises with which he would encompass it about. Would not this be capital? Did not Grace think that this would be capital? The shrubbery there must be torn up, and perhaps the great maple: but she would not mind that, sure, if they could have a house that would make all the town look up? she would not mind it then? Grace, half weeping, murmured something about—"the dear old house of her parents—the trees and the roses that her father and mother planted, and that

were so much to her, now that she would see them never, never again——"

"Yes; but you wouldn't mind it, I suppose," said Garrison, stopping a little before her. "You could put up with just *that*, if it was necessary?"

"Yes," Grace said, with a choking voice, that her dog Bay would have understood better than the hard man looming before her. The dog would have laid his nose on her clasped hands, and regarded with thoughtful eyes her bent face; whereas the man liked *that*! He liked to hear her say yes in so meek a way to *that*! So he strode on, and talked on of what other things he would do to make their house the grandest in the village, in the whole town, in fact.

Poor Grace dreaded it all, as she sat there in the corner of the sofa, her thin figure drooping more and more. She dreaded the tall, stiff man who strode the floor before her. She dreaded all the rest of her life that was to come. The tears kept rising and choking her; and the smothered sense of wretchedness oppressed her more and more. It oppressed her more and more while she lived. She drooped more and more, until, a year from the marriage day, she gave birth to a sallow, bony little daughter. She lived long enough after this to throw back the white coverlet and show the babe to its father; to hear him say—"umph!" as he looked a moment sidewise on the homely, working little features; to turn her eyes up to his face and see how hard it was still, after all she had just suffered; to whisper with sobbing breaths—"call her Grace, Harrison, for my mother." And then, in an hour, she sank away and was gone. Nurse went at the babe's low wailing. Dead lips were close to its cheek; dead arms held it loosely to the heart that, happily, could beat no more.

In six months Garrison married the little fly-away Anna Dale. In a few months more she had a daughter, a plump, dark-eyed little beauty; with such graceful little ways, as was seen before it was a month old, that it must and should be called Grace, its mother said. There was no other name in the world fit for the pet, the darling! the beauty! mother's own dear! As for the so-called Miss Grace, throwing her long bony arms about there after the sunshine that strayed across her cradle, who, forever, in all she did, made such homely mouths, she should be called Maud. It was the ugliest name in the world; and this made it the more suitable; for it was to be applied in that instance to the ugliest baby in the world. The hateful little thing! Forever needing something done for it, although it pretended, as its mother did before it, to be the patientest saint in the world. So the thing never



oried, or hardly ever, and then with its face turned close to its pillow, as if that were a better friend to it than she herself was.

#### CHAPTER II.

In the years that followed, one can think how it was there. One can know that, through the rooms of the fine house in the midst of the garden, there went two maidens growing to womanhood; one tall, thin, high-shouldered, with drooping figure, with large, sad eyes, and as still voice and tread, as if the air she breathed belonged not to her, but to another; the other plump and merry, with rosy face, clambering, noisy gait, and a hard voice that was always heard in one part of the house or another, in fretfulness or in laughter. She ran over the slop, dreamy Maud; and then said as she flew onward—"out o' the way, Maud!" or "clear the track, Maud!" Maud moved aside like a slave. She felt then, and a hundred times every day, when other offences came, that the lead settled heavier and heavier on her brain; that the palsy of a life without hope pervaded deeper and deeper her whole existence. Her young mother-in-law said—"Maud! Maud! see!—I do wish you ever would see anything! Your clothes were brushing the leaves of Grace's hydrangia; and we've told you a thousand times how easy it is to kill the leaves. I do wish you wouldn't *always* be huddling yourself into that corner. I don't see, I'm sure I don't, why you don't stay more in your own room."

Maud moved carefully away, holding her skirts close, and with choking grief; for how many times Grace had brushed them! how many times fallen amongst them direct, breaking not only leaves but branches, while she was on her giddy way! how had her mother only laughed then and said—

"Child! what a gay chit you are! You've torn everything before you! But don't mind it. Don't frown a bit over it, Grace, child! Frowns spoil the very prettiest face. You remember who said this; and I imagine he'll be showing himself here, all of a sudden, this afternoon." She meant Henry Ainsworth.

It often happened that Maud was standing in a doorway or passage when her father would go through on his hurried march to the street, to the garden, to see to John, or Joe, or somebody, somewhere. He came with swift steps. Our Maud was slow and dreamy; that is true; but she always heard and recognized her father's step when it was afar off; and, if he had but known it, with a beating heart too, and a sick

longing that, that time as he passed, he would give her one glance, one little word of consideration. She needed that!—oh, how she needed that! for it would put warmth and life into her cold limbs, and make a new creature of her. She always heard his step, then, in time to move aside and give him ample room. But he had no patience to see her there before him. He called out at one end of the long hall, and she at the other—"Maud, I'm coming! I'm in a hurry!" She shrank away and looked after him with blinded eyes. Perhaps she saw him stop in that very moment of his great haste, if Grace crossed his path, to pinch her ear a little, or to catch her in his arms, and carry her forward a few steps on his way.

#### CHAPTER III.

HENRY AINSWORTH lived with his widowed mother in a little gem of a house—made so by all the vines and shrubs, and beautiful things that surrounded it and filled it—close at the foot of a steep and magnificently embowered hill. He was often at Mr. Garrison's. Perhaps Maud was in the room, perhaps she was not. It made little difference to any one, whether she were there or not; unless it did to Henry, as may be it did. For he watched the door whenever it opened if she was absent, and watched her—but with quick glances—if she was present. No one saw this, however. No one knows it to this day, but myself—and yourself, dear reader, now that I have told you.

Grace was always in the room; if not when he came, she was immediately called. Mrs. Garrison was generally in the room. She left it now and then, but looked back, and with broad smiles told them to "enjoy themselves." She left them "for a reason," as she told her husband and Grace, with a wink and a tip of her head. She liked it best, however, being there to see how bravely things went on; how Grace kept herself quiet and like a woman, for Henry, who had so much dignity blended with his great ease; when, for Hurlbut and others of the wild gents of the village, she had such obstreperous gaiety. She liked to see how the Maud she so hated sat at another table and read or sewed, never speaking but when they spoke to her directly; and then with such awkwardness and blushing and stammering as could not fail to let Henry see how superior Grace was in ease and all manner of social accomplishments.

"Maud," would Mrs. Garrison sometimes say, "anybody would think you had no tongue at all. But," turning to Henry with an air as if there were some things that she could tell him, if she

chose, "but she can talk sometimes, I can tell you that!" She looked Maud searchingly in the face, purposely to increase her confusion. Grace turned half round, with the same unamiable object. Henry always sat where he could see her without turning in the least. He just glanced at her. Whether he pitied or despised her embarrassment need not be known; but the latter Mrs. Garrison and Grace believed. Maud supposed the same. Still that was nothing new, nothing strange. All her family despised her. She despised herself at times. She despised herself and wept bitter tears on her pillow, that when Henry did notice her with a few words and a look that seemed so kind, she must color so painfully and lose all self-command.

One pleasant summer afternoon Henry called and found Maud in the parlor alone. Perhaps he chose that time deliberately; for Mrs. Garrison and Grace and a party of visitors had just rode by his mother's house on their way to a raspberry field over the hill. Maud was far enough from thinking that he chose that time, however. On the other hand, she was distressed for him and for herself, that he came then; when Grace was gone, the Grace he so liked, who so liked him, and always had so much to say to him, and such calm assurance; while she had so little to say to him or to any one, unless it were to those poor creatures who had nobody else to speak a kind word to them. She would blunder and say the very things she ought not to say, she had no doubt, with the whole weight of entertaining him on her hands. And, in truth, she was not far from doing this, in the first few minutes of their interview. "But," said Henry, putting his nose down to a vase she had just filled; not looking at all on her, but speaking with an easy, kind manner—"you made up this vase of flowers, Maud."

Maud started, but did not speak.

"I know at any time who fills the vases; whether it is you or Miss Grace."

Still Maud did not speak; but she listened with suspended breath to hear what he would say next. He said next, working to get a flower of the Indian creeper without disturbing the rest—"don't you know the difference there is between them, Maud?" He still was busy with the creeper, and putting the flowers he had disarranged in place. Maud could therefore say—

"I don't know—I don't know that there is always a difference."

"There is always; just as there is always a difference between you and her. I don't know how you do it. But the flowers that you bring together have eyes and understanding. They

have a pleasant liking for each other and for us; especially for their good friend Maud, who, as they perhaps know, lives a life that is true and quiet like their own. And, as I flatter myself, sometimes, especially for me, who would gladly be as true and wise; but who yet are sometimes very foolish, and then feel rebuked and instructed both by the quiet flowers and the quiet Maud. But please help me a little, Maud." He was still endeavoring to put the flowers in their proper places. "I am likely to tumble them all out upon the table."

Maud helped him. He was clumsier than he need to have been, a thousand times clumsier, so that Maud and he both laughed to see how nothing would go right that he undertook. And Maud felt such a glow of pleasure, as never, never before in all the years of her life, had gone through her frame, when he praised her and her flowers anew, and with kindling eyes too, and with such a good voice! Before the glow, the new feeling of happiness that came, the old chill and misery went. The weight was off her brain, the palsy out of her blood. Her tongue was, as it were, loosened. Her eyes could meet his, could linger in the meeting, and with a heavenly light in them, when they talked of life and of the philosophy of life. For Maud, who had passed already more solitary hours than fall into a long life-time of most persons, had filled them with the reading and thought that made her wise far beyond her years. Sorrowful experiences had been her good schoolmasters, teaching her the best lesson of looking within her own self for that which would, of a certainty, comfort and strengthen her, make lovely and attractive her outward life. For within ourselves, if we search with an earnest purpose, we find the Father of Light, so that it is dark with us no longer. And the Son waits to take us by the hand, as it were, and lead us, when we will no longer be led by that which is without; by Nature clamoring in our bodies cease; by society clamoring in its own. The Son leads us away from the flowery walks, where are also thorns abundant, along the straight, plain paths. We come together to the still waters; and are refreshed and comforted for the outward things that were so adverse to us, that left our souls so filled with wants and discomforts. The Father and the Son have loving praise for this.

It happened that, in many things, Maud was wiser than Henry. When he assumed that liberty goes backward, especially in Europe, that progress all the world over is toward evil rather than good, she said with an earnest manner—"no; pardon me! but you will see that it is not

so after you have thought more of it. I believe it without a shade of doubt, that every evil upon this earth, although it may abound for a time, has in its very nature of evil, the element of its eradication at work, in a way more or less subtle, within itself. In a little while, perhaps, perhaps in a long while, it is gone, root and branch; and in the place where it abounded, goodness, grace much more abound. Yet other evils are in other places. But they too go on to the end. In God's own appointed time and way, they too are gone, and good is in their stead. Isn't this a dear truth?"

"If it is indeed a truth!" replied Henry, with thoughtful eyes on her face. "I hope it is a truth! I hope to God it is!" His eyes were filled with tears, and a glow was upon every feature.

"A truth it must be in the very nature of good and evil! Of this we may feel assured, even when we cannot see the methods of the law by which it comes to pass. Don't you know, Mr. Ainsworth? wherever the diseased root is, there the worm feeds until it is gone. No worm, meanwhile comes near the healthy root growing in a genial soil." As Maud spoke, a new light of enthusiasm pervaded more and more her whole being, making her even lovely to look upon.

"That is true!" said Henry. "I believe that all you have said is true. And what a glorious idea it is! I see that it can make the world all over new to me! But, friend Maud, how came you by all these great thoughts?"

Maud smiled. "I suppose I have my own mother's organization," replied she. "It was easy for her, and it is for me to love God dearly and to trust in Him; to believe confidently that He will do everything right, and by sure laws. I read a great deal at C—— from the excellent libraries. A cousin, who was a student, and who was in our family, brought me choice works from the college library. I have besides had—I have, in short, had a great deal of time by myself, and a great deal to make me thoughtful beyond my years."

"Yes, I have seen that," said Henry, with looks and tones that went straight to Maud's heart. "I have felt ever since you came to J——, the greatest desire to say something, or do something to make your life more social for you. I have wanted to take you to my mother. She has wanted you to come. You will come, Maud, if I do not take you, if I do not ask you again?"

Maud's eyes filled; the voice had such kindness in it! the eyes such a dear expression of sympathy! But she had no time to answer before the party returned from the fields, with few berries, but much laughter, skipping and

loud talking. They stopped suddenly when they opened the door upon Maud and Henry. Mrs. Garrison recovered herself in a moment, and ran her hand out straight before her in her girlish way, and was vastly glad to see Mr. Ainsworth, vastly sorry that they had made him wait. Henry, meantime, was far enough from feeling that there had been any waiting whatever on his part. Or, so Maud hoped.

Grace, as for Grace, she lifted her head, dropped her eyelids and had pouting lips. For a short time she had. Her mother soon lulled her by petting her, by bringing first young Brown, then all the Browns, and, last of all, Henry himself, to see how the thorns had been abusing her hands and arms, in spite of gloves and all sorts of extemporaneous wrappings in her, her mother's, and young Brown's handkerchiefs. It ended with Henry's leaving soon; after Mrs. Garrison and the Browns—young Brown (who kept putting his eyes on Grace in all he said and did) and all the rest of the Browns—had made him promise to come on the morrow afternoon and ride with them over to S——, to call on the Lunds and the Mooneys, and to see how the new works were coming on; after Grace, with modest eyes and lisping tongue had said—"that is right, Henry, do come!" and after Maud had—said not a word, but had looked on and listened to it all with a quiet, beaming face.

Henry's last word was—after he had made his bow to the rest—"be ready, Maud, when we are. Don't be off in some sly place and keep us waiting."

Maud smiled and bowed; he kept his friendly eyes on her face until he was gone.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WELL, after this, it was pleasant for Maud to be living on the earth. Every sound of bird, of waterfall, of the winds among the trees, every sight of the beautiful earth, of the beautiful river filled her heart full of glad thankfulness, so that she sang from morning till night. Her affairs were going adverse enough, meanwhile, as the readers will see, when I have told them, that, the next morning, she must needs go and carry broth to the wife of her father's hired man, and stay all day to see to the baby. The hired man would carry her and leave her until night, her mother said. So he carried her and left her until the next day night; but Maud could bear it, she was really of so much service to the poor woman and her sweet babe; and besides she had such a warm thought in her heart every moment! When she came back, a pile of work, cut for the

making, lay on her table. The next morning her mother-in-law came up early, and with her hand on the pile, said that she—Maud that is—must make the articles, the three pairs of sheets, and the three pairs of pillar-cases, and the dozen towels, and half-dozen table cloths, “right away; as soon as she could; and Grace should help below. There must be a great deal done below. There had been nothing done lately but attending to visitors, and sitting and standing round doing nothing. Now there must be something done by them all. She—Maud—must do her part, Grace must do her’s. As for herself, she always had as much as her part to do. Mr. Garrison thought that she did a good deal more than her part; and often complained that she didn’t put more upon her—Maud—and upon Grace. She was going to begin then to do it.” Then she tossed her head and pressed the pile anew and was gone.

Maud sat and sewed after this with diligent fingers; happy in thinking over and over again every word and every look of Henry’s in their last interview, interested in seeing the pile diminish, and hoping for the day when she could happen again to be below when Henry called. She had seen him come and go several times; once she saw him go through the yard with Grace close at his side, and Grace’s face was upturned to his, his bent to her. Again Maud saw him come in, her father’s arm in his; and both had animated features, and took strong and buoyant steps. By slow degrees, as the days passed, each day grew longer than the one before it. Her head ached, her spine was out of tune, from the confinement and the constant sewing. The sky took a leaden hue; it became dark everywhere, especially in our poor Maud’s soul. She saw Mrs. Ainsworth come; and a few minutes after Henry, who remained to accompany her home. And when they left, Grace went with them through the yard, breaking flowers by the way for Mrs. Ainsworth. She broke a spray of roses and rose-buds at the gate, and gave it to Henry with a blushing face. Henry’s back was toward Maud; she could only see that he accepted the gift with a polite bow. Maud brooded over all these phenomena. They came at length to be, so many links, connecting Henry and the happy, happy Grace; but separating her more and more from him and from every comfort; fastening her even closer and closer within her now desolate chamber. She would break away from the chamber, away from the unhappy reflections, she thought, one afternoon, and sprang to her feet. She would go below to the sitting-room with the rest. She had only been down at meal times for many days.

It must be better there; she heard Grace’s laugh come up the stairway and the passages a moment before. She would go down. Perhaps they would speak one kind word to her, or give her one kind look, to lighten her heart a little. If they would do this, she would have courage for the rest. She would then go and walk and feel better for it. She would call and see Mrs. Ainsworth; she would have a heart for this, and it would make her life worth the living, if they would only show her a little kindness. She started and returned to her room more than once, faint and afraid to go; afraid of the cold, scornful glance; afraid that she would open the door upon Henry close at Grace’s side. But at length she ventured. Her mother-in-law sat and rocked and laughed at Grace. Grace, over-dressed, and with her bonnet on ready to go out, made low curtesies before the large mirror. The laughter, the rocking, the curtesies were all suspended the moment that Maud’s melancholy face was in the door. Mrs. Garrison knit her brow and asked if more work was wanted up stairs. If so, she could bring it; there was enough more cut out, waiting. She rose to go, beckoning Maud to follow.

No, Maud said. It was not work that she wanted. She already had enough for several days, unless her head ached less. She came down to rest; to walk; she came down thinking that she would go out.

“Where?” Mrs. Garrison asked, with her hand on the door-knob. She was a woman keen in all sorts of intrigues. Maud’s downcast eyes and heightened color, when she talked of going out, made her suspicious. “If,” she added, with the bitterest expression, “if you’re thinking of going to see Henry and his mother, I have the pleasure of telling you that Mrs. Ainsworth has gone out of town, and that Henry can save you the trouble of going to see him. He will be here in—in just two minutes, now”—looking sharply at the little clock on the mantel-piece. “He’s coming to carry Grace out. And if you want to see him very much”—with renewed tossings of the head—“you can, by waiting here.”

She still held the door as if for Maud to go. Grace stood just as she had broken off in the midst of a curtesy; settled back, and with fingertips nipping the skirt of her beautiful silk dress. Her head was twisted half-round on her long, slender neck; and her eyes, in which was an exultant leer, were fixed on Maud, who, quite stupefied by the reception she had met, turned and left the room in silence. She sat down at her window without tears, without indeed any keen sensibility of suffering. She had just the

feeling that she was turning to lead; that her brain was already half through the process. She looked listlessly abroad, wondering, if, in all those dwellings she saw far and near, there was another so solitary, so without hope as herself. She saw Henry come with brisk steps through the yard; but, this time, with no quickening of the pulse. There was just this sluggish thought—"he is no more anything to me. I am no more anything to him. I am no more anything to anybody. I would my time to die were here. Would it were here this night; it is so hard to live on!"

Soon her father's carriage was brought round to the door; and without stirring a limb, she bent her eyes a little and saw them go—Henry and Grace. Grace had a demure gait, a demure face; a gait and a face she was accustomed to put on when Henry came; very little like those Maud had seen her wearing below, a few minutes before. Henry went straight-forward to the carriage, handed Grace in, and they were gone.

It was a long time, and then the tea-bell rang. That was nothing to Maud in this hour of her utter prostration. It was nothing to her; she could not feel that she would ever want to taste food again. There was no pleasure for her in anything; none in eating, none in drinking, none in anything that could come. She wished that she were dead, quite dead.

Ah, Maud, in that hour of thy sore need, where was thy thought of the Good One, who never yet had failed thee, when thou didst look to Him; who, notwithstanding all the adversities of thy condition, had yet made thee a happier child than all the earth could have made thee without thy consciousness of this abiding ever in thee and thou in Him? It was in this wise that Maud questioned herself at length, in the midst of penitance and tears. Dearer and dearer, every moment, as she thought of all He had been to her in the life that would else have been so wearisome, became the Father to her. His Word lay by her; she clasped it with love in her hands, and knelt and gave thanks to God for—Himself. From that moment strength was in her limbs, clearness in her brain. Light was in her chamber and upon the face of the sunset sky. She could believe that, in God's good time, other things would be added unto her—a happy home, where would be radiant faces turning to her; books, which all should read and talk about; music, in which many voices should unite with a beautiful harmony; and, above all, a kindness that should know no misapprehensions, no abatement. While she thought of this, and with fingers again busied over the pile of sewing, her mother-in-law called her at the foot of the stairs.

"Maud! a letter for you. Come down and get it. From your Aunt Anna, of course," she added, glancing at the superscription. "We heard she had come back to Worcester to live. Her Brother Frank is dead, I suppose you know."

"No," answered Maud, breaking the seal. "I have heard of Aunt Anna living at Cleaveland with her brother. This is the one?"

"Yes! this is the one. I don't know anything about her; or much, that is," Mrs. Garrison went on, as Maud opened the letter. "Frank died last year, I believe. I forget particulars; for I always hated them both. I never have seen either of them but once since I was married to your father; and I never want to. All I know is, that we heard that the old maid had got back to Worcester. We thought she might like to have you go and live with her; and so wrote about it; only four days ago. She's prompt, any way."

Maud was running eager eyes over the page now; and Mrs. Garrison watched her in silence. The letter was a brief one. She answered Mrs. Garrison's note in haste, Aunt Anna said; at the moment of its reception she answered it, while she was dressed to go out. She was going out, she said, to order some little measures which should make her coming birthday a day of pleasure for herself and her friends. Could not her niece oblige her by making haste to be with her on that day? It would then be the day also of her installation in her new home, so that its subsequent anniversaries would be doubly grateful; especially to her, who, since the death of her dear Brother Frank, had had no one of her beloved near her, save when her youngest brother, Ben, of New York, came. This was not often, he was so swallowed up by his business cares. Very pleasant her life with her Brother Frank had been, she said; for not one unkind word had ever passed between them. So that now she mourned for him with a gentle sorrow; a sorrow redeemed of all bitterness by the thought of the happiness they had shared together.

Maud's eyes filled with tears as she read. She already felt love for her Aunt Anna. She knew that with her she would find courtesy, kindness, she doubted not, love. But it grieved her in that moment of her resolve to go forth, that she had never been enabled to find them in her father's house. She had so longed that her life there should be beautified by the beautiful life of parents, and sister; by all the loving kindness they would show to her, and she to them; by the songs in which she and her sister would join their voices, and by the dear strolls they would have, arm-in-arm, along the pleasant places; by a fellow-feeling, clear and broad as heaven, with

their neighbors, and they with her. Oh, God, that she might taste all this and know it experimentally just one day, and then she could go with a lighter heart! She could know then and be supremely blest in knowing, that they all, Henry and all, felt kindly toward the poor, unattractive Maud, who had taken herself out of their way.

"What does she say? Does she want you to go?" asked Mrs. Garrison, at length, breaking in upon Maud's reflections.

"Yes; she wants me to go," Maud replied, with a choking voice. She extended the letter to her mother.

"Of course you'll go?" said Mrs. Garrison, when she had read it. "Your father thinks it best. We all do. We have all seen that you—why, that you like Henry Ainsworth full as well as he does you; full as well. But we know that he will marry Grace. Of course he'll marry her. He has shown that he has been thinking of it, ever since we came here. He knows—your father told him so, in a talk they had a few days ago—that Grace will have a thousand dollars any time that she marries in a way to suit him. And that she'll have all we've got some day. I mean, of course, Miss Maud—for you look frightened, as if you had all the world to lose—I mean all but the little that is left for you of your mother's property. You must know that this isn't much. Your education and bringing up have taken almost all of it. Your father told Henry so—it came in handy, when they were talking—; and Henry, your father said, looked as if it pleased him, hearing that Grace will have so much. This shows, if there was nothing else, that Henry knows what he means, coming here so often, and paying so much attention to Grace. I don't think you could bear it very well, seeing things go on; and so I think you better go to Anna. What do you think?"

"I think I had better go," wiping her tears, and folding her letter to go to her room. "If I could feel that you all love me, mother, I could stay and see anything go on, and be the happiest creature on earth! I could bear anything else, if I could just be loved dearly by my own family!" She spoke with an earnestness and dignity, before which her mother-in-law dropped her eyes. She turned away a little, said some indistinct things about "liking her well enough, as to that; but liking her own daughter best, of course."

#### CHAPTER V.

Mrs. GARRISON helped Maud, Grace helped her; Mr. Garrison bade his hired man carry her

over to the S— station any time that she was ready, so that on the second day morning after getting her aunt's letter, she was ready to go to her. She ran in to see a few poor families, to whom she had made herself dear by her sympathy, she rode over to kiss the hired man's baby once more, she looked after Henry as he passed up the street, until he was out of sight, said—"good-bye" to her father as he hurried along the hall, and to her mother and sister, as they stood within the door with folded arms, to see her go; then she drew her thick veil over her face, and that was the last of Maud at J—.

But one could not see that any new comfort came to them because she was gone, long and eagerly as they had wished for that day. Mr. Garrison tumbled the steak over in the dish, at dinner; rapped the hard crust of the bread with his knife-blade; looked over into the pudding dish, and then pushed it farther from him; tried the apple-butter, and then rejected it, as if for some reason it were hateful to him; left his coffee untasted and was gone; without having once spoken. Mrs. Garrison was cross to the help, and, some way, had bad luck all around. Grace too had petulance, and what she was accustomed to call "the fidgets." She went from room to room, from window to window; and at last sat down at a window looking up Henry Ainsworth's way and pouted regularly.

Wonder how it was with the wanderer, Maud, by that time. Why, at that time (it was just at sunset, and a splendid sky came into the western view from Aunt Anna's parlor) Maud sat in a rocker large enough for two Mauds, of black walnut and black velvet; not rocking, not thinking of rocking, but leaning a little over one of the arms to talk with Aunt Anna. Aunt Anna was a splendid woman of fifty, (lacking eight days) who somehow made Maud think of Miss Edgeworth, in everything she said and did; perhaps because she read that lady's work so much, and with such quiet enjoyment. She wore a jet black dress, very long, very wide and very rich; and snow white collar, cap and under-sleeves. She spoke and moved with a great deal of dignity; and, at the same time, with a great deal of sweetness and grace. She had loving tones, a loving glance for Maud. She talked with her of her mother, whom she had loved with a love stronger than death. She had a subdued voice and tearful eyes when she recounted the instances of her gentle worth. Of Maud's father and her mother-in-law, she had little to say. She had visited them but once since their marriage, she said; partly because her home had been so far, partly because her last visit, paid

soon after the marriage, was not a happy one. This was all she said; but her looks were sad, as if the thought of them troubled her. She began talking of the coming festival; of the measures she had been taking to make it delightful. She led her to the pantry to see the beautiful frosted loaves and little cakes of cunningly devised forms—Chloe's work all of them; and to the garden walks along which were magnificent plants, some of them just received from nurseries, and set into the earth in their vases; to a far-off, out-of-the-way part of the garden, beyond the graceful brook that had such tiny bridges spanning it here and there; beyond the summer-house, where by this time clusters of grapes were luxuriantly hanging; a little beyond this, right there amongst the willows and cedars, where the jet went up from the throat of a swan, and came back deluging the same swan and the goddess on whose shoulder he sat; she led Maud there, and Maud could not speak, could hardly breathe for all the beauty she saw. The winding brook was close by, with the richest mosses—all in a glow, they were—along the banks; and, close by, beneath where a willow drooped, was a broad, and in some parts high, irregular rock. Mosses covered a part of it like a soft cushion, and over the other side ivy ran of Aunt Anna's training. She had brought it with her from their garden at Cleaveland, because that, of all others, was her brother's favored plant. There was not a branch of it, whose direction he had not watched and guided. The housekeeper Chloe's husband was Aunt Anna's gardener. His name was Jaques. He was named for the Jaques of L'Ouverture's time. But he was the slowest, happiest man! Chloe was always laughing to see how slow he was. She ran over him. She could very well have managed both house and garden, whereas the garden alone was something of a puzzle to Jaques, so many paths, so many beds of so many shapes, so many leaves falling and hiding in the borders, the box figures outgrowing any child in the neighborhood! ha! how could any man, black or white, keep up with things! Then he took a few hurried steps; but so irregular they were, that Chloe sat down in the middle of the floor to laugh at them. He looked down on her, with his white teeth gleaming, called her a bad wife, and then went with slow steps and a slow song, a sweetly modulated song, withal, to his gardening.

#### CHAPTER VI.

AUNT ANNA made no comments upon Maud's poorly supplied wardrobe; but she brought beautiful fabrics and the skilfullest seamstress of

Worcester to make them into—a morning dress of gingham, very prettily embroidered; a dress for the birthday of lawn, with far-flowing skirt and rich blond accompaniments; and a dress for the church and for visiting of costliest silk. She gave her her own jewels that she wore before she went into mourning; and bonnet, shawl and gloves came by express from New York. Uncle Ben sent them. They were his present to his niece. On the noon of the birthday, he would present himself there, he said; and he bade Anna have some corn meal in her store-room; that, the next day after he came, he might taste a good old-fashioned Indian pudding, just such as they and Maud's mother used to taste at the homestead in their good mother's day. He could never get such a thing in the great boarding-house. Faith! he wished he had been wiser when he was younger. If he could live his time over again, he would take hold of the plump hand of Rose Morgan that was—now Mrs. John Brown—and lead her to his mother. To Rose he would say—"Rose, dear, learn of her how to make my table and home comfortable;" and to his mother—"teach her mother, that I may have somebody left when you are gone."

Uncle Ben came to the fete and was the life of that large, distinguished company. He had seen Maud a few times when she was a child. Not often then, and not at all for several years. It made him too angry going there and seeing how the persecutions of the mother were visited now upon her orphan; trebled, indeed, by the superadded influence of the mother-in-law and the imperious Miss Grace. He couldn't stand that, he muttered between his teeth—for want of a close friend to say it to—and determined to go there no more.

Now he could not take his eyes away from Maud, and seemed happy as a child in seeing her there; in seeing her so comfortable, so elegant—for our Maud was a fine woman, a radiant woman, in the new life and light that beamed upon her there amidst so much that was excellent in beauty, in intelligence, and in all manner of noble accomplishments. It did his generous soul good to see that she would directly be a favorite of the best people there: of the best old people and the best young people. He had not a little father-like pride in this. As for Aunt Anna, she had never known a happier day; it made her heart so grateful, so warm, seeing the new creature of her love show herself so worthy, so superior in womanly dignity and intelligence, wherever she moved, with whomsoever she talked. But when she spoke of her happiness the next morning at breakfast, a gentle sadness came over her features, and

she sat a few moments thoughtful and silent. It was often thus in the midst of her most grateful moments; for in those moments she regretted most the kind one who had passed away. Uncle Ben understood her and spoke to her with added gentleness; while Maud, with tears in her eyes, renewed her inward vow of love and watchful care.

Well, other parties, and rides and walks followed close upon Aunt Anna's birthday. They were hurried forward, not only that Maud might at once feel at home with them, and see at once their beautiful scenery, but that Uncle Ben, the lively, genial-hearted "old bachelor," might be there to share them. He kept staying, therefore. He growled sometimes about his business going crazy with him away so long; but matrons and grave gentlemen said—"one more day, Mr. Lancaster, and then we won't say another word." Beautiful young girls fluttered round him, reached up to his buttons and played with them as they begged him to "keep still! to be still scolding and stay where he was—always! They would rather half of Worcester would go than he. They wouldn't let him go; so he might as well be good-natured and stay contentedly where he was."

Maud's quiet eyes on his face besought him to be with them still longer. Aunt Anna promised him another pudding, or corn-cakes, or cream-cakes, just such as their mother used to make; so that he smacked his lips and stayed; sat down to write fresh directions to his partner and head clerk, and then went like a good breeze through the house, through the neighborhood, glad enough to stay to taste the delicious dishes; to watch Maud seeing to the rips in his dressing gown and gloves, as if she were his daughter; and to meet once again the pleasant people who had such cordial friendliness for him, such excellent devices for making one's time glide smoothly.

#### CHAPTER VII.

It must not be supposed that Maud had utterly forgotten her old want, the old besetting disquiet of her days at J—. In the clear daylight, when friends were about her, she could easily let the memory go, if it came. She was a little saddened by it, for a moment, but she could bear to think that it was all over between herself and every mortal at J—, Henry Ainsworth and all; that she would see them, hear from them no more; that there at Worcester she would begin her life anew. But at night she wept at the thought; and longed, as if she must die, to be loved and honored by them all; most of all, by her father and Henry; far most of all, by Henry.

Then her life at Worcester would be, as it were, heaven upon earth. She wiped the tears at length, praying to be forgiven that she had murmured, promising her heart that soon the struggle would be over; for she would master the regret more and more, until it should be her servant, ministering to the gratefulness and comfort of her new life.

She had been already at Worcester a month, without a word of intelligence from J—, when, one day, her father's clerk came through the yard, reconnoitering every window, and every other feature of the house and yard, as he came. He met Maud with awkwardness; for he too, as her father's favorite man, had joined in oppressing her at J—. He had stopped over one train, on his way to New York, he said. He thought he could stop as well as not; and that she would like to hear how things were going on at J—. They were all well, he said; and especially Miss Grace. She was particularly well, he added, turning his eyes to Maud's face, but suddenly letting them fall again, on their meeting her's.

"She is well, in particular," repeated he, looking down on the watch-seal he was fumbling. "And what makes her, is, she's got Henry Ainsworth, I suppose, fast enough now. They all think she has. I suppose she has; she feels so nicely about it."

"Has Mrs. Ainsworth returned?" quietly asked Maud.

"Ah, yes; she's been back more 'n a week, I guess. Yes; she come back a week ago yesterday; just a week ago yesterday. And she wanted to see you when she come. I don't know what for; but I heard her asking a great many questions about you. She wanted to know most, when you were going home. I heard what they told her; but no use repeating it to you. You wouldn't feel any better toward them for it, I guess." Again he tried to look Maud in the face, but could not. He had renewed discomfiture soon in the entrance of Aunt Anna, whose polite and dignified reception quite overawed the poor chap. Visitors soon came in, young friends of Maud, who came to take her out with them; and from that moment, his embarrassment became quite pitiful to see. Maud tried to relieve him by her attention, by offers of refreshment; but he only perspired the more copiously, only found his large hands the more difficult to take care of; for even his yellow watch-seal, in which he had such glory at J—, was, as he felt, too mean a thing to be touched there amongst those elegantly dressed, high-bred people. So he crept and tumbled out, in the best way he could;



made his final bow and departed, without again attempting to lift his eyes to Maud's.

The next week Maud received a letter from Grace, which ran in this wise:—"I want to go to W—— and make Aunt Anna a visit, a long visit. I want to go in about  $\frac{1}{2}$  week; for then Mrs. Ainsworth and Henry are going to Norwich to spend his vacation with some relatives there. They want me to go with them. Father and mother want me to go, it will be such a good chance; and they both say, especially father, that you must come and take my place here, helping mother take care and so on, while I'm gone. They say you'd better start the same day we shall; I will write a day or two before, to let you know just when we shall go. Robert says you won't come. He says you have grown mighty haughty since you have been there. But of course you will come, since *father* says you must. And when mother wrote to Aunt Anna about your going, she intended all the time that we should take turns about being with her. Of course you'll come, if Aunt Anna ain't perfectly willing. She'll be willing enough after I've been there a little while, of course she will; for if she don't like me full *as well* as she does you, when she gets acquainted with me, she will be a little different from other folks, that's all.

"Father and mother send their respects to aunt. Mother wants me to tell her that she shall send me there with a good will; for she *knows* we shall like each other, and have grand times going round, and having Mrs. Ainsworth and Henry stop there a few days. Don't keep this to yourself, instead of telling it to her. I send my respects to her, GRACE GARRISON.

"Postscript.—Don't fail to be getting ready to come. You can go back again, you know, when I and Mrs. Ainsworth and Henry are ready to come back. We can cross each other again then just as we shall when we go."

Maud's comfort was all broken up by this unwelcome letter. Neither could Aunt Anna conceive by what species of diplomatic action she could let it be known at J—— that it was Maud she wanted and not Grace. She could easily have written and said so plainly; but she feared offending them, and thereby ensuring Maud's peremptory recall, if it must take place, not on Grace's account, but for the sole sake of retaliation, of giving her and Maud torment. She therefore wrote not at all to them, but despatched a note to Uncle Ben, requiring his presence at Worcester early the coming week. That accomplished, she was more at ease; she endeavored, moreover, to reassure Maud, by recounting instances of Uncle Ben's energetic perseverance in

that which he had undertaken. He had tact conjoined with strength of will; he always had had; so that he had always carried his measures through very much according to his wishes. She could, therefore, have confidence in his doing something for them, to help them through the emergency. She recommended the same confidence to Maud. And, finding that it did not come, she spoke of trust in heaven. Yes; this was the ark for the precious Maud! Not from a belief that anything would be moved or changed with special reference to her need and prayer. But she could rely upon the strength and patience of her own soul, if it might be sustained of God, if God would be with her helping her. It was good, however, to have the days pass, day after day, and no letter from J——. The old cheerfulness, the old interest in their pursuits were renewed by the opening of every mail, when it was seen that there could be no confirmation of their fear that day. And how good it was to see Uncle Ben scrambling through the gate in his vigorous way! He kissed them both on both cheeks, and stopped them right there in the shaded balcony to hear what the trouble was. He had a deepening frown every moment that the story went on; and when it was over, he sat a few minutes in silence, looking down on the play that went on between his cane and a sear leaf that had fallen on the matting at his feet.

"Well!" said he, giving the leaf a sweep that sent it beyond the matting and the steps, and lifting his head and his eyes, "you will not go, Maud. So be easy. Be easy, my Sister Anna; and come! go in now"—taking them along by a hand hold of the arm of each. "I'm half starving; haven't ate a mouthful since eight o'clock! Isn't it too bad?"

"Only our supper will taste so good!" said Aunt Anna, with kindling eyes, and going to order tea immediately, while Maud helped Uncle Ben dispose of his packages—he always had his hat and pockets and hands full of them; gifts they were mostly, picked up just as he started and on his way, for his sister and Maud. This time there were gifts also for Jaques and Chloe. Where were they? He would go and find them, and Maud must go with him. But they must gather up the packages and go quick! he was so hungry! half starved! Whew!

Yes; and so it was demonstrated there that day, that it really was not half so good for those two women to be alone, as to have a good and sensible creature like Uncle Ben about the house, making a racket, and overturning, for the time, all sorts of systems; not half so good. If there were only more Uncle Bens in the world! And

so no doubt there would be, if there were more Aunt Annas and Mauds.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THAT evening, just as the sun made a splendid setting, while the little grey birds still hopped about in the branches, occasionally twittering, as if in accompaniment to the brook that tinkled below, Maud was in the garden, thinking how good Uncle Ben and Aunt Anna were to her, and training the vines about the entrance of the summer-house. She was very happy, she was thinking that she always would be happy after that, if she did see troubles on the way to her; if "the thick darkness" gathered about her ever so close, she would think how often it had been with her "the darkest just before it was day," and wait quietly for the morning. She heard quick steps coming, steps that she remembered. She had heard them with a beating heart many times beneath her windows at J—. She turned with a start, and there he was. There was Henry Ainsworth coming toward her, the good face beaming and the good voice saying—"Maud—Maud, this is indeed a pleasure!" He held her hand closely in his; in a moment he had it in both his, holding it to his beating heart. He looked from Maud's face abroad on the lovely scene, from the lovely scene back to Maud. He sighed gently, and held her hand closer and closer. Maud bent her head, still in silence. She had not yet spoken a word. She could find no words, for the agitation, the deep joy she felt. But it did not need that she should speak. The tears, the trembling were eloquent enough; and Henry interpreted them aright. He had long understood *himself*; he took her in his arms, therefore, calling her—his; his own beloved Maud.

Mrs. Ainsworth was with Henry. They had stopped at Worcester with a friend, at whose house they would spend a day or two before going on to Norwich. When the two days were over there, their portmanteaus were brought to Aunt Anna's; and happy days went on there. Aunt Anna and Mrs. Ainsworth sat and rocked and talked by the hour. There was no end to the cordial, sensible things they had to say to each other. Uncle Ben laid his hand on Henry's shoulder and took him one way and another. He liked the good young man, who had such quiet self-possession at all times; who was not afraid to take Maud, poor as they both were, for the trust he had in his ability to serve both himself and her. He liked him! If he had a daughter, more precious than the apple of his

eye to him, he would gladly and with pride give her to so thoroughly sensible a man. Maud said little; she had never been so still. It was enough for her to see Henry near; to listen to the voice better than all the music on earth to her; and to mark the growing esteem her relatives felt for him, and he for them; to mark how this esteem spread through the neighborhood; how the best men and women in that rich old town, felt it good and pleasant for them to come within the circle of his genial influence.

One thing more and our long story is told. Henry brought along from Grace a letter for Maud. He did not think of it until he came across it in rummaging a port-folio, after he had been several days at Worcester; and we have been equally remiss in overlooking it down to this late stage of affairs. She wrote—"I am madder than any cat; for our hired man, after father turned him away for saying something that mother didn't like about your going away, told Henry, or Mr. Ainsworth, as I shall call him after this day, a great mess of stuff that mother and I had been doing all along, to keep Henry—Mr. Ainsworth, that is, from liking you; and to make him like me. The man lied. So we told Henry. He just bowed to it; and kept bowing, as we kept explaining, until I hated him, and wanted to put my foot on him. This is the reason I don't go to Worcester with them. I would sooner go with two tomahawks. But I want to go by the time they get back here. I don't want to be in the same place with them. I don't want to be in this house—that is, until father and mother forget this bad business a little. They are both so cross! It makes me wish I was five hundred miles away. You needn't come home if I do go. I should want you to be there too; for I shouldn't be much company for Aunt Anna till I feel ever so much better spirited than I do now. And, besides, somehow I want to see you, Maud. I am beginning to think that, after all, there ain't many who are so good-tempered as you, and who would all through every thing, use me so well. I am coming, Maud, as true as I live! But it makes me feel better. I feel better for saying what I have in the few last lines to you. I should feel a great deal better, if I only knew now, when I am so lonesome, that you like me a little, and will try to be a little glad to see me, if I do go to Worcester.

"Won't you write to me and tell me if you and your Aunt Anna would like to have me go, by-and-bye, after Henry and his mother come back? I will go and ask mother if she has any word to send to you. I have been; and she too cried, and told me to tell you that she wishes

you would come back; and that father wishes it too. Perhaps you will come and stay a while instead of my going to Worcester. I could get through with it, I think, if you were here. I wish you would come back and marry Henry, and let me help you fix your things and do ever so much for you. I *wish* you would. I should feel better, if I could do something to help both of you, and to make father feel better toward mother and me. Do come! come back with them; and nobody will be so glad as your sister

GRACE."

Was it not too bad in Henry, too bad in us neglecting poor Grace's letter so long? Maud did not neglect it a moment. She carried it to her room and answered it with streaming eyes, and a heart overflowing with love for father, mother-in-law, sister, and with longing to be with them for a little time in her other, her earlier home.

She is there now. She sits with her Sister Grace with fingers moving nimbly over fine bedding and fine table linen, and all manner of embroidery of quilts and curtains and chairs. Henry comes in and reads to them, and helps Mr. Garrison arrange matters for a sumptuous bridal

The last named gentleman watches Maud with tears in his eyes, and can never do enough for her. She loves him—never a daughter loved her father so intensely. Mrs. Garrison is tired of her old bitterness. Her wonder is, that she ever spoilt all her true comfort indulging it; and she works now willingly, early and late, to make things comfortable for all in the house, and especially for Maud who is so soon to leave it, and who hitherto, poor girl, has had so little pleasure there.

One thing more, and then we are certainly done. Have my readers seen the new building that the friends of education are rearing at Worcester? If so they have seen a gem of artistic beauty and quaintness. They have seen, moreover, the spot where Henry Ainsworth is to dispense Latin and Greek and Spanish, until he shall have saved enough out of the most liberal salary with which he is to be established there, to enable him to go to Europe for a long residence, and Maud with him. They both long intensely to go; not simply to see, not simply to hear, not simply to be moving from land to land; but that their innermost life may be forever enriched and beautified.

## THE EARLY LOST.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

FAIR spirit! thy home is a home of delight,

Uncloaked by visions of care;

Beside the still waters thou walkest in white,

In robes thou art worthy to wear:

Thou knowest a joy that we cannot conceive,

In thy haven of Heavenly rest,

While bending in sorrow we selfishly grieve,

And seem to forget thou art blest.

Yet ah! it is mournful to think thou hast passed,

In the freshness of girlhood away—

To think o'er thy beautiful form there is cast

A cold, heavy mantle of clay;

To think when the gentle voic'd Summer shall come

To waken the flowers again,

Thou still wilt sleep on in thy low grassy house,

And Summer will call thee in vain!

The father whose bosom hath pillowed thy head

Will miss thee at eve from his side;

Yet over his spirit a calm will be shed,

Because thou ~~hast~~ peacefully died;

In the stillness of midnight, when shadowy gleams  
Of the past to his visions are given,  
Thy spirit will brighten his holiest dreams,  
With brilliancy gathered in Heaven!

And over thy mother, thou being of love,

Will hover thy sheltering wing;

Thy gentle young sisters will feel from above,

The gladness thy presence can bring—

The brothers who miss thee so painfully now

Will bend to the chastening rod,

Resigned—for they know that in peacefulness thou

Art laid on the bosom of God!

Yet oh! there's a voice that can never be filled,

There's a gloom hanging over the heart—

A grief of the bosom that cannot be stilled

A sorrow that will not depart;

Enough—if we know that thy spirit is blest,

The tempests of life we must brave,

Ere calmly as thou, we can go to our rest,

And sweetly lie down in the grave!

## WISDOM AND PLEASURE.

BY IRENE NORWOOD

I HAD taken a long ramble in the old woods in the rear of Norwood cottage, and returning greatly fatigued, I threw myself into a softly cushioned chair by the large bow window in the old hall, and gave way to the most delicious reveries, as I gazed on the varied landscape of hill and dale which was spread in a vivid diorama before me. The old woods had doffed their emerald coats, and arrayed themselves in the richest liveries of scarlet and gold; the sky was of that deep blue, so peculiar to the fall of the year; here and there a few white clouds, light and fleecy as an angel's wing, floated through the azure sea; the setting sun spread a rosy tint through the atmosphere, bathing in its mellow flood the lovely scene.

I gazed until a mistiness stole over my eyes; the low murmur of voices ceased, even my Cousin Clara's merry laugh died away; the world was forgotten, and I stood in the land of forgetfulness.

Methought I stood in the entrance of an umbrageous wood. Around me, all was light and beautiful. Birds of every variety, and the most brilliant plumage, flitted from tree to tree, and warbled forth their sweet songs of praise. The azure vault of heaven was perfectly cloudless, and the clear and limpid brook as it leapt merrily by, filled the air with sweet music. Within those woods all seemed dark and impenetrable. No sound was heard save the fall as of many waters. I turned away saying, "it is not for me to sound its depths; it is not for me to search its inmost recesses."

But how shall I describe the scene that met my view?

Before me lay a wide, extended plain covered with the most delicate flowers, and luxuriant grass. Numerous little streams meandered through the plain, but as I watched their progress, they appeared to mingle and form one wide, dark river at the extremity of the plain. A broad way wound through the plain, bordered with the most beautiful trees and aromatic shrubs, and—but words cannot pourtray that scene. No artist's pencil can delineate its beauties.

Then I saw a little child come forth from that avenue—so fair, so lovely, so ethereal, me-

thought her a fit inhabitant of that lovely spot. As she advanced, flowers more beautiful than any I had ever seen, seemed to spring from beneath her feet. All that the imagination can paint, or the heart wish for, clustered around her, to render her if possible more beautiful.

Just then I heard a low, coarse voice behind me, saying, "beware, beware."

I turned, and such a loathsome object as met my view! She was an old woman, of small stature, keen, piercing eyes, sallow complexion, her garments soiled, and her whole frame shook with the palsy.

I sickened at the sight and turned abruptly away. Pleasure, for such was her name, had now reached me. "Come with me," she said, in tones so musical, that I involuntarily followed. Again that sepulchral voice cried, "beware!" but I heeded not.

Following Pleasure to the entrance of the avenue, she showed me a splendid mansion in the distance. It was built of the richest variegated marble. The clear sapphire domes parked in the morning sun, reflecting its prismatic rays on the surface below. Light, aerial forms danced on the velvet lawn, and numerous fountains sparkled as diamonds beneath the refulgent rays of the orb of day. All that could please the eye and delight the senses seemed concentrated there.

"Follow me, and that shall be your reward." Wild with joy I hastened on, but that mysterious word "beware" still rang in my ears.

What, thought I, can there be about this beautiful creature to cause hesitation?

It was with difficulty that I could overtake my guide, who as she hastened on appeared to elude me. I could scarcely keep sight of her, and the beautiful mansion appeared fainter, and at a greater distance than at first.

Again that strange form appeared to me, again that hollow voice cried, "beware."

Although I hurried on without heeding her, yet I thought as I cast a passing glance toward her, there was more than usual earnestness in her manner, and a settled resolve in the calmness of her eye; her whole appearance also, seemed less disagreeable than at first. I felt half inclined to turn and follow her, but meeting the

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resistless eye of Pleasure, I hastened onward. The way became more rugged, and I often lost sight of my guide, among the numerous hills and rocky mounds we were obliged to ascend and descend. The castle, the sole object of my once pleasant but fast becoming dreary and even disagreeable walk, had entirely faded from my view. My feet were lacerated and were bleeding profusely from stepping on the sharp stones. No fragrant flower bloomed in that rugged soil; no verdant trees afforded shelter from the scorching rays of the mid-day sun; no gentle zephyr fanned my burning cheek; I heard not the limpid, laughing brook, but I occasionally caught glimpses of a dark, turbid stream, and the chilly, damp, and even noisome air that was wafted toward me, caused me to shudder.

I looked for my guide. She was far, far away on a rocky promontory that seemed to overhang that dark river. In my despair I sat down and wept. It was then that I heard a low, sweet voice, and though I recognized the same accents I had heard before, it was a sweet, soothing tone, say, "come unto me weary one, and I will give you rest."

It was a balm to the wounded heart. "There is rest, rest for the weary;" oh, how sweet was the thought! Rest! rest! Looking up I beheld Pleasure very near me. I sought for my comforter, but she was not there. Again I listened to the voice of the charmer, and was cruelly deceived. Faint and weary, I longed for a resting-place. I thought of those sweet words I had heard before, but it seemed the beguiling voice of Pleasure.

I had torn my garments in the vain hope of easing my bleeding feet by binding them up. I arose and attempted to go on, but worn and weary as I was it was next to impossible. My soul loathed the beauties I had foolishly promised myself at the commencement of my journey. With Pleasure I was disgusted. She stole near me and attempted to lure me on; she unfolded new beauties to my gaze, but I felt that it was an empty misage that would vanish on my approach. I now knew the meaning of that warning voice, "beware," and bitterly did I deplore the hour in which I turned with rudeness from that well meaning, truthful creature, disgusting as she then seemed. "Oh, that I were as in days passed," I exclaimed. "Oh, for the fountain of life that I might slake my burning thirst, that I might drink, and drink, and thirst no more."

A low, sweet voice beside me responded, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him,

shall thirst no more, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

I started and gazed around me; could this be the form I had thought so hideous? Could this be the being clothed with heavenly radiance, extending to my weary spirit the hope of rest; holding the olive branch of peace to my weary and conflicting mind; could this be Wisdom? the being whom I looked upon as possessing all that was wretched and miserable, and who stood at the gate of the avenue of life, to lure unwary travellers to partake of her wretchedness.

Ah! Pleasure had spread a glossing over my eyes, and taught me to look upon sin as beautiful; to consider the path of wisdom as a dreary, monotonous one; one which when mature years were mine, it would do for me to tread.

"Oh, give me to drink of that water, that I may thirst no more."

"Follow me." She led me away from the road I was in. Beautiful flowers and sweet shrubs sprang in my pathway, which as I trod upon them turned to hissing serpents and tangled brambles; the beguiling voice of Pleasure sounded in my ear, "here is rest." The way was difficult, and feign would I have submitted to my bondage again, but Wisdom turned her meek, reproachful eyes upon me, and extended her hand affectionately toward me. The way became easier, and soon I found myself in a straight and narrow path; and a short distance before me was the cross, around which shone the halo of divinity. I threw myself at its foot, and rose not until a sweet peace stole into my heart, and I felt that rest was near. I hastened on, and ere long caught a glimpse of that dark river, at whose brink my path seemed to terminate. Already a chilliness stole over me, and I knew that it was the river of Death. I pressed on, and now I stood on its brink. Fearfully it rolled on, and I must either plunge in to rise no more or swim to the opposite shore, which appeared clothed in living green. Oh, what a happy land did that seem! Surely methought it is the land of rest.

Then I saw my Saviour with a sweet smile on his heavenly features, and a crown in his hand. Fearlessly I plunged in, and—awoke.

A sweet peace pervaded my frame. I asked myself, "can this be all a dream? Can it be but one of the illusions of fancy that cross life's pathway with the mere semblance of reality?" A voice within me answered, "no!" I asked again, "is it all a dream?" A voice, reader, it was the same voice I had heard in my dream; a voice from the upper air responded, "no!"

"The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

# THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," & C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58.

## IV.—THE PARTY.

THE mansion of Mrs. Rawlson was one of the most elegant on Chesnut street. Two spacious parlors, separated by folding doors, and with lofty ceilings ornamented in stucco, were filled with sumptuous furniture. The carpet was an Arminster of the richest pattern. Curtains of damask and lace hung at the windows. The cabinet-ware of mahogany, was elaborately carved, and often inlaid with satin wood. The rooms were without pictures, but relieved by French paper in high colors; and in the recesses against the walls, were small oval mirrors with candleabra attached to them. On the massive mantels, which projected far out, stood large griandoles, with heavy cut-glass pendants, while chandeliers to correspond depended from the ceilings, their glittering drops tinkling whenever a current of air swept by from a door opened too suddenly. On a cold winter day, about twilight, during the same month that saw the expulsion of the Foresters, two females sat in these stately parlors, before a generous fire. The anthracite had just been heaped up anew in the polished steel grate, so that though the lower part of the mass glowed intensely, the upper part and top were black as ebony, except when, here and there, the blue flame shot up between the bits of coal to vanish immediately. The lady who sat on the right, was Mrs. Rawlson herself. She was a widow of middle age, somewhat large in person, and with a countenance indicative rather of good cheer than of intellectual culture. Her feet were on the shining brass fender, and her eyes fixed on the genial fire; but she was evidently not even in a reverie; the mere physical sensation of warmth was the utmost that she was capable of at that moment.

On the left of the grate, however, was a younger lady, a fair, fashionable creature, the very ideal of languid loveliness. Her blue eyes, light brown hair, and slim aristocratic figure; the accompanying dress of the latest style; the air of graceful indolence with which she sat; even the listless look which she directed to the

fire, were all in keeping. Occasionally she played with the tiny watch-seals, which it was then the fashion for ladies to wear; and occasionally yawned slightly. This was Clara Owens, the usurer's daughter.

"Aunt Charlotte," she said, at last, languidly removing her eyes from the grate, "do tell me what to wear to-night. I really cannot decide."

"Say rather that it is too much trouble for you," replied her aunt, laughingly. "I wonder if you ever dressed for a party, Clara, without appealing to me to make up your mind first. Pray, do you expect me to choose a husband for you too?"

"I really don't know," said the young lady, dropping her eyes, while the faintest possible color tinged her cheek, as if she was too indolent even to blush heartily; and she added, looking at her little flagree seals, "I suppose you'd select for me this Mr. Manderson, whom you were talking about at breakfast."

"And whose mother's party we go to, this evening," briskly replied Mrs. Rawlson, rousing fairly up from her state of torpor, half rising, and settling her garments with a rustle as she resumed her chair. "Well, Clara, I don't know but what I would. I see you've been thinking about him, and are, perhaps, half in love with him, like the rest of the girls. You must put on your most becoming dress, for Charles is a great critic in such matters. He was, at least, before he went abroad; and his ten years travel have not rendered him less fastidious, I dare say."

"How proud Mrs. Manderson seems of him," said the niece, thoughtfully, after a pause. "I don't remember him at all."

"I met him, yesterday, when I went out alone. He was always strikingly handsome, but he has now in addition the air *distingue*: one would take him for D'Orsay, as Mrs. Harrison says, if he was only more of a dandy. You must appropriate him, my dear; you can, if you'll only exert yourself: with your beauty, style, accomplishments, and fortune no man can resist you, if you are in earnest. The girls were

all in love with him before he went away, but his mother says he was heart whole; and I remember he seemed very indifferent, receiving all their homage as if it was his due. But," continued Mrs. Rawlson, "what about the dress? Blue, white, or pink shall it be?"

"Don't you think my blue *crepe lisse* the most becoming: with my pearl bracelets, and that wreath of white moss-rose-buds."

"Yes! you will look *charmante* in that. By the way, Clara, you should have brushed up your French for Mr. Manderson's benefit. You really must marry him. I don't know anybody I should like so much for a nephew. But come, it is time you were thinking of dress: you must look perfectly bewitching to-night: so there is no time to lose."

The taste of Clara Owens in dress was always fastidious; but on this night she seemed not only difficult, but absolutely impossible to please. The white moss-rose-buds were either too far forward, or too far back on her head; the more fully developed roses in her *bouquet de corsage* were replaced by a pearl pin, to which was attached a diamond cross; and when, at last, she stepped into the carriage, she wondered if Charles Manderson would think her dress too elaborate, and half repented she had not worn the white flowers left on her dressing-table, instead of the pearls and diamonds.

Carriage after carriage was thundering up, setting down its freight, and rolling away, when Clara and her aunt reached Mrs. Manderson's. As the obsequious footman, bowing low, threw open the door leading from the vestibule into the hall, the scent of a thousand perfumes, among which were those of the many rare exotic plants ranged along the wall and on the landings of the stairs, greeted the new guests. The rooms appeared to be already nearly filled, and dancing had begun: the very air seemed dizzy, indeed, with the whirling music. Tripping lightly along, for she was now in her element, and inspired, as it were, by the exhilarating sounds, Clara preceded her more stately moving aunt, between files of servants, to the dressing-room up stairs, where, after nearly half an hour, she emerged again, but in a flutter of spirits indescribable, for everybody there was talking of the hero of the evening, and Clara heard him described by all as such a paragon that she grew more nervous than ever about her dress.

But when she reached the parlors, had made her way through the crush to Mrs. Manderson, had paid her respects, had begun to take heart and look around, there was no one visible who she could persuade herself was he who had

occupied so much of her thoughts. Two winters in society had rendered her familiar with nearly every face, and of the few strangers present, not one came up to her ideal of Charles Manderson. She was turning to her aunt, with a feeling of disappointment, when she heard a deep, rich, manly voice behind her, saying,

"How do you do, Mrs. Rawlson? I am very glad to see you again. I caught but a glimpse of you, as you rolled by in your carriage yesterday. Positively, you look younger than ever."

By this time the speaker was shaking hands with her aunt, and stood directly in front of the two ladies, so that Clara without any exhibition of curiosity, could examine him at leisure. His person was tall and commanding, yet graceful extremely: and he was dressed with much care, though quite simply. But it was his face which particularly arrested her. To say that it was handsome would give but an insufficient idea of it; for to eminently noble features was added a lofty, yet engaging expression: Clara was not the girl to analyze it, but she felt nevertheless the influence of that majestic forehead, and of those eloquent eyes; and, as he turned, obedient to a movement of her aunt's, and looked at her with that calm, penetrating gaze of his, not unmixed with something of surprise at her loveliness, she felt her heart throb against her bodice violently, and dropped her lashes on her cheek with a blush, that crimsoning her to the bosom, heightened her beauty more than all her art could have done.

"My niece, Miss Owens—Mr. Manderson," said Mrs. Rawlson, introducing them.

"I am most happy to meet one, of whom I have heard my mother speak so much," said the gentleman, bowing, and seeking Clara's eyes. "I have been looking for you," he continued, turning to the aunt. "You have just arrived, I believe. I hope your niece is not yet engaged for the next set." And again his eyes sought Clara's. "May I have the honor of your hand, Miss Owens, in the quadrille which is forming?"

Clara murmured a low assent, glanced shyly up, held out the tips of her gloved fingers, and found herself, the next moment, standing up with Charles Manderson, the envy of half the room.

"Are you fond of waltzing, Miss Owens?" said her partner, as they waited for the sets to be completed.

"Oh! passionately," was the reply.

He smiled slightly at this extravagance of language, but answered immediately,

"Certainly no more beautiful sight can be, than two young girls, in their light dresses,

floating around the room to music. But I must confess that if I had a sister, or a wife, I should dislike to see her waltzing with a gentleman, especially one who was a mere acquaintance."

Clara looked up in some wonder, her large blue eyes wide open.

"But its the most common thing in the world," was her reply, for her fashionable education made her think that what every one did was quite right. Then, as if she had been too bold, she looked down, and affected to be fastening her pin.

"Well, well," was the laughing answer, "I suppose I am very old-fashioned. But seriously, I don't see how a man can marry a woman, after he has seen her supported around a room, in a waltz, by every whiskered dandy of the day."

The music, striking up, interrupted the conversation at this point, nor was there an opportunity to resume it till the quadrille was finished. But then Manderson, leading Clara to a lounge, by a table covered with engravings, began to talk about pictures, curious to see if his companion was as intelligent as she was lovely. The engravings consisted of views of every country. The silver lake of Como, the sun-lighted bay of Naples, the thymey hills of Greece were all there; and in addition many a picturesque landscape more. Besides these, were castles, ruined abbeys, venerable cathedrals, beautiful women in national costumes, bare-legged peasant children, in short all that had the poetry of beauty or association connected with it.

Clara had read largely for a fashionably bred girl, chiefly in novels, travels and the lighter sort of history however. She could talk, when animated, in a manner to suggest the possession of even more knowledge than she really had: so that Manderson soon became interested, she was so much more agreeable than he had expected. He observed, nevertheless, that she dwelt longer on the costumes of the women than on the landscapes or the glorious old land-marks of Europe.

"You are not very fond of the country?" he said.

"No," she answered. "It is many years since I lived there, and when I go for a week or two in the summer, I am *ennuyed* to death, for I have no society at all, and papa is always in the counting-room."

The fine eyes of Manderson lost a little of their undisguised admiration.

"If it was not that my mother prefers the city," he said, "I believe I should settle quietly down in some pretty little place in the country, contentedly for life." And he proceeded to expatiate so eloquently on nature, and on the free,

generous life of the country, that the facile Clara soon began to wonder at her own blindness in not liking such scenes more. By the time he had finished his rhapsody, it became necessary to leave her, however, in order to attend to others of his mother's guests.

Clara remained sitting, mechanically turning over the prints, and still thinking of waving grass, genial sunshine, and breezy uplands, when one of her many admirers approached. Harry Elwood had everything to recommend him, in the eyes of the frivolous circle in which he moved: for he was rich, well-born, and handsome; and so mothers considered him an excellent match, and daughters bridled up with smiles at his approach, though he was known to be selfish, heartless, and unprincipled, and his male companions whispered even worse. He had long had an eye to Clara's fortune, and never doubted but that, when he proposed, she would accept him thankfully. Having chanced to hear the conversation about waltzing, and disliking Manderson heartily, whom he called a "saint," he now approached with a self-satisfied air, to lead Clara out, as he had often done before. What was his amazement to be refused. Incredulous he repeated his request. But Clara replied more decidedly than before, that she never waltzed with gentlemen. An angry flush shot over her hearer's cheek, for an instant, for he comprehended all, and knew that he had a dangerous rival. With a hearty curse, politely stifled between his teeth, he turned on his heel, and left Clara, unconscious of what she had done, to return to her reverie.

Manderson, meanwhile, saw, with secret respect, what he thought a proof of Clara's dignity; and his admiration was not lessened when, on her waltzing with a female friend, he beheld how gracefully she floated around the room, and how evidently she enjoyed the intoxicating pastime. Before the evening was over, therefore, he claimed Clara's hand again for a quadrille, and when supper was announced, gave her his arm to the table. She was naturally in the highest spirits at this marked preference, and looked both prettier and talked more animatedly than she had ever been known to before.

When the party had broken up and the guests departed, Manderson said to his mother, as they chatted of the events of the evening,

"What a soft, blue eye Miss Owens has, and how graceful her every movement."

"You are half in love already, Charles," laughingly said Mrs. Manderson.

"I am not in love, nor shall I be easily," he replied, seriously, "though I confess that I like



Miss Owens better than I expected. It is a pity that so good a heart, and so amiable a disposition, should be perverted by a frivolous education."

"Your influence might remedy that."

He shook his head.

"She is very rich," persisted Mrs. Manderson, "and you ought to marry an heiress, you know. My fortune is not large, and you get nothing till my death."

"Which makes me hope never to get anything," said he, kissing his parent. "May you live a century yet, dear mother."

When the carriage of Mrs. Rawlson drove off, the aunt said to her niece,

"Well, Clara, what do you think of your new admirer?"

It was fortunate for Clara that the darkness concealed her blushes. She waited a moment so that her voice should not betray her, and then answered, with affected nonchalance,

"Oh! I'm not sure he is an admirer. It's the fashion abroad, you know, aunt, for gentlemen to be very attentive; and he hasn't sunk back yet into the Blue Beards that all American beaux are."

The aunt smiled to herself; for she was not to be cheated by Miss Clara; but like a practised match-maker, as she was, said no more.

#### V.—THE OPERA.

ONE morning, a few days after the party, Mrs. Rawlson and her niece were lounging over a late breakfast; the elder lady idly balancing her teaspoon on the edge of her cup; the younger crumbling a bit of roll into a saucer of milk, and calling her little King Charles spaniel, to take him in her lap and feed him.

"Here, Cora, you have eaten as much breakfast as I did," said Clara, finally, as she placed the saucer on the table. But she still retained the dog in her lap, abstractedly stroking its long black silken ears.

At last the little French clock on the mantel mincingly struck ten.

"I declare its almost time to dress," said the young girl, rousing with a start; and, giving a slight yawn, she said, "what are you going to do this morning, Aunt Charlotte?"

"I have got half a headache, but I think we ought to make some calls, and leave our cards at Mrs. Manderson's." As she spoke, she looked toward Clara. The latter blushed.

"We have not been there since the party," replied Clara, without raising her eyes from the dog, but feeling instinctively that her aunt was regarding her, and waiting for her to speak.

"Well, we will go there then. You have but to be in earnest, love, as I told you before; and Charles Manderson is sure to be yours. When I, a half-bred country girl, came to town with your mother, on her wedding tour, and met Mr. Rawlson, I hadn't half the chance you have: but I made up my mind to have him; and you see where I am now: in the first society, and with a nice income, my dear. Why, with your fortune and education, you ought to catch Charles Manderson right off, that you ought."

Mrs. Rawlson, when in earnest, often used unconsciously the rustic phrases of her youth, as she did now.

Clara still did not look up: but at last she said,

"I like Mr. Manderson very much, aunt, for I see that is what you wish to discover. He seems so different from other men one meets; you feel instinctively he is a gentleman, not only in manner, but at heart." Here she raised her eyes, full of enthusiasm to her aunt. "How intelligent he is too."

"You shall have my diamonds reset for the wedding," exclaimed Mrs. Rawlson, delightedly, as she rose from her chair. "I always knew you would make a brilliant match. The Mandersons are not only rich, indeed; but the family is first-rate."

Clara was a long time deciding whether her carriage dress should be her white bonnet with plumes, and her new camel's hair shawl for which her father had just paid a thousand dollars; or her pink hat with the velvet wreath of ivy leaves, and her brown velvet cloak covered with embroidery. The white bonnet and shawl, however, carried the day: and Clara stepped out of the carriage, at Mrs. Manderson's, conscious of looking her very best.

When the two ladies entered, they found not only Mrs. Manderson, but her son. The latter was talking, in the gayest spirits, to some young ladies, who, like Clara, had called on his mother. He handed Clara a seat, and continued his conversation; at which the new guest felt a pang of something very like jealousy.

"Yes," he said, "I shall have to be more attentive to my bride now."

Clara, astonished beyond measure, cried unguardedly,

"Your bride!"

"Yes," replied he, while there was a general laugh, in which all joined but himself and the mortified girl, "my bride, Lady Law."

Clara was more mystified than ever, and could not conceal it, in spite of her embarrassed blushes.

"Oh! I beg pardon," said Manderson, ap-

proaching her respectfully. "You didn't hear the first part of the conversation. I was educated for the bar, Miss Owens; but I have been too idle to practice yet:—however, as I must marry some day, for such is man's fate, I must be getting clients, or I shall be so poor nobody will have me."

Clara's eyes looked, for one quick moment, into his own, saying that there was one, perhaps, who would have him, poor or rich; at least malicious Miss Townsend, one of the ladies present, and who would have given both her own eyes to get him, said so all over town the next day.

"Are you going to the opera, to-night, Mrs. Manderson?" interrupted one of the guests. "Mrs. Wood is positively divine in Norma."

"No, I am sorry to say. Charles went down, this morning, to secure seats, but there were no good ones to be had. He forget it yesterday."

"How glad I am," cried Mrs. Rawlson, "for I have two seats at my disposal. I sent James, yesterday, and took four, intending to ask my cousins, the Misses Jensbury. But they went out of town this morning. So, as you are so fond of music, you must really be my guest there to-night."

Mrs. Manderson accepted the offer without hesitation. Clara's heart was in a flutter again, but this time with delight; for the son, she reflected, would accompany them of course. She did not see that it was a manoeuvre of her aunt; but Mrs. Manderson did: yet as the latter was really anxious that the young people should make a match, she was not sorry; and accordingly resolved to meet Mrs. Rawlson half way.

"We'll make a partnership, my dear," she said, laughingly, laying her hand on Mrs. Rawlson's arm "you shall furnish the seats, and I the carriage. Its not worth while for you to have your coach out also: Charles and I will call for you; and it will be quite like a family party."

When Manderson, on alighting for Mrs. Rawlson and her niece, saw the latter enter the parlor arrayed for the evening, he could scarcely restrain an exclamation at her beauty. Clara wore a dress of rich scarlet India crape, which brought out her exquisite complexion in brilliant relief. The Grecian corsage, confined at the waist by a belt with a jeweled buckle, was well calculated to display to the utmost advantage her slight, elegant figure. Her arms were bare, with the exception of the black velvet bands around her wrists, fastened with clasps set with rubies; and a narrow black velvet ribbon, to which was attached a heart also set with rubies, made her white neck look perfectly dazzling from the contrast. Her hair was arranged in small puffs

on the forehead and temples, as was then the fashion; and the heavy bows were confined behind with jeweled arrows. There was a soft lustre in her eye, as she welcomed Manderson, that made her look, at least in his opinion, transcendantly lovely. She carried, on one arm, a white Thibet Opera cloak, lined and trimmed with cygnet down, which her guest immediately stepped forward to throw over her shoulders; she blushing all over them, as he did so, and he, for one instant, tempted to kiss them, in defiance of etiquette, so round, and polished, and shapely, and like roselate snow they looked.

Many an opera glass was leveled at Clara, as she and her escort entered their box. The two elder ladies were soon deep in the discussion of the merits and dresses of their acquaintance; but Clara, with smiling eyes and willing ear, listened to Charles Manderson, almost unconscious that any one else was in the house.

"You have seen Mrs. Wood in Norma often, I suppose," said her companion. "How do you like her?"

"She almost makes me believe in a character as unnatural as Norma."

"You don't think the character unnatural?"

"Almost revolting," replied Clara. "But yet she redeems herself, by dying for her lover in the end."

Manderson regarded the sarcastic speaker, for a moment, in silent admiration. Then he resumed,

"Do you consider it unnatural for a proud woman, so frightfully wronged, her passionate love so foully insulted, to revenge herself in a moment of frenzy?"

Clara's eyes fell before his earnest gaze: and she answered, in a low voice, hesitatingly,

"I believe that a woman who once loves, loves always. No neglect, no contumely changes her affection."

"As Shakspeare says, in that noble sonnet, 'that is not love which alters, when it alteration finds.' Ah! Miss Owens," continued Manderson, insensibly dropping his voice to a whisper, "how few of your sex think like you do."

She raised her deep blue eyes to him, and said, "You believe so?"

The conversation might have grown dangerous to both parties, if it had continued. But, at this critical point, the overture began, and talking was out of the question. There was a rustle through the house, as everybody composed themselves to listen. Directly the little bell tinkled its warning, the curtain rose, and the white-robed, oak-crowned Druid priests slowly marched upon the stage.

Through the fluctuations of that most unequal lyric drama, Manderson watched, with deep interest, the expression of Clara's face. He was really fascinated by her, and to a degree he was amazed at; and he wished to see if she possessed qualities that would warrant his yielding to love. Little did Clara imagine what an ordeal she was undergoing. Yet she stood the scrutiny wonderfully well; for she had, as Manderson had told his mother, a heart which even a frivolous education had not wholly destroyed; and all those portions of the opera, which appealed to this, brought the indignant color to her cheek, and sometimes the tears to her eyes.

The conclusion of her companion was so far favorable, at least, that, when he put on her opera cloak on leaving, he did it with a care that their short acquaintance scarcely made necessary.

As for Clara she was supremely happy, happier than she had ever been in her life. On reaching home, she ascended to her chamber almost immediately, and soon dismissing her sleepy maid, threw herself into a fauteuil before her fire. Here she sat dreamily, in one of those reveries that come but once or twice in a life-time, until she was aroused by the watchman crying musically under her window, "twelve o'clock, and a starlight morning."

## VI.—THE SLEIGH RIDE.

THE solar lamp was lighted on the centre-table of Mrs. Rawlson's parlors, a piece of embroidery and a pair of zephyr worsteds lying beside it. The good lady herself was seated in a large arm-chair, before the warm fire, eagerly perusing one of Bulwer's new novels; and Clara, who occupied a position on the other side of the table, was abstractedly snipping up, scissors in hand, strand after strand of zephyr.

At last the young girl gave a most perceptible yawn. Her aunt looked up in astonishment, for the *ennuye*, which she would at another time have found so insupportable, was now completely banished by the book before her.

"What's the matter, Clara?" she said. "Tired to death doing nothing, I suppose. Well, wait a little while, then I will have finished this volume, and you can begin it. You will be fascinated with it, I'm sure." And Mrs. Rawlson sank down in her chair again, and in a moment was as deep in her story as ever.

Clara picked up her embroidery, took about a dozen stitches in it, tossed it down again, and leaning her head on her hand, began beating a tattoo with her scissors on the top of the table. Mrs. Rawlson's attention was again withdrawn from her novel. If she had not been so com-

fortable herself, she would have pitied her niece more: as it was she pitied her as much as she possibly could; and good-naturedly said,

"Dear me, do hear the sleigh-bells. I wonder if it is clear. James said it had stopped snowing, when he came in with the coal."

Clara, somewhat roused, listened a moment.

"How merrily the bells *do* ring," she said.

"I wonder who'll be the first to invite you to a ride," resumed her aunt. But it was too great a stretch of good nature to say more; for she was in the middle of a chapter: and drawing her footstool nearer to her, and leaning her head on her still fair and dimpled hand, she was soon oblivious again to Clara.

Meantime Cora, the little spaniel, was curled up in her wadded basket, where, covered with a satin quilt, she lay fast asleep, so Clara had not even her dog to amuse her. But there stood her piano, which she had not opened for days. Happy thought! She would try some of the Norma music, which was the rage just then. So, after playing the grand march, she took up *Casta Diva*. Her voice was a sweet *soprano*, not of much strength, but she sang with a good deal of feeling.

In the midst of this the bell rang, and on the outer door opening, she heard a gentleman's voice in the hall.

"Eureka, Clara," exclaimed Mrs. Rawlson, whom this had suddenly aroused, "that is Mr. Manderson's voice, dear." The moment after Manderson himself entered the parlor.

He came in bowing, with his usual grace. "It is really a shame to disturb you," he said, "you look so cozy and home-like. You have no idea what a luxury a home is to one, like me, who has been knocked about, for two or three years, in villainous hotels, lodgings, and everything except a home."

Mrs. Rawlson gave a quick, meaning glance at Clara; but the latter was smiling a welcome up into her visitor's face.

All her listlessness now vanished from the young girl. Her face, lately so expressionless, became animated; and she entered with zest into the conversation which followed. For a while foreign and domestic households were discussed; and from this they passed to the difference between European and American manners. At last, at a pause, Mr. Manderson said, smiling on Clara,

"Do you know, Miss Owens, that I had nearly forgotten my business here? If I am so fortunate as to find you disengaged, will you let me take you out in my sleigh to-morrow?"

Clara's heart leaped quick, with gratified pride,

and perhaps with other feelings also. But she answered, with well-bred calmness,

"I should be very happy to go."

"You are not afraid to trust her, are you, Mrs. Rawlson?" said Manderson, turning to the aunt. "My sleigh looks like a mere cockle-shell; but it is strong, I assure you; and I am accustomed to the horse."

Mrs. Rawlson replied in the negative. Telling Clara to wrap up warmly, and that he would call at eleven o'clock, Manderson now rose and took his leave, having to go, as he said, for his mother, who was spending the evening sociably with a friend.

"He is an excellent son," said Mrs. Rawlson, as the street door closed after him, "there are few such now-a-days. I congratulate you, my child." And with these words, which implied that she considered Clara's conquest secure, she resumed her novel.

The next morning Clara looked out, the first thing, to see if it was clear. The frosty, unclouded sky was blue as steel: and the sun shone dazlingly on house-top and pavement. Sleighs were already dashing by; boys were snow-balling each other; everything without looked exhilarating.

The breakfast was hurried through with unusual alacrity. Clara, punctual for once, had just finished her toilet, when the clock struck eleven. Just then a merry jingling of bells, that ceased all at once in front of the house, announced the arrival of Manderson. Peeping between the lace curtains of her chamber window, she saw a beautiful little nautilus-shaped sleigh, to which was attached a splendid chesnut horse that shook his head, and tinkled his bells, and flicked himself with foam from his mouth in his impatience to be off. Manderson threw the reins to the servant who was beside him, leaped out, and ascended Mrs. Rawlson's steps two at a time.

Clara came down stairs, blushing and smiling, her maid carrying after her a pair of furred carriage shoes, into which her little feet were soon thrust. Then, standing prettily before the pier-glass, she tied a thread-lace veil over her black velvet bonnet, chatting laughingly to Manderson and her aunt, for she was in the highest spirits.

When they reached the street, Manderson took the reins from the servant, whom he dismissed, and handing Clara in, bowed to Mrs. Rawlson, who stood at the window watching them. Clara kissed her hand playfully to her aunt at the same time; and, with a word from her companion, the impatient thorough-bred was off.

Chesnut street was like a carnival, so to speak,

on that bright morning. A hundred sleighs were dashing by, in opposite directions, and with the speed and crowd, it was a miracle, each moment, that no one was killed. But the gay equipages avoided each other as if by magic. Here a magnificent turn-out, with a pair of high-stepping animals, swept on, the horses covered with bells, and the vehicle buried in costly furs, from which half a dozen rosy faces peeped laughingly forth. There a tiny thing, as light and graceful as a snow-wreath, skimmed along, behind a single fast trotter, no one in it but the dashing young blood who drove. Here a load of children went by, in a staid family sleigh, driven by the old black coachman, exuberant happiness in their every look. There, like a swallow on the wing, another shot past, its only occupants being two lovers, the owner and the beautiful girl beside him. Feathers were streaming; veils flying; and curls blowing wildly about. Nods were rapidly exchanged as acquaintances passed. The whole air was full of girlish laughter, heard over even the merry frolic of the bells. The quick, loud cries of the drivers to their horses, intermixed with the hurrahs of the truant school-boys, who stood at the corners snow-balling the sleighs; the sharp sound of the runners on the icy surface; and the dazzling whiteness of street and side-walk: these completed the exhilaration of the scene. Occasionally some young Jehu, reckless how closely he shaved in passing, would extort a scream from a party of ladies, or nearly tilt himself over against a drift: but, the next instant, the mad-cap would be half a square off, and lost to sight among the flashing equipages.

Swifter than the swiftest, Manderson flew along, darting in and out among the throng, hearing continually from the ladies exclamations of delight at his beautiful little equipage, and from the gentlemen hearty admiration at his skill as charioteer. It was the proudest hour of Clara's life. She knew not only that every eye was on her, but that a hundred of her fair friends were dying of envy almost: and this, in addition to the intoxication of the scene itself, was enough to turn even a stronger head than her's. Occasionally Manderson ventured to take his eye off his horse, and glance at her. The frosty air had given her a vivid color; her eyes danced with happiness; she was, in truth, more charming, that morning, than ever before. For the time he fancied himself really in love.

At last they reached a part of the street where, for a square and more, there happened, just then, to be but few sleighs. Here Manderson, for the first time, gave his horse the head; and now the tremendous stride of the animal was apparent.

They had gone but a short distance, however, when they heard behind them the sound of swift runners, accompanied by a quick, eager voice urging on a horse. Manderson thought he knew the tones, and glancing over his shoulder recognized Elwood. The latter, enraged at seeing Clara with his rival, determined to mortify her by passing them, a feat which he did not think difficult, as he boasted of having the swiftest horse in town. Manderson, indignant at this insolence, for a moment allowed himself to yield to his feelings. Instead of checking his horse, he gave a low whistle, which the gallant chesnut seemed perfectly to comprehend, for the animal threw himself forward on the instant, in a more vigorous stride than ever. Elwood shouted to his bay in turn, and, for half a minute, the two animals rushed side by side at the very top of their speed. Everybody turned to look as the sleighs whizzed by, the snow flying in thin powder from under the runners. Suddenly, however, a shriek burst simultaneously from all the spectators, for half way over the street, at the next crossing, and right in front of the excited young men, appeared an old man, evidently quite feeble, and certain to be run down unless one or both held up.

The old man was more immediately before the other sleigh, but Manderson, the instant he saw him, shouted to his horse, at the same moment violently checking him. The chesnut stopped at once, as if he had been a machine, standing, like a statue carved in stone, except for his violent breathing.

But Elwood made no attempt to save the pedestrian. He had found it difficult to keep up with Manderson, and this, when he had expected to pass him with ease, excited him to rage. He was in no mood to allow himself to be balked, by the possibility that he might run down an old man, whom he saw to be poor, and consequently despised, and who had no business, he thought, at any rate, to be in people's way. Accordingly he only shouted a warning to the pedestrian, and kept on regardless of consequences.

That happened which might have been foreseen. The old man, who had been walking abstractedly, looking on the ground, like one in profound thought, or unaccustomed to the perils of a city crossing, raised his head, as he heard the warning, and, seeing his imminent peril, seemed either too bewildered, or too feeble, to spring out of the way. Perhaps, even if he had been young, and entirely self-collected, escape would have been impossible: as it was, he had not moved a step, when the horse struck him

down, and the sleigh rasped over his prostrate body.

The author of this outrage was the only one who seemed to feel no pity or compunction. He never paused to see if his victim was hurt, but turning with a triumphant look to Manderson, as he shot ahead of the latter, uttered another sharp cry to his horse, and swept on. A mingled groan of indignation and horror burst from the crowd at this sight; and a dozen men sprang immediately into the street, to pick up the apparently senseless stranger. But Manderson, who had leaped from his sleigh almost the instant it stopped, throwing the reins to a new's boy he saw running forward, was the first to reach the old man. With no slight remorse, for he felt himself partially to blame for the disaster, he stooped, and raising the sufferer in his arms, gently carried him to a drug-store, which happened to be on the corner. The crowd followed, pressing in, every one asking questions, but none offering to do anything. Manderson was the first to speak. Having laid the old man carefully down on a sofa, he looked up, and said,

"Who will go for a physician? Stay, here is my card," he added, as a lad offered to run on the errand, "get the first one you can, and tell him I sent you."

The victim still lay senseless, and the blood, covering his face from a wound in the head, he looked as if death was inevitable. As Manderson felt his pulse, the apothecary came forward to advise what his experience suggested.

"He is not so dangerously hurt as he looks, I hope, Mr. Manderson," said the latter, noticing the anxious look of the former, and recognizing him. "He has been a stout man in his day, and must have some constitution left yet; and that is everything in a case like this. Does any one know him? He is a farmer evidently, and, therefore, a stranger: but he must have relatives, or friends somewhere in town."

"This is his hat," said one of the crowd, "I picked it up; and this letter, which lay near, and seemed to have fallen from it."

"The direction is to Mr. James Forester," said the apothecary, as he took the epistle, "and it is evidently just from the post-office: so this must be the gentleman's name; but that, I fear, is all we are likely to know, unless he recovers his senses. Ah! here comes the doctor," he said, as he recognized a popular physician, one of his best patrons, "make way there, make way for him."

In a little while all immediate fears for the old man's life were relieved, for, on being bled, Mr. Forester languidly opened his eyes. Manderson

drew a sigh of relief, and thought of Clara, for the first time since the accident. He gave a moment to rapid deliberation, and then, calling aside the apothecary, whispered hurriedly, "I will return here as soon as I have taken the lady home I was sleighing with, and whom, in this excitement, I have quite forgotten: she

has been waiting in the street all the while. I must charge myself entirely with this affair. In half an hour, and before the gentleman can be moved, I will return to take him home."

With these words, he bowed, and hastened to Clara.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LINEs.

BY KATE MONTGOMERIE.

I WILL wander on the hill-side,  
While the softened splendors come,  
Floating through night's ancient temple,  
Where the full moon lights its dome.

With a pure, kind ray she shineth,  
As she gently sought to win  
The sad spirit from its sorrow,  
The unholy from its sin.

Meek her bearing, yet majestic,  
Lovingly she looketh down,  
Like a queen with heart of woman,  
Tender heart beneath a crown.

Snow, upon the hill-side lying,  
Glitters coldly in that light,  
Like the shroud wove for the dying,  
Who shall pass away to-night.

White the garments that shall cover  
Many a form ere Spring doth come;  
White the robes for them preparing,  
In the everlasting home.]

Bitter cold each sense is chilling,  
And the cold is at my heart;

Purpose, born of hope is dying,  
Hope itself will soon depart.

Yet her glow again awaking,  
Shall my torpid spirit warm,  
While I seek the glowing fireside,  
And my high ideal form.

From life's cold and silent grandeur,  
Speaking never to the heart,  
Would I turn me always, seeking  
Power, that is not apart.

But that ever liveth lowly,  
Strong in its unspoken might,  
In the hearts of those who love us,  
Who are round the hearth to-night.

Then, while night lies on the hill-side,  
With its glories stern and cold,  
Like an empty ancient temple,  
Where no human pulse is told.

I will turn me to the fireside,  
Where the humah hearts beat warm,  
Ever they a charmed circle,  
Shelter from life's cold and storm.

## WORDs OF CHEER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHRISTOPHER SCHADE.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

CHRIST.

Now a newer life to borrow,  
Spirit left thy lowering brow;  
Cast afar each cankering sorrow,  
Hasten to thy Saviour now;  
From deepest gloom—  
He brings life and costly treasure,  
Gives this world no place nor pleasure—  
With Him is room!

Every day some ill relieving  
Always shows His goodness new,  
And each soul in Him believing  
Ever finds Him strong and true

To bear his part;  
When fierce enemies are frowning  
Oft 'twill conquer though consuming  
Seems flesh and heart.

THE SOUL.

I will seek my silent chamber  
Where His heart is open wide,  
There I'll go to tell my sorrow—  
He will with it all abide!  
I will not fear;  
Though all men on earth may hate me,  
His great love cannot forsake me,  
Because I'm dear.

# GRACE LESLIE; OR, WEALTH AGAINST WORTH.

BY ALICE MONTALON.

Music, and the sound of happy voices, mingling with joyous laughter, proceeded from the well furnished and brilliantly lighted mansion of John Beaumont, Esq., in one of the broadest and most aristocratic squares of Boston. Let us draw aside those magnificent curtains, dear reader, and take a peep, unseen, at what is going on in the handsome parlor. See! here is a quiet little nook, in which we will ensconce ourselves, while you are introduced to some of the principal performers in the scene before you.

First, let me tell you to notice that showily dressed lady, the hostess, whose bright, restless eye is constantly roving over the company; for you have already guessed that there is a party assembled in Mrs. Beaumont's drawing-room. We must stop to observe her one moment. See, what quick, uneasy glances she casts around, to see if all is going on to her satisfaction; if George Beaumont, her son, a young man of twenty-five, entirely too warm-hearted, as his mother thinks, is paying any attention to that poor Miss Hill, whom she invited only for the purpose of exciting her envy by the display before her. Satisfied that George is ignorant of any such shocking improprieties, she glances keenly in the direction of her daughter, Henrietta, to observe whether Lieutenant Jones, who lives entirely upon his pay, is devoting himself to her. But she need have no fear for Henrietta; she is in disposition the exact counterpart of her mother, and though she may for amusement condescend to receive attentions from the poor officer, she will never sacrifice station and wealth to love.

But we are omitting to describe the owner of this noble mansion. In truth, he was such a cipher in his own house, that unless people saw him they forgot that he was in existence. He is that pale, white-haired man standing aloof from the crowd for which he has no taste. You can read in his countenance that easy good-nature is his predominant quality; in fact, he is as much distinguished for mildness and gentleness as his consort for the reverse. "Last though not least," is little Maggie, a child of thirteen summers, the pet of the whole house. Even her cold, calculating mother forgets her sternness when she

gazes on Maggie's open, happy face, and observes her kindness and love to all. Sweet Maggie, she is just the one to twine herself around her father's heart, who is alone in one sense, among all the members of that household. It is Maggie that always has his chair and slippers ready by the fire when he comes home from business weary and exhausted. It is Maggie's sweet voice and winning smile which heals all disputes: Maggie is, indeed, the good angel of the house.

But are we not forgetting the assembly before us? Hark! some one has gone to the piano, and Lieutenant Jones has taken advantage of the absence of Mrs. Beaumont, to whisper a few words to Henrietta; for the poor fellow really loves the haughty girl, to which she answers by a nod and an equivocal smile. A cotillion is forming, and an elaborately dressed exquisite, of no sense and much wealth, saunters up to Miss Beaumont, and in a soft voice inquires, "if she will *favour* him for the next *dance*." The lady replies by a gracious smile, and Jones is left to his fate.

In a little while Mr. Beaumont slips off from the scene so uncongenial to him, to the library, where he finds Maggie, who is too young, her mother says, to participate in the amusements down stairs. She greets him with an affectionate kiss, and "oh! papa, you have come at last, have you? I have been looking for you so long, and now and then taking a peep at the people in the drawing-room;" and then her eye sparkles as she thinks that it will be only a few years, when she too can go to parties and concerts as well as her eldest sister. After spending some time in reading and conversation they retire to rest, who shall not say happier, than those who consume the night in revelry.

In the meantime, Henrietta having found a more tempting bait in Mr. Augustus Moonshine, the exquisite before mentioned, or rather in his wealth, looks coldly on the lieutenant, while the dandy, thinking that there must be something very prepossessing in his appearance, that such a fine, showy girl as Miss Beaumont should admire him, twirls his moustache, and glances complacently at the fashionably arranged hair, and

in his estimation, admirably developed figure, reflected in the glass before him.

Mrs. Beaumont's company did not depart till a late hour, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the hostess to impress her guests with the idea of her wealth and importance, she had overheard a conversation between two ladies, which betrayed to her the real estimation in which they held her.

The next day things were restored to their proper order in Mrs. Beaumont's mansion.

About nine o'clock, a faint ring at the front door was heard, and the footman informed his mistress that a young woman desired to see her. Mrs. Beaumont inquired if she was a beggar, declaring that "she was bothered to death by demands for charity, and if she gave to all who asked she would be poor indeed."

"Oh, no, ma'am," replied the servant, "she does not look like a beggar, I guess she is one of them poor, genteel kind."

Mrs. Beaumont muttered that she dreaded this class far the most, for they would not be put off, and added, "here, James, tell her that I am engaged, and if she will go, here is a quarter for her." For Mrs. Beaumont, like too many of our fashionable ladies, would cheerfully lavish hundreds of dollars on a party, or head a subscription list with fifty dollars, if she thought that by so doing she could incur the world's approbation, or add to her eclat; but her purse-strings were tightly closed on unostentatious poverty.

A slight smile curled James' lip, for though a servant, he had the feelings of a man, as he said, "he could not think of offering money to the young person, for he did not think she came to beg." His mistress, determining to deny all appeals to her purse, went slowly down stairs, where she found the young woman in question, who was standing in the entry, and had heard all the conversation. Mrs. Beaumont coldly motioned her to sit down in a small, richly furnished apartment leading from the parlor, where the poor girl sat vainly hoping for Mrs. Beaumont to begin the conversation. But finding that she was evidently expected to tell the occasion of her visit, after much blushing and hesitation, she said, "that she had been recommended to her as a seamstress by a lady who had left Boston."

She stated that she was the eldest daughter of Edward Leslie, formerly a merchant of New York, whose name was still well remembered in that city, and who had been reduced to actual poverty by the roguery of his partner. Leslie, who was too honorable to defraud his creditors of a single penny, had appropriated the whole of his private fortune to satisfy their demands. His

family, thus reduced from affluence to poverty, felt anxious to remove from a place in which they had moved in the highest circles, and accordingly came to Boston. Mr. Leslie, whose failure deeply affected him, soon fell into a rapid decline, and sank into the grave not long after their arrival at their new residence. His widow was thus left alone in the wide world to support her three fatherless children. But she trusted to "Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless;" nor did she trust in vain.

She had been supplied with sewing on liberal terms by Mrs. Hart, until that lady left Boston to reside in Philadelphia. This lady then recommended her to several of her friends, and advised the widow to engage her daughter as a seamstress to Mrs. Beaumont, with whom she was slightly acquainted, and who she knew was in want of such a person. Such was in substance the tale which Grace Leslie repeated to Mrs. Beaumont.

That lady heard her in silence, and then coldly observed that she was in no need of a sewer, but after a great deal of haggling about the price, consented to employ her at a reduced rate; which Grace, having no better prospect in view, agreed to accept, and promised to commence her duties the next day. After her departure, Mrs. Beaumont returned to her *boudoir*, well satisfied that she had secured a very competent seamstress, at a very moderate rate, and communicated her success to her eldest daughter, who observed that she hoped *this* sewing girl would know her place, and not insist on her privileges, as she sneeringly said Mary Martin had done, whom her mother had formerly employed. "And really, ma," said she, "I think you were to blame in her case, for if you had frowned upon her in the beginning, she would not have dared to have taken airs," and the young lady laughed scornfully at the idea of a *seamstress* placing herself on the level of young ladies of fashion.

The next morning Grace made her appearance, and was conducted to the sewing-room, a snug little place joining the dining-room, on the second floor. Here she was furnished with some fine sewing to test her abilities, and left to her own reflections.

Mrs. Beaumont, having learned that Grace was an expert embroiderer, soon supplied her with the finest and most expensive work, thus keeping the poor girl busy upon a sort of sewing which she had not agreed to do. Grace knowing that this was her only resource, and thinking that her employer would surely pay her more for the articles she was then completing, made no



complaint. But she soon found that this was a false expectation; for not only was she constantly supplied with embroidery, but Mrs. Beaumont soon gave her to understand that she was to be paid the same price for the finest, as well as the plainest sewing, although Grace had received none of the latter so far; and her employer hinted that many would be glad to obtain a permanent situation, and that she only took her from charity.

Charity! that much abused word. Does a merchant employ a needy clerk at a reduced salary, who, glad to get work at any price, performs the labor of two; he comforts his conscience by thinking that he has done a good work for charity's sake? Does a fashionable lady procure a poverty-stricken governess or seamstress for one-half what she usually pays, how complacently does she feel when she reflects that she has done so from pure motives of charity; without considering her own interests?

Thus Grace continued to toil on, uncheered by kind words, or even kind looks from Mrs. Beaumont, who thought that all help must be made to know their place, especially those who were necessarily brought into contact with the family, as seamstresses and governesses are, and receiving only contemptuous looks and tyrannical commands from Henrietta. Her lot would have been hard indeed had it not been for the sympathy of Maggie. Often had the kind-hearted little girl stolen up stairs to lighten the heavy hours of Grace by her affectionate manner and lively prattle; for Maggie had a faint perception that Grace was unhappy, but no more. She could not imagine the cause of the seamstress' sadness, for to Maggie, the darling of her family, everything in life was *couleur de rose*. Her kindness to Grace, made more conspicuous by the haughty contempt of Mrs. Beaumont and Henrietta, only served to make the poor girl's tears flow afresh. Poor Grace! how nimbly her fingers flew as the time drew near for her to return to the loved ones at home, by whom she was always received with love and sympathy.

"Who is that handsome, intellectual-looking girl whom I see passing in and out so often?" exclaimed George Beaumont, as the family sat at breakfast one morning. Henrietta answered by a scornful smile, and Mrs. Beaumont merely saying that she supposed it was the seamstress, became deeply interested in pouring out a cup of tea for George. But the young man was not so easily put off, and at the earliest opportunity obtained from Maggie full particulars respecting Grace, of whose existence he had until now been ignorant; and we may be sure that Miss Leslie

lost none of her attractions by having them repeated by Maggie.

Mrs. Beaumont now kept Grace closer than ever, sending her meals up to her, and contriving that she should be seen as little as possible by George; for she knew that her beauty was calculated to make an impression on the susceptible heart of her son. She feared too that he would be imposed upon by an artful, low girl, and thus be drawn into a mis-alliance, which of all things she dreaded.

Her interest would not allow her to dismiss Grace, for she knew she would never obtain another who knew so little of her rights and performed her duty so well. So she quieted her fears by never allowing George to see her; and so well did she manœuvre that in a few days the young gentleman relapsed into his former ignorance.

Grace had now been employed at Mrs. Beaumont's four weeks, and one day as she was going home ventured to ask if it would be convenient to her employer to pay her, adding that she would not ask for it if she did not really need it, that her mother had caught a severe cold while sitting in a draught and was now confined to her bed, and that the support of the family depended in a great measure on her own exertions.

Mrs. Beaumont replied that she made it a rule never to pay her seamstress except every three months, for she had found that when she paid them weekly they were continually expecting it, and if payment was delayed for any time they were presumptuous. Not thinking that the poor have constant demands on their little store, and need it as soon, nay, sometimes sooner than they earn it.

Poor Grace felt as if she would choke, but forcing back the tears, entreated to be paid if it was only a small part. Mrs. Beaumont haughtily answered that she could not break her rule, muttering as she returned to the parlor that "that girl was really becoming too impudent, and it would serve her right to make her wait longer than the three months."

Grace stood a moment irresolute, and then folding her thin shawl closely around her, slowly left the house. After threading her way along many narrow and obscure streets she arrived at home, where she found her mother and the children in a small, but neat and thrifty-looking room; the former sitting up in bed endeavoring to finish the bosom of a fine shirt by the feeble light of a flickering candle. Grace took off her bonnet, and throwing herself on her mother's neck, burst into tears.

Mrs. Leslie, thinking something unusual had

occurred, tenderly inquired the cause of her distress. "Oh! mother," sobbed the poor girl, for her heart was overflowing with the pent-up grief of weeks, "dear mother, do not ask me to go to that woman's house again. You cannot think what I have suffered for four weeks. Mrs. Beaumont keeps me constantly at work, and if she thinks that I have stopped a moment to rest, she throws out hints that she always deducts for waste time; and then her eldest daughter taunts me with the difference in our station. And to-night I ventured to ask Mrs. Beaumont for a part, only a small part of the money due to me, and she seemed quite offended that I should dare to ask for it before she was ready to give it to me.

"But oh! mother," said she, smiling, for she already felt relieved by her tears, and the sympathy expressed in her mother's mild eye, "I wish you could know Maggie, the youngest of Mrs. Beaumont's children. She is a perfect little angel. Many were the cheering words and kindly smiles that I received from her when my very heart seemed breaking in that great house. She is just the one to banish grief, for she is so happy and light-hearted herself, that she appears to possess the power of making all around her so."

Mrs. Leslie gently soothed her daughter, telling her that she knew it was very annoying. "But you know, my love," she said, "that we cannot look for friends everywhere in this world, for it is only by trials and afflictions that we are purified and rendered able to endure what our Father sees fit to impose upon his children; 'for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'

"So my child do not be troubled, but perform well your duty independent of the sneers of the world." Grace now insisted on her mother lying down, while she sat up to finish the sewing; and drawing the children around her, she began telling them a story to prevent their noise disturbing their mother. They listened eagerly, Annie, the youngest, a little one of four years, every now and then inquiring in a whisper of Sister Hetty, whether the orphans Gracie was telling them about, whose mamma and papa had "done to God," were real orphans.

Soon, however, their curiosity was overcome by sleep, and laying them gently by the side of their mother, Grace sat up to complete her work, and then after offering up a prayer to "Him who never sleeps," that He would guide her in the way she ought to go, and keep her from murmuring at her lot, she retired to rest with a heart lightened in a great measure of its woes.

The next day, Grace repaired to Mrs. Beaumont's, with a cheerful face and an elastic step,

and keeping in mind that it was for her mother and the little ones she toiled, her work was far from distasteful to her.

Nearly three weeks had elapsed since Grace's conversation with her mother, and still she had received no part of her money, when she informed Mrs. Beaumont that she really must have a portion at least of her wages, and she so far conquered her aversion to display her wants to the eye of a stranger, as to tell her that her mother was unable any longer to pay for the room they had occupied, and they had been obliged to remove to a smaller and less comfortable one; that they were actually in want of the necessaries of life. Poor Grace! she never could have told this much had not the thought of her mother and sisters suffering demanded the sacrifice.

Mrs. Beaumont, probably touched by the girl's wild manner, appeared ready to grant her demand, but thinking that she would not be conquered by the importunity of the girl, coldly declared that she could not overstep the limit of her rule; that if she did it in one case she must continue it in another, and therefore she could not consent to it.

The next morning eight o'clock came, but no Grace, nine o'clock, but still she did not appear, and as the day wore on Maggie's face grew very sad, and she thought the poor girl was certainly ill, or wondered if her mother was worse, for Grace had communicated to the sympathizing child the tale of her mother's illness and their reduced condition. While Mrs. Beaumont scarcely gave her a thought, or if she remembered her at all, it was to suppose that she was staying away to bring her into her measure; and she added to her eldest daughter, that she was not now anxious for her to come, as all her fine sewing was nearly finished, thanks to Grace's active fingers; that she had no doubt she would come in due time for her money.

The next day came, but it did not bring Grace with it, and after dinner Maggie stole softly into the library, where her father was sitting, saying, "papa, I have a secret, a great secret to tell you; promise me that you will grant what I am going to ask." Her father laying his hand upon her sunny curls, gravely replied, that he hoped his little daughter was not going to meddle with secrets which would bring her into trouble. "Oh! no, papa, it is about poor—" and here she suddenly stopped. "But promise, papa, that you will not say no." Mr. Beaumont said he would willingly give his consent to any reasonable demand, and now inquired the cause of her eager manner.

Maggie then told him of Grace, that she had not come for two days, and she knew she must be sick; and "papa," said the little girl, drawing closer to him, "Grace says they are in *want*, in *want*, papa;" for although she did not know by experience the meaning of the word, she was aware it was some dreadful thing which the poor suffered. She then asked permission to take James, the footman, with her, and see what kept Grace away, for she had told her where she lived.

"And remember, papa, this is to be kept secret from mamma, or she will not let me go." Her father said that he himself would accompany her, and bid her request Mrs. Dale, the housekeeper, to fill a basket with provisions for the children, and cordials for their mother.

As soon as it was dark, Mr. Beaumont and Maggie, followed by James, carrying the basket, issued from the house, and after walking some time, and passing through the most thickly populated part of the city, they entered a narrow, dirty street, and stopped before an old, miserable-looking house, which Mr. Beaumont said must be the one they were seeking. The crazy shutters were swayed to and fro by the wind, and the creaking stairs seemed hardly able to bear their weight. On the first floor, they inquired for Mrs. Leslie, and were directed to the highest room in the house. On reaching the door, Mr. Beaumont knocked, but after waiting some time, and receiving no answer, he gently pushed the door open and entered the room. The father and daughter stood on the threshold of the apartment, silently gazing on the scene of wretchedness before them.

In one corner of the room, on a bed on the floor, lay Mrs. Leslie, while the younger children were gathered around the fire-place (for stove there was none) in which were a few embers, and were trying to warm their little red hands and feet. The only articles in the room were the bed, a small rocking-chair, the remnant of their former furniture, a table of the coarsest material, and a small, rickety stand, on which was placed a bottle of medicine, purchased with the last earnings of Mrs. Leslie.

The widow was asleep, and the children, too much engaged in trying to extract a little warmth from the coals, did not notice the entrance of the strangers. "Hetty," said little Annie, "what mates sister Gracie try so much, won't that lady div her her money?" Just then Grace entered the room, for she had been taking home some

sewing, and on discovering who the visitors were, warmly thanked them for their kindness in thus coming to see her.

Mr. Beaumont, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, felt the tears fast filling his eyes, and ashamed of being seen weeping, took Annie upon his lap, and began caressing her. Maggie seemed then indeed like an angel; with a gentle hand she poured out some wine for Mrs. Leslie, while James was making a fire; and putting a piece of cake into the hands of the delighted children, she told Grace to draw out the table, and place the provisions from the basket on it. In a short time an air of comparative comfort was diffused throughout the cheerless apartment. Annie first looking at the blazing fire and then at the well spread table, exclaimed, "that it would be a dood while before they were hundry and cold again."

Mr. Beaumont, after leaving money enough to last until he saw them again, departed with Maggie, feeling that he had learned a lesson from his little daughter which he would not easily forget; while Mrs. Leslie silently breathed a prayer to God that He had thus raised up friends to her in the hour of her extremity.

The next day Mr. Beaumont removed the family to better lodgings, and in a short time procured for Mrs. Leslie, who soon recovered her health by care and good nursing, the office of governante to the children of a wealthy and worthy friend who had lost his wife; a situation which Mrs. Leslie, by her talents and education, was well qualified to fill.

In this genial atmosphere little Annie grew in spirit, and her mother fondly thought, in form, like their darling Maggie, who now and then paid them an unexpected visit, and was greeted with a heart's true welcome.

Mr. Linton, for that was the widower's name, soon found in Grace those virtues he had lost with his wife, and after the Leslie's had been domiciled in his mansion about two years, led Grace Leslie to the altar a happy bride. Mrs. Beaumont often wonders what became of the poor seamstress, and whenever that is the case, a smile of intelligence passes between Mr. Beaumont and Maggie; but they keep their own secret. When Mrs. Beaumont and her elder daughter discover that the wealthy and benevolent Mrs. Linton was the poor dependant on their caprice, we may imagine the mortification of Henrietta to find that a seamstress can indeed rise to the level of young ladies of fashion.

# PAPIER-MACHE.

BY MRS. ELLA WHARTON.

It was toward the close of the last century that iron tea-trays began to be imitated or superseded by papier-mache.

Although the real papier-mache snaps up all kinds of paper indiscriminately, with most impartial fairness, the tea-tray paper (if we may so term it) is not so easily satisfied; it requires whole, sound sheets to work upon, and these sheets must have a certain definite quality to fit them for their destined purpose.

Let us watch, in thought, the making of a papier-mache tea-tray. In the first place we see that the paper employed has a greyish color, and looks like thick blotting-paper; and in the next we see that a mould or form is employed to give shape to the tray. Artists or designers are constantly at work producing new patterns; but we are here supposing that a tolerably simple tray is to be manufactured. A model of the tray is prepared, giving the exact form and shape; and from this model a mould is cast in iron, brass, or copper; the surface of the mould corresponding, of course, with the interior of the tray to be made. Women and girls, seated at tables, cut up the rough grey paper into pieces of the requisite size, and these pieces are handed to the pasters, who are also women—for it is worthy of remark that this very pretty art is one which is capable of being exercised in many of its branches by females. These pasters have beside them a plentiful supply of paste, made of flour and glue dissolved and boiled in water. The mould is greased, to prevent the paper from adhering. The first sheet is pasted on both sides, and handed to another woman, who lays it on the mould, pressing and rubbing and adjusting it until it conforms to the shape. Another and another are similarly applied, and the mould, with its threefold garment, is put into a drying-room, heated to a high temperature, where it is brought to a dried state. It is removed from the stove-room, filed to give it a tolerable smoothness of surface, and then clothed with three more layers of paper, in the same mode as before. Again is the stove-room employed, again the pasters ply their labor; a third time the stove-room, again the pasters; and so on, until thirty or forty thicknesses of paper have been applied, more or less, of course, according to the sub-

stance intended to be produced. For some purposes as many as a hundred and twenty thicknesses are pasted together, involving forty stove dryings, and of course carrying the operations over a considerable number of days. A mass of pasteboard, six inches in thickness, which is occasionally produced for certain purposes, is perhaps one of the roughest and strongest materials we can imagine.

The mould being covered with a sufficient layer, a knife is employed to dexterously loosen the paper at the edges; the greased state of the mould allows the paper to be removed from it. Then are all imperfections removed; the plane, the file, and the knife are applied to bring all proper and "ship-shape."

Next come the adornments. The pasteboard itself is not beautiful, so beauty is sought in other ways. Shell-lac varnish of very fine quality, colored according to circumstances, is applied coat after coat, until a thickness is obtained sufficient for the purpose. The black polished surface of ordinary papier-mache trays is produced by black japan varnish, applied by women with a brush. But whether the varnish be black or colored, it usually undergoes a rubbing and polishing to such a degree as to equal in brilliancy anything produced in the arts. It is said that the finest polishing instrument used to give the last finishing touch, after all the "rotten stones" and "emories" have done their best, is the soft palm of a woman's hand; and that those females employed in this art, who are gifted by Nature with the much-coveted charm of a soft and delicate hand, find it commercially advantageous to preserve this softness and delicacy by a degree of gloved carefulness, not usual in their rank of life.

Then ensue the painting and the gilding, the bedizement with gaudy show, or the adornment with graceful device, according as the goods are low or high-priced, or the manufacturer a man of taste or no taste. A kind of stencilling is employed in cheap work, but in better specimens the real artist's pencil is brought into requisition.

The true papier-mache is almost entirely paper; there may be a small percentage of other material to impart certain minor qualities, but it is essentially paper. And if we inquire what kind

of paper is thus used, we find that it is any and every kind—all will be welcome to the *mache vat*. This kind of papier-mache is a paste-like mass formed of paper-pulp, and pressed in moulds to any desired form. The paper, be it of what kind it may, or of as many different kinds as it may, is moistened, and chopped, and minced, and routed about until it becomes a perfectly homogeneous pasty mass, or rather a mass having a consistency like that of dough or of putty. A trifling portion of other substances is, as we have said, introduced, but not sufficient to change the general

character of the mass as a paper substance. Then comes the moulding or pressing. The material is too thick to be poured into a mould like plaster of Paris, or like molten metal; it is pressed into flattish moulds, like clay, or composition, or gutta-percha. A piece is cut off, about enough for the article to be made, it is pressed well into the mould, a counter-mould is placed upon it, and the force of a powerful press is brought to bear upon it, so as to drive the material into every minute crevice of the mould.

## SACRED EARTH.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

WHAT's sacred earth? The hallow'd place  
Where some stern patriot dared to face  
His country's marshaled foes,  
When every pass and shaded glen  
Echoed the tread of armed men,  
And battle's cry arose?

Such, is the wild and rocky pass,  
Where bled the brave Leonidas,  
When Spartans' noblest fell—  
And such the craggy heights that saw  
Cast to the winds a tyrant's law,  
By the bold arm of Tell!

'Tis sacred ground where deeds were done,  
Like those achieved at Lexington,  
When Freedom's stern hurrah

Thrilled the tall hills and forests round  
With her reanimating sound,  
And won the glorious day!

Yes—and while burns yon mighty sun,  
The deathless name of Marathon  
Shall be a battle-word

To Nations who in bondage weep,  
And wake them from lethargic sleep,  
To draw young Freedom's sword!

Bozzaris!—still the dark-eyed maids  
Who dwell in Grecia's olive shades,  
For thee their dirges pour.

Oh, when shall such a chief again  
Lead forth thy sons on battle plain,  
In danger's darkest hour?

The spot where ebb'd his noble life,  
In the fierce hour of mortal strife,  
For aye is hallowed earth;

For so too oft is Freedom's tree  
Nursed from its rising infancy,  
And watered at its birth!

But—for Ambition in the strife  
Of swords—oh, shed not human life;  
Napoleon's conquests won

A deathless fame around the world,  
But now his eagle flag is furl'd,  
What has his valor done?

Away with such! But give us those  
To ignorance, and oppression, foes,  
And earth shall smile in light,

While peace and knowledge, hand-in-hand,  
Circle around the joyous land,  
Strong in God's holy might!

## MY FATHER.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

Thou art sleeping now, Father, upon thy cold brow  
The white hair is resting all motionless now!  
Yet a promise of Heaven my spirit can trace,  
In the beautiful meekness imprint on thy face.

Thou art sleeping now, Father! thy long path is trod,  
Thou hast walked it, near fourscore, to meet with thy  
God!

And thy child may He pardon, if now in her heart  
She is weary of earth, and would pray to depart!

Thou art sleeping now, Father! alone night and day  
Have I lingered beside thee to soothe the dark way  
Of the valley of Death, which I felt thou must tread,  
As I stood by thy bedside or pillowed thy head.

Thou art sleeping now, Father! may wild roses fling  
Their beautiful perfume, and Summer birds sing,  
Where, feeling, in Heaven the spirits are blest,  
By the side of our Mother we lay thee to rest!

# THE BLACK RAVEN.

## A HUNGARIAN TRADITION

BY M. J. SMITH.

Among the lofty Carpathians, where they mirror their stern and solemn beauty in the clear waters of the Waag, linked together in a long chain, like the giant guardians of the fair valley at their feet, may be seen a detached and sterile rock, almost inaccessible, totally devoid of vegetation, and laved by the rapid river, which hurries from beneath its heavy shadows to dance again in brightness in the sunlight beyond.

The Count Stibor was as brave as he was high-born, and riches had poured in upon him until he had become one of the wealthiest nobles in the empire. It chanced that one day he hunted with a great retinue among the mountain fastnesses; and glorious was the sport of that gallant hunt. The light-footed chamois, the antlered deer, the fierce wolf, and the grisly bear were alike laid low; when, as the sun was about to set, he formed his temporary encampment on the pleasant bank of the Waag, just where, on the opposite side of the channel, the lone and precipitous rock we have described turned aside the glancing waters.

The heart of Stibor was merry, for the sport had gone well throughout the day, and when his rude tents were raised, the savory steam of the venison, and the sparkles of the wine-cup brightened his humor, and he listened, with a smile upon his lip to the light sallies of the joyous company.

As they talked idly of the day's hunting, however, one wished that the deer had taken another direction; a second that he had not missed a certain shot; a third that he had not lost his *couteau-de-chasse* in the underwood: in short, there was not an individual among them who had not some regret blent with his triumph, like a drop of gall in a cup of honey.

"Hear me," said the magnificent noble, during a transient pause in the conversation; "I seem to be the only hunter of the day to whom the sport has been without a blemish. It is true that all your misfortunes are light enough: but I will have no shadow cast upon my own joy; and therefore to compensate to you for these alleged mishaps, each of you is free to form a wish, and if it be within my power to grant it,

I pledge my knightly word that it shall be fulfilled."

A murmur of admiration ran through the astonished circle; and the work of ambition soon began. Gold was the first thing asked for—for avarice is ever the most greedy of all passions; and then revenge upon an enemy—for human nature will often sacrifice personal gain to vengeance; and then power—authority—rule over their fellow-men; the darling occupation and privilege of poor, weak, self-misjudging mortals. In short, there was no boon within the reach of reason which had not been asked and promised, when the eye of Stibor fell upon his jester, who was standing apart playing with the tassels of his vest, and apparently quite uninterested in a subject which had made all around him eager and excited.

"And thou, knave," said the noble, "hast thou nothing to ask? Thou must bestir thyself, or thy master will have little left to give, if the game go on thus."

"Fear not, fear not," replied the fool; "the claimants have been courteous, for they have not touched upon that portion of thy possessions which I covet. They have demanded gold, blood, dominion; the power to enjoy themselves, and to render others wretched—they are welcome to all they want. I ask only for stones." A loud laugh ran through the circle. "Stones, Betzko!" echoed the astonished Stibor: "thou shalt have them to thy heart's content, where and in what shape thou wilt."

"I take thee at thy word, Count Stibor. I will have them yonder, on the crest of the bold rock that stands out like a braggart daring the foot of man; and in the shape of a good castle in which I may hold my own, should need be," was the unlooked-for reply.

"Thou hast lost thy chance, Betzko;" cried a voice amid the universal merriment that ensued. "Not even Stibor can accomplish thy desire."

"Who dares to say that Stibor cannot grant it, if such be his will?" demanded the chieftain in a voice of thunder, as he rose proudly from the earth where he had been seated on a couch of skins. "The castle of Betzko shall be built!"

And it *was* built—and within a year a festival was held there: and the noble became enamored of his own creation—for it was beautiful in its strength, and the fair dames admired its courtly halls as much as the warriors prized its solid walls and its commanding towers. And thus Count Stibor bought off the rock-fortress from his jester with gold, and made it the chief place of his abode; and he feasted there with his guests, and made merry with music and dances, until it seemed as though life was to be for him one long festival. Men often walk over the spot which afterward opens to bury them.

Little by little the habit of self-indulgence grew upon the luxurious noble; yet still he loved the chase beyond all else on earth, and his dogs were of the fleetest and finest breed.

He was one day at table, surrounded by the richest viands and the rarest wines, when one of his favorite hounds entered the hall howling with pain, and dragging after him his wounded foot, which dropped blood as he moved along. Terror seized upon the hearts of the vassals, even before the rage of their lord burst forth; and when it came, terrible was the storm as he vowed vengeance against the wretch who had dared thus to mutilate an animal that he valued.

An aged slave flung himself at his feet. "Mercy! my lord, mercy!" he exclaimed, piteously. "I have served you faithfully for years—my beard is grey with time, and my life has been one of hardship. Have mercy on me, for he flew upon me, and would have torn me, had I not defended myself against his fury. I might have destroyed him, but I sought only to preserve myself. Have mercy upon my weakness!"

The angry chieftain, however, heeded not the anguish of his grey hairs; and pointing to a low balcony, which extended across the window of the apartment and hung over the precipice, he commanded that the wretched old man should be flung from thence into the river which flowed beneath as an example to those caitiffs who valued their own worthless lives above those of his noble hounds.

As the miserable tools of an imperious will were dragging the unhappy victim to his fate, he raised his voice, and cursed the tyrant whom they served; and having done so, he summoned him to appear at the tribunal, which none can escape, to answer for this his last crime, on its first anniversary. But the powerful chief heeded not his words.

"Away with him!" he said, sternly, as he lifted his goblet to his lips—and there was a struggle, a shriek of agony, and then a splash upon the river wave, and all was silent!

A year went by in festival and pride; and the day on which that monstrous crime had been committed returned unheeded. There was a feast in the castle, and Stibor, who month after month gave himself up yet more to self-indulgence, gradually became heavy with wine, and his attendants carried him to a couch beside the same window whence the unfortunate slave had been hurled twelve months before.

The guests drank on for a time, and made merry at the insensibility and helplessness of their powerful host; and then they departed, each to his business or his pleasure, and left him there alone.

The casement had been flung back to admit the air freely into the heated apartment; and the last reveller had scarcely departed, when a raven—the sombre messenger of Nemesis—flew thrice round the battlements of the castle, and then alighted on the balcony. Several of the guests amused their idleness by watching the evolutions of the ill-omened bird; but once having lost sight of it, they turned away and thought of it no more.

Meanwhile, a work of agony and death had been delegated to that dark-winged messenger. It rested but an instant from its sight ere once more it hovered over the couch of the sleeping Stibor; and then darting down, its sharp beak penetrated at one thrust from his eye into his brain!

The agony awoke him, but he awoke only to madness from its extent. He reeled to and fro, venting imprecations to which none were by to listen, and writhed until his tortured body was one convulsion. At length, by a mighty effort, striving to accomplish he knew not what, he hurled himself over the balcony, at the self-same spot whence the slave had been flung by his own command; and as he fell, the clear waters of the Waag for a time resisted the impure burthen, and threw him back shrieking and howling from their depths.

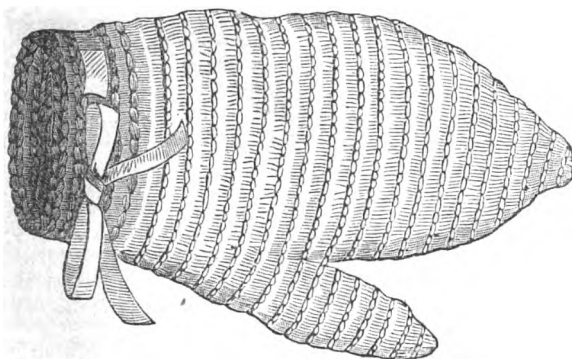
But he sank at last; and when his parasites sought him on the morrow, they found only the couch on which he had lain, and a few drops of blood to hint that he had died a death of violence and vengeance.

They searched for him carefully on all sides; and then, when they were quite assured that he had passed away never to return, whispers grew of the grey-headed slave, and the mysterious raven—until by degrees the fate of the famous Stibor was fashioned into form, and grew into a legend throughout the country; scaring the village maiden in her twilight walk, and the lone shepherd in his watch upon the hills.

## OUR WORK TABLE.

### INFANT'S MITTEN.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.



**MATERIALS.**—Eight skeins of white, and one of scarlet Berlin wool. Penelope crochet, No. 2.

With white make a chain of thirty-six stitches, unite and work three rounds in double or plain crochet; now form the thumb, by making three stitches in one, work six rounds thus, increasing by making three in the same stitch; now leave the stitches which have been made by the increasing, make two chain stitches, to unite the two sides of the hand, work six rounds, working one in each stitch, after which decrease in each round, by missing the centre stitch in each side of the hand till the stitches are reduced to three on each side; crochet these together, draw the wool through to the wrong side, and fasten off.

Work the thumb, by making a stitch; in each stitch, and two in one of the chains which joined the sides of hand, work two more rounds, increasing in the same stitch, four without the increasing, after which decrease at each side till reduced to two more stitches; crochet these together, and fasten off on the wrong side. With scarlet work a round in double crochet along the top, one round, one long, two chain, miss two, and two rounds in double crochet. Draw a narrow ribbon through the open round.

## TRUE LOVELINESS.

BY R. K. SMITH.

She who thinks a noble heart  
Better than a noble mein,  
Honors virtue more than art,  
Though 'tis less in fashion seen;  
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,  
She's the bride, the wife for me.

She who deems that inward grace  
Far surpasses outward show,  
She who values less the face

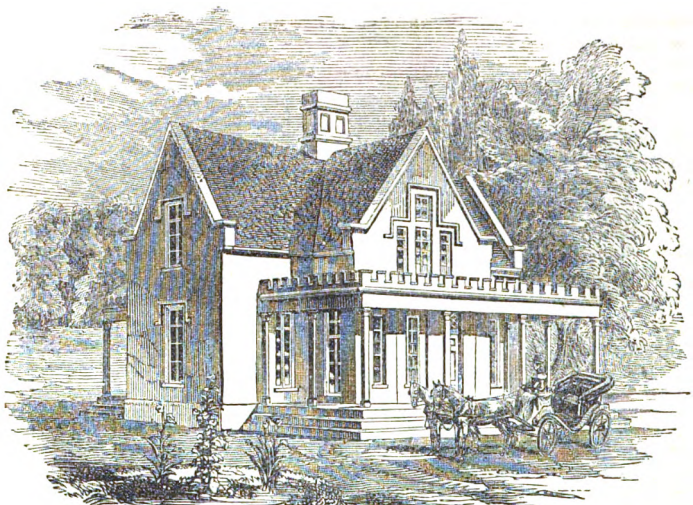
Than that charm the soul can throw;  
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,  
She's the bride, the wife for me.

She who knows the heart requires,  
Something more than lips of dew,  
That when Love's repose expires,  
Love itself dies with it too;  
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,  
She's the bride, the wife for me.



## COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

### NO. II.—A TUDOR-GOTHIC COTTAGE.



WE here present our readers with a design for a cottage in the Tudor-Gothic style. The whole has an expression of utility and comfort:—in one word, of domestic enjoyment. Its style is truly Northern, and more suitable to our climate than any other. It permits the use of building materials of the very coarsest kind, and high roofs which can be made of a simple and strong construction.

The ground-plan has a pleasing, symmetrical form. The porch, or entry, is five feet and a half by nine feet, opening into the parlor, which is eighteen by twenty feet. The parlor here is quite a handsome and comfortable apartment, and the communication with the veranda will make it very pleasant in the summer. On each side of the parlor is a room adjoining. One of them—the library—will probably be used as a sitting-room. It is twelve by fourteen feet. A communication may be made with the veranda, if desired. The other may be used as a bedroom for guests, or as a dining-room. It is twelve by twelve and a half feet. The communication with the staircase makes it suitable for both uses. This room also may have a communication with the veranda.

The kitchen here is thirteen feet and a half by

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fifteen feet, which is a very convenient size for a cottage like this. There is a pantry attached to it, six by twelve feet, well lighted and aired. Between the kitchen and back door is a small entry, which will exclude all draught and cold air in the winter. This back door opens on a small veranda or porch, five feet and a half by nine feet. If desired, a cellar might be made under part of the building; and, in this case, a descending flight of steps could be constructed under the main stairs.

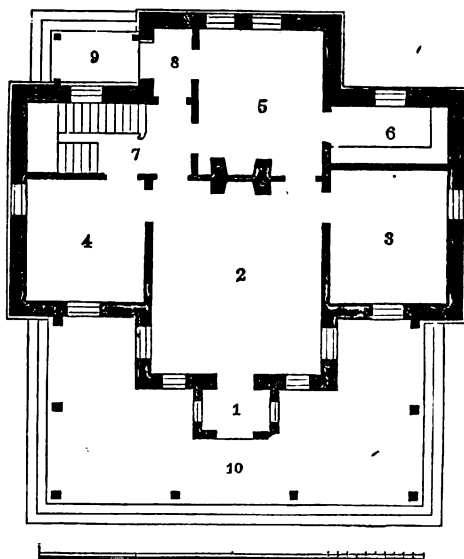
The second floor of this cottage gives a great deal of sleeping accommodation for a dwelling of its size—no less than four good bed-rooms. One of them is quite a large cottage-room, being sixteen by eighteen feet. The others are also sufficiently large. The sizes are given on the annexed scale of dimensions. Two of them have two fine closets attached.

This cottage could be built of stone or brick, and it could, in many localities, be built of cobble or rubble stone, and cemented externally at a very moderate cost. Common quarry stone would be the best material, and, if only roughly dressed, and even laid in random courses, the effect will be better, and more expressive of the style, than if cut with the chisel and laid in smooth ashlar.

The hoodmouldings and sills to be of dressed stone, and the gables coped with stone, hammer-dressed; the roof to be covered with slates. Particular attention must be paid to the roofing of the valleys, because the water from the higher parts of the roof all finds its way to them before reaching the eaves, and therefore, if they are not made perfectly tight, leaky places are certain to show themselves immediately, to the great injury of the house and inconvenience of the inmates. To make these valleys tight, they should be lined or covered, before the slates are laid on, with broad strips of copper, lead, or galvanized iron. The former is the best material; good thick lead is most commonly used, being less expensive than copper.

All the inside woodwork, including sashes and doors, to be of a dark color, grained to resemble oak or walnut. Stained glass may be used with great advantage in the entrance.

The veranda will be constructed of wood, painted and sanded to correspond with the material of the building—the roof of the same to be covered with tin.



GROUND PLAN.

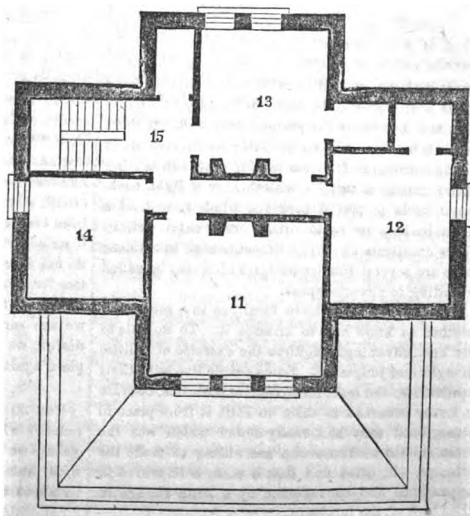
## DIMENSIONS.

## PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

	FEET.
1. Vestibule, - - -	4½ × 6
2. Parlor, - - -	18 × 20
3. Library, - - -	12 × 14
4. Bed-room, - - -	12 × 12½
5. Kitchen, - - -	13½ × 15
6. Pantry, - - -	6 × 12
7. Staircase, - - -	7½ × 16½
8. Entry, - - -	4 × 7
9. Porch, - - -	5½ × 9
10. Veranda, - - -	9 feet wide.

## SECOND FLOOR.

11. Bed-room, - - -	16 × 18
12. Bed-room, - - -	12 × 14
13. Bed-room, - - -	13½ × 15
14. Bed-room, - - -	12 × 12½
15. Staircase, - - -	7½ × 16½



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**TASTE IN FURNITURE.**—A lady asks us, in a letter, to give some hints respecting taste in furniture. It is scarcely possible, however, to lay down a rule with respect to the ordinary furniture of a room, yet there is a general law of propriety which ought as much as possible to be observed. Regard must be had to what is called "the fitness of things," and thereby the avoiding of violent contrasts. For instance, sometimes a showy centre-table is seen in the middle of a room, where the carpet and every other article is shabby and out of repair; or a flashy looking-glass stands above the chimney-piece, as though to reflect the incongruous taste of its owner. Shabby things always look the shabbier when thus contrasted with what is bright and new. We do not mean to say that new articles should never be purchased; we remark only, that in buying furniture, regard should be had to the condition of the room in which it is to be placed. For this reason, second-hand furniture is sometimes preferable to new.

"So many men, so many minds," is an old saying; and scarcely two people agree in choosing their assortment of furniture. What is convenient for one is inconvenient for another, and that which is considered ornamental by one family, would be thought ugly by their neighbors. There are, however, certain articles suited to most rooms—an ordinary parlor, for example. The number of chairs depends on the size of the room; eight are usually chosen, two of them being elbows. A square two-flap mahogany table, or a circular one with triped stand, occupies the centre of the apartment. At one side stands a sofa, a sideboard, a cheffonier, or perhaps a bookcase. Sometimes the cheffonier, with a few shelves fixed to the wall above it, is made to do duty as a bookcase, and it answers the purpose very well. If there be no sofa, there will be probably an easy-chair, in a snug corner, not far from the fire-place; in another corner stands a small work-table, or a light occasional table is placed near the window, to hold a flower-basket, or some other ornamental article. These constitute the articles most needed in a room; there are several smaller things, which may be added according to circumstances.

It is one thing to have furniture in a room, and another to know how to arrange it. To do this to the best advantage, requires the exercise of a little thought and judgment. Some people live with their furniture in the most inconvenient positions, because it never occurred to them to shift it from place to place, until they had really found which was the most suitable. Those who are willing to make the attempt, will often find that a room is improved in appearance and convenience by a little change in the place of the furniture.

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It is too much the practice to cover the mantel-piece with a number and variety of knick-knacks and monstrosities by way of ornament; but this is in very bad taste. Three, or at most, four articles, are all that should be seen in that conspicuous situation. Vases of white porcelain, called "Parian," or of old china, or a small statue, or a shell or two, are the most suitable. The forms of some of the white vases now sold at a low price, are so elegant, that it is a real pleasure to look at them.

**WHAT IS THE POSTAGE?**—We are so often written to, in regard to the postage, that we think the shortest method of answering is to publish the law upon the subject. This is it. Magazines go at one cent, *if not over three ounces in weight*; above that a cent additional for every additional ounce. When the postage is *pre-paid quarterly* the charge is but half of these rates. The January number, having a hundred pages in it, besides extra plates, weighed a little over five ounces, and the postage was consequently four cents, or as much as if it had weighed full six. If pre-paid for a quarter ahead, however, the postage was only two. The present number weighs not over four ounces, consequently the postage is two cents. Or, if pre-paid, *one cent*. The average postage for the year will not exceed this. We advise our subscribers, therefore, to pre-pay quarterly, and avail themselves of the reduction of one half offered under such circumstances.

**A WORD TO EXCHANGES.**—Is it fair to copy articles, for which we pay, without giving us credit for them? During the last two months nearly every story in this Magazine has been copied, by different newspapers, but in four cases out of five they appear without credit. We have seen "Lillian Floyd's Christmas Visit," "Cousin Mercy's Curl," and various shorter stories, but especially "Lillian Floyd," in nearly a hundred journals; yet not a dozen have had the credit, which, through negligence or otherwise, has been omitted. We might as well steal English stories, if we are not to get credit for our original ones. We do not object to stories being copied, but ask in justice for an acknowledgment. Three words is enough: "From Peterson's Magazine." As these omissions, we are sure, arise from inattention, and not from design, we trust we shall not have occasion to complain again, at least this year.

**OUR JANUARY NUMBER.**—The magnificent double number which, in accordance with our custom for years, we published for January, everywhere met with praise. It was declared, in general terms, to be about the handsomest number of any magazine for the month, and incomparably the most readable.

We repeat the injunction to our friends, to get us as many subscribers as possible; for the volume for 1853 will be, in every respect, the best we ever issued.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*My Life and Acts in Hungary.* By Arthur Gorgei. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work is the celebrated General Gorgei, whose surrender terminated the Hungarian War of Independence. For that act he was popularly accused of treason. To defend himself from this charge the present volume was written. Its style is frank and soldierly. Whatever else may be thought of it, that it fully acquits the author of the base charge against him, every candid reader will acknowledge. The truth seems to be that the Magyar army was outnumbered so fearfully, after Russia came to the aid of Austria, as to leave no chance whatever of success; that Gorgei, though he saw this from the first, held out long enough to demonstrate it to the world; and that, when all hope was extinguished, and his forces hemmed in on every side, he surrendered to save the lives of his soldiers. If he erred, it was not for his personal advantage, at least; and therefore no treason. We think few, who read this volume, but will pronounce his surrender, not only justifiable, but imperatively demanded by circumstances. The book has made many things clear to us, in regard to the Hungarian campaigns, which have hitherto been a puzzle, and we recommend it to all who took an interest in that gallant struggle, or who desire to sift history impartially.

*Napoleon in Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena.* By Barry E. O'Meara. 2 vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—Everything connected with Napoleon has lately received a new interest from the accession of his nephew to the imperial crown of France. We remember perusing these volumes many years ago, at a time when some of their remarkable predictions were yet unfulfilled; and we have read them again, with renewed pleasure, since one of their most striking prophecies has come true. The present is a very beautiful edition. An exquisitely engraved portrait of Napoleon, from the celebrated picture by De La Roche, forms the frontispiece to the first volume; while a sketch of St. Helena from the ocean adorns the second. The more one reads about the emperor the greater is one's admiration for his vast intellect. Nowhere does that colossal mind, however, seem more gigantic than in these volumes. At one time the British press attempted to impeach O'Meara's veracity, so unwilling is England even yet to acknowledge Napoleon's genius; but the undertaking failed, O'Meara triumphantly vindicated himself, and the "Voice from St. Helena" is now confessed everywhere to be entirely trustworthy.

*Waverley Novels. Illustrated Library Edition.* Vols. XVII, XVIII, XIX and XX. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.—It is really creditable to America, that so elegant an edition of the Waverley Novels, should not only be published here, but meet with liberal support. On their part the Messrs. Mussey show their appreciation of the popular approbation, by increasing the beauty of the illustrations, with each successive volume. There are numerous competitors for public favor, in other editions of the Waverley Novels, but the best of them are worthless when compared with this, being all printed in type too small, and some badly illustrated in addition. We consider it our duty to put purchasers on their guard. Those persons wishing a good edition of the Waverley Novels, must buy this one, or send abroad for an English copy. We make no exceptions.

*The Waverley Garland. A Present for All Seasons.* Edited by "Ellen Louise Chandler." 1 vol. Boston: Moses A. Dow.—This is a beautiful quarto of four hundred pages, edited by a lady well known to literature, and whom we number among our most popular contributors, Miss Ellen Louise Chandler. A portrait of the fair author adorns the volume, as also a picture of her residence, "Elmwood Cottage," Connecticut. The work is edited with taste and ability. The stories and poems generally are unusually good. The volume is handsomely bound, in embossed cloth, with gilt edges. We know no better book for a gift.

*Elements of Geology.* By Alonso Gray. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here a most excellent elementary volume on geology, which we can recommend with confidence to young beginners. The work will become a standard one, or, if not, merit will fail of its reward. Teachers, and others in authority, should introduce it into their schools as a text-book.

*Katie Stewart. A True Story.* 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A publication, from Blackwood's Magazine, of one of the most beautiful stories we have read for a long time. The author describes nature with a felicity that is unrivalled among contemporaries; has a wonderful power in pathetic scenes; and sketches character with nice discrimination.

*Bianca. A Tale of Erin and Italy.* By E. Maturin. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This strikingly told tale is a fit successor to "Montezuma," a novel which many of our readers may recollect, and which was also written by Mr. Maturin.

*Manual of Roman Antiquities.* By Charles Mitton. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Whoever has been in Rome, will eagerly seek this volume. Whoever has never had that happiness will thirst for the knowledge it contains.

*Abbott's History of Romulus.* 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is another issue of that excellent series, which is gaining a world wide reputation for both author and publisher.

*The Upper Ten Thousand.* By *Bristed*. 1 vol. New York: *Stringer & Townsend*.—It is a general rule with the editors of this Magazine, never to notice a book which they cannot honestly recommend. But this very singular volume gives us so many phases of American society, of which we were ignorant, that without believing for a moment any large proportion of that class, known as the upper ten, are half so stupid, so useless, so utterly vapid as it is here represented, we must say a few words if it were only out of respect for the publishers. It seems that this book is composed of letters sent from an American to a periodical in Europe, *Fraser's Magazine*. Originally, we believe, they were not intended for circulation in this country. Now that they have appeared they should be very generally read as a specific to ambitious young people, who have fancied something brilliant, spirited, and spiritual in the upper classes of home society. These persons will be rather astonished to learn that at Saratoga, ladies who claim to be the *elite* of upper tandom, the essence of female republican fashion, are so given to dancing that they mingle with the common waltzing girls, whom fashionable dancing masters provide for the improvement of their male pupils. That the upper ten thousand and the very lowest dregs of the twenty million float harmoniously through the same waltz. This may be true, but if the democracy of manners and morals can go farther, our republicanism is a little disturbed by the idea. It is one of those cases in which extremes meet and the union becomes purely repulsive. Had an Englishman written this of our countrywomen, had he represented the higher classes of Americans so vapid, so stupidly characterless, the females more characterless than children, the men possessed of about half the strength that would be necessary for an intelligent woman, what indignation it would have excited! As it is, there has been an immense demand for the volume, out of curiosity to see how stupid, how useless, how completely *blase*, that class called the upper ten thousand can appear, a class, that as Mr. Bristed describes it, would not, at the highest estimate, reach ten hundred, if a census were taken to-morrow. When Mr. Bristed makes his countrymen the subject of another book, let him describe the real upper ten as they exist. The talent thrown away upon subjects where the most brilliant genius would languish in disgust, has a more congenial field in the energies, the intelligence, the originality that abounds in the best society of our country. Let him describe the society in which his talent gives him a birth-right, not waste it upon a miserable minority, to which a man capable of writing this book, which, notwithstanding its subject, has great interest, can never belong. Let him give us another and better phase of American life, and leave stupid people to be delineated by those that belong to the class.

*Fancies of a Whimsical Man.* 1 vol. New York: *John S. Taylor*.—Mr. Taylor is making quite a sensation by his anonymous author, who first surprises

the reading public with that most beautiful and original volume, "*Musings of an Invalid*;" and now sends forth one equally original, and equally interesting, under the above title. Now we consider it almost impossible for any one man, to excite a more wonderful variety of thoughts and sensations, by one attempt than the author of this book. It is the most effectual effort that we have ever seen, to concentrate and preserve those bright thoughts that flash through the soul and are lost. It is a thoroughly suggestive book. The moment one begins to read, the brain kindles with its own original train of ideas, or recognizes sparkles of thought that have been lost in his or her own existence, like the wayside flowers we unconsciously tread under foot on the wayside. If the rich glimpses of character, which this author throws at random before the reader, were worked into a novel they would rival *Pickwick*, and put Thackeray upon his energies. Still they accomplish a very good purpose in the present place, and we are content to find them there if often repeated.

*The Daughters of Zion.* By *Rev. S. D. Burchard*. 1 vol. New York: *John S. Taylor*.—This work is illustrated by twelve beautiful engravings, of those beautiful dark-eyed women, who stand forth most conspicuously in the Bible. They are all very lovely, but *Miriam* is our favorite; and while we persist in this, our readers may freely form a preference as we have done. It is just the book for a birth-day gift. As if to give a strong contrast with the dark, Jewish beauties of sacred history, the vignette is one of the raciest and most lovely blue-eyed beauties, you ever saw shadowed out on canvass or paper. We have great reverence for antiquity, but this exquisite little head is worth all the Jewish beauty we ever dreamed of. The *Rev. Mr. Burchard* has done great credit to himself in the letter-press, and as one of our most popular clergymen, his name must command a wide circulation for the book.

*Cooper's Novels Complete.* 33 vols. New York: *Stringer & Townsend*.—This firm, which possesses the copy-right of Cooper's novels, is coining gold by the heavy orders that are constantly coming in for private and public libraries. Now that the most voluminous, and perhaps most popular of American authors, is dead, people who have libraries, joined with the slightest degree of national pride, are ashamed to find his great name lacking in their catalogues. For our part, we are of the humiliated number, but shall consider the shelf devoted to Cooper, as the most honored in our little book room, when it gets filled.

*Woman's Records.* By *Sarah J. Hale*. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.—Among the great works published by the Harpers, is "*Woman's Records*," by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale: a book that for research, industry, and talent in its author, and from the fact that it contains the most costly embellishments ever lavished even by these publishers on a work, must stand among the first productions of American women.

*Songs of the Hearth and the Hearth-Stone.* By Mrs. Rebecca S. Nichols. 1 vol. Philada: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co. Cincinnati: J. T. Desilver.—Mrs. Nichols, in one sense, belongs as emphatically to the West, as Mrs. Sigourney to New England, or Mrs. Gilman to the South. But her delicate womanly appreciation of whatever is beautiful, and her magic sway in the realm of the affections, render her honored, loved and looked up to the Union over. The present volume contains the best of her fugitive poems. It is a book of about three hundred pages; beautifully printed on the finest paper; bound in embossed cloth; and gilt-edged: in every particular worthy of the fair author. The crowd of new works on our table prevents our giving, this month, an elaborate criticism of these poems; but, perhaps, it is as well, since, by way of apology, we shall let Mrs. Nichols speak for herself:—and surely the woman who could write the following is a poet of no mean capacity.

WHAT THE CHILD SAW IN THE FIRE.

"Twas a Winter eve, and the storm without  
Rode sharply along on the Northern gale;  
And the trav'ler shrunk, though his heart was stout,  
From the steady blows of the stinging hail.

How it beat on the roof, and knocked on the door,  
And rattled the glass, in its frozen glee;—  
While, "Father, have mercy upon the poor,"  
Prayed a little child at his mother's knee.

He knelt in the light of the glowing hearth—  
The shadows at play in his golden hair;—  
Few fairer things has the beautiful Earth,  
Than a guileless child at its evening prayer.

He asked for a blessing on all he loved,  
And soft grew the tones of his plaintive voice,  
As pity, his bosom, to tenderness moved,  
And he prayed for the poor, of his own sweet choice.

Then gently he rose, and wistfully gazed  
In the deep, warm heart of the ruddy coal,  
That flickered a while, and suddenly blazed,  
Like the sun of faith in a darkened soul.

"What sees my boy in the wavering light?"  
Said the mother fond, to the child at her side:  
"I know," he replied, "'tis a colder night,  
Than when he lay down in the church-yard wide.

"But I wonder why he should leave the ground,  
Where the flowers will bloom, and the grasses grow;  
Where through the long Summer he slept so sound,  
To come through the fields in the ice and snow?"

The mother grew pale—for she knew that the child  
Was thinking of one who had early died,  
And her bosom throbbed high with its pulses wild,  
As she pressed the boy to her yearning side.

"I've told you, my darling," she whispered low,  
"That the brother with whom you loved to play,  
Has gone where all dear little children go,  
To a beautiful land, far, far away:—

"Never, on Earth, can you see him again,  
But our Father will send, when you come to die,  
The angels that bore him away from pain,  
To carry you up to his home on high!"

It was all in vain, for he would believe,  
That a seraph came down from the Heavenly choir,  
That through the wild storm of that Winter eve,  
He saw a young face in the household fire.

*The Cap-Sheaf.* By Lewis Myrtle. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—Under this quaint title, we have one of the most delightful books, which it has been our lot to read during the late festival season. The volume is a collection of sketches, carefully elaborated in style, and full of quiet, natural beauty. In these days of high-pressure fiction, if we may employ such a phrase, it is refreshing to meet with a work such as this: as refreshing, indeed, as it would be to pass from some vast, dark, roaring factory, into the fresh, breezy country. The name of Myrtle is plainly fictitious. But if it was assumed from fear of a failure, the author need not seek a longer concealment; for his book is one that even a veteran author, with a reputation at stake, would be proud to acknowledge.

*The Children of Light.* By Caroline Cheseboro. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—The young lady, who is the author of this work, is rapidly attaining popularity as a romance writer. Her "Ira," though not faultless, displayed great power, and secured her no small reputation, which the present fiction will materially increase, for it is a better book, in every respect, than its predecessor. Mr. Redfield has published the volume in excellent style.

*Speeches on the Legislative Independence of Ireland. With Introductory Notes.* By T. F. Meagher. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—This is a work destined to have a large sale. Thousands are, no doubt, anxious to read these speeches, which are said to be such models of impassioned eloquence. A portrait of the exiled patriot adorns the volume, which is neatly printed, and tastefully bound.

*Humboldt's Cosmos. Vol. IV.* New York: Harper & Brothers.—The fourth volume of Cosmos has been issued this season from the Harpers' press; a work that all sensible men value above gold dust. It is works like these that have driven French novels from our midst. Give the people pure, wholesome knowledge, and human nature will soon right itself in literature as in other things.

*The Pretty Plate.* By John Vincent. Illustrated by Darley. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—An elegant little volume is this, choicely printed, and embellished in Darley's best style. It is designed principally for juvenile readers of the Roman Catholic persuasion, being intended to inculcate the necessity and benefits of Confession.

*Atlantic and Transatlantic.* By Capt. Markinon. R. N. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A pleasant, truthful, and rather complimentary book about us Americans and other matters, worth two or three cart loads of Dickens' Notes, and with a degree of honest truth in it that is refreshing from an English traveller, especially of the Royal Navy.

*The Cabin and Parlor.* By J. Thornton Randolph. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Another new edition of this thrilling work has been laid on our table, and we observe also that it has been republished in Great Britain. We call attention to the notices of it, from newspapers in all sections of the Union, in the publisher's card in our advertising pages. Few works published in this country have obtained such early, decided, and apparently permanent prosperity, a fact to be attributed doubtless not merely to its thrilling character, but to its eminently national tone.

*Stories for Little Children.* By Mrs. Anna Bachs. 1 vol. Philada: J. & J. L. Gihon.—A volume of pleasant tales for children, prettily bound and neatly printed, as are all the books of this enterprising house.

### FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—A HOUSE DRESS OF LIGHT FIGURED DAMASK, skirt full and plain. Corsage open and round, and trimmed with a ruche of ribbon of the same colors as the dress. Vest of white silk, meeting at the throat, but opened sufficiently on the bosom to show a frill of Valenciennes lace. Sleeves demi-long, with rich lace under-sleeves. Head-dress of blue velvet.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF CLARET COLORED CASHMERE.—Skirt full, and trimmed down the front with a row of graduated black velvet buttons, on each side of which are three rows of narrow black velvet. Mantilla of black velvet, of the circular shape, embroidered and trimmed with a fall of rich black lace. Bonnet of white satin.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Strong efforts are being made in Paris to revive the dress of the Empire, and several trains and petticoats of the most gorgeous materials, have made their appearance since the coronation of the French Empire. Round waists and belts are in accordance with the dress, and the Grecian corsage in which the fullness is put on at the arm-hole, and extends across the bosom, as well as the puffed sleeves, are gradually coming in vogue. But few though have had the courage to adopt this dress entirely.

WITHIN DOORS, at the present chilly season, many ladies wear elegant little jackets, very much of the same form as the pelisses worn by the Turkish ladies. They are loose, that is to say, not shaped to the figure, but cut straight at the back; the sleeves are slit open at the bend of the arm. These little jackets are thrown over a visiting dress, whether for dinner or evening, and they are worn until the room is rendered warm by the number of visitors. These jackets are made of white cashmere and are trimmed with ribbon woven in gold and silver, intermingled with Algerian colors. The ribbon is edged with a narrow fringe the same as the ribbon in materials and colors.

Some of these jackets, of a less showy kind, are made of black cashmere and trimmed with gold embroidery, or with black ribbon figured with gold. This little garment is a charming *fantasie*, and it admits of as much elegance as may be desired. Its wide and easy form enables it to be worn over any dress however light or delicate. It will be found extremely convenient at the Opera, when the cold renders it unsafe to sit with a low dress during a whole evening.

COLLARS are worn larger than heretofore, in full dress principally of the gothic form; that is in several large points.

SHOES have become an article in which the greatest fancy, and we were going to say coquetry, is displayed. The shoe for morning costume is perfectly bewitching. To afford an idea of the elegance which now characterizes this sort of *chaussure*, we may describe a few of the slippers we have had the opportunity of inspecting in a fashionable assortment. 1. Slippers of bronze kid, lined with pink silk, and trimmed with a pink ruche: the fore-quarter ornamented with a spray of Hortensia, embroidered in colored silk. 2. Slippers of drab colored cashmere, lined with cerulean blue silk, and trimmed with a ruche and rosette of ribbon of the same color. 3. Slippers of black kid, lined with sky blue; the fore-quarters ornamented with bouquets of flowers in colored velvet and gold; or in silk of various colors. 4. Slippers of black satin, lined with yellow. On the front a large cockade of the same color, and the slippers edged with a ruche of narrow black lace, and ribbon of the same color as the lining.

THE COIFFURES of the present season are in a style very different from those worn last year. Caps are so exceedingly small that they may be said merely to touch the head. They go just over the crown of the head, and serve only as a medium for the trimming and ornaments attached to them. A small round of lace, lightly fixed above the plaiting of hair is now called a cap. Pendant trimming at the back part of the head is indispensable—it usually consists of ends of broad ribbon.

THE style of dressing the hair is much the same as it has been for some time past. The full bandeaux are still very general, and we observe that many ladies are wearing the hair at the back of the head lower than ever, so that the flowers or other ornaments employed in the head-dress, droop so low as to conceal part of the neck. A very pretty style of coiffure was worn by a young lady a few evenings ago. The front hair was arranged in full bandeaux, and across the upper part of the forehead there passed a torseade composed of hair and coral intermixed. The back hair was arranged in twists, also intermingled with coral, and fixed very low at the back of the head. This style is peculiarly well suited to dark hair.

THE old fashion of wearing combs at the back of the head, which has been partially revived within the last two years, seems likely to meet with general favor this winter.

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**THE AVALANCHE.**







# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE AVALANCHE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"HARK! what is that?"

The speaker, who was a woman about the middle age of life, at work in the common apartment of a Swiss dwelling, suddenly paused at her occupation, and with a pale face and quivering lips, gazed around on her children, who, at these signs of alarm, gathered in terror to her side.

"Hark!" she said, again, as one of the little ones began to cry. "Be still, on your life, till I listen." And she held up her finger.

There was a dead silence at these words; a dead silence, we mean, within the room; for without was heard a hollow, ominous sound of awful significance.

"It is an avalanche," cried the eldest of the children, a lad of about fifteen summers, breaking the stillness, "quick, mother, fly."

The mother instinctively snatched the hand of her youngest child, and turned toward the door, the whole family following her.

"Oh! if your father was but here," she said, as with hurried steps she crossed the room.

"What shall we do? If the avalanche is near, we shall be overwhelmed, or, if we even escape at first, we shall be lost on the mountain, for I know none of the paths."

In truth the tender mother was overpowered, for the moment, by the responsibilities of her situation. But, at this juncture, her son came to her relief.

"Never fear, mother," he said, like a young hero. "If we only escape being buried, I'll find a path, for I've not been out with father for nothing."

As he spoke he flung open the door, and courageously stepped forth the first. His glance was immediately directed to the right, where the Alpine Summit rose usually distinctly defined, high into the heavens. But now the outlines of the mountain were lost in a white, shadowy mist,

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that rushing rapidly downward, seemed as if it would, the next moment, envelope the dwelling in its fatal embraces. Too well he knew what that awful cloud portended. It was the avalanche.

"Run, run for your lives," he cried, and pushing his mother and her children out, as he spoke, he leaped after like a young chamois.

The terrified family needed no incentives, however, to flight. Even the youngest comprehended the imminency of the peril, and all breathlessly rushed down the slope.

Suddenly the lad heard the bleating of sheep. He had forgotten, until thus reminded, that the flock, their almost sole support, was penned up, and would be overwhelmed if left to themselves. But if he delayed to release them, his own life might pay the forfeit. Every second was precious. He hesitated still, when there came another bleat. The piteous cry went to his heart. Every one of that flock had eaten often from his hand, and most of them he had carried in his arms when they were lambs. Without a word he turned back, and rushed up the slight ascent that led to their shelter. The sheep, crowding together at the door, looked up at him so gratefully that he felt repaid fully for the peril he ran. As he threw open the way for them, they rushed out, and fled down the slope.

Hitherto his mother had not looked back. But, at this moment, turning her eyes around to see if her children were all safe, she recognized her son standing at the door of the pen, and the foremost sheep just leaping through. She stopped, on the instant, with a cry of despair.

"We are lost, we are lost," she cried, "oh! my son, how could you peril everything?"

But the lad, even as she spoke, came bounding down the hill.

"On, on! Not a moment is to spare. I can

still outrun you all. To the left, or you are lost."

It was an awful moment. Poised on high like some enormous mountain gathering impetus as it descended, the avalanche hung overhead. Then, with the rush of a whirlwind, down it came, carrying stones and even rocks with it.

For an instant the fugitives disappeared from sight. Nothing, indeed, was seen but a thick, impervious mist, as it were of flakes of snow infinitely fine. Gradually this floated past, like a fog driving down a mountain side, and then the voice of the lad rose in a clear, loud hallo.

It was answered, out of the mist ahead, by the voice of his mother; and immediately afterward she, with her little ones, became visible. The avalanche was still heard thundering downward, but below them; and they saw, at a glance, that the danger was past.

They had been saved, indeed, almost by a miracle. The lofty and nearly perpendicular

cliffs, by which their dwelling was surrounded, here afforded, for about a hundred yards, a sheltered corner, caused by the overhanging brow of a precipice. The avalanche in its descent, had passed on both sides of this ledge, carrying everything before it that it met on its way. Had the fugitives been a minute later, or a minute earlier, they would have been in its path. The generous act of the lad, in pausing to relieve the helpless flock, had in reality saved the lives of all.

He saw it, his mother saw it, and they looked at each other. The same sentiment moved the heart of each, though it found words only at the mother's lips.

"It is the hand of God, my children," she said, solemnly, falling on her knees. "To Him be all the praise!"

An hour after, the fugitives were safe in a neighbor's cottage, having found an old path which had escaped the track of the avalanche.

## UNFORGOTTEN.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

On! dost thou dream that I have chang'd,  
Or think that I forget?  
And never weep the silent tear  
Of sorrow and regret?  
But could'st thou read this longing heart—  
Its ev'ry secret thrill—  
And ev'ry moan would breathe to thee—  
Thou art remembered still!

There's not a star that smiles on me  
From yon soft, cloudless blue;  
And not a flow'r that droops beneath  
The gentle Summer dew;

And not a low-voic'd pray'r ascends  
From murmuring stream, or rill;  
But tells my sad, earth-weary heart—  
Thou art remember'd still!

Ah, no! my heart must dream no more,  
As in that "dear old time,"  
When thy young spirit throbb'd with mine,  
To Love's soft mimic-ohime:  
And now, e'en tho' some gentle dream  
May oft my bosom thrill,  
Yet dirge-notes in my heart will moan—  
Thou art remember'd still!

## MORNING.

BY CLARA MORETON.

THE morning breaks. Across the amber sky  
Grey clouds are trooping slowly one by one,  
Their edges crimsoned by the rising sun.

Mist wreaths upon the distant mountains lie,  
And violet vapors through the valley glide—  
Veiling the crystal stream that winds along,  
Forever murmur'ing its low gushing song

To the sweet flowers and ferns that droop beside.  
My heart, to God, springs up in thoughtful prayer!  
Most beautiful on such a morn doth seem  
This earth!—most radiant! as the sun's first gleam  
Flashes afar upon the woodland fair.  
In "pleasant ways" my pilgrimage is cast—  
God only grant these happy days may last!



## "MYSTERIOUS KNOCKINGS."

BY ELLA RODMAN.

THE great, mahogany clock, that stood in the corner, as erect as a sentinel on duty, had just struck three, and the drowsy stillness of a summer afternoon seemed to pervade the whole house. It was a capacious, old-fashioned edifice, shaded by lofty trees, that seemed, like every thing else connected with Mrs. Feld, trained up in the way they should go.

The old lady, herself, had gone to her apartment for an after-dinner nap; and sleeping seemed to be the order of the day, for in the dining-room, Mrs. Pancrust, the housekeeper, though not "enjoying the comforts of a quiet nap"—for her naps never were *quiet* ones—was making her period of voluntary bondage as lively as possible. There never was so energetic a sleeper as Mrs. Pancrust. With her funny, little figure, whose breadth almost equalled its length, comfortably ensconced in the large arm-chair—her little, fat hands crossed before her—and her feet resting on a footstool, she made a regular business of it; and probably imagined herself a locomotive, letting off steam—for she snored, and puffed, and sighed with a vehemence that was, to the uninitiated, perfectly startling. Her face, that looked like a full moon, with a bit of cap-border just visible around it, was puffed out, as though she were blowing some imaginary trumpet; while her mouth was puckered up into a round O.

Just opposite was a perfect daguerreotype of the performance in the shape of Marion Feld—Mrs. Feld's grand-daughter—a talented, mischievous girl of fifteen; who, not feeling at all disposed to sleep, and being rather dreary from the want of companionship, had wandered into the dining-room, and struck with the old housekeeper's ludicrous appearance, now sat faithfully imitating each contortion. Naughty Marion! A talent for mimicry was her besetting sin; and she now sat puffing out her cheeks, and puckering her mouth, and going gradually backward, and catching herself up again; while her long, light curls swayed back and forth with the violence of her motions.

The solitary spectator of the scene smiled, in spite of himself; but then a graver expression rested on his half pensive face, as he gazed earnestly on Marion Feld, standing almost upon the

threshold of womanhood. But she did not see him; and quite unsuspected in his retreat, he watched the roguish face that was growing quite red with the unwonted exercise.

Suddenly Mrs. Pancrust opened her eyes. One would naturally expect, in *her* case, a gradual cooling off before the waking world fairly beamed upon her sight; but she was now wide awake, without the least warning. Marion, never at a loss, proceeded with her slumbers as naturally as though the contortions had originated with herself. Mrs. Pancrust was surprised; she had never seen such sleeping before; and in a tone of perplexed commiseration, she murmured, "Poor child! What *dreadful* faces she does make!"

This was too much for Marion's gravity; with a sudden outburst of laughter she sprang up, and, without replying to the astonished housekeeper, rushed from the apartment. Suddenly she encountered the quiet student, Wallace Hampton; and beneath the half disapproving gaze of those earnest eyes, her own grew grave.

"Marion," said he, kindly, as he drew her into one of the deep recesses at the window, "it was remarkably well done—as well as anything of the kind *could* be done—but would it not be better to attempt a higher field of action? To devote those talents to some wiser purpose?"

He was a great deal older than she, to be sure; but it must be because he was studying for a minister that Marion received so meekly from her cousin what she felt very much disposed to term "lectures." She was both motherless and fatherless; a sort of waif whom Mrs. Feld received from her son as the price of his folly in marrying when she had expected better things of him; and not much subdued by the capricious severity of her grandmother, Marion grew up like a luxuriant vine that had never been trained. She supposed that it was always people's fate to be scolded by somebody, and listened to Wallace Hampton quietly and submissively.

"You have both talent and perseverance, Marion," continued her cousin, "you have access to books that are in themselves as inestimable mines—you have one who is competent, from his longer experience, to explain any difficulties that may arise, and who is willing to use that ability



to its very extent—is it not, therefore, your own fault if you throw away the opportunity of becoming an intelligent and talented woman?"

He had touched the right chord. Marion's ambition was aroused; and in the long, summer days, when, in the garden below, the bee went culling sweets from flower to flower, Marion sat drawing intellectual draughts from a fountain that never fails.

The patient young teacher was sometimes half bewildered by his pupil's quickness, and thirst for all sorts of information; and when Marion's natural propensities triumphed, and audacious freaks of mischief quite upset his philosophy, he experienced the deepest sympathy for those unfortunates of his own sex who undertake the management of a whole school of girls. Running the gauntlet to Indian music seemed a pleasant exercise in comparison. Sometimes Marion had deep fits of demureness, when she appeared sincerely penitent for former misdemeanors; and Wallace believed this penitence sincere, and only opened his eyes to be deceived again.

There was, to be sure, much stumbling and halting in their progress up the hill of knowledge; but the guide was patient, and the goal seemed nearly won. And in the quiet, summer days Marion sat in the library, and gazed on the grave, earnest face of her teacher, and took to her heart something that grew with her youth, and strengthened with her strength.

Was she not a faithful pupil? For she conned a lesson more than he had given her to learn.

But what has this to do with "Mysterious Knockings?" A great deal with those who believe that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined;" for the Marion Feld in the picture is the same mischievous girl who mimicked the slumbers of the old housekeeper. To be sure, her long curls are now twisted back, and four years have given her a more mature appearance; but there she is, listening to the first magical sound of "Mysterious Knockings."

We must go back a little.

Two pleasant years glided by, and Wallace Hampton ceased to play the part of teacher to a half-trained girl, and went forth into the world to find a field of action more suited to his abilities; and Marion stayed in the old house until she fairly loathed the quiet village with its everlasting stillness. She could not help feeling that she was capable of something better than making up such unreasonable quantities of ruffled pillow-cases; but Mrs. Feld delighted in these inexhaustible stores, and although she never had a daughter, she had always been preparing for somebody's wedding. Who was to be the victim

it seemed impossible to tell; but the old lady had certainly worked herself up to the conviction that a marriage would come upon her as unexpectedly as a housebreaker in the dead of night, and with this prophetic feeling it behooved her to be in readiness.

During the long winter evenings, Marion, when quite a child, sat reading to her grandmother "The Children of the Abbey," or "The Mysteries of Udolpho;" and this duty was anything but a task. Sometimes, by way of antidote, Mrs. Feld would request passages from "Young's Night Thoughts," or "Paradise Lost;" but Marion soon found that her auditor was very apt to nod over gloomy philosophy and sublime descriptions; and when her grandmother had been fairly read to sleep, she would draw forth the enticing volume with renewed zest.

And there they would sit in the pleasant, curtained room; the winter wind moaning without—the old lady asleep in her arm-chair—and little Marion quite absorbed in her novel.

Then came those pleasant days that she loved to think of, even now, when she sat with Wallace Hampton in the library, and conned whole volumes of ancient lore—volumes that Mrs. Feld considered far inferior to her own substantial receipt-book. When her teacher left, the place became a dreary blank; and a feeling of utter weariness ensued, while Marion looked about in vain for some excitement.

What a tame, quiet set their neighbors were! How perseveringly the women knit, and brewed, and baked, and tended baby between spells, until the spirit of degeneration seemed fairly satisfied with its dominion there, and contemplated its disciples with pleasurable feelings! How the very clergyman from the pulpit encouraged this degraded conduct by such quotations as, "Wives, be in subjection unto your husbands," "A virtuous woman is above all price," followed by dissertations upon the vanity of adornment, and the utter wildness and impracticability of ever aspiring to any higher station than that of a respectable domestic animal, until Marion, animated by the restless spirit of mischief, longed to stir up a revolt.

At length, however, her desire for a change seemed likely to be realized. In the first place, Marion, to her great surprise, became an heiress. A maternal aunt, after whom she had been named, and whose only acknowledgment of the compliment while living was an infant's set of coral, died, and left her niece a sum of money, which to the country people appeared really enormous. Marion's love of excitement was gratified immediately; having, with some difficulty

persuaded her grandmother to agree to her contemplated improvements, she went to work at the old farm-house with all the energy of an active genius.

How often had she and Wallace talked of a conservatory to be entered from the very room in which they studied; how often had been planned the arrangement of every flower and shrub; and, now that he was expected back, with all his clerical honors fresh upon him, how pleasant it would be to surprise him with a sight of the conservatory, as the Empress of China had been surprised at the erection of Aladdin's Palace in a single night? The old farm-house was almost turned into a fairy region, and Marion contemplated her improvements with no small degree of complacency—but the roo's egg was still wanting to render it complete.

Before Wallace arrived, came the "Mysterious Knockings;" and no wonder that the wandering spirits, who seem to have plenty of leisure on their hands, should have devoted themselves to the task of waking up the people of Muddy Hollow. Never were so sleepy a set collected together; and when the licensed knockers took up their abode at the principal hotel, they suddenly awoke as from a dream. A knock, now-a-days, meant something; it was not a merely expressed wish to get in—it afforded a theme for speculation. The spiritual visitants certainly knocked to some purpose, and must have found their ethereal natures sadly encumbered by the earth dross which they carried off from the people of Muddy Hollow.

Marion Feld was kept in a constant state of amusement; for old Mrs. Pancrust had been most violently seized with the disorder, and existence, to her, was now one continual knock. Mrs. Pancrust dropped into uneasy slumbers under the mesmerism of mysterious knockings—she opened her ears to these sounds at early dawn—and she looked as though she were perpetually saying to herself,

"I hear a knock you cannot hear."

How often did she sit and count a series of knockings, and draw prognostications therefrom—little suspecting that the mysterious performers were Marion, and a poker, in the next apartment!

Mrs. Pancrust labored in vain to make a convert of the mischievous girl; she laughed at all her theories, and boldly expressed her opinion that the mysterious knockers might find some better employment. The old housekeeper was shocked at this skepticism; and some dreadful warning from the incensed spirits was the very

least of what she expected for such incredulity. Marion, however, continued unpunished; and the day approached for Wallace's return.

Great were the preparations for the young minister's visit; but as the hour approached, the heiress became more and more nervous while wondering whether her teacher's manner would be as cordial as ever. What would he think of the conservatory? Perhaps it might look to him like self-conceit, puffed up by the consciousness of heiress-ship. Marion roved restlessly around, and, at first, resolved to meet him frankly at the front door; then she thought it better to sit in state on the sofa; and finally, when he really did arrive, she ran to the room opening into the conservatory, and concealed herself among the folds of the curtains.

Here, partly in mischief, partly in embarrassment, she stood, awaiting his entrance; and at the first sound of his step in the apartment, it seemed as though the beating of her heart must be distinctly audible. How she tried to control this agitation, and how it wouldn't be controlled! And then she thought of Mrs. Pancrust's predictions, and wondered if this was "Mysterious Knockings?"

Wallace Hampton passed on—so close that he seemed almost to touch her; and as he looked about him, he appeared like one bewildered. He entered the conservatory; but, having advanced a few steps, he stood still, with folded arms, and seemed lost in a reverie. Marion, half piqued that he had not continued his search, emerged from her hiding-place, and stood noting the alterations of two years. His high, broad forehead seemed more lofty than ever—his mouth was graver than of old—and he looked so proud, and calm, and erect, that Marion half feared to arrest his attention. That troublesome heart, how it kept beating! And while she stood there, undecided, Mrs. Pancrust entered the room in quest of her.

"Why, Miss Marion!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter? Mr. Wallace has arrived, and gone to look for you."

"Hush!" whispered Marion, "I am listening to 'Mysterious Knockings.'"

Mrs. Pancrust was both awed and delighted; and in the same low tone she replied,

"How many knocks were there?"

"Oh!" said Marion, with a laugh at her companion's eagerness, "I really do not know—they were so numerous that I couldn't count them."

Mrs. Pancrust stood a few moments and pondered. At last, she had hit it.

"Miss Marion," said she, solemnly, "depend upon it that the spirits have determined upon

your being an old maid. You have brought this upon yourself!"

But Marion received this communication with such an outburst of laughter that Wallace, roused from his contemplation by the familiar sound, was soon standing beside his old pupil, with a greeting as cordial as in those golden times.

But as the young clergyman glanced around upon the handsome furniture, the conservatory, and all the adornments of wealth, he sighed at the thoughts of the chasm between himself and the heiress. She could never again seem like the same simple girl of old; and again that proud, lofty look fell upon Marion's heart like a chill. Was this the meek charity that thinketh evil of none? Marion could have taught the clergyman a lesson that would have been of more value to him than twenty sermons.

Wallace was, of course, fêted and courted by his old associates of Muddy Hollow; but he soon discovered that their minds were engrossed by a more important subject than his arrival. "Mysterious Knockings" were familiar words in every house; and it was probably owing to their very slow natures in receiving an idea that they now clung with such tenacity to the spiritual rappers.

"This is really too foolish," said Wallace, one evening, as he gave a ludicrous account of a visit that had been interrupted by mysterious knockings, "all the village seem to have gone crazy!"

Notwithstanding her reverence for the newly created clergyman, Mrs. Pancrust could not quietly hear him denounce her favorite theory. She bustled, and fidgeted, and finally asked,

"Did you never hear any knockings, Mr. Wallace?"

"I must indeed be deaf," he replied, with a smile, "did I not hear the thundering raps with which you daily recall me from the land of dreams—but I may safely assert that I have never yet heard any knocks for which I could not satisfactorily account, without calling in supernatural assistance."

"Your time will come," said Mrs. Pancrust, shaking her head disapprovingly at this levity.

"Every dog has his day," I suppose," continued Wallace, "but perhaps, Mrs. Pancrust, you may succeed in overcoming my skepticism, if you can convince me that this spiritual interference is really beneficial. You have visited the rappers, of course—what did they tell you?"

"Why," said Mrs. Pancrust, brightening up, "they told me that I had lived here for twenty years—I am sure that was true."

"Very true indeed," replied Wallace, "but were you not aware of it before? Was this the extent of their communications?"

"No," said Mrs. Pancrust, half suspecting that she was being played upon, "they told me that I was a widow, and without children."

"Also very true," said Wallace, scarcely able to contain himself at these revelations, "but certainly, not very new."

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Pancrust, somewhat roused by his contempt, "I am not the only one in the house who has heard spiritual knockings. The very day that you came home, I found Miss Marion standing by the curtains, listening to 'em!"

"Oh, Mrs. Pancrust!" exclaimed Marion, in the direst confusion lest Wallace might possibly understand, "how could you!"

"Why, la, Miss Marion," replied the simple-minded housekeeper, "I'm sure you told me so, yourself! And I remember just how you stood when you said it—you had your hand on your heart, and I think you were looking at Mr. Wallace in the conservatory, and——"

Wallace was startled by the abrupt departure of Marion Feld, with cheeks of a crimson hue, and yet a disposition to laugh seemed strangely struggling with a sense of embarrassment.

"She did," continued Mrs. Pancrust, who felt extremely puzzled, "she told me, when I asked her what was the matter, that she had been listening to mysterious knockings. I expected something to happen to her, that afternoon—she acted so queer-like; and when you came, she ran away, and I had to go and find her."

"What did the knockers say?" inquired Wallace, who, to Mrs. Pancrust's great delight, appeared quite interested.

"Why," said she, "Miss Marion told me that she couldn't count 'em, and I thought it must mean that she was to be an old maid; but when I told her so—la! he's off—how queer people do act now-a-days—it must be the knockings, though."

So thought the old housekeeper as her auditor departed in the midst of her reply; and the next moment she was quietly at work upon her stocking, toeing it off with the greatest precision.

Wallace was not quite a fool; and this account of mysterious knockings gave him some insight into matters and things. He felt quite as much interested as Mrs. Pancrust could be that the mysterious knockings should not turn out no knockings at all; and then the mischievous face of the young hoyden, as she sat feigning sleep on that summer afternoon, seemed to rise up before him and laugh at him for his pains. He roamed about in a state of indecision. What should Marion care for him? It was only some

of her mischievous nonsense—besides, she was now an heiress, and he a poor minister.

So he thought, and reasoned, and walked into the conservatory; and there stood Marion. She blushed violently when he came in, and, anxious to break what she feared would prove an awkward silence, she said the very thing that she should not have said, and gayly exclaimed,

"A penny for your thoughts!"

"I was thinking," said Wallace, quite innocently, "of 'Mysterious Knockings.'"

Down went the rose that she was pulling to pieces, and away rushed Marion; but Wallace caught the hand that she had extended to open the door, and, quite in the old schoolmaster tone, he continued,

"I want these 'Mysterious Knockings' explained."

"Did you never hear any knocks, Mr. Wallace?" said Marion, mischievously, as she mimicked the old housekeeper.

"It cannot be," said Wallace, half sadly, "that a young lady should take a fancy to throw away youth, beauty, and wealth on a poor minister, who has nothing to give in return but *love*—the spirits must have made a mistake this time—is it not so, Marion?"

She did not withdraw her hand; but bending her head until he could scarcely see her face, she said, "if you mean *me*, I have no heart to give—I lost it when I was only fifteen."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Wallace, "that you could think of fancying a pale, grave student like me!"

"I didn't say that it was *you*," returned Marion, looking absolutely saucy, "I was only beginning to tell you, in imitation of a heroine whom I once admired, that I could only offer you a heart that had loved once before. I thought it 'best to be off with the old love before I was on with the new.'"

Wallace only looked as he did of old when reproving his pupil's mischievous propensities; and Marion, by way of relieving her confusion, exclaimed,

"How ridiculous! you are as bad as the old dominie you used to complain of; you began with 'Mysterious Knockings,' and you have wandered off to four years ago!"

"The knockings," said Wallace, "have been explained, probably more to my satisfaction than Mrs. Pancrust's. She will feel disappointed, injured, perhaps, when she finds that these 'Mysterious Knockings' have turned out 'all for love.' She will never forgive you, Marion, for making what she will doubtless consider 'Much Ado About Nothing.' And grandmother, too, what will *she* say?"

"Your expression," said Marion, "would seem to add, 'Look in my face, and you'll forget them all!'"

So Marion Feld became a minister's wife.

## MEMORIES OF THE DEAD.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

I'm sadly lone—no heart with mine  
Beats in responses sweet;  
No lov'd voice bids me not repine;  
No kiss my coming greet.  
They tell me that the world is fair—  
They laugh in thoughtless mirth,  
And marvel that I feel such care,  
Or scorn the joys of earth;  
They little know the deathless love  
That bound my heart to thee,  
With ties no earthly power can move,  
Sweet slumberer of the sea!  
My bosom now is desolate,  
My day is turn'd to night;  
In plaintive songs I call my mate  
When Spring's first buds are bright;  
And when the full-orb'd moon is high  
I wander sad and far.

Sweet spirit! dost thou hear me sigh  
Above yon glittering star?  
Or can thy gentle soul survey  
My lonely anguish now?  
Maria! from thy home of day  
Look on my faded brow!  
For thee mine eyes are dim with tears—  
For thee my soul is sad,  
Since all is gone that life endears,  
Say—wouldst thou have me glad?  
A Pilgrim I—and wandering on  
Heart broken to the tomb;  
The flowers of love are dead and gone,  
My star has set in gloom!  
Oh, may we meet where death comes not  
To rend affection's tie—  
Nor partings form our mournful lot,  
Nor love shall ever die!

## THE COQUETTE.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

I AM a coquette by nature and by education, and I confess myself not ashamed of the title. My mother, who was a woman of fashion, had, however, but a small fortune, and from my earliest days she did not fail to impress upon me the fact, that I was to make my own way in the world by my charms, which were eventually to secure me a brilliant marriage. I was a child of uncommon beauty and promise, and a natural bias taught me early to understand, and co-operate in my mother's views. I happened once to overhear her instructions to the governess of the fashionable boarding-school, where I was educated, and I was struck with their boldness and good sense.

"Do not," said my mother, "trouble my sweet child's head with such stupid and useless things as history, geography and figures—I know nothing, and have never felt the need of knowing any thing about them. My daughter must of course learn to read and write a pretty hand, but I wish you to be so kind as to see that *most* of her time is devoted to dancing and music—in these important branches I wish her to excel. I have no objection to her learning a little French and Italian—it would perhaps be as well, but pray let this be secondary to the music and dancing. I beg you also to pay particular attention to her manners and deportment—teach her above all to be graceful, and you will fulfil the proudest wish of a mother's heart."

My teacher obeyed these instructions implicitly. I was placed before a mirror where I played on the piano or harp, to study my attitudes and expressions—and to these early lessons I must acknowledge my indebtedness for the acquirement of the angelic smile which accompanies my singing, and the exquisite grace which has, during my whole life, been so extremely admired. Ah, that smile has since then turned many a head!

My first conquest was effected before leaving school, though I did so at the age of fifteen. My youthful lover was a being full of enthusiasm—people said of genius—I only know he was very handsome, and a most ardent admirer. I met him by chance at first—afterward by appointment almost daily—our place of rendezvous was generally in a retired part of the spacious

grounds belonging to the boarding-school. Certainly we were two happy little fools, as we walked together beneath the spreading trees, saying I know not what foolish things to each other—but Arthur's love was so warm and ardent, that I, in some way, caught his spirit, and at the time almost fancied myself in earnest. This nonsense lasted more than a year, when it was interrupted by my being summoned to town to commence my career in the gay world. Arthur departed about the same time on a voyage to China, where he predicted he should soon acquire the fortune, which he took it for granted I was to share with him.

My mother, whom I had seen at but rare intervals since being placed at boarding-school, professed herself delighted with my appearance, manners, and accomplishments, and my outfit was in accordance with her hopes. My debut was a triumph. I became at once queen of the town, and saw half the men of the place at my feet. I was admired, flattered, quoted, adored, till, in truth, the wonder is that my head was not completely turned.

The first suitor in whom I felt any interest after poor Arthur, (to whom I remained faithful until after my debut) was a young man of good family, who lived with and supported his widowed mother, who was poor. He was extremely—splendidly handsome, and it pleased me to hear people remark as we walked together, "there go the handsomest man and woman in America;" but apart from this I had no liking for the fellow—he was a person of too violent passions, and wearied me by his too vehement addresses. I soon dismissed him. He expressed so much surprise at my sudden rejection of his suit, that I found it necessary to give him to understand what was really the case, that I had never, for a single moment, entertained the thought of marrying him. That he had but served to amuse and entertain my leisure hours.

He left me in violent anger—apparently quite in despair; I heard nothing more of him for several years, when I was informed that he had fallen into bad habits. So that it was well for me that I would have nothing to say to him. Some people, it is true, paid me the compliment of attributing this young man's ruin to his

disappointment in love, but my modesty forbids my believing myself capable of inspiring so deep an affection.

My suitors this winter were numberless, but though tempted by one or two splendid offers, I loved the life I was leading too ardently to be willing so early to resign it for the thralldom of an American marriage.

Another winter brought a renewal of the scenes of the last. I began to weary of their monotony—I longed for something startling and new. The idea struck me that I would have a duel fought on my account—no lives need be lost, and the circumstance would be but a kind of public tribute to my dreams. After a little reflection I selected two fashionable hot-headed youths, and encouraged the addresses of both at the same time. When I perceived they were both maddened by jealousy, I determined to act. One evening at a ball I accepted the hand of each for the same dance, and both came at the same moment to claim their partner. Each angrily asserted his rights, and dark glances were interchanged—they appealed to me to decide between them.

"Really gentlemen," I cried, with an air of indifference, "I cannot be troubled with such a trifle—you must settle it between you—and," I added, with a slight emphasis, "my *hand* shall be the prize of him who best asserts his claim to it." I turned away affecting not to hear the muttered angry words which the rivals were interchanging.

The next day I did not rise till near night; when I did so, I called for the evening papers, and soon found the following paragraph:

"We understand that two of our fashionable young townsmen left the city this morning at an early hour, to settle a dispute which occurred last night at Mrs. B——'s splendid ball. The beautiful and fascinating Miss C——, to whose charms both gentlemen have been doing homage, was the cause of the quarrel. As yet it is not known how the affair has terminated."

So far all was well, but soon the tidings came that by some strange chance the duel had terminated fatally—Charles C—— had been shot through the heart. I allow that I felt at first disposed to blame myself for the part I had taken in this affair, but surely some unusual ill-luck attended it, for now-a-days who ever dreams of duels terminating in bloodshed?—I certainly never *wished* it should do so. I was greatly shocked, and I did all I could to reconcile myself to this unfortunate *contre temps*. I reflected that the victim was but a worthless young man, and as he would probably, at best, have killed himself

by dissipation in a few years, it was perhaps, after all, no great harm if by being killed a few years sooner, by another, his death answered at least the purpose of contributing another laurel to my renown. No one knew the part I had taken in this affair, for the rival duelist had left the country, and I found myself more the rage than ever. Indeed so numerous were my conquests, that when I perceived a new lover beginning on the old theme, with as much energy as though he had hit upon something quite new and fresh, I could with difficulty restrain my mirth.

Among the throng of admirers one really interested me. He was a young gentleman of great talent, named Melville. He had a fine taste for music, and in my musical accomplishments I found I possessed a wand of enchantment by which to sway him to my will. I had a superb voice, and though I had been taught to warble in the Italian style, I had too much taste to confine myself exclusively to that school. I also sang ballads and delicate love songs, and it was these that Melville most delighted to hear. He often accompanied me with his own rich voice, or when I performed on the harp or piano, he would join with his flute, making "most excellent music."

I exerted myself to the utmost to enslave young Melville, for he was no easy or willing conquest—indeed report said that he was already engaged to be married to a very sweet young lady. That, however, was his affair, not mine, and at length I had the satisfaction of perceiving that his fortress of strength had fallen—that he was madly in love with me.

To punish him for the difficulty I had had in his capture, I continued my allurements after I was sure of my prey. I suffered him more than once to speak of his love, ere I thought it worth while to deceive him as to mine. By the way, my mother wished me to accept this man, as he was of good family and great talents, but it did not satisfy my ambition to marry a man of small fortune, and so I silenced my mother. It was long ere I could convince young Melville that I was in earnest in discarding him, but after a long conversation, which left no doubt in his mind, he rushed from me in a state of great excitement and agitation, crying, "oh, Clara, Clara, you have killed me!"

I had witnessed similar scenes too often to be much alarmed at this, but what was my surprise when the next day, the intelligence reached me that young Melville had put an end to his existence. I was truly shocked by this occurrence, but after all it was really no fault of mine—no woman can be blamed for not marrying a man,

merely because he wishes it, and will kill himself if she refuses him. In truth, Melville should have contented himself with the poor, love-sick maiden, his first choice, who, as I hear, went crazy for his sake.

About this time my old, first lover, Arthur, returned from Canton, having acquired a moderate fortune. He came to see me the very day of his arrival. He found me in the music-room surrounded by gentlemen. Though he was much altered in his appearance, I knew him instantly, and went forward to meet him with a cordial greeting—my first glance at his agitated face convinced me that certain passages in our early life were unforgotten. I determined to improve my advantage—he should own that I was not less charming than of old. I exerted all my powers of fascination. I sang, and my voice was never clearer or richer. I seized a happy moment and sang a tender little refrain of faithful, early love; at its close I raised my eyes to Arthur's face, and saw him turn aside to conceal his emotion. I read in his glance passionate love—fervent gratitude. I fancied that my work was done, my captive bound hand and foot, and condescended to throw a few favors to my other expectant suitors. I saw the cloud of displeasure which darkened Arthur's brow, but I heeded it not—what queen heeds the frown of her slave?

I saw Arthur constantly. He seemed to have no power to absent himself from me, though sometimes he would struggle to break the net of enchantment which I had thrown over him. I perceived his efforts to regain his freedom, and in my heart resented them, yet gloried all the more in my power, which, against his will, brought this proud, strong man to my feet—still his struggles were silent; he never spoke to me of love till one eventful evening which I shall never forget.

My mother had rented a house in the country for the summer, and we were living there. A few friends were spending the evening with us, and Arthur was of the number. The party broke up early, and after my mother had retired I still sat musing over the events of the night. I went to a small writing-table of mine which was in the room, and took from it a bundle of love-letters from various admirers, thinking I would read some of them over. Among them I found a miniature of Arthur, given me in our early love-making; as I was looking at it to discover whether he had changed for the better or worse in his absence, I heard a slight noise among the rose-bushes outside the low window, which was behind me. I turned, and saw Arthur gazing at me with eyes full of the deepest sorrow; he stepped quietly through the window into the

parlor without saying a word—only that sad, stern look in his eyes.

I had no power to ask him what it meant. I trembled, like one who waits silently to hear some dreadful tidings. At last he spoke,

"Clara, I have come to bid you an eternal farewell!"

My heart grew cold at his words, but trying to rally, I said haughtily,

"You have chosen, sir, a most unseasonable hour for the purpose——"

"Pardon me," he said, "it seems not so to me—yet pardon me." He spoke like one in a dream—his eyes still fixed upon me.

My courage revived, and the spirit of coquetry returning, I said gaily,

"Gracious heavens, Arthur, how you frighten me—how strangely you look to-night! I do believe you are in love!"

His whole aspect changed at my words.

"I am!" he cried, "wildly, fondly, madly, passionately in love with a vain, heartless woman, whom I would not marry for kingdoms. Oh, God, to find that during all those years I have been worshipping a beautiful *body*, to which there is no lovely, corresponding soul—degrading, humiliating thought. Yet, though I feel all this, I am so weak—so miserable weak—that still—Clara, Clara, I love you still."

His whole form was convulsed, and he with difficulty refrained from falling at my feet.

I stepped back haughtily.

"Forgive me, Clara," he continued, more calmly, "I scarcely know what I am saying—remember I have come to say farewell—to take an eternal leave of you—you, my first and only idol—I entreat you to grant me one last favor. Do not think me too presuming when I entreat you—by the memory of those sweet days when we wandered together, pure as angels, in the deep forest, and when I carried you often in my arms like a little child—let me once more, in the same innocent spirit, fold you in my arms; it is a strange fancy, but fear me not—I would, if only for an instant, renew that youthful dream of bliss ere it vanishes forever. Grant my prayer, the last I shall ever make, and I leave you forever, but with one sweet thought to cheer much bitterness."

I know not what spell was on me, but I was wholly subdued to this man's will; a wild and tender love for him rushed over my soul with the conviction that he was lost to me forever. I stood silent, and trembling violently before him. He took my resistless form in his arms, and kneeling down, he looked sadly and tenderly in my eyes; it was the same look he had often given

me in old times, save that now a deep reproach was mingled with its love. He held me thus some moments—then slowly and solemnly, as we kiss the dead, he pressed his lips to mine—he released me—he was gone. I sprang to the window, I rushed out in search of him—I called him frantically—for the first time in my life reason ceased to rule my conduct, I believe that had he but returned to me, I should have thrown myself at his feet, and besought him who had but now so insulted me—besought him to love me still—to take me for what I was worth—but he came not, and thank God, I was spared that humiliation. He was gone—gone. I returned to the house in an agony of despair—I threw myself on the sofa, and lay there quite still the whole night through, while surging billows of love and anger swept alternately through my mind. Now, for the first time, I felt that I loved; not the tender, gentle youth of old, who was my slave, but the strong, proud, self-respecting man, who loved, yet scorned me—who “would not marry me for kingdoms.”

For many weeks after this time Arthur lay between life and death—a brain fever threatened both his life and reason—both, however, were spared—he recovered, and after a time he returned to society, and I met him often. He proudly avoided shunning me, and there was no need that he should—his heart was as cold to me as though the angel of death had touched it and turned it into ice. With that last kiss his soul had taken an eternal leave of mine—I was now more dead to him than if laid in my grave. All this I felt, and yet I, fool that I was, I loved him more than ever. The thought of him never left my mind—to bring him again to my feet was the only desire—the only wish I had in the world. But now that love had entered my heart, coquetry failed; for others I knew how to weave

spells of fascination which they could not resist. But when *he* was by my charms were broken—I became silent, almost awkward. At last in despair, I resolved to try what jealousy might do. I had at this time two wealthy lovers—one old and sensible, the other young and dissipated. Had I been forced to choose between them, my unbiased judgment would have declared unhesitatingly in favor of the elder suitor, but I wished Arthur to think my heart interested, and I, therefore, engaged myself to the younger. Had Arthur's manner given me a ray of encouragement, I would have instantly broken with my betrothed, and endeavored to win him back, but his heart was of marble, and things went on. To the last I was not without hope—on the very evening before my wedding, contrary to all etiquette, I horrified my mother by insisting on going to a ball at which I knew Arthur would be; determined that even then it should not be too late, if he would but grant me one ray of hope. I contrived to be his partner in the waltz. I threw myself with a peculiar *abandon* in his arms. I wished—I longed to feel his touch—I thought of that terrible night when I had lain in his arms—of my coming marriage—of my burning love—I felt his arm like a flame of fire around me—my brain grew dizzy—my dim eyes sought Arthur's face. It was pale, but stern as marble—there was no relenting there. Things began to fade before my eyes, the weight and darkness of the grave to fall upon me and I fainted.

On the morrow, in anguish and bitterness of heart, I gave my hand to the man I despised, and since that hour—it is now six weary years, I have never known one happy moment. My husband's jealousy makes me worse than a slave, and his detested love is my bitterest punishment.

## THE LATE GILIA.

BY MRS. RUSSELL.

It is an humble little flower  
 Blooming within a shaded room,  
 Now thick Fall clouds begin to lower,  
 And Winter shows a despot's power  
 O'er Summer's waning bloom.  
 'Tis mingled with the heart's-ease dear,  
 Richer than e'er the solstice gave;  
 And rayed chrysanthemum's are near,  
 To light into a smile the tear  
 O'er the last sunshine's grave.

Mine eye, reclining, catches rays  
 From out its sunny heart,  
 Which lay close hid in brighter days,  
 When all things wore a golden blaze,  
 In which it scarce had part.  
 And so I claim it, as of yore,  
 Dear little thrice-hued flower;  
 Ah, love it daily more and more,  
 With the bright ray it keeps in store  
 For a November hour.



## EARTHLY HOPES.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"AND so Thursday is to be your wedding day, Evy?" said a young girl to her companion, as they sat together in the pleasant parlor of a neat dwelling in the beautiful queen city of the West. "As you have, at length, made Ernest happy by naming the day, I suppose your dress is finished," she continued, looking up mischievously into the blushing face of Evy.

"Yes," replied the latter, as if only hearing the concluding words; "yes, my dress is finished: come up stairs, Clara, and you shall see it."

Clara needed no second invitation; and when she had entered her friend's prettily furnished chamber, and taken her accustomed seat beside the window, the bridal robe of plain white Turlatan was brought from the wardrobe for her inspection. Clara, who was to be bridesmaid at the approaching ceremony, expressed approbation of the dress, as well as of several other matters on which her friend desired her opinion; and after a time rose to go, saying, "that as she had yet some preparations to make, and the day was so near at hand, she should have no time to lose."

"But you can be ready for Thursday, can you not, dear Clara?" asked Evy, somewhat anxiously, as they stood at the street door.

"Oh, I shall accommodate my arrangements to the time remaining," was the laughing reply; "I do not think it likely that you will postpone the day on *my* account—yes, I will be ready," and she tripped lightly down the steps and disappeared.

Evy closed the door, and ascended to her apartment to put away the bridal dress. As she looked upon it other thoughts came into her mind, and she sat down on the low chair just vacated by Clara, casting many an unconscious glance at the opposite house in which dwelt her lover, so soon to be her husband. Her dress lay unheeded on the bed; and she sat thus for a long time busy with her thoughts: sweet and happy ones they must have been; for a bright smile often flitted over the dewy lips, giving a new charm to the joyous features which indeed seemed only made for smiles.

Cherish those sweet thoughts yet a little longer, young maiden—hug those visions of happiness still closer to thy bosom; for as a sudden tempest

cloud overspreading the fair arch of heaven, shall a dark, funeral pall banish thy bright visions—like blooming flowers wrested from the earth, and tossed upon the whirlwind to wither and to die, shall thy sweet hopes be uprooted from their resting-place, leaving but sorrow, and desolation, and darkness to thee. Cherish them, then, while thou mayest—enjoy the brief moments of bliss which they afford!

At the same hour that Evy sat talking with her friend, Ernest Wilson stood on the upper deck of one of the beautiful steamboats that plough the bright waters of the Ohio; not as one of the passengers, however, but to take leave of one of his early friends who was leaving for New Orleans, never perhaps to return to his native state. Brilliant prospects lured him onward, yet still he gazed with fondness and regret on the beautiful shore he was so soon to leave; for it is no commendable fortitude or philosophy which enables one to leave without emotion the hallowed home of childhood; and there was a moisture which shamed not his manhood in the young traveller's eyes, as he withdrew his lingering gaze and turned to the friend, whom, as one link in the bright chain he was about to sever, he detained beside him to the last moment. The warning bell sounded, the groups on board began to separate; parting words were spoken; hands fondly grasped in a last warm pressure; and the next moment the separation was realized by many an aching heart, as the boat slowly and gracefully receded, as if willing to allow yet a few fond glances and signals between those who crowded the deck, and the saddened groups who saw them depart.

Ernest Wilson, who was one of the last to leave the boat, stood silently watching its quickening motion as it swept onward, throwing the clear waters in a shower of silvery spray around its wheels, and leaving a bright track of leaping waves to still its progress. The day was one of the loveliest of early autumn; the warm sun shone down goldenly from the cloudless sky, and as its radiant beams fell upon the graceful fabric; the fluttering pennant that streamed like a thing of life above; and the gayly dressed throngs that stood beside the railing, it presented a spectacle beautiful, yet solemn. How

tranquilly it glides through the opposing waves, thought Ernest, as if conscious of its power, and laughing at the fears of the few who even now shrink, with dread, from the mighty engine. Onward it bounds—another moment and it will disappear. Hark! that fearful crash—that appalling scream of human agony and despair. The iron-bound monster has burst its fetters, and spread ruin and death through that gallant boat, with its freight, oh, how precious, of living, loving souls!

Ah! many a household will mourn—many a heart grow sad and earth-weary with the tidings that too soon will reach them. The expectant families that already in anticipation clasp the long absent ones to their hearts—the saddened and lonesome groups who have just bid adieu, for a season, to the loved and cherished—and others still, to whom the first intimation of the danger of their dear ones will be the intelligence of their awful fate. Oh, God, comfort them in their distress, and soothe their overwhelming sorrow—for what sorrow, what anguish can equal theirs.

When the first shock of awe and terror was past, and men sought the fatal wreck, others moved amongst the ghastly remains that had been hurled upon the shore, which but a few moments previous they had left unconscious of danger, and here, sad to relate, they discovered the lifeless remains of Ernest Wilson, so mangled and disfigured, that, but for papers found in his pockets, not even his friends who were present could have recognized that once proud and manly form. A huge fragment of iron that lay upon his chest, crushing him as it seemed into the earth, told the sad story of his doom; and several of his acquaintances who had collected on the spot sorrowfully undertook to convey his remains to the home ~~which~~ that morning he had left, buoyant in health and spirits.

Evy Ward was still sitting by her window, lost in reverie, when the sound of many footsteps coming through the usually quiet and lonely street aroused her; and looking out, she saw with astonishment several young men approaching bearing carefully a covered litter, while a large, but silent and solemn-looking crowd followed. They paused at old Mr. Wilson's house—the door was opened by one who had apparently preceded them—as they entered with their precious burden, Evy thought she heard a wild scream from the mother, though the sound was too unearthly in its agony to be distinguished—she saw the young man who was to be groomsmen at the approaching wedding dash the tears from his eyes as he replied to the question of a

passer-by—she saw the look of horror which overspread the inquirer's face at the reply—and a suspicion of the dreadful truth rushed through her mind. At the same instant Mrs. Ward softly opened the door and approached her daughter, who, reading in her looks a confirmation of her fears, with a short, quick gasp, fell senseless in her mother's arms.

"And was it indeed Ernest, my Ernest, that I saw borne to his home dead—dead!" exclaimed Evy, wildly, when after several days she was able to sit up, and converse rationally with her mother. What a change had those few days made in that fair girl! How touching was the mournful expression of that young face—how full of unutterable anguish the tones of her once gay and joyous voice! The eyes of her tender parent filled with tears as she looked upon her child; but seeing how overpowering was the recollection of her bereavement she strove to comfort and soothe her; but her words for a time seemed to fall on an unheeding ear. It was Thursday, the day appointed for the wedding, and the recollection added to Evy's sorrow.

"My child, my poor child," said Mrs. Ward, at length, as she twined her arms about her trembling form, "do not give way thus. Bend humbly to the will of God, it is He that has afflicted you—rebel not, my child, against this dispensation."

"I know I should not, mother," replied Evy, with a fresh burst of tears. "But, alas! if you only knew how—oh, where can I find comfort now!"

"Look up, my sweet girl! He that has afflicted will comfort you—He will give you the strength you need. And remember, my own darling," added the mother, as she now sobbed aloud, "you are all I have—bear up for my sake against this."

The right chord was touched. Evy threw her arms fondly around her mother, "I am selfish, indeed, dearest mother, but I will no longer afflict you thus. I will try to be resigned." And with a strong effort Evy controlled her feelings, and went about the house as usual; and even tried to console Ernest's parents who were almost overpowered by the sudden and awful death of their eldest and favorite child. But the watchful eye of the anxious mother saw that all was not right with her gentle, uncomplaining daughter. The stroke had fallen too suddenly, too deeply on her young spirit; and with all her outward calmness, and assumed cheerfulness, she knew that the stricken heart was silently breaking. Slowly, but surely, this, her first deep

sorrow, was crushing the vital energies of that delicate young creature, so unfitted to struggle against her unexpected bereavement; and when the spring burst forth with gladness and beauty, Evy Ward bowed her head meekly to the stroke of death, and in her mother's arms breathed out her gentle, sorrowing spirit.

They laid her beside her betrothed, in the quiet church-yard; and deep and sincere was the grief of many for the two young beings so

sadly stricken down in the morning of their existence—an existence which had bid fair to be so bright and joyous. Mrs. Ward did not long survive the death of her only child. She sank into a decline, from which there was no recovery for one so lonely and desolate; and ere the anniversary of the fatal day which had carried sorrow and anguish to so many, and blighted forever so many pleasing hopes and bright anticipations, mother and daughter slept together in one grave.

## I AM GROWING OLD.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

I am growing old—I am growing old!  
And my form is bent with years:  
My brow is wrinkled and furrowed o'er,  
And my eyes are dim with tears.  
I have lived a life of toil and care;  
Yet I have not lived in vain,  
For the gleams of light that were round me cast,  
I would live it o'er again.

I am growing old—I am growing old!  
Long years have passed away  
Since the youthful hopes and joys that were mine,  
Bore traces of slow decay.  
I have loved as others oft have loved,  
And I have been loved again;  
But the angel death hath severed the links  
Of mortality's golden chain.

I am growing old—I am growing old!  
And the friends that once were mine  
Have sailed through prosperous or adverse winds,  
Adown the great ocean time;  
And some who were lovely and fair to see,  
On dangerous coasts were lost;  
While others as dear as life to me,  
Have the waves of Jordan crossed.

I am growing old—I am growing old!  
And my spirit pines for rest:  
Like a wearied child I fain would lie  
On the dear Redeemer's breast.  
My heart faints not, though death is in view,  
For grace to me shall be given;  
And the glorious hope that is mine on earth,  
Shall be changed to praise in Heaven.

## THE PEASANT IN EXILE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

PEASANT home of all I value  
Thoughts will swell that words must speak,  
And the tear-drops brimming over  
Sparkle on the furrowed cheek.

In the stillness oft I see thee,  
Hedged with green, on every side;  
Woven branches round the porch-roof  
See I in the eventide.

Windows covered with the creepers,  
That my father trained to match;  
Oft I hear the great old pear-tree  
Brushing 'gainst the sloping thatch.

All I once, in childhood, cherished,  
To my presence seemeth near,

Even the open village belfry  
Echoes through my deafening ear.

In the dreams of midnight slumber  
O'er thy glassy lake I pass;  
Shake from orchard boughs ripe apples—  
Water oft the meadow-grass.

And I there in gurgling runlet  
Slake my thirst 'neath sultry sky;  
In the woods pick whortle-berries  
And within their shadow lie.

Once more would I greet the lindens  
'Mong your consecrated haunts,  
Where, amid the evening coolness,  
All the youths were wont to dance.

## "HEART-BROKEN."

BY SARA H. BROWN.

STRANGE expression! strange idea! Who shall find for it synonym or definition, and yet who shall for an instant mistake its meaning? Indeed there are few who do not persuade themselves that at one time or another they have tasted its bitterness. The mother, as she resigns to his grave-slumbers her first born, in all the promise of a spring-time existence, with his golden curls, his laughing eyes, his accents of lisping endearment, and above all, with the sweet dawning of intellectual life, feels *she* not that her fond heart-strings are riven asunder with the crushing weight and suddenness of the stroke which has made her childless? The child, twice orphaned, as he stands by, and with convulsive sobbings beholds the remains of the last parent lowered into their narrow house, knowing that the wide world now contains not one to sympathize, or soothe, or succor—is not *his* young heart breaking with the agony of its utter desolation? The bridegroom, as he bends over his silent bride, whose motionless bosom is engirdled with a vesture even whiter and purer than that of her blissful espousals;—the wife, as the chosen of her soul, the pillar of her strength is confined and carried forever from her sight;—the lover, over whose extatic visions death has drawn his sable drapery—are not these heart-broken, every one?

No—these gaping and bleeding wounds will close again; time will pour in his Lethæ drop, and change its oil and wine; and anon the heavens are blue again, the earth is green and beautiful, and life once more desirable and desired. But death is the only *healer* of the broken heart; his chill hand alone can cool its fervid fever heat; his ice-draught alone allay the throbblings of its mighty anguish; his earth-unction alone compose the fury of its tossing billows; and this is the difference between the two.

But in whatever consists a broken heart, it is something from which the stolid and insensible nature is forever exempt. It is the peculiar heritage of those spirits greatly endowed, and keyed to such a pitch of painful intensity that the string breaks instead of slackens under a rude and careless touch; of those who have from time to time been heard and seen in this

world though manifestly not of it; for the world will love and cherish its own; and these were strangers, and pilgrims, and fugitives; unrecognized and unacknowledged till they passed upward—and their train of living light first revealed to gaping mediocrity that a star had fallen from its leaden firmament.

A most melancholy task it is to glean this oft-recurring truth from the annals of genius; to note its repetition from old forgotten days down to the present. "Died of a broken heart!" Ah! how many a short and sad life-history, how many a perishing epitaph must wind up with those words of sorrowful signification! Some, alas, have little else to record, save that their subject lived, and wrote, and died, "heart-broken." Of others it is but the concluding item of a dubious catalogue, dug up from dusty fragments of the past, by a too late repentant generation—"he died of a broken heart!"

Thus it is written of Spenser—the ancient, the genial, the immortal. His castle is a prey to plebeian violence and consuming flames; his youngest born, cradled to its soft slumber, has strewn its dear ashes on that midnight pyre; and to a tempest of affliction is this dire calamity but the precursor;—homelessness, penury, neglect, injustice pursued him like a scourge of many cords; futile dependance on the favor of the great and princely utterly failed him in the hour of his extremity, and wrung from his soul such bitter words as these:—

"Full little knowest thou that hast not tryd,  
What hell it is in suing long to byde;  
To lose good days that might be better spent;  
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;  
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;  
To feed on Hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;  
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares  
To eat thy bread with comfortless despairs;  
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,  
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone!"

It is no wonder that an armed host like this, should soon overmaster its writhing and sensitive victim; he died a heart-broken wayfarer at a wayside inn! But then they honored his *dust* with many honors; they buried him with a grand display of funeral pomp under the arches of a grand old Minster, while poets and princes crowded around the open grave, and cast their

eulogies, and elegies, with the pens that wrote them, into the poet's tomb! Was it not an awful requital?

So too of Butler; whose comic genius had convulsed with mirth a wanton and dissolute age. In vain might he ask protection and aid from the very men, base, grovelling, time-serving natures that they were, who could shake in paroxysms of delight over Hudibras, and leave its author to die too poor to buy himself even a miserable grave!

So too of Dryden, the rich, the caressed, and courtly. A wearying, wasting canker at his heart, partially veiled indeed from public observation by the splendor of state and fashion; obliterated too from his own perceptions full often in the deep-drained goblet of fiery wine, and the whirlpool of midnight riot and revelling; but still ever ready with returning reason to take again its vampyre station at his hearth-stone, there sapping the life-blood of domestic peace! Let it be nameless, this devouring grief of a great and gifted nature. Alas! it has stung to madness and ruin many a meaner mind, from the wise man's time, who fitly likened it to a "continual dropping in a very rainy day," even to our own.

And what shall we say of Chatterton—that meteor of genius, who yet in his boyish years had drained a cup of disappointment and misery so intensely bitter, as to rush on the extinguishment of the lamp of loathed life in suicidal haste, rather than encounter the tardier tortures of starvation!

And what of Burns, the people's darling—the poet of the plow;—whose life was a series of errors and misfortunes;—whose untimely death aroused a world to the sense of greatness and glory departed;—whose cherished memory can,

after a lapse of years, assemble thousands on thousands

"Of every name and nation, age and race,"

to do homage to the place of his nativity, the spots he frequented, the places and objects on which his immortal verse has conferred a like immortality?

And what of Keats, and Shelley, and Landon, and many more whose glory and fame have arisen Phoenix-like from the ashes of a broken heart? Who, having spread their wings, displaying plumage of ethereal dye, have sadly folded them again, because they found this weary world was made for men to delve, and crawl, and squabble upon, and not for those strange and uncomprehended beings who could soar at will above its mists into eternal sunlight, or plunge down deeper than its most unfathomable recesses. And the mind, lighted with a spark of divinity itself, failing satisfactorily to answer the insolent query of the ignoble herd, "*why*, and *what*, do ye more than others?" becomes a mark for the poisoned arrows of malice, contempt, insult, and ignominy;—or also a victim to that miscalled kindness, which flatters, and pampers, and promises, but to make the heart sick unto death by reason of its hopes deferred!

Would there were fewer blots like these upon the records of genius in all its departments; but let these suffice to fix and to fire the high resolve of all coming ages, that henceforth it shall be duly recognized, tenderly cherished, carefully pruned, and wisely directed: and at the close of a natural and illustrious life, shorn of those excrescences of vice and sensuality, which so often have marred the history of the gloriously gifted, come down to its honored graves a golden grain shock, fully ripe and ready for the rich garner-house of an illimitable existence!

## THE VIOLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY A. BASKERVILLE.

A VIOLET in a meadow lone,  
Repined in solitude, unknown,  
A lovely little flower.  
There came a gentle shepherdess,  
With tripping step and flowing tress,  
And sang, and sang  
Along the meadow green. ♥

Ah! thinks the violet, would I were  
'Mong flowers fairest of the fair,  
A little, little while;

Till me the maid had pluck'd, caress'd,  
And to her snow-white bosom press'd—  
Oh, but, oh, but  
One short, one fleeting hour

The maiden came, but oh, alas!

• Saw not the violet in the grass,  
And crush'd the gentle flower!  
Then, dying, sang it as she went,  
"If I must die, I die content,  
For at her feet I die!"

# THE RED RIBAND.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

## I.

A WARM day in August was approaching its end. The highest peaks of the Harz Mountains were already gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, while upon the smaller hills and in the vallies, the trees and shrubs cast long shadows upon the ground.

Along a narrow path, meandering between gigantic trunks of gloomy oaks, three young men were walking, whose exterior testified that they were disbanded soldiers. They wore grey pantaloons, short-skirted blue coats, yellow buttons, red collars, and round caps with stripes of the same color, and each carried a travelling bundle, arranged in the form of a ring, which lay upon the right shoulder, and hung down over the left hip.

Suddenly the forest became thinner, the trees on both sides disappeared, and the travellers stood upon the bare ridge of a mountain, at the foot of which expanded a romantic valley. The mist of the evening had spread a pellucid veil over the lowlands, so that the houses of a village, which hung at the hill-side like swallows' nests, presented the appearance of a painting formed by the reflected rays of light. The gilded ball on the top of the white church-steeple, projecting far above the plain of mist, glowed like a meteor in the rays of the setting sun, and the long and narrow windows of the church glistened like plates of polished steel. A dark range of hills formed the nearest background of the beautiful landscape, and the brilliant peak of the gigantic Brocken, the most distant prospect, gave the picture a more than earthly appearance.

As if one and the same thought struck the young men, they stood still and looked into their native vale. Their sunburnt faces reddened in silent joy, for not one was willing to betray his emotion to the other; and in the eyes of one, whose more regular features distinguished him from the rest, a few tears began to glitter, which, as he continued to look at the village, rolled upon the long auburn eyelashes, whence they were wiped away by the hand.

"This is our home!" exclaimed the liveliest, as he glanced smiling over the valley.

"God be praised!" cried a second, "no war has raged here, it still presents the old physiognomy—prosperity to our home!"

"Prosperity to our home!" cried his two companions, with emotion.

"Is it not so, Conrad?" said the first again, "our Harz Mountains present a more pleasing prospect than the plains of Holstein, which we have half and half preserved to Germany. If we could have got the mischievous Danes within our aim, where they are not backed by their ships, I think their desire for German soil would be gratified forever."

"Let the war alone," said Conrad, and rubbed his eyes as if he desired to have a clearer view—"at least the war from which we return. Here is our home, the picture of peace—do not disturb the charming prospect by such recollections as are detested in my inmost soul."

"Conrad," replied the third, laughingly, "and you have charged the rough-haired red-coats with the butt end of your musket like a lion, as if you would drive them all from the German soil with one stroke. Does the medal, which you carry in your coat-pocket, afford you no pleasure?"

"I entreat you be still," replied Conrad, in a sad tone of voice; "had I not received it for saving the life of my major, the Count Rudolph, I believe I would not have accepted it. The count thinks as I do, therefore he left the service when the amnesty was concluded, and returned to his castle, which looks so pleasantly over the tops of yonder forest trees."

"Do you really believe that it was aversion to the war that has induced him to withdraw from the army?" said the first speaker. "Conrad, you stand in an intimate and confidential relation with the count, and do you not know the true reasons why he withdrew? I will state it to you."

"Well?" inquired two voices, simultaneously.

"Not aversion, but love, has brought him back to his estates."

"Yes, the love of his cousin, Emma von Linden, who has lived for several years—since she is an orphan—at the mansion of old Baron von H—," added the third; "I might have thought of this, as they talked about it before we joined our regiment."

"Miss Emma is said to possess a valuable estate—this would come very handy to our count, as his affairs are not in the best condition."

"Well," said Conrad, "I don't know a nobleman in the country, who is more deserving of the hand of the beautiful Emma and her large estate, I wish him happiness in this marriage. But let us on," he continued, "the summit of the Brooken is already purple, and daylight disappears in the valley—come."

With these words he adjusted his bundle, and vigorously walked on, his companions following.

"See," whispered one to the other, "how Conrad runs. One might think he had made no more than an hour's journey to-day, instead of having travelled many miles."

"Look forward, and you will behold the magnet which attracts him—it becomes visible just now."

"Where?"

"Yonder, where the smoke curls up from the white chimney."

"Is not that where *la belle* Mary lives?"

"Yes, the handsomest girl in the village. Conrad is in love with her."

"I remember, I heard people talk of it."

"I would like to know why he keeps the matter so secret. He has never once spoken of it."

"Comrades!" now cried Conrad, who had gained a start of a hundred paces, and stood at a turn of the road, "why do you linger? Forward! In ten minutes we are at the mill; I already hear the roaring of the water, and the rattling of the wheels."

The two broke off their conversation and redoubled their steps. The way now led through a small birch wood. In a few minutes they emerged from it upon a fragrant meadow. The twinkling stars began to appear, and a white veil of mist extended over the earth.

Not a word disturbed the silence of the evening. Silently the young men looked at the village, as one window after another began to be lighted up. The meadow was soon passed, and now the wanderers stood under a large linden, whose gigantic branches covered a sedge roof, beneath which was heard the monotonous rattling of a mill.

"Good night, friends!" said one, "I have reached home. Here dwells my old mother, who still fancies her son on the sea-coast, or perhaps under the earth. I will enter the house softly. Good night!"

"Good night, Philip," whispered the others. He noiselessly opened the meal-covered door, and disappeared.

When Conrad and his companion passed the gable-end of the mill, they heard through the small open window the loud sobs of a woman. Philip held his old mother in his arms.

At the church Conrad's fellow-traveller left him. The young man continued on, alone, toward

the opposite end of the town, where the houses clung to the very hill-side.

Suddenly he halted before a white-washed cottage, whose windows were lighted up just as he came there. "Here Mary lives," he whispered to himself. "I wonder whether I shall give her as pleasant a surprise as Philip did his mother? No," he added, after a little reflection, "she lives by herself upon her little farm, her father having died five years ago. I will give the jealous people no material for their slandering tongues; my Sister Rosa shall call her to our house, as if she had a secret to impart. Good evening, Mary."

In ten minutes he was welcomed by the shouts of his sister, who was eating supper with her servants when he entered the neat apartment.

## II.

BUT while Conrad thus anticipated unalloyed happiness in the future, fate was filling for him, even at this moment, a cup full of woe.

The nearest neighbor of Mary was Valentine, the newly appointed village magistrate, who had formerly been schoolmaster. He was pompous and penurious, but had always borne a good character; and on the death of Mary's father, became guardian of the village heiress.

This magistrate had a wild, spendthrift nephew, who held the office of district forester to Count Rudolph. From the consequences of more than one folly, the uncle had saved the young man. Only the last week he had paid a fine to prevent Eberhard's being punished, and had angrily vowed it should be the last. After many reproaches from the uncle, the nephew had said that his excesses were, in part, the result of loving unsuccessfully.

"You in love," cried the magistrate, staring at Eberhard through his spectacles.

"Yes! why not? It is with your ward, Mary."

When the first surprise of the magistrate had passed, he grew all at once strangely lenient to his nephew. He knew that, beside the farm she inherited, Mary would receive a dowry of three thousand dollars, on her wedding day, from Count Rudolph, who was her foster-brother. "Hem," he said, at last, "you are not the fool I took you to be. But why don't you press your suit?"

"She gives me no encouragement. Yet, perhaps," added Eberhard, "if you would speak for me, I might hope."

"Not badly said, boy," replied the magistrate, pompously, "I am her guardian; she will listen to me. Strike while the iron's hot says the old proverb, so, if you are ready, we'll visit her at once."

Accordingly the magistrate, taking his cane, and followed by his nephew, had gone to see Mary; and was with her at the very moment Conrad passed. But the guardian failed in his negotiation. Mary, however, was compelled to acknowledge her love for Conrad: and Eberhard went away vowing revenge.

His disappointment was greater, indeed, than even his uncle supposed. Eberhard had become acquainted with a fellow forester, belonging to another district, who was as much older in vice as he was in years, and who had led the young man to gamble beyond his means. Eberhard was even now in fear of a prison, in consequence of being unable to pay a sum of money, that would soon be due, but which he could not discharge, in consequence of having lost so much at play. Though Mary had always looked coldly on him, he had hoped that time, and his uncle's influence, would induce her to alter her mind; but this expectation was now over; and all future prospect of her relenting likewise was cut off, for she loved Conrad, who, he had heard that very day, was soon to return from the war covered with honor.

The next day, which was Sunday, Eberhard, gloomy and sullen, was in the forest when unexpectedly he met his elder comrade, Graff. The latter, noticing Eberhard's troubled face, insisted on knowing the reason: and finally the young man told him all.

"Come," said Graff, when Eberhard had done, "the affair will not be as bad as you imagine. Let us strike into this path toward the tavern; we'll take a drink together; and perhaps the wine will give us some good advice."

Arm-in-arm they followed the footpath, which, in ten minutes, led them to a clearing, on which stood a small house. It was inhabited by an old hunter, who, in summer-time, offered drinks and eatables for sale.

The two entered this little tavern, and calling for the best wine, sat down in a room whose windows faced the forest. Graff related anecdotes, at which Eberhard, whose head by and by began to feel the effects of the wine, laughed from his very heart, and soon forgot debts and marriage.

Evening had, in the meantime, completely set in. In the west, a thunder-storm was rising; but in the east shone the moon, lighting, with her melancholy rays, the silent and fragrant forest.

The conversation of the two hunters had now come to an end, and Eberhard's heavy head lay on the table: he had evidently drunk too much. Graff contemplated in silence the evening landscape through the open window. The room was dark, and in the other parts of the solitary house

all was quiet; for the two hunters were the only guests this evening.

Suddenly Graff heard a conversation in the forest. He listened. It seemed to come from persons advancing on the road from the village, which was about half an hour's walk distant. After a few minutes two persons emerged from the wood into the dimly lighted open place; they walked slowly, arm-in-arm, gaily conversing. Graff, retreating into the shadow of the room, listened.

"Had not we better stop here, Conrad?" said the female voice, "the thunder-storm will overtake us before we can regain the village."

"Just as you say, my Mary," replied the voice of a man. "Let us sit upon the bench under the window, and wait until my sister, Rosa, comes. I hope she will hurry, when she looks at the dark heavens."

"In Rosa's place I would have gone to my aunt some other day," said Mary, again; "it would have been better if we had remained together to-day, and celebrated your arrival by making a party to the Ilsenstein."

"You are right, dear Mary, but aunt is an old woman, who is much concerned on my account, and would have thought very hard of it, if we had delayed, even for a day, the information of my arrival. Besides, she has some important business to attend to."

"Business?"

"That concerns you and me."

"I understand," whispered the girl, blushing, "her consent?"

"Yes, Mary; and to-morrow I shall go over myself, personally to entreat her for it."

"Oh, Conrad, if the war with the Danes should break out again?"

"Let it break out," said the young man, vehemently, "I move no hand, but stay with my Mary and attend to the farm."

"But if they compel you?"

"They will not compel me, my dear, for ere the leaves fall from the trees I am your husband, and when I show that the management of the farm depends entirely upon me, nobody can compel me to take part in this contemptible war."

"You looked much better, too, after you threw off the soldiers' uniform and had your ordinary clothing on again."

"And how will I look," replied Conrad, "when the bridegroom's red riband flutters on my hat?"

"This we shall soon see," exclaimed Mary, as she took the hat from the head of the young man.

"What do you want with the hat?"

"Look, Conrad!"

With a light movement of the hand, Mary took



a red riband from her black bodice, which had formed a large loop upon her breast, and wound it around the hat, as she held the latter upon her knees.

"Thus," she pleasantly exclaimed, and again placed the hat upon his head, "thus, pretty much, looks the hat of a bridegroom—it is a pity that the riband has not a larger loop."

"Mary," cried the enraptured Conrad, "this riband I will never return to you."

"Well, then keep it, dearest; its red color is a symbol of my love for you!"

"And this kiss may tell you that my love is greater than yours!"

"This is not so!"

"Oh, yes!"

"Oh, no!"

Conrad locked the girl in his arms, and settled the little quarrel by a glowing kiss. The happy pair were not sensible of the listener at the window. The moon had now come forth.

Suddenly footsteps were heard in the forest.

"Do you hear!" exclaimed Mary, "Rosa is coming. I will scold her for making us wait so long."

And like a chamois she ran over the grass-plot toward the forest path, whence the steps were heard. But she had scarcely entered the thicket, when the form of a man stood before her. With a shriek she started back, and ran toward Conrad, who had hastened after her.

"What is the matter?" he cried.

"Look at that figure—it comes nearer! Let us fly, it may be a robber!"

"Fly! I?" exclaimed Conrad, and advanced toward the man, who had now reached the grass-plot.

"Conrad," said the stranger, "is it you?"

"What, count, and alone in the forest?"

"I was in search of you. I must speak to you."

"To me?" asked Conrad, in astonishment.

"I have come for that purpose. But who is that lady?"

"It is Mary, my bride. Ah! how she will rejoice when she sees you again—I will call her."

"Not if you love me. I must not be known, even by Mary."

"For heaven's sake, dear count, what ails you? You are so agitated—your face is pale—what has occurred?"

"You shall know all, but first send Mary inside a while."

Without replying a word Conrad hurried to his bride, who stood trembling at the door of the tavern.

"Mary," he said, softly, "go into old Caspar

for a few moments, I will soon return, and then we shall go on home."

"Who is the stranger?" anxiously asked the trembling girl.

"I cannot tell you now; but fear nothing; the conference which he requests of me can be only to our advantage—come into the house."

Conrad took Mary's arm, and gently drew her along with him, attempting to allay her fears by a few pleasant words. After he had assigned her to the care of old Caspar, he returned to the count.

The count had taken a seat on the bench under the window, his head buried in his hands.

But in the meantime, and while the count and Conrad had been talking, Graff had taken Conrad's hat with the red riband from the bench, reaching out of the window for that purpose. Then he roused his companion.

"Eberhard," he softly exclaimed, "awake!"

"What is the matter?" groaned the half-drunken man.

"Look at this hat!"

"Why at the hat?" he said, rubbing his eyes.

"The riband around it is from Mary, the heiress, Mary, I say."

"To whom does it belong?"

"To Conrad, your rival; but be still; some one is approaching the bench before the house."

At this moment, and whilst Eberhard angrily trampled the hat under his feet, the count drew nigh, and sat down upon the bench. In another moment Conrad appeared. Neither suspected the listening hunters.

"Dear count," began Conrad, "why do you trouble yourself to come to me, instead of sending for me to come to the castle?"

"Conrad," said the count, deeply moved, as he grasped the hands of the former, "you are happy, very happy, because you can marry the girl you love."

"Yes, dear count," whispered the young man, joyfully, "ere autumn, Mary will be my wife. In the course of this week I had intended to ask for your consent, and you would not have refused it?"

"Did I not tell you, friend Conrad, when we lay at the watch-fire, two weeks ago, and spoke about home, that we should go before the altar on the same day?"

"Oh, I remember it—the other day we stood at the outposts——"

"Where I would have been cut down by the insidious Danes," the count quickly added, "if you had not rescued me at the risk of your own life."

"I had not intended to say that, dear count—

what I have done, any one would have done for his major."

"Conrad," exclaimed the count, in a tone of despair, "Conrad, I wish the Danish bayonets had pierced me, that I would never again have seen these mountains!"

"My God, what has happened? You had intended to tell me——"

"Hear me," said the count, with a sigh, and judge for yourself whether my wish is a just one: they have robbed me of my Emma!"

"How?" exclaimed Conrad, "the young countess, of whom you spoke with so much affection?"

"And whom I had intended to lead to the altar on my return. During my absence they have disposed of her hand: the family have concluded that she must marry the old Baron von H——."

"Incredible!" exclaimed Conrad.

"And nevertheless true!" sighed the count.

"The baron is at least twice as old as you, dear count. The young Countess Emma cannot love the old man!"

"She loves only one, I know it; but her family desire it; and the poor girl must obey. I am told that in a few days the betrothment is to take place."

"In a few days?"

"The whole is the work of the baron, therefore I have written to him, and sent him a challenge."

"Dear count, what have you done?"

"What my honor requires! This evening, at nine o'clock, the duel will take place, at the ruins near the abbey."

Graff, who had attentively listened at the window, whispered to his colleague,

"The place is well selected, for it is peculiarly calculated to break one's neck."

"But have you considered everything?" objected Conrad, who doubted the abilities of the count; "did you consider that even your letter is sufficient to impeach and convict you?"

"I defy everything," replied the young count, sullenly, "as the thought of the future brings me to despair."

"And suppose that the baron does not appear, and accuses you of having threatened his life?"

"He will come, for he has courage."

"And undoubtedly coolness too, whilst you are in the greatest agitation. Oh, my God, if he should kill you!"

"No, no, fear nothing; I can depend upon my arm."

"And if you kill or wound the baron?"

"In this case, which I almost take as granted, I count upon you. Listen," continued the count,

hastily, "you know the residence of my friend, the upper forester G——?"

"I know it, a half an hour's journey beyond the village, at the edge of the forest——"

"Thither go, after you have accompanied your Mary home. You will tell the upper forester of my duel, and ask him for his horses and his carriage. Then drive to the crossway below this wood, and await me."

"How, dear count, shall I not stand at your side when you fight?"

"No, my letter says that I come alone, and besides this I have no one to whom I could entrust my flight. If I am once beyond the boundaries, I take a ship for America."

"But have you money for your journey?"

"I have arranged everything; in my girdle is a considerable sum in gold."

"And your splendid property, dear count, with the lucrative forests?"

"I do not own any more—it is all mortgaged. But now hasten," said the count, rising, "for it is eight o'clock, and I must not let him wait. Be punctual and silent."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Conrad, "is there nothing that will change your resolution?"

"Nothing in the world!" answered the count, firmly. "You tarry and consider—am I mistaken in you? Will you not do me this last service?"

"You desire it, dear count, and so be it! I shall be with the horses and carriage at the crossway. Heaven grant that I must not wait too long for you!"

"Conrad, can I depend upon your silence? Even Mary must not know it, as she is much attached to me."

"My word for it!"

"Farewell!"

The count wrapped his cloak around his shoulders, to conceal a pair of swords, and then disappeared in the woods. Conrad entered the tavern in great confusion, so that he did not think of his hat, which he had left upon the bench under the window.

After a few minutes the young man came out of the house again; he led Mary by the arm, who stormed him with questions about the stranger. But Conrad kept his word; he gave evasive answers, and said nothing about the name of the count, or his object. They soon reached the village. At the farm they parted: Mary with a sorrowing heart, although she knew the good character of her lover, and Conrad with a beating breast for the fate of the count—for he was thinking that he could not arrive soon enough at the crossway for his safety.

In the meantime Graff and Eberhard came out of the tavern. They wished old Caspar a loud good night, and disappeared in the forest. The old man locked the door of his little house.

### III.

It was past nine o'clock when the deep silence of the village was interrupted by music and loud huzzas: the young boys and girls were congratulating the new town magistrate. They halted at his window, whilst the band of music played a dashing march. All who had not been attached to the procession, now made their appearance, partly to hear the music, and partly to listen to the speech of the magistrate.

Mary, who expected to meet Conrad here again, was likewise present; she walked up to a group of young girls, just as Valentine came proudly out of the house and stepped upon a large stone, which lay at the white-washed wall. His harangue, spoken loud and distinctly, was heard all around.

But the troubled bride heard but few of his words. Her thoughts busied themselves with Conrad and the mysterious stranger in the woods. Her searching glances went over the whole assemblage, but the face of him whom she loved was not there.

The speech was concluded, and the village musicians began a new march. Mary, whose anxiety increased every minute, withdrew unobserved, and was just about entering the door of her house, when the music suddenly ceased, and the mass pressed toward the spot whence the magistrate had made his speech. Greatly alarmed, she stood still and listened, for she felt as if she was to hear something adverse of Conrad. This presentiment seemed destined to be fulfilled. In the noise and confusion she distinctly heard the voice of Rosa, whom she had imagined to be still with her aunt in the neighboring village. With great effort she collected herself, and pressed through the dense crowd to the door of the magistrate.

Here stood Rosa, pale and breathless, before Valentine, and attempted to speak, but terror and exhaustion prevented her for a while.

"What is going on? what has occurred?" cried men and women, as all pressed still nearer.

"Rosa, Rosa," stammered Mary, as she supported the exhausted friend, "for God's sake, what brings you hither? Has any misfortune occurred?"

"Silence!" commanded the magistrate. "What brings you to me, my child?"

In a few minutes Conrad's sister had so far recovered that she could come to words.

"Longer than I had expected," she said, in broken sentences, "certain business detained me with my aunt—it was night when I passed the ruins of the abbey—when I suddenly heard footsteps—I was frightened—but I continued on my way—I walked around the bend of the fallen wall—when I saw in the moonshine how a man defended himself against two robbers—much terrified, I concealed myself behind a rock which stands by the way—I listened tremblingly—the noise of the combatants diminished—but the wind, which arose, brought me the hat of one of the murderers—I took it and ran toward the village—here is the hat!"

With a trembling hand she gave the hat, which she had until now concealed beneath her apron, to Mary, who stood next to her. Mary had no sooner beheld it, than she was stupified with horror, for she recognized the red riband which she had wound about Conrad's hat, as a testimonial of her love.

She stared upon the momentous, though mute witness, until the magistrate took it into his possession. Conrad's uncertain answers, and his singular behavior after his conversation with the stranger in the forest, rushed suddenly into her mind; and she doubted not, for a moment, but that the man whom she loved had taken part in the perpetrated crime, and that Rosa, his own sister, had betrayed him.

"Well, then, at the ruins near the abbey you have seen that a man was attacked by highwaymen?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes," replied Rosa, who had now recovered, "and that hat must belong to one of the murderers."

"Friends," cried Valentine, "there is no doubt but that a murder has been committed in the vicinity of our village, for this hat is moist with blood. Go to your houses, and fetch all the weapons you have—be here again in five minutes, we must search the whole forest—I, as magistrate, will take the lead."

The farmers scattered in all directions to obey the summons. The women and girls returned to their houses in terror. Everywhere through the village were heard low murmurs, and conjectures about the murderers.

Mary was the only one who suspected Conrad, for she alone had recognized his hat. But she concealed the suspicions in her bosom, though the pain she suffered for her lover almost broke her heart.

"Mary," inquired Rosa, as she grasped the arm of her friend, "where is my Brother Conrad?"

"I do not know!" stammered the poor girl.

"Was he not here?"

"I have not seen him in the crowd."

"You tremble, Mary; are you frightened more than I? Perhaps you fear——"

"Oh, no," replied Mary, quickly, "I fear nothing. Your narrative has filled me with terror and anxiety to such a degree that I am hardly able to speak—that is all."

"Be at ease," candidly replied the gay girl, "the criminals will soon be traced, and then they can do no more injury. I am glad that I found the whole village assembled, and that the magistrate can act immediately. See, there is one company of young men already, and there another. Oh, that they could take the villains!"

Whilst thus talking, they had arrived at Mary's door.

"Good night, Rosa," said the unhappy bride.

"Good night, Mary; and what shall I say to my brother?"

"I hope he may sleep better than I! Good night."

Mary entered her house and locked the door. When she was alone in her chamber, the long-suppressed tears broke forth: she sank upon a chair, and wept bitterly.

The first thunder-claps of the approaching storm were heard, and bright flashes lighted the room for a few moments at a time. Meanwhile upon the common before the magistrate's house more than fifty men, armed with guns, axes and poles, had assembled.

Just as the magistrate, armed with a long sword, came out of his house, the war-like multitude was augmented by two more—Graff and Eberhard, who inquired after the object of the meeting. Valentine gave a brief account of the occurrence.

"We accompany you, friends," exclaimed Graff. "The neighborhood must be freed of this rabble! Move on, to the abbey!"

When Valentine spoke about the hat, which one of the highwayman had lost, Eberhard had to support himself against his friend Graff, being scarcely able to stand up.

"Coward," whispered the hunter to his ear, "will you betray us? Collect yourself; the hat with the red riband will throw all suspicion upon Conrad, and you may yet get the farm, for Mary is too discreet to marry a convicted robber."

"You are right," replied Eberhard, "I follow you, uncle," he said, after the departing farmers, "I will only get my gun, which is in your house."

In a few minutes the hunters passed Mary's window.

A flash of lightning gave them an opportunity of seeing the pale face of the poor girl, who looked weepingly toward the now solitary common.

"Have you seen her?" whispered Graff.

"She appears to wait for Conrad," replied the forester.

"I doubt whether he will come."

"And if he does come?" asked Eberhard, tremblingly.

"She will this evening have received him for the last time."

When the train had reached the forest, the storm broke out with such a fury, that the trees looked as if sheeted in fire, and the mountains re-echoed the thunder-claps, which followed each other in quick succession.

Mary sat at the window all night and wept.

#### IV.

A CLEAR morning succeeded to the tempestuous night. Field and forest sent a balsamic odor into the sea of light, which undulated in bright rays over the landscape. Mary, with pale face, and eyes red from weeping, left the room, and walked through the fragrant garden to a close arbor, which stood at the farthest end of the former. She sat down upon the wooden bench, and supported her burning head with her hand, fixing her eyes upon the pleasant church-steeple, the point of which appeared over a group of lindens beyond the garden-hedge.

Mary truly and sincerely loved the man of whose crime she had the clearest and most undeniable evidence. "What can have induced him to it?" she had asked herself a thousand times during the night. At times she attributed it to his poverty, his ambition to bring her some money—but then, again, she could not believe this, when she remembered that she herself possessed a good farm, on whose income her future husband could live. "No," she exclaimed, "love for me has not made him a criminal, he must have had some other reason. Had he truly loved me, he would have kept his honor pure and unspotted."

With a deep sigh she bowed her pale face upon her heaving breast, and fixed her wet eye upon the ground, which was strewed over with yellow gravel, where, the day before, Conrad had with a cane drawn a plan of the battle in which he saved the life of the young Count Rudolph.

With an involuntary shriek she held both hands before her eyes, as the thought arose within her: had he but died an honorable death! The poor girl still loved Conrad, though a criminal.

The report of footsteps aroused her from her meditations. She opened her eyes, and saw Rosa, who gaily hastened toward the arbor.

"She knows nothing about the crime of her brother," Mary whispered to herself; "if it

depends alone on me she will never find it out. Yes, yes, neither she nor anybody else in the whole world!"

"Good morning, Mary," cried Conrad's sister. "They said you went to the garden to see what damage the storm has done—and now I find you dreaming. What is the matter? Has a quarrel taken place between you and Conrad? Last evening I thought you looked cast down, to-day I see you really sorrowful; and my brother I miss, too!"

"Rosa," asked Mary, anxiously, "did you expect to find your brother here?"

"Certainly! Where else?"

"Have you not seen him this morning yet?"

"No, he was not at home last night?"

Mary, getting still paler, turned away; Rosa produced new proofs of Conrad's crime.

"Be not uneasy about this," continued Rosa, with sympathizing candor, "he informed us last night that we should not wait for him, as some important business kept him from home. This morning, I thought he would first come to you, for the bride is before the sister."

"I do not know where your brother is," replied Mary, concealing her emotion, "perhaps he is not as anxious to see me as you imagine."

"How!" exclaimed Rosa, indignantly, "you think my brother unfaithful? No, Mary, my brother has not fallen so low. Only be calm, he will and must come; I know him better, and do not mistrust him. Our town magistrate, too, is surprised, that he did not accompany him last night in pursuit of the highwaymen."

"Well, what have they discovered?" asked Mary, hastily.

"Nothing. At the place I designated they found many broken twigs and leaves, that is all. That a fight has occurred there is evident, but no traces of blood could be discovered; it was, in all probability, only a robbery."

"Is not that enough? A highway robbery is punished with death—and were it not, the disgrace itself were death."

"I think so too, Mary!" The magistrate is determined to hang the perpetrator. This morning early he was with me, and troubled me with several questions. Among the rest, whether, in my terror, I might not have taken a bush for a robber? Mary, Mary!" she suddenly cried, as she pointed toward an elevation, close to the garden-hedge—"see there, was I not right?"

Both girls looked, Rosa with astonishment, and Mary with horror, for Conrad, with crossed arms and bowed head, was coming down the path which led to a small gate in the garden-hedge. Presently he was so near that Mary could see

that instead of a hat, he wore a cloth cap with a leather screen.

"It is Conrad," she said, tremblingly.

"I wonder what has happened to him?" asked Rosa. "He is generally so pleasant—and this morning——"

"Rosa, will you do me a favor?"

"With pleasure."

"I suspect your brother comes to this arbor—we will withdraw a little, and not disturb him in his meditations."

"I bet," replied, Rosa, laughingly, "you have had a quarrel——"

The girls had scarcely arrived at their hiding-place, when Conrad opened the garden-gate, slowly walked through the garden, and sat down in the half darkened arbor.

"Farther I cannot go," he muttered to himself. "Oh, my God! what a terrible night, and still no information—I have in vain waited with my carriage at the cross-road. And I have searched the ruins and the forest—nowhere a trace of my poor count; what may have become of him? Have they fought? Terrible uncertainty—and I dare communicate it to no one."

"Do you understand what he says to himself?" tremblingly inquired Mary.

"No."

"He sighs."

"Perhaps his conscience troubles him," said Conrad's sister, with a smile.

"His conscience?" exclaimed Mary, with terror.

"Listen, he talks again."

"And Mary," continued Conrad, so loud that the girls could distinctly understand him—"what will poor Mary think of my absence? Last evening already she was troubled, because I could give her no satisfactory answers to her questions."

Rosa could be silent no longer: she broke from the hand of her friend, and stood before the surprised Conrad.

"You want to know what Mary thinks of your absence?" she loudly cried.

"Rosa!"

"She thinks as I do: that it does not show well for a lover, who expects to marry before long, to be gone a whole night, and nobody to know where he is!"

At this moment the pale bride came forth, and silently but reproachfully looked at the young man.

"Mary," he exclaimed, "I was kept away the whole night contrary to my will—can you forgive me?"

"I shall forgive you, Conrad?" she sorrowfully replied. "Ask your conscience!"

"Rosa, Mary," said the young man, with confusion, "has he been seen in the village this morning?"

"Who?"

"Our young Count Rudolph."

"No. But what do you want with the count?" asked Rosa, with surprise.

"I want to see him, to speak to him, that I may at last escape from this terrible uncertainty!"

Mary covered her face with both hands, for she thought that he intended to confess all to the count, as his crime seemed to hang heavily upon his heart. Rosa's suspicion, too, was raised the more, the longer she looked at her brother; it must be something more than a lover's quarrel, she felt, that troubled him.

"Conrad," she anxiously exclaimed, "what has happened—you are quite alarmed?"

"A secret was confided to me, which gives me trouble——"

"A secret! May your bride and your sister not know this secret?"

"Ask me not, I pray you—for I cannot tell it."

"Oh! unhappy girl that I am!" sobbed Mary, and fell weeping upon the seat in the arbor.

"Mary, Mary!" cried Conrad, as he hastened to her, and attempted to console her. But she pushed him back, and continued to weep aloud.

"Oh, my God!" said Rosa, deeply moved, "the anguish will make her sick."

"Anguish? what anguish?"

"The robbery in the ruins at the abbey."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Conrad, and stared at his sister. "Rosa, is it already known?"

The young man had spoken these words with an anxiety that shook the very heart of Mary, for they completed the proof of his guilt.

"Conrad, Conrad," she asked, with a trembling voice, "do you know ought about the occurrence at the ruins?"

But without replying to this question, he grasped both hands of his sister, and exclaimed entreatingly,

"Rosa, if my happiness, my tranquillity, is dear to you, oh, tell me what you know—speak! speak!"

"What I have seen with my own eyes, that a terrible fight has taken place there, and one man lay upon the ground—I ran to the village and cried for help—they hastened to the abbey but found nothing."

"And all this you have yourself seen?"

"My God! yes. The man on the ground was in uniform, for his epaulette glittered in the moonshine."

"Be silent, girl," exclaimed Conrad, with terror, "for God's sake, not another word about it!"

"Why not?"

"Because the life of a man is involved!"

Mary again fell upon the seat. But her eye observed every movement of Conrad, her ear drank each of his words.

"Oh, my God!" muttered the young man to himself, "who may be the departed one? Is he dead or yet alive? And *where* is he? Oh, that I could meet his opponent!"

Like a madman, who is unconscious of his situation, poor Conrad rushed out of the arbor toward the garden-gate, through which he had entered. But before he arrived there, the town magistrate, Valentine, appeared, gasping for breath.

"Hold!" he commanded the fugitive, and placed himself in his way; "one moment."

"I cannot!" cried Conrad.

"You *must*," replied the town magistrate, warmly, "I *must* speak to you."

"You wish to speak? Speak, quick!"

"Only one word. Do you know this hat?" asked Valentine, as he brought the hat with the red riband out from beneath the skirts of his coat, and held it up to Conrad.

"Certainly? it is mine."

"How, what!" stammered the magistrate, "you, your hat?"

"Well, yes! The red riband that adorns it was bestowed to me by Mary—why do you ask? what about the hat?"

"And you confess that it belongs to you?"

"Oh, my God! I forgot my errand," cried Conrad, and made an attempt to go on.

"Stop!" cried the magistrate, and grasped the arm of the fugitive. But Conrad broke loose, and rushed through the garden-gate into the field.

The arbor was now filled by the loud weeping and sobbing of the two girls, which brought the confused Valentine again to his senses.

"Stop him, stop him!" he cried, "stop him."

"Where is my brother?" asked Rosa, as she came forth from the arbor.

"Away over the mountains. You must testify, children, to what he has himself confessed. Ah! my presentiments. To him, then, belongs the mysterious hat. Now I will satisfy the supreme counsellor that I am a born town magistrate. The police must saddle immediately, and pursue the fugitive."

"Gracious God!" cried Rosa, and ran after her brother, caring nothing more about those who remained behind.

"Farewell, Miss Mary," said the magistrate, scornfully. "You have a valiant lover!"

Mary could weep no more; but the pallor of death covered her lovely face, and from her eye streamed an unearthly brilliancy.

"Mr. Valentine," she said, with a firm tone of voice, "I must speak to you—stay."

"When I have taken the malefactor," replied the magistrate, and started to leave the garden.

"No, this instant."

"You are cunning, Miss, you will keep me here that Conrad can escape. But I am not caught so easily."

"You must stay," said Mary, firmly, and she forcibly drew the magistrate into the arbor."

"Girl, will you detain the agent of the government? It seems to me you know something about the knavery of your lover?"

These words brought the tears to the eyes of the poor girl. Weeping aloud, she fell upon her knees, and imploringly lifted up her hands.

"Mercy, mercy!" she exclaimed; "rob me not of the last hope which this terrible moment has created within me. I know nothing about the occurrence at the ruins!"

"Well, but what course do you intend to take?"

"I will save him from death!"

"Not with my assistance? I am town magistrate!"

"Listen to me."

"No, no, my position forbids it. I have no pity for a criminal."

"Then have compassion on your poor ward, whose father you promised to be."

"I shall resign the guardianship. I will have nothing to do with a girl who loves a malefactor."

"Oh, my God! do not talk about love at this terrible moment."

"My nephew, who loves you from his very heart, you have disdainfully rejected. Yes, yes," added the magistrate, ironically, "I believe it, honest Conrad deserves the preference in all respects! Girl, the shame which you have cast on him and me, will never vanish from my memory."

Suddenly Mary arose.

"Mr. Valentine," she said, with a forced smile, "you say your nephew, Eberhard, loves me?"

"So he told you himself on Saturday——"

"Listen to me. Up to this time, you are the only one, besides Rosa and myself, that knows the horrible secret of last night—observe eternal silence on the matter, and arrest all pursuit of the unfortunate Conrad, so that he may be enabled to leave the country—and I will publicly acknowledge that I love your nephew, and will give him my hand. Take my life—if Conrad is saved, I am ready to die!"

This proposition staggered the magistrate: not out of compassion to the pale and beautiful girl, not to gratify the inclinations of his nephew, but because his avaricious heart expected a profitable business. He grasped her hand, and led her to the seat.

"Mary," said he, "I rejoice for your sake, that you at length have come to a knowledge of yourself, and are ready to deny this villain, who, when yet a boy, betrayed his nature. That you may save your honor, and because I am your guardian, I will set justice aside, and agree to your proposition."

"You agree?" exclaimed Mary.

"Here is my hand. Since nothing was discovered at the place where the crime was committed, I think I shall be able to conceal the secret."

"May heaven reward you!" said the poor, weeping girl.

"But one condition I must insist on," continued the magistrate, after a pause, during which he had reviewed the well-cultivated and extensive garden, and the pleasant dwelling-house.

"What do you want yet?" whispered Mary.

"According to the new law, the civil marriage has been introduced into our country, and went in force a week ago—I desire that you to-day sign the marriage contract with my nephew, in the form I lay it before you."

"My life is in your hand," was the resigned answer, "I agree to anything, so that Conrad will be secure from dishonor."

"That he shall remain so, is as much my interest as yours. Now follow me to the house, dear ward; forget the past night."

Mary, exhausted almost to death, took his arm, and entered her little room, where she spent the forenoon in gloomy despair.

Valentine, who could scarcely await the time when his avarice was to be gratified, immediately consulted his nephew, Eberhard, who met him as he was about entering his house. The young rake acquainted his uncle with his large debt, and the latter promised to forward the amount to the city, as soon as the marriage contract was signed.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the contract was signed. Mary permitted herself to be led about like a child.

## V.

WHILE the marriage contract was being signed at Mary's residence, Conrad arrived at the mansion of the Baron von H—. Of him, as the rival of the count, he expected to learn the latter's fate.

Though a servant he announced himself to the baron.

"You may come in," was the reply.

With a beating heart, Conrad opened the high folding-doors of a pavilion, which was shaded by lofty chestnuts, and entered a cool and roomy apartment. But he had scarcely thrown a glance into it, when he gave a shriek of joy; young Count Rudolph sat with the baron upon a sofa. Conrad's entrance seemed to have interrupted a confidential conversation between the two men.

"Conrad, Conrad!" exclaimed the count, and presented the friend to the baron as the preserver of his life.

"Baron," said Conrad, "I am not now under the necessity of requesting an audience of you—my errand concerns the count, about whose fate I was in ignorance."

"Stay, children, and speak what is necessary—business calls me to my secretary, who has been waiting for me all day in vain—stay, and ease your hearts."

With these words the old man left the apartment, after he had pleasantly given his hand to the young count.

"Oh, dear count," exclaimed Conrad, "I cannot express my joy in words—may I trust my eyes? You—at your rival's side? And none of you wounded——"

"Who knows whether I would have been yet alive," replied the count, smilingly, "if the baron had appeared at the ruins a few minutes later?"

"The baron!" cried Conrad, with surprise.

"No other! The bandits, whom I unfortunately could not recognize, are dangerous villains. After they had robbed me, they tried to kill me too. I defended myself with all my might, but the robbers threw me upon the ground, and would certainly have accomplished their object, had not the baron, with drawn sword, stepped between us as my deliverer."

"Long live the baron!" cried Conrad.

"And now imagine my surprise," continued the count, "as he smilingly gave me his hand, and said in a pleasant tone of voice, 'young blusterer! why have you concealed your love from me? Emma, who loves you with all her heart, had more confidence in me. Instead of fighting here, please accompany me to the castle, and pacify the bride, who is in great trouble on your account.'"

"Thank God! Long live the baron!"

"I was about falling at his feet, but he stretched out his arms, and pressed me to his bosom. Now, dear Conrad, I am the happiest of all men!"

"I believe it!" replied the young man. "But

I—while you were in the castle of your beautiful bride, I tarried at the crossways, as we had agreed, amid rain, thunder and lightning. I waited all night. When morning came, I ran through the ruins and the forest in despair—I inquired at your castle, but could nowhere find a trace of you. At last I concluded to ask your opponent about the result of the duel, and thank God, it turned out better than we either had reason to expect. But now I must hasten to pacify my poor Mary, who was very angry with me last evening, because I would give her no satisfactory answer about my conversation with the mysterious stranger in the forest. I suppose I can now, dear count," added Conrad, with a smile, "under the seal of silence, confide the secret to my bride, to clear myself from all possible suspicion?"

"Oh, no, dear Conrad," exclaimed the count, good-humoredly, "not you, it becomes me to appease your sweet-heart, and to beg her pardon for the trouble I have caused her."

"What?"

"Mary, my beautiful foster-sister, must expect a visit from me. I will publicly return to her the bridegroom, whom I so mysteriously enticed from her for a short time."

"Then I have no objection, dear count, for you will soon soften her anger. When may she expect you?"

"Expect me? We go together. I expect my carriage every moment—you ride at my side to the door of your bride."

"No, dear count——"

"I suffer no contradiction—my purpose remains unalterable."

Conrad would have made further objections, but the count took him in his embrace, and in the true sense smothered every word in his mouth.

Dinner was past with the baron. But a table was spread for Conrad, in one of the side rooms. The young man had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and it may well be imagined that the invitation was not unwelcome.

Strengthened at body and heart, he had just finished when the carriage arrived. The count was still in the castle, bidding adieu to his bride and the baron.

"Conrad," exclaimed the coachman, who had participated in the campaign as groom to the count, "it is well that I meet you here."

"Why so?"

"Your sister was at the castle just as I was driving away. She was seeking you, because you said you would go to see the count. I told her that I was about to go and bring him, and



that he was at the mansion of the baron, when she replied, 'then my brother is there too.' She then gave me this letter for you."

Conrad recognized Mary's handwriting at first view. A dark presentiment arose in his breast, as his quivering hand broke the seal of the letter. Once more he drew breath, and then said, "there was only one remedy to save you, and God gave me strength to apply it; it is the greatest, the last sacrifice of my love for you! For this I request a sacrifice in return—flee, after you have read my lines, this neighborhood, and never, never return."

The poor young man could scarcely trust his senses; the contents of the letter were to him as mysterious as they were terrible. With his face unearthly pale, he once more read it. As if struck by lightning, he stood and stared at the momentous paper.

In this state he was found by the count, who pleasantly came down the steps, and hastened toward the carriage.

"Well, Conrad," he exclaimed, after he had entered the carriage, "come sit by my side."

Mechanically he complied with the invitation.

"What do you hold in your hand?" asked the count, astonished at Conrad's appearance.

Conrad handed him the letter without speaking a word.

"Singular," said the count, after he had read the letter, and compassionately looked into the gloomy eye of his preserver. "Are you fully satisfied that Mary wrote these lines?"

"Yes."

"She has resorted to some stratagem to punish you for remaining away so long."

"The mysteriousness and earnestness of the letter scarcely admit of such an interpretation. And I remember, too, the singular behavior of my bride, when I saw her at the arbor this morning; and when, on hearing of the attack upon your person, I immediately withdrew."

"Then the people know of it?"

"Rosa, who returned from my aunt, is said to have seen the conflict."

"There is a misunderstanding at the bottom, which we will soon bring to daylight. Peter," cried the count to the coachman, "drive at full gallop. In half an hour we must be at the village. Stop at Mary's farm, and not at the castle."

Peter gave his whip to the fiery horses. The two young men did not speak a word—each one was left to his own meditations. A half an hour had scarcely elapsed—though it appeared to Conrad like an eternity—when the carriage reached the first houses of the village. A few minutes more, and the foaming horses stopped

before Mary's house. The count addressed an encouraging word to Conrad, and then they entered.

"Heavens!" cried Mary, who sat pale and weeping in her chair, and did not seem to have noticed the arrival of the carriage; "unfortunate man! What do you want here? Did you not receive my letter?"

"Dear count," stammered Conrad, "you see that it is terrible truth!"

"Mary," said the count, seriously, "what means this?"

"Fly this neighborhood!" cried the girl, with a heaving breast, "away, away, ere destruction reaches you!"

"Are you mad?" cried the count. "Explain your singular conduct."

It was not till now that Mary recognized the count; she looked at him for a moment with staring eyes; then she sank weeping into the chair, and covered her face with her apron.

Conrad stood in the middle of the room, and, as if he had really committed a crime, held his trembling hands before his eyes, from which rolled a stream of tears. The count had walked up to Mary, and tried to get her to speak.

"Conrad," she at length exclaimed, and pointed toward the door, "fly, fly, before the magistrate returns."

"My God," said the count, "why should Conrad fear the magistrate?"

"Why? Shall I repeat the terrible narrative?"

Suddenly the young man lifted up his head; pride strengthened his nerves, and dissipated for a moment the pangs of his love. "Mary," he firmly said, "you desire that I leave your house, that the magistrate may not find me here—my honor as a soldier demands that I yield not a step until I get an explanation. What have you against me?"

"Conrad, will you still deceive me?" exclaimed Mary, vehemently.

"Mary, I demand, by your honor and by mine, that you, in the presence of the count, explain with what you charge me!"

"Where were you last night?" she asked, as she turned away her eyes, and with an anxious and beating heart awaited a reply.

"I was with the friend of the count, the upper forester of G—."

"And on business for me," continued the count, "which I could entrust only to my friend, and the preserver of my life."

Mary lifted up her head and looked at the two men, as if the words of the count had bereft her of her reason; the gloomy eye seemed to be

ready to start from its socket, and the bosom heaved vehemently.

"Listen," said the count, affectionately, "banish your trouble and your jealousy, for Conrad loves you with all the power of his heart. If he committed a mistake, I will bear the blame; for I am the man that sought him last evening, to request a favor that kept him all night from the village. I exacted his promise to observe profound silence even toward you. I assure you, on my word of honor, that he was engaged in my behalf."

With a piercing shriek, poor Mary fell senseless to the floor. Conrad hastened to the spot, and with both arms embraced her, as if he would impart new vitality into her system.

"My God!" exclaimed the count, "what has occurred here? Has jealousy robbed the poor girl of her reason?"

At this moment the door was opened, and the town magistrate, followed by his nephew, Eberhard, entered the room. A solemn pause of surprise and terror reigned for a moment in the apartment. Mary still lay lifeless in Conrad's arms.

"What do I see?" at length exclaimed Valentine. "This man still here? And you, count," he added, with a bow, "do you not know——"

"Villain!" cried Eberhard, "you still venture to enter this house? Be gone, ere justice stretches out her hand for you."

Conrad was scarcely conscious of himself.

"Ho, scoundrel," he cried, "it is you that has set his foot in this house, during my short absence! Now I can explain to myself——"

"Away," commanded Eberhard, "Mary is my wife!"

"Your wife?"

"The marriage contract is signed and lawfully recorded—away, I am master of this house!"

Softly, as if all his strength was failing him, Conrad laid the senseless maiden down by the chair, and supported himself by clinging to the table.

"Count," whispered the town magistrate, "here is the marriage contract. You know the civil marriage——"

The count pushed the paper away with his hand. Then he walked up to Mary, who now began to show signs of returning life. It could distinctly be seen that the firmness of her mind strove to overcome the weakness of the body.

"Mary," he said, earnestly, "it appears that you have become the victim of a vile conspiracy—but in the name of that God who punishes dishonesty, I request you to explain this terrible confusion!"

Mary's eyes sought poor Conrad, who stood at

the table, a statue of sorrow and despair. She arose, not without great emotion, and walked to him with trembling steps.

"Conrad," she whispered, "what I have done, was done out of love for you—you know how I love you! And never, never shall I forget you—yet shun this place. You have seen me happy in my love for you—my wretchedness in my despair you shall not see—for I am the wife of the Forester Eberhard!"

"Conrad," said the count, resolutely, "you have lost your bride, but gained a friend, who will, with everything at his command, provide for your welfare. And if you love your friend, follow him; on his arm you shall leave the place of your misfortune; to his castle you shall go; and on it you can look as your home until I shall have succeeded in unmasking this mean conspiracy! Follow me!"

With these words he stepped to Conrad, and with deep emotion held the unhappy man to his breast. Then he took his arm for the purpose of leaving the room.

"Conrad, Conrad!" cried Mary, despairingly, as she stretched her hands after him.

The young man cast back another glance, and then silently followed the count.

The next minute the rattling of the carriage was heard that conveyed the two friends to the castle.

"Mr. Valentine," said Mary, with a firm voice, as she collected all her energy, "according to law, I am the wife of your nephew."

"No man can say anything against it," replied the magistrate; "you have given your word to my Eberhard, and the law has confirmed it."

"The law," continued Mary, "but not the church."

"This matters not; if the law has been complied with, then it is all right, according to our enlightened ideas."

"But not according to mine. Therefore hear my desire."

"Well, what do you wish?" asked the magistrate, ironically.

"I desire," said Mary, with dignity, "that you look upon me as unmarried, until the priest has consecrated the legal marriage. So long will I remain in the entire possession of my rights and property."

"And when shall the priest finish the business?" inquired Eberhard.

"When I am ready for it—perhaps next Sunday."

"Mary," said the hunter, gallantly, "this postponement is, it is true, a misfortune to my heart, but I assent."

"You understand, that till then solitude is desirable to me——"

"This means, in other words," said the magistrate, angrily, "that we shall take leave. Well we shall go. To-day, it is Monday—five days remain to prepare——"

"Make no preparations, Mr. Valentine."

"But you will certainly remove to the house of my nephew, which is charmingly situated at the edge of the forest."

"I shall do what becomes my duty as a wife."

Mary saluted the men, and went into her bed-chamber, the door of which opened into her room.

Uncle and nephew left the house, and on the way imparted to one another their apprehensions as to Mary's intentions.

"The contract is legally concluded," said the magistrate; "if your wife does not comply with the obligations agreed upon, then the law will compel her to it."

Night again found Eberhard and Graff together in the tavern, where they emptied one bottle after another, for the complete success of their plans.

#### VI.

WHILST Mary wept in solitude in her chamber separated from all the world, Conrad occupied a room in the castle of the count. Rosa, who attended to her brother's rural affairs during his absence, visited him every day, and reported what was said in the village about the occurrence.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, "had Mary deceived me in the most shameful manner in the world, I could comfort myself, and treat her with the contempt she would deserve in that case. But as it is, she has become a sacrifice to her love for me, and I have lost a faithful heart."

The count, who was deeply affected by Conrad's misfortune, in vain exerted himself to persuade him to apply for a legal investigation, and to have the marriage contract annulled; he always expressed himself decidedly against it, as he was not inclined to involve Mary in an investigation. But he confidentially expected that Mary herself would take some steps to regain her liberty, and with this hope, which every day grew stronger, he lived at the castle inactive like a hermit. But when he heard of Rosa, that next Sunday the marriage ceremony was to be performed at church, the last ray of hope departed; he informed the count that he would emigrate to America.

Although the count suspected a premeditated case of villainy, from the circumstance that Conrad's hat was found in the ruins, he yet abstained from a legal investigation, in compliance with

Conrad's urgent request, especially since every trace of the perpetrator was wanting. Yet he had secretly given notice of the attack on his person to the judiciary, and applied for a strict watch on the neighborhood.

The same Sunday on which Valentine expected the marriage ceremony between his nephew and Mary to be performed, was also determined on by the baron for the union of his ward, Emma, with the young count; and preparations to this end were eagerly prosecuted. This gave the count repeated opportunities to visit the mansion of the baron, and leave his friend Conrad to himself, who intended the quit the country next day. He feared the count's attempts to persuade him to stay, and had, therefore, taken a firm resolution to set out on his journey secretly.

Thursday was approaching its close, and night lay upon the earth, when Conrad left the castle and slowly walked toward the village. He intended to bid farewell to his sister. Careless about the way he was taking, he suddenly stood still to see where he was—he stood at Mary's garden-gate, close to which was situated the arbor, where, in the preceding spring, when about proceeding to the war, he bade farewell to her. He involuntarily approached the hedge, and looked thoughtfully through the foliage, which was now and then gently moved by the evening breeze.

Suddenly he thought he heard footsteps—he redoubled his attention—he had not deceived himself—the footsteps came nearer, and at length softly crackled upon the sand in the arbor.

"Oh, my God!" thought Conrad, "if it were Mary!"

It required some exertion, as this thought arose, to conceal his emotion. Breathless, he stood still, and stared into the dark arbor, from which he was separated only by the foliage of the hedge. He was still unresolved whether he would go or remain, when a loud weeping struck upon his ear. He recognized Mary's voice. Tears came to the eyes of the young man, and the self-collection he had just acquired, was again dispersed.

"My strength is failing," Conrad heard Mary say to herself, "I cannot become the forester's wife—and Conrad avoids me—he is doing nothing for me—he gives me over to sorrow and despair. Oh, my God, my God!"

"Mary, Mary!" cried Conrad, involuntarily. "Heavens!" exclaimed the voice in the arbor, "who calls my name?"

"Mary, only one word before I part from you."

"Conrad, you come to me, to the girl whom

you should despise, for she thought you capable of committing a crime?"

As if urged on by some invisible power, the young man threw open the garden-gate, and rushed into the arbor, where Mary lay weeping upon the ground.

"Conrad," she exclaimed, as he entered, "I am a miserable, unhappy being! Can you forgive me? Will you hate me?"

"No, no, I pity you, and still love you with all the strength of my heart."

Gently he lifted the trembling girl from the ground, and imprinted a warm kiss upon her glowing forehead.

"Mary, your fate grieves me more than my own, for you have to forget the friend of your youth, and the love which you fondly anticipated would make you happy in life, will now cause you the bitterest sorrow."

"Conrad, Conrad!"

"See," continued Conrad, as he wound his arm about her neck, "I am happier than you, for my heart is free, it can remain true to you and love you. I am bound by no other tie. I can die with your name upon my lips—therefore weep not for me—I am less to be pitied than you!"

Mary clung with trembling arms to Conrad, and spasmodically embraced him for a few minutes.

"Now collect yourself," said Conrad, "I depart, that I may not render the fulfilment of your duties the more difficult."

"Oh, my God! let me die; life makes me miserable!"

"Come, Mary, to your house, before we are discovered by the eye of a spy. I accompany you to the threshold, then farewell!"

Slowly the two walked through the star-lit garden. Arrived at the door of the house, Conrad silently pressed the last kiss upon Mary's lips, disengaged himself from her arms, and rushed away, he looked not where, into the darkness of night.

He had strayed through brushes and fields for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when he suddenly reached the banks of a large pond—that which drove Philip's mill. With a gloomy smile he stood still, and looked upon the tranquil water. The evening was calm, and all nature quiet; not a sound struck upon the ear, save the distant and monotonous rattling of the mill, whose lighted window glittered like a star.

"No," he at length whispered to himself, "I will not here destroy my life; Mary shall not reproach herself with my death; she is already unhappy enough. War rages everywhere—let it take me as its sacrifice."

He quickly turned his back, and hastened

toward a wood, whose outlines appeared in the distance, Conrad soon found himself at a living hedge, which surrounded a pleasant-looking hunter's house. From one window on the ground floor, which was half covered by the leaves and branches of the hedge, flickered a light.

"Heavens!" whispered Conrad, with surprise, "is not this the house of the Forester Eberhard, the husband of my unfortunate Mary? Was it accident that brought me here, or was I guided by the hand of destiny? Ha," he exclaimed, and threateningly shook his clenched fist toward the window, "you are the Evil One, that has made two beings unhappy; you caused Mary to weep, and me to stray through the world in despair! God of Heaven! hast thou brought me hither, that I should break Mary's fetters, oh, then give me one sign, and make me the instrument of thy Providence!"

A loud knock at the door of the house, which was on the opposite side, answered the wild interrogation of the young man. He stood still and listened.

"Who knocks?" inquired Eberhard's voice within.

"I, Graff," was replied at the door.

"Whosoever it is, I do not open the door at this hour of night."

"Eberhard, open the door."

"Come to-morrow again."

"Open, I must speak to you for your own interest."

They were silent. Soon Conrad heard the door open, and the sound of footsteps in the house. Urged on by the presentiment that some decisive secret of great importance to himself would be discovered, he softly bent the branches and leaves apart, and thrust his head through a breach in the hedge, so that he was enabled, through the window, to look over the entire room. He had scarcely assumed this position, when he saw Eberhard and Graff come in through the door. Eberhard wore a plain coat, and Graff was armed with gun and cutlass.

Conrad now distinctly heard the following conversation.

"Well," said Graff, as he entered, "you have become so haughty in your happiness, that you let a friend and colleague wait before the door, as if he were your lackey. I had reason to expect that, when I come, every door should be thrown open."

"What do you want? What brings you to me?" asked the other, with vexation.

"Our security, and still more, a good job."

"A good job? What does that mean?"

"I suppose you are aware that young Count

Rudolph is engaged to marry Emma von Linden, and that the bride brings a considerable fortune to the bridegroom?"

"Well?" said Eberhard, inquiringly.

"Well, my colleague, I was informed, this afternoon, that the count will to-night leave the castle of the Baron von H—, and carry twenty thousand dollars in gold with him. This little sum is to beat the way of the bride to the house of her husband, who intends to catch a few bills of exchange with it before he will get married, so that *he* may not be caught."

"What do I care about this?" said Eberhard, indifferently.

"Toward midnight he will return home by himself—his road leads along the stone-quarries——"

"Heavens!" cried the forester, "perhaps you again think——"

"Ah! you understand me at last?" exclaimed Graff, with a hoarse chuckle. "Would it not be a great pity if this nice sum should be buried with him in the stone-quarries? The job is of double utility: we get rid of a dangerous man, who cannot forget the trick at the abbey, and we will get rich at once. It is true, you are provided for already, for you will marry a neat girl, with just as neat a farm—but I dare not think of getting married, and must study out some other means for gaining a fortune—and behold, my sagacity has succeeded. You are my friend, Eberhard, you shall get the third part of this job; for more you do not need in order to pass for a wealthy man."

The blood began to chill in the veins of the listener at the window; and his senses seemed to him to be veiled in a dream. With all the strength he could command, he maintained his position, in order to hear the conclusion of the conversation, for so much was clear to him, in spite of his confusion, that a mere accusation without proof, would be not only useless, but even injurious to himself. The thought, that the civil marriage had chained Mary to a highwayman, gave him strength to hold out.

"I will not obey you," he heard Eberhard say; "you once before led me to the commission of a crime; but it shall never be so again!"

"By heavens!" exclaimed Graff, "this marriage seems to have made your conscience very tender!"

"Not the marriage, but the stolen money. There it lies, in my closet—I cannot touch it! Could I purchase my tranquillity again by returning it, I could part with it without grief. Oh, that I had not yielded to your tempting. Fly, for you have poisoned my life!"

"How rationally you talk!" said the other, with a sneer. "You now despise the money, because you have married a rich girl—but how would it stand with you, my valiant friend, if the thought had not occurred to me, that by leaving the hat at the ruins, suspicion would fall on Mary's bridegroom. In consequence of that she bade him farewell, and married you out of terror. Do you believe that Mary would have given up Conrad otherwise? If my sagacity had not woven the net, you would certainly not have caught the bird. But for me you would set in the debtor's prison, and see through the gratings of your window how other people enjoy life."

"Leave me, Graff, I will henceforth live as a respectable man."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the hunter, "do you believe that one can quit at pleasure, when he has once commenced? That would be convenient! No, my fellow, I need you, and you must accompany me, or——"

"Or?" repeated Eberhard.

"Or I will show you," said the hunter, in a threatening tone of voice, "that you owe me obedience."

"Man," cried the forester, "let me alone."

"When you have done your duty toward me."

"Then take the money out of the closet, and depart."

"How, you will buy your friend with money?"

"You are not my friend—I am ashamed of you."

"Not your friend? What am I, then?" asked Graff, in a rage."

"You are my demon!"

"But yet your good demon!"

"Leave my house," cried Eberhard, who was brought to the verge of desperation by the irony of the hunter.

"Mark my words," said Graff, sternly. "If you are not at the tavern of old Caspar at precisely eleven o'clock, to accompany me, I will to-morrow morning go to Mary, and tell her all—do you hear?"

"Almighty God! you will do that? Graff, take that money out of the closet, not a dollar is wanting—take it, but let me alone! Go, go."

"Without you I go not a step!"

"Consider that we shall lay the burden of a fresh crime on our souls!"

"One or two—it is all the same!" laughed the hunter, "are you afraid to be a wise man?"

"You still laugh?" asked Eberhard, with horror.

"Yes, I laugh, friend, to show you my contempt. Once more, choose; will you come to the *rendezvous*, or shall I go to—you know whither?"

"Man, are you serious?"

"By my hunter's honor, which I never violate!"

"Once more, Graff——"

"Not a word—yes or no?"

After a pause, the two hunters, Eberhard and Graff, stood opposite to each other in the room; Conrad at the window, scarcely ventured to breathe, although an unutterable anguish seemed ready to burst his breast.

"Well, I come," said Eberhard, at length, "but only upon one condition."

"Name it."

"That no blood be shed."

"Fool, half a work is none! Suppose, for an instant, that the count should recognize us? You see, I wish to promote your profit. I clear out as soon as I have the money; this you cannot do, you must remain with your wife—it is all the same to me whether the count escape with a sound skin or no: you, however, the one that remains here, ought to see that the witnesses be put aside; therefore be wise and obey me!"

"Oh, horrible, horrible! I shall load a murder upon my conscience!"

"No, that you shall not, the accidental measures belong to me—you *only* take the money! At precisely eleven o'clock, then, at the tavern—at the bench where we took that hat so pregnant with fate. Farewell, comrade!"

Conrad now cautiously withdrew from the hedge, sent a look of gratitude toward heaven, and then fled with such a speed, that in ten minutes he stood before Philip's mill, gasping for breath. He met the young miller on the seat under the linden, where he was talking to a small circle of friends, how Conrad had saved the count's life.

"Welcome, Conrad!" they all cried, as soon as they recognized him. They then cheerfully surrounded the young man, for they knew his hard and undeserved fate, and pitied him from their hearts.

"Philip," whispered the one just arrived, "I must speak to you alone!"

"My God, Conrad, you are breathless! What has occurred?"

"Nothing as yet, but come to your house for a moment."

The two young men disappeared in the mill. Those that remained behind under the linden, loudly expressed their fears, that the loss of Mary had bereft Conrad of his reason.

The clock in the village struck ten, and the little circle of neighbors was about to disperse, when Conrad and Philip came hastily out of the

mill. The latter wore the uniform of his regiment, an old sword at his side, and his rifle on his shoulder.

"Whither are you going?" cried the people, in astonishment.

"To the appeal!" was the reply of the men, and the next instant they disappeared in the darkness.

At a certain place in the village they parted again, Conrad to put on his uniform and his arms, Philip to call upon the third companion.

Rosa received her brother with a loud exclamation of joy. The latter scarcely saluted her, and rushed to his chamber. His sister followed him.

"Conrad," cried Rosa, whose joy had changed to terror, "you do not mean to go to the wars again, or why do you bring out your uniform?"

"To the war," was the quick and cheerful reply, "to the war, to conquer my Mary again!"

Rosa broke out in loud sobs, for she believed him deranged.

"Brother, I shall not permit you to leave this!"

"Why not?" asked Conrad, smilingly, as he put on the soldier's coat.

"How you are excited—you are sick!"

"You are mistaken, sister, I have never been so well."

"But whither are you going?"

"To the war!"

"Conrad, Conrad! what shall I make of this? This answer—your fiery eyes!"

The young man, in the meantime, examined the contents of a sportsman's bag. When he found the necessary ammunition in it, he threw it over his shoulder, took his gun, which hung at the wall, and then calmly and pleasantly walked up to his sister.

"Rosa," he mildly said, "you weep, and perhaps doubt my reason, because I speak of things that appear strange to you; but trouble yourself not, the march I expect to make will save the life of our young count, and restore honor to me and liberty to Mary. Can you now understand my sudden change, dear sister?"

"But tell me——"

"If I will not miss my object, I must hasten—soon I shall return, and you shall know all about it."

"Will you go alone?" asked Rosa, with anxiety.

"Come back to the room, and you shall see who accompanies me."

Just as brother and sister came out of the chamber, the door which led to the entry was opened, and Philip and another man in uniform and with arms, appeared at the threshold.

"Welcome, Christian!" cried Conrad, as he held out his hand to both. "You see," he turned to Rosa, "here are my companions. Are you still afraid? Now keep awake until we return, and provide for a good breakfast; for our work will not be finished before midnight. But say not a word about our march, or all is lost."

"And Mary shall be free?" asked Rosa, once more.

"Free," replied Conrad, "to become my wife. Adieu, Rosa!"

Cautiously the three men left the house and the village. Rosa went to the kitchen, stirred up a fire, and began to prepare the meal that was ordered.

### VII.

THE hunter Graff had spoken the truth: Count Rudolph really took his carriage in the courtyard of the baron, toward midnight, to return to his castle. But he did not carry the sum of gold for which Graff longed; it was only a report that originated with the domestics, and was whispered into the ears of the savage woodman by one of the baron's hunters, at the tavern. The young count, although made happy by the love of a rich and beautiful girl, was not in the best humor. Conrad's misfortune, for which he had unintentionally laid the foundation, went deep to his heart, and gave him so much the more uneasiness because he was unable to make reparation for what had occurred. He had related the unfortunate incident to his bride, and, amid tears, she made the proposition to him, to assign to Conrad a small estate she possessed in the vicinity of B—, and which was husbanded by a tenant. Rudolph cheerfully agreed to this proposition, but that, with the presentation of the property, he could not also return the tranquillity of heart of the valiant man, restricted the joy which the turn in his circumstances would otherwise have given him.

The watchmen of the neighboring village had announced the hour of midnight, and their horns resounded through the quiet night, when the count perceived the white openings of the stone quarries, along which led a short part of his road. The passage of this road was entirely devoid of danger, as the openings were at a distance of more than a hundred paces, and would be distinguished, even in the greatest darkness, by the white glimmer of the stony-mass. Behind the quarries, on either side, ran pretty high mountain ridges, which formed a long and narrow valley, that made a turn toward the east; but the road to the castle parted at this turn toward the south, and, through a deep and narrow pass, again struck upon the plain.

Peter, the coachman, well acquainted with the road, whipped the horses lustily, so that the light and open carriage darted through the valley like an arrow. When he came to the place where he was to turn into the pass, he drove a little slower; but he had scarcely arrived at the narrow road, when a shot fell from behind a hazel-bush that stood at the declivity, and wounded the hand in which he held the whip. At the same time a man rushed to the rein of the horses.

The count, who had become somewhat cautious since the last attack upon him, snatched a pistol from the travelling-bag, and fired at the man who held the horses. The robber fell down with a loud cry, when the hoofs of the frightened animals crushed his body immediately. Peter retained so much presence of mind, that he grasped the lines with the sound hand, and prevented the horses from running off.

The count still stood upright in the carriage, and held the pistol he had just discharged, in his hand, when he was attacked with a cutlass from behind—a second robber had mounted the carriage. Without speaking a word, the count defended himself with the butt of the pistol, and a combat began on the carriage which would certainly have terminated in favor of the stronger bandit, if a pair of powerful hands had not grasped the villain by the hair, and dragged him backward over the seat on the ground. Below stood two men, who received the enraged robber with the butt-ends of their guns.

"Dear count!" exclaimed Conrad's voice, at this instant, "are you hurt?"

"Heavens—who are you?"

The three men in their uniforms stepped forward, and the moon, which at this moment came forth from behind a cloud, threw her rays upon their countenances.

"Soldiers of your battalion!" they replied, and stretched their arms toward the count, to help him out of the carriage.

"Conrad, Philip, Christian!" cried the count; and he embraced one after another.

"Well," cried Peter, "will you not assist me? I am wounded in the arm!"

Quickly Christian ran to the horses, and Conrad and Philip took care of the coachman.

"Where are you wounded?" said the count, sympathizingly.

"In the right arm; but it appears to be only a grazing shot, as I feel no pain."

Count Rudolph took out his handkerchief, and bandaged the arm of the coachman, who, fortunately, was only slightly grazed.

"Where are the robbers?" he then asked.

"Here is the most dangerous one?" exclaimed Conrad, and with Philip's assistance he dragged Graff forward. "It is the same who, once before, laid his hands on you at the ruins of the abbey; the same who stole my hat with the red riband, and left it at the place of his crime, to throw suspicion on me; the same who suspects there are twenty thousand dollars in your carriage, and wants to kill and plunder you, and then clear out as a rich man—is it not so, Mr. Graff? Now share with your companion, there he lies!"

"I wish I had shared with him!" muttered the robber.

"Who is the other?" inquired the count, as he walked up to the corpse.

"Look at him," said Philip, "he can still be recognized."

"Heavens! my own district forester! Oh, faithful Conrad, you have risked your life, your happiness for me! Over the corpse of this villain I return your Mary to you. God be praised, who has brought this about!"

"Dear count!" said Conrad, joyfully, "Mary still loves me, I may be happy again!"

"Just as you deserve to be, my brave, my good Conrad. Comrades," the count now addressed the soldiers, and joyful emotion made his voice tremble, "comrades, I invite you to my wedding, which will be celebrated next Sunday at the mansion of the baron—you will accompany me to church, and take the seat of honor at the festive table!"

"Count!" exclaimed Philip and Christian, with surprise.

"You must come, if you will not mar my pleasure."

"We are but farmers," said Philip, "we cannot appear in high company."

"Philip, where would I and my wedding be, if it had not been for you?"

"Dear count," said Conrad, "if you invite only my companions, what remains for me?"

"Friend," exclaimed the count, "is my mar-

riage day not also yours? Or shall Mary not become your wife?"

"Yes, she shall be my wife."

"Well, Conrad, we have suffered misfortune together, we shall also in one another's company celebrate the greatest day of our lives; and our companions are our common guests."

The young men threw the corpse of Eberhard upon the carriage, and then fastened the angry Graff to the hind axle-tree, so that he could move only his feet to walk. Peter again took his seat, and slowly drove toward the village. The count and the soldiers followed on foot.

A white cloud in the East announced the new day, just as the train arrived at the home of the village magistrate.

We shall pass over the grief of the Magistrate Valentine—grief, not for the death of his nephew, but for the money he had paid for him in town, and for the loss of the good meadow. We shall also pass over the happiness of Mary, when the count entered her room with the magistrate, and the latter returned the marriage contract, with the announcement that she was free, and was at liberty to give her hand to the man of her love. We shall only remark, that now, in the presence of the young count and the Magistrate Valentine, Mary and Conrad concluded a new contract, for time and eternity, and that next Sunday, in the village church, which was gorgeously decorated with flowers and wreaths for the occasion, two couples received the benediction of the priest—they were Count Rudolph and Emma, led on by their noble relatives, and Conrad and Mary, accompanied by Rosa, Philip and Christian.

Graff was given over to the hands of justice, and Eberhard to the mother earth in a corner of the grave-yard.

Eight days afterward, a travelling carriage stopped at Mary's farm: it was there for the purpose of conveying the young couple to the estate which the new countess had assigned to the preserver of her husband.

## FAITH.

BY G. L. PARSONS.

FAITH buoys the spirit up  
When death is at the door,  
When fades the light from earth—  
Faith lingers on the shore.  
And whispers in the just man's ear  
The joyous words—"thy Heaven is near."

Its sweet consoling ray  
Burns in the Christian's heart:  
And banishes the sting  
Of Death's relentless dart.  
It makes the tomb a downy bed;  
Where glory's brightest ray is shed.



# THE TOLLING BELL.

## A SABBATH MORNING TALE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Nor many months ago, in one of my summer rambles, I found myself, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, the guest of a worthy and intelligent family, in a quiet country village.

The early breakfast was over; parents and children had joined in reading a chapter in the Bible; Mr. Sedgwick, the head of the family, had then offered up a fervent prayer, at the conclusion of which we all arose from our knees; when our ears were greeted by the clear, deep peals of the ringing church bell.

"So late!" exclaimed Mrs. Sedgwick, looking at the clock. "Our time must be slow."

"That is not the first bell for church," replied her husband. "There has been a death. The bell is going to toll."

A solemn silence ensued. Every countenance wore the expression of seriousness and awe. In country places, the occurrence of a death claims more thought and reflection than it can in populous towns. The destroyer puts his sickle into large cities, and reaps hundreds and thousands, all around us, without calling the mind a moment from the business and gaieties of life. It is only when some near and dear friend is cut down that we ever pause to think! But in small villages, where the vast tide of life comes not to drown meditation; where frequent visits of the dark angel occur not to breed a habit of indifference in the human breast; where every soul that hears the tolling bell, knows well for whom it tolls, and remembering him in the vigor of life, must think of him in coldness and darkness of death, and where even the sexton is impressed with seriousness; in such places, I say, the destroyer never comes, but every heart is taught a solemn lesson!

Observing the grave decorum of even the youngest children, inspired with awe by the sounds of the tolling bell, I could not resist the prevailing influence which weighed heavily upon my heart, although I was but a stranger in the place, and familiar though I was with the frequent visits of death.

During the intervals between the single, deep, monotonous peals, scarce a word was spoken by the family. The children whispered their sur-

mises, with regard to the person dead, as if it had been sinful to speak aloud. The parents seemed plunged in deep meditations.

At length the bell ceased tolling, and the age was struck. I counted twenty-three.

"It is Martin Lord!" said Mr. Sedgwick. "I thought it could be nobody else."

"Such then is his unhappy end," mused his wife. "Well, it will be wrong to mourn his death. If death was ever a merciful providence, it is so in this case."

"Is it a person who had been long sick?" I asked.

Instead of answering my question directly, Mr. Sedgwick said,

"There is a very singular history connected with that young man. It is now some time since the excitement, occasioned by this strange tragedy, died away; but the tolling of the bell, this morning, must bring it back forcibly to every heart. Perhaps you would be interested to hear the story?"

I expressed my desire to listen to the narration; upon which my friend gave me the details of the following story, which I relate with only a slight deviation from the original.

Martin Lord was once the flower and the hope of one of the most respected families in the village. His amiable disposition and superior intellect procured for him universal love and esteem.

Although of a slight figure, and pale features, which indicated a constitution by no means robust, Martin was remarked for his uncommon beauty; and indeed his fine, noble forehead, shaded by locks of soft brown hair, his large, expressive blue eyes, straight nose, with thin Grecian nostrils, and rather voluptuous mouth, entitled him in some measure to that consideration.

Martin was a great favorite with the ladies, old and young; but he never showed any marked partiality to any one, until he became intimate with the daughter of our late clergyman, Mr. Ashton.

This kind and excellent pastor—who ceased from suffering about a year ago, and went home

to his heavenly Father—was instructing Martin in Greek and Hebrew; and in his daily visits to the clergyman's house, the youth fell into an unhappy attachment for Isabella.

No two beings could be more different. Isabella was the most young and thoughtless girl in our village. She could have little sympathy with a person of such deep feelings and elevated intellect as Martin; and beautiful as she was, it seemed strange that he should have given his love to her. There is no doubt but she was attached to him; perhaps she loved him as well as she was capable of loving any one; but in this instance, as in all others, her affections were secondary to her love of sarcasm and mischief.

Martin and Isabella had been pointed out as lovers, by village gossips, for several months; he was now nineteen, and she was of the same age; when the tragedy occurred, which the tolling of the bell has recalled to my memory.

It was on an evening in the autumn of the year, that Isabella took advantage of the absence of her father to have a social gathering of young people at their house. Martin, of course, was present, with the fairest youths and maidens; and being under no restraint, from the gravity of the clergyman, who was not expected home till late, the company enjoyed themselves freely, with jests, songs and social games.

The hour at which such parties usually broke up, had already passed, and there was no relaxation in the gayety of the young people; when some one mentioned the subject of ghosts, something of that description having been reported as having been seen in the vicinity of the church-yard.

"It is a silly report," said Martin. "Nobody can believe that a ghost has really been seen there; and I doubt if a person here believes at all in the existence of ghosts."

"You do yourself; you know you do, Martin; although you are ashamed to own it," cried Isabella.

Martin only laughed.

"Come now," continued the thoughtless girl, "I can prove that you have some notion that such things may exist. Go to the grave-yard alone, in the dark, and then declare, if you can, that you felt no fear."

"And what would that prove?"

"Why, you will be frightened, though you should see nothing. Your fears would put your belief to the test. How could you be afraid, if you did not feel that there was something to be afraid of?"

"I do not think your logic is the best in the world," replied Martin, laughing. "Men are

often troubled with fear, when their reason tells them there is no cause to fear. But I deny, in the first place, that a journey to the grave-yard, even at midnight, would frighten me in the least."

"How bravely you can talk!" said Isabella, indulging in her customary tone of sarcasm. "But nobody here believes you. I don't, at any rate. Why, you hadn't courage enough, the other day, to help kill a calf; your mother told me so!"

"I never like to cause or to witness pain, if it can be avoided," answered Martin, blushing.

"Ha! ha! ha! what an excellent excuse! You are brave enough, to be sure; but tender-hearted! Come, now; you dare not go to the burying-ground this night, alone. You are not half so courageous as you would have us believe. Whether you think there are ghosts, or not; you are afraid of them."

Martin was extremely sensitive; but the sarcasm of nobody except Isabella could have stung him so to the quick. Scorning the imputation of cowardice, he was ready to do almost any desperate act to prove his courage.

"But," said he, "although I have no more fear of grave-yards and ghosts, than I have of orchards and apple trees, I am not going to walk half a mile, merely to be laughed at."

"Ha! ha! but you shall not escape so!" laughed Isabella. "Here before these our friends, I promise that this ring shall be yours"—displaying one given her by an old lover, which Martin had often desired her to part with—"provided you go to the grave-yard alone, in the dark, and declare on your honor, when you return, that you were not in the least afraid."

"Agreed," said Martin, buttoning his coat, for the night was chill.

"And as evidence that you go the entire distance, you can bring back with you the iron bar, which you will find close by the gate," said Isabella.

Thus driven by the taunts of his mistress to the commission of a folly, Martin took leave of the company, full of courage and spirit, and set out on his errand.

It was near a quarter of a mile to the grave-yard, which was approached by a lonely, dreary path, seldom travelled except by mourners.

It is impossible to relate precisely what happened to Martin, on that gloomy road. I judge from the circumstances which afterward came to light, and conjecture his adventure must have been as I am about to relate it.

Slight as he was in frame, and tender in his feelings, he was not destitute of courage. I do

not think he was frightened by the sighing of the wind, and the rustling of the dry autumnal leaves, as many stronger men might have been. He marched steadily to the grave-yard, stopped a moment, perhaps, to gaze sadly, but not fearfully, at the white tombstones gleaming faintly in the dark and desolate ground; for the stars shone brilliantly in the clear, cold sky; then shouldering the iron bar, of which Isabella had spoken, he set out to return.

He had proceeded about half way, when, in the gloomiest part of the road, he saw a white figure emerge from a clump of willows, and come toward him. It looked like a walking corpse, in a winding sheet, which trailed upon the ground. All Martin's strength of nerve was gone in an instant. Courage gave place to desperation. His hair standing erect, and his blood running chill with horror, still he stood his ground. The spectre drew nearer, seeming to grow whiter and larger as it approached. We cannot tell what frenzy seized upon the brain of the unhappy youth at that moment.

The guests at the clergyman's house heard terrific screams. Dreading some tragic termination to the farce, they rushed to the spot one

of the number carrying a lantern. They found Martin kneeling on a prostrate figure, his fingers clutching convulsively its throat, while he still uttered frantic shrieks for help. His wild features exhibited the very extremity of terror.

Only two of the most courageous young men dared approach him. One of them forced Martin to relax his hold on the throat of the figure, whilst the other tore away the folds of the sheet. At that moment the bearer of the lantern came up. Its light fell on the blood-stained, distorted features of Isabella. Martin uttered one more unearthly shriek, and fell lifeless on the corpse. He never spoke again; but lived—an idiot!

A frightful contusion on Isabella's temple bore evidence that in his frenzy he had struck the supposed spectre with the iron bar. The blow was probably the cause of her death; although such a grasp as his hands must have given her throat, might alone have deprived her of breath. He never knew afterward what he had done; for never a gleam of reason illumined the darkness of his soul; and now the tolling bell has told us that heaven, in its mercy, has finally freed the spirit from its shackles of clay, and given it life and light in a better world.

## THE BLIND WOMAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

It snows, it snows, but on the pavement still  
She kneels and prays, nor lifts her head;  
Beneath her rags through which the blast blows shrill.  
Shivering she kneels, and waits for bread.  
Hither each morn she gropes her weary way,  
Winter and Summer, there is she.  
Blind is the wretched creature! well-a-day!—  
Ah! give the blind one charity!

Ah! once far different did that form appear;  
That sunken cheek, that color wan,  
The pride of thronged theatres, to hear  
Her voice enraptured Paris ran;  
In smiles or tears before her beauty's shrine,  
Which of us has not bow'd the knee?—  
Who owes not to her charms some dreams divine?  
Ah! give the blind one charity!

How oft when from the crowded spectacle,  
Homeward her rapid coursers flew;  
Admiring crowds would on her footsteps dwell,  
And loud buzzas her path pursue.  
To band her from the glittering car, that bore  
Her home to scenes of mirth and glee,  
How many rivals throng'd around her door—  
Ah! give the blind one charity!

When all the arts to her their homage paid,  
How splendid was her gay abode;  
What mirrors, marbles, bronzes, were display'd,  
Tributes by love on love bestow'd:  
How duly did the muse her banquet's gild,  
Faithful to her prosperity:  
In every palace will the swallow build!  
Ah! give the poor one charity!

But sad reverse—sudden disease appears;  
Her eyes are quench'd, her voice is gone,  
And here, forlorn and poor, for twenty years,  
The blind one kneels and begs alone.  
Who once so prompt her generous aid to lend?  
What hand more liberal, frank, and free,  
Than that she scarcely ventures to extend?—  
Ah! give the poor one charity!

Alas for her! for faster falls the snow,  
And every limb grows stiff with cold;  
That rosary once woke her smile, which now  
Her frozen fingers hardly hold  
If bruised beneath so many woes, her heart  
By pity still sustain'd may be,  
Lest even her faith in Heaven itself depart,  
Ah! give the blind one charity!

## CANARY BIRDS.

BY HENRY WILSON.

THE canary birds now kept and reared throughout the whole of Europe and America, were originally natives of the Canary Islands. There they are still found in pleasant vallies, and on the delightful banks of sparkling rills and small streams. But for some two hundred years they have been bred in Europe.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century, a ship was wrecked on the coast of Italy, which, in addition to merchandize, had a multitude of canaries on board. These birds, thus obtaining their liberty, flew to the Island of Elba, the nearest land. There they found a propitious climate, and multiplied very rapidly. Had not man interposed, by hunting them for cage birds, until they were entirely extirpated, they would probably have naturalized themselves there.

In Italy were found the first tame canaries, and there they are still raised in vast numbers. Within the last hundred years they were so uncommon and expensive, that only princes and people of great wealth could keep them. But at the present day these birds are raised in all our cities, and most of the towns, and sold at moderate prices.

In its native island the plumage of the canary bird is said to be more beautiful than that of our tame ones; but its song is less melodious and varied, consisting of fewer notes, and uttered at longer intervals. The original color of this bird in its wild state was grey, merging into green beneath; but by domestication and climate it has been so changed that canaries may now be seen of almost every hue.

Most commonly they are of some shade of yellow; but some are grey, others white, some are reddish brown, or chesnut colored, others are beautifully shaded with green. These are the prevailing colors, but they are blended in various combinations, and thus present every degree of shade. Those the most prized exhibit the most regularly these various shades.

The one most generally admired, at present, is yellow or white upon its body, and of a dun yellow color, on the wings, head, and tail. Next in degree of beauty is that which is of a golden yellow, with black, blue, or blackish grey head, and similar wings and tails. There are also grey ones, with yellow heads, or with a ring about the

neck; and white ones, with a yellow breast, and white head and tail. Those which are more irregularly marked, are less esteemed.

The canary bird is five inches in length, of which the tail comprises two inches and a quarter. Sometimes the female is not easily distinguished from the male; but the latter has generally deeper and brighter colors, the head is rather thicker, the body is more slender throughout, and the temples and space around the eyes are always of a brighter yellow than the rest of the body.

In selecting a bird, those are best which stand upright on the perch, appear bold and lively, and are not frightened at every noise they hear, or everything they see. If its eyes are bright and cheerful, it is a sign of health; but if it keeps its head under the wing, it is drooping and sickly.

Its song should also be particularly noticed, for there is much difference in this respect. But as it often depends on the peculiar taste of the purchaser, no directions can be given for its application. In respect to the notes of these birds, there is much difference. Some of them have very fine notes, but if the song is not fine, they can be educated, by being placed with another, which is a good singer.

They catch the notes of other kindred songsters with considerable facility; hence, among the best singers, there is a material difference in the song, which depends mainly on the bird with which they have been educated. In some countries the nightingale is employed as a master musician to a whole flock of canaries; and it is this which gives some foreign birds a different tone of voice from those bred in this country.

In teaching the canary bird to sing, it is usual to take him from his comrades, and place him in a cage alone. This is covered with a cloth, when a short, simple air is whistled to him, or played on a flute, or a small organ. In this manner, by repeating the tune five or six times each day, especially mornings and evenings, he will learn to sing it. But it will frequently require five or six months before he will retain the whole tune.

Canary birds some times hatch their young every month in the year; but more commonly they breed only in the spring, summer, and fall months. After the young birds are hatched, the old ones are fed with soft food such as cabbage,

lettuce, chick-weed; also with eggs boiled hard, and minced very fine with some dried roll, or bread containing no salt, which has been soaked in water, and the water pressed out. Rape-seed, or the seed of the turnip, is much used for their food.

Up to the twelfth day the young birds remain almost naked, and require to be covered by the

female; but after the thirteenth, they will feed themselves. When they are a month old they may be removed from the breeding-cage.

It is a curious fact, that, when two females are with one male in the same cage, and one female dies, the other, if she has not already sat, will hatch the eggs laid by her co-mate, and rear the young as her own.

## MEMORY.

BY J. M. EVANS.

THE past she ruleth. At her touch  
Its temple valves unfold;  
And from their gorgeous shrines descend  
The mighty men of old;  
At her deep voice the dead reply,  
Dry bones are clothed and live:  
Long-perish'd garlands bloom anew,  
And buried joys revive.

When o'er the future many a shade  
Of saddening twilight steals,  
Or the dimm'd present to the soul  
Its emptiness reveals;  
She opens her casket, and a cloud  
Of cheering perfume streams,  
Till with a lifted heart we tread  
The pleasant land of dreams.

Make friends of potent Memory,  
Oh, young man! in thy prime  
And with her jewels bright and rare,  
Enrich the hoard of Time.  
Yet if thou mockest her with weeds,  
A trifle 'mid her bowers,  
She'll send a poison through thy veins,  
In life's disastrous hours.

Make friends of potent Memory,  
Oh, maiden! in thy bloom;  
And bind her to thy inmost heart,  
Before the days of gloom;  
But sorrow softeneth into joy,  
Beneath her wand sublime,  
And she immortal robes can weave,  
From the frail threads of Time.

## REGRET.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

THE words are wise and truthful ones  
That bid us not regret;  
The past is past, and cannot change,  
The future woos as yet.  
But oh! the bitter pang will come,  
The burning tears will rise,  
And the white lips with anguish dumb  
Writhe at some memories.

Are there not words we should have said,  
Or none we wish unspoken?  
No chains of friendship or of love  
Whose cherish'd links are broken?  
No good neglected or despised,  
No dream of by-gone years,  
Thick on whose brightness lies the rust  
Of unavailing tears?

Alas! we all are haunted by  
Some shade that ne'er departs;  
Which comes not only in life's night,  
But when within our hearts  
The voice of Joy sings clear and loud,  
And Hope her wealth's revealing,  
The shadow of a distant cloud  
Across the sunshine stealing.

Is there no love-lit eye, of which  
We think almost with pain,  
Whose glance we sometimes coldly met,  
And ne'er shall meet again?  
Ah! yes; the words are wise and true  
That bid us not regret;  
But there are graves amid the past,  
On which we're mourners yet.

## GENERAL INVITATIONS.

BY MARY V. PENROSE.

"PRAY do call in an easy way some evening, you and Mrs. Balderstone: we are sure to be at home, and shall be most happy to see you."

Such an invitation one is apt to get from friends, who, equally resolved against the formality and the expense of a particular entertainment on your account, hope to avoid both evils by making your visit a matter of accident. If you be a man of some experience, you will know that all such attempts to make bread and cheese do that which is more properly the business of a pair of chickens, end in disappointment; and you will, therefore, take care to wait till the general invitation becomes a particular one. But there are inexperienced people in the world who think everything is as it seems, and are apt to be greatly deceived regarding this accidental mode of visiting. For the sake of these last, I shall relate the following adventure:

I had been remarkably busy one summer, and, consequently, obliged to refuse all kinds of invitations, general and particular. The kind wishes of my friends had accumulated upon me somewhat after the manner of the tunes frozen up in Baron Munchausen's French-horn; and it seemed as if a whole month would have been necessary to thaw out and discharge the whole of these obligations. A beginning, however, is always something; and, accordingly, one rather splashy evening in November, I can't tell how it was, but a desire came simultaneously over myself and Mrs. Balderstone—it seemed to be by sympathy—of stepping out to see Mr. and Mrs. Brown, a married pair, who had been considerably more pressing in their general invitations than any other of our friends. We both knew that there was a cold duck in the house, besides a segment of cheese, understood to be more than excellent. But so it was that we had taken a visiting humor, and forth we must go. Five minutes saw us leaving our comfortable home, my wife carrying a cap pinned under her cloak, while to my pocket was consigned her umbrageous comb. As we paced along, we speculated only on the pleasure which we should give to our kind friends by thus at last paying them a visit, when perhaps all hope of our ever doing so was dead within them. Nor was it possible altogether to omit reflecting, like the dog in-

vited by his friend to sup, upon the entertainment which lay before us; for certainly, on such an occasion, the fatted calf could hardly expect to be spared.

Full of the satisfaction which we were to give and receive, we had nearly entered the house before we thought it necessary to inquire if anybody was at home. The servant-girl, surprised by the confidence of our entree, evidently forgot her duty, and acknowledged, when she should have denied, the presence of her master and mistress in the house. We were shown into a dining-room, clean, cold, and stately as an alabaster cave, and which had the appearance of being but rarely lighted by the blaze of hospitality. My first impulse was to relieve my pocket, before sitting down, of the comb, which I thought was now about being put to its proper use; but the chill of the room stayed my hand. I observed, at the same time, that my wife, like the man under the influence of *Æolus* in the fable, manifested no symptom of parting with her cloak. Ere we could communicate our mutual sensations of incipient disappointment, Mrs. Brown entered with a flurried, surprised air, and made a prodigious effort to give us welcome. But, alas! poor Mr. Brown—he had been seized in the afternoon with a strange vertigo and sickness, and was now endeavoring, by the advice of Dr. Boak, to get some repose. "It will be *such* a disappointment to him, when he learns that you were here, for he would have been so happy to see you. We must just entertain the hope, however, to see you some other night." Although the primary idea in our minds at this moment was the utter hopelessness of supper in this quarter—we betrayed, of course, no feeling but sympathy in the illness of our unfortunate friend, and a regret for having called at so inauspicious a moment. Had any unconcerned person witnessed our protestations, he could have formed no suspicion that we ever contemplated supper, or were now in the least disappointed. We felt anxious about nothing but to relieve Mrs. Brown, as soon as possible, of the inconvenience of our visit, more especially as the chill of the room was now piercing us to the bone. We therefore retired, under a shower of mutual compliments, and condolences, and

"hopes," and "sorries," and "have the pleasures;" the door at last closing after us with a noise which seemed to say: "How very glad I am to get quit of you!"

When we got to the street, we certainly did not feel quite so mortified as the dog already alluded to, seeing that we had not, like him, been tossed over the window. But still the reverse of prospect was so very bitter, that for some time we could hardly believe that the adventure was real. By this time, we had expected to be seated snug at supper, side by side with two friends, who, we anticipated, would almost expire with pleasure at seeing us. But here, on the contrary, we were turned out upon the cold, inhospitable street, without a friend's face to cheer us. We still recollected that the cold duck remained as a fortress to fall back upon; but being now fairly agog in the adventure, the idea of returning home with our object unaccomplished, was not to be thought of. Supper we must have in some other house than our own, let it cost what it may. "Well," said Mrs. Balderstone, "there are the Jacksons! They live not far from this—suppose we drop in upon them? I'm sure we have had enough of invitations to their house. The very last time I met Mrs. Jackson on the street, she told me she was never going to ask us again—we had refused so long—she was going, she said, just to let us come if we liked, and *when we liked*." Off we went, therefore, to try the Jacksons.

On applying at the door of this house, it flew open, as it were by enchantment, and the servant-girl, so far from hesitating like the other, seemed to expect no question to be asked on entree. We moved into the lobby, and inquired if Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were at home, which was answered by the girl with a surprised affirmative. We now perceived, from the pile of hats and cloaks in the lobby, as well as a humming noise from one of the rooms, that the Jacksons had a large company, and that we were understood by the servant to be part of it. The Jacksons, thought we (I know my wife thought so, although I never asked,) give some people particular invitations. Our object was now to make an honorable retreat; for, although my dress was not entirely a walking one, and my wife's cap was brought with the prospect of making an appearance of dress, we were by no means fit to match with those who had dressed on purpose for the party, even although we should be asked to join them. Just at this moment, Mrs. Jackson happened to cross the lobby, on hospitable thoughts intent, and, to her own misfortune, caught a glimpse of us. "Oh,

Mrs. Balderstone, how do you do? How are you, Mr. Balderstone? I'm so delighted that you have come. We have just a few friends with us, and it will be so delightful if you will join them. Come into this room, and take off your bonnet; and you, Mr. Balderstone, just you be so good as step up to the drawing room; you'll find numbers there that you know. And Mr. Jackson will be so happy to see you," &c. All this, however, would not do. Mrs. Balderstone and I not only felt a little hurt at the want of speciality in our invitations to this house, but could not endure the idea of mingling in a crowd better dressed and more regularly invited than ourselves. We therefore begged Mrs. Jackson to excuse us for this night. We had just called in passing, and, indeed, we never attended ceremonious parties at any time. We would see her some other evening, when she was less engaged—that is to say, we should take care to trouble her no more. And so off we came, with complimentary language upon our tongues, but by no means conformable feelings in our hearts.

Again upon the street—once again. What was to be done now? "Why," said Mrs. Balderstone, "there is excellent old Mrs. Smiles, who lives in the next street. I have not seen her or the Misses Smiles for six months; but the last time they were so pressing for us to return their visit (you remember they drank tea with us in spring?) that I think we cannot do better than pop in upon them."

Mrs. Smiles, a respectable widow, lived with her five daughters in — street. Thither we proceeded, with a hope, undiminished by the two preceding disappointments, that here at length we should meet friends ready to receive us in the manner we had been led to expect. Our knock at Mrs. Smiles' hospitable portal produced a strange rushing noise within; and when the servant appeared, I observed, in the dim vista of the passage, one or two slip-slop figures darting across out of one door into another, and others, again, crossing in the opposite direction; and then there was heard a low, anxious whispering, while a single disheveled head peeped out from one of the doors, and then the head was withdrawn, and all was still. We were introduced into a room which had evidently been the scene of some recent turmoil of no ordinary kind, for female clothes lay scattered in every direction, besides some articles which more properly belong to a dressing-room. We had not been here above a minute, when we heard our advent announced by the servant in an adjoining apartment to Mrs. Smiles herself and some of her young ladies. A flood of obloquy was instantly

opened upon the girl by one of her young mistresses—Miss Eliza, we thought—for having given admission to anybody at this late hour, especially when she knew that they were to be up early next morning to commence their journey, and had still a great many of their things to pack. "And such a room you have shown them into, you goose!" said the enraged Miss. The girl was questioned as to our appearance, for she had neglected to ask our name; and then we heard one young lady say: "It must be these Balderstones. What can have set them a gadding to-night? I suppose we must ask them to stay to supper, for they'll have come for nothing else. Mary, you are in best trim; will you go in and speak to them till we get ourselves ready? The cold meat will do, with a few eggs. I'm sure they could not have come at a worse time." Miss Mary, accordingly, came hastily in after a few minutes, and received us with a thousand protestations of welcome. Her mother would be so truly delighted to see us, for she had fairly given up all hope of our ever visiting her again. She was just getting ready, and would be here immediately. "In the meantime, Mrs. Balderstone, you will lay by your cloak and bonnet. Let me assist you," &c. We had had enough, however, of the Smileses. We saw we had dropped into the midst of a scene of easy dishabille, and surprised it with unexpected ceremony. It would have been cruel to the Smileses to put them to trouble at such a time, and ten times more cruel to ourselves to sit in friendly intercourse with a family who had treated us in such a manner behind our backs. "*These Balderstones!*" My wife, therefore, represented that we had only called upon our return from a walk, and without intending to stay. As Mrs. Smiles was out of order, we would not disturb her that evening, but call on some other occasion. Of course, the more that we declaimed about the impossibility of remaining, the more earnestly did Miss Smiles entreat us to remain. It would be such a disappointment to her mother, and still more to Eliza and the rest of them. She was obliged, however, with well-affected reluctance, to give way to our impetuous desire of escaping.

Having once more stepped forth into the cold blast of November, we began to feel that supper was becoming a thing which we could not much longer, with comfort, trust to the contingency of *general invitations*. We therefore sent home our thoughts to the excellent cold duck and cheese which lay in our larder, and, picturing to ourselves the comfort of our parlor fireside, resolved no more to wander abroad in quest of happiness, unless there should be something like a certainty of good fare and a hearty welcome elsewhere.

Thus it is always with general invitations. People give them without reflecting that they cannot be at all times ready to entertain visitors; cannot be so much as at home to have the chance of doing so. Others accept and act upon them, at the risk of either troubling their hosts very much, or receiving a very sorry entertainment. The sudden arrival of an unexpected guest, who has come on the faith of one of these delusive, roving invitations, often disorganizes the economy of a whole household. Nothing tries a housewife so much. The state of her larder or cupboard instantaneously flashes on her mind; and if she do not happen to be an unusually wise virgin, fortified with scores of those invaluable articles which can be made ready at any time, she can scarcely fail to be reduced to the most awkward dilemma. Or you may chance to arrive at a death or a marriage, a period of mourning or rejoicing, when the sympathies of the family are all engaged with matters of their own, and when, of course, your visit will be productive of the greatest inconvenience.

If people will have their friends beside them, let them, for the sake of all that is comfortable, give a definite invitation at once: a general invitation is much worse than no invitation at all; for it is as much as to say that the person is not worth inviting in a regular manner. On the other hand, I would advise all my friends to turn a deaf ear, if they be wise, to *general invitations*: they are nets spread out to ensnare their comfort.

## A PARODY FOR THE TIMES.

BY JOHN JONES.

When green young gents, by hairy folly,  
To whisker culture vain are led:  
And are depress'd and melancholy,  
Because their whiskers will be red.

The only art the red to cover,  
To hide the hue from every eye,  
To gloss the sprout with blackness over,  
To fool a stranger, is—to dye.



## THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DOBA ATHERTON," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145.

### VII.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE drive to Mrs. Rawlson's passed in silence. Manderson was occupied with his reflections, which partook a good deal of remorse. Clara piqued at having been left alone so long, and at her partner neglecting to apologize for it, pouted behind her veil. It was thus that nothing was said by either until Manderson handed Clara out, and then his adieu was said so abstractedly, that the lady answered shortly, and went straight to her room, sullen and angry, without waiting even to see the sleigh drive off.

Alas! poor Clara. Had she been less susceptible, or less selfish, she would not now have been unhappy. But unfortunately she had just heart enough to appreciate Manderson's noble qualities, without sufficient to make her overlook his neglect in consideration of its cause. Perhaps, if she had never been corrupted by a frivolous education, it might have been different. But, fashionably and selfishly brought up as she was, it seemed to her as it had to Elwood, though in a less degree, that the running down a shabbily dressed pedestrian, was of comparatively little importance; and consequently to be neglected for such a person touched her pride in its tenderest point.

But Manderson did not even notice her pique, so occupied was he with self-reproach. He drove swiftly back to the drug-store, eager to ascertain if Mr. Forester was no worse. His relief was indescribable, when he found the old man sitting up, and declaring himself as well as ever, with the exception of a few slight bruises.

To Manderson's regrets and apologies Mr. Forester answered kindly,

"You blame yourself unjustly, sir. I have a distinct recollection of the whole affair, and will do you the justice to say that, when I looked around, I saw you checking your horse. It was the other that ran over me. Perhaps I was more to blame than him, after all," he added, charitably, "for I suppose I ought to have looked up and down the street, before attempting to

cross. But we country folk are not used to city ways."

A spectator here indignantly repudiated the charitable idea, and said that the aggressor was well known, and that it would be but right for Mr. Forester to take the law of him. "I will testify, for one," he said. "The rascal should be made an example of; he actually shouted to urge his horse faster."

"I am an old man," replied Mr. Forester, mildly, rising as he spoke, "and wish to live in peace with my fellow men, for the rest of my days. If the young gentleman has done me harm, I freely forgive him: to sue him would not mend my bruises, or alter his character. But I must be going. Thanks for your kindness, sir, and you, and you," he said, addressing the apothecary, physician, and Manderson.

"But you are not going to walk. No, no, that will never do," cried the latter, taking his arm. "Let me, at least, make what amends I can, by driving you home, and securing you against a repetition of such accidents."

"I should look sharper, next time," answered the old man, laughing. "A burnt child dreads the fire."

In spite of Mr. Forester's remonstrances, Manderson insisted in his purpose. A rapid drive soon brought the sleigh to the designated residence, which proved to be a boarding-house, situated in one of the fourth-rate streets of the city.

The appearance of so elegant an equipage in that unfashionable thoroughfare, was hailed with a hurrah by some idle boys, who were making snow-balls in the gutter. To one of these lads Manderson handed the reins, and tenderly assisted the old man out. The unusual sight attracted the inmates of the house to the windows, and the door was opened, in consequence, before Manderson had ascended the steps.

The landlady herself had been this impromptu porter, and she now led the way to the back parlor, asking a dozen questions in a breath, but in her blindest tones, for she plainly stood quite

in awe of Manderson. "What had happened?" she cried. "Was the good, dear man much hurt?" "Somebody ought to break it to Miss Julia."

But, at this instant, in the very midst of these exclamations, Julia herself came rushing down the staircase, her face full of alarm, for she had heard a vague rumor that her father had been hurt, and was brought home almost dead.

Manderson was startled at the extraordinary beauty of this apparition. We have said, in an earlier chapter, that Julia's face was peculiarly adapted to express the deeper and loftier emotions; and as she now flew toward them, love, fear, hope, suspense, and lastly joy unutterable alternated on her speaking countenance.

At the door of the room the father and daughter met. Mr. Forester, when he saw his child, stopped, and withdrawing himself from Manderson's support, extended his arms to Julia. She darted into them, clasped his venerable form wildly to her, then suddenly pushed him away again as if to see whether he was really alive, and finally letting her head drop on his shoulder, burst into a passion of sobs, all this time totally unconscious that a stranger was present.

"Oh! you are safe, you are unhurt," she cried. "I heard you were dead. Dear, dear father!" And she strained him convulsively to her.

The old man returned her caress, tears coming into his aged eyes. But after a while he said,

"But, Julia, you have forgotten to thank this gentleman, who kindly brought me home. Can't you find a chair for him?"

Julia lifted her face, and recognizing a stranger, her confusion was, for a moment, excessive. The blush that mantled her face, dyed even her shapely neck, and extended to the tips of her slender fingers. But, with that consummate ease and dignity which was a part of her nature, and which fitted her as admirably as if she had been born a princess, she promptly rallied, and curtsying gracefully to Manderson, led the way into the apartment.

When Manderson saw how eloquently the eyes of Julia thanked him, he was almost tempted to allow her to remain in her delusion, and to fancy still that he had saved, not jeopardized her father's life. But truth was dearer to him than even the gratitude of those bright eyes. He disclaimed, therefore, the merit which Mr. Forester had awarded to him, and told Julia how his thoughtlessness and folly had really led to the accident.

For a moment the beautiful girl regarded him with looks of almost reproach. But the instant after her face cleared up, and she said frankly, and with a sunny smile,

"I cannot believe, sir, that one who censures himself so freely can have intentionally done wrong." Then, as she caught Manderson's gratified air, she colored as if she had said more than was perhaps required, and averted her countenance hastily, turning to see if her father was much fatigued.

Manderson was too well bred to remain long, so, after a few further words, directed to Mr. Forester, but really intended for Julia, he took his departure. All the way home that bright, speaking face haunted him. He forgot, for the time, that such a person as Clara existed. He detected himself continually recalling the tones of Julia's voice, the grace of her movements, and her air so noble, yet so sweetly feminine. Even when, with an impatient "pshaw," he had dismissed these reflections as puerile, remembering that he had seen the young lady only once, and but for a few moments at that, they returned almost immediately, so that he found himself waking at last from a new reverie about the beautiful face and indescribable witchery of Miss Forester.

"What can she ever be to me?" he said, finally. "She is poor, and I have my fortune to make: a pretty pair of fools we would be to marry. I must forget her, or faith! I shall be in love."

He took up a book, for he was sitting in his study while he thus soliloquized; but after reading half a page his thoughts wandered back again to Julia.

"I talk as if I had but to ask her, and she would be mine, puppy that I am," he said, with a slight sneer at himself. "She looks like a woman that would have to be wooed heartily, and that would condescend in yielding, even if a king was the suitor. What a magnificently proud air she has! I wonder what her history is. She is no ordinary farmer's daughter, that is clear both from her own demeanor and her father's. Ah! Charles Manderson," he suddenly exclaimed, apostrophizing himself, and springing up, "you are a born lunatic to be dreaming this way of a girl, without a penny, when you ought to be either making the law your sole mistress, or else marrying an heiress. And that recalls Clara. I'll go and see her," he cried, with sudden animation, "she may, perhaps, cure me."

But the medicine, he thus sagely proposed to himself, failed altogether. He could not help mentally contrasting Julia and her, all the evening. Before this Clara had seemed a pleasant, though not brilliant companion. Now she appeared positively insipid. The slightest looks and words of Miss Forester, as he recalled them in memory, were full of character, while those of

Clara seemed so excessively common-place, that he wondered he had ever thought them otherwise.

For nearly a week Manderson resisted the temptation to call on the Foresters again. He would have gone there, long before, if it had not been for Julia, and for the boyish weakness, as he called it to himself, which made him so eager to see her. But at last he could hold out no longer, and under the pretence of inquiry after Mr. Forester's health, he drove to the boarding-house.

Neither the father nor daughter, however, were in, and Manderson came away vexed; and vowing, though none but himself could have told why, that he would never trouble himself about the Foresters again. Yet, in less than a week, he was there again. This time he saw the father, who welcomed him heartily. But Julia did not make her appearance, and on his venturing finally to inquire directly after her, Mr. Forester regretted that she was out. Again Manderson was secretly angry that he had called. Yet again, after a due interval, he paid the Foresters a third visit, on which occasion he met the father once more, but not the daughter.

All this heightened his interest in her. He now thought of Julia almost continually, having nearly lost the power to do otherwise. Very little was the law he learned during those closing weeks of winter, but many was the delicious reverie into which he fell over his grate-fire, with a dry law-book in his hand, reveries in which he dreamed of a quiet home, with a certain graceful form moving about, and in which he forgot, for the time, the ugly fact that he was a poor man for his station in life, and that such a home, with a portionless wife, was consequently impossible.

#### VIII.—JULIA.

BUT it is time now to explain how the Foresters came to remove to Philadelphia.

Arriving in the village, after his expulsion from the farm, Mr. Forester took up his abode at the public house. Here he designed, at first, to wait until his property was sold. But he soon discovered that there would be no surplus left, and as he was without means even to pay his board, and had too high a sense of dignity to accept aid, it became necessary to determine immediately what could be done.

In this crisis, as in the former one, Julia took the burden on her own shoulders.

"We must go to Philadelphia," she said. "I can there, I am sure, find something to do, by which we can live. Here there is no resource for me but a menial situation, which will both

separate me from you, and deprive me of the power of assisting you. While I am young, and feel myself full of energy, I cannot submit to this. In a great city there is a field for bold hearts and ready hands. Here there is none."

But when Julia, arriving in town, saw the cheap boarding-house to which they had been recommended, and began to experience the difficulty of a stranger obtaining employment, she almost at times regretted the step she had taken. Greasy carpets, dingy rooms, scanty fare, and vulgar society soon disgusted her with this new abode. But alas! there was no escape from it, until she could obtain a place. And when she went abroad, to seek this, cold denials, or heartless suspicions attended her continually. Few persons of her age had more practical sense than Julia, but with it all she had entirely overlooked the fact, that though a great city has more avenues to employment than a rural district, it has also more candidates for work. However she maintained a cheerful front, at least in the presence of her father; and economized carefully the little store of money, which she had obtained by the sale of a few trinkets, and other things belonging to herself, saved from the general wreck.

At last her perseverance was crowned with partial success. A few days after the accident to her father, she obtained a situation in a store, for in Philadelphia this avenue to employment, in addition to the ordinary ones, is open to females. The salary, however, was small, for she was, as the shop-keeper said, "only a beginner." So all thoughts of removing to a better boarding-house had to be abandoned.

Nevertheless Julia did not repine. Cheerful by disposition, and contented from principle, she went through the duties of her new position as if she had never had other and brighter prospects. She was among the first in the morning at that great store, and one of the last to leave it. Before she had been there a week her graceful manners, her quick apprehension of character, and the rapidity with which she acquired the knowledge necessary in the business, convinced her sagacious employer that, in his new saleswoman, he had made a valuable acquisition. As he was a just man he determined to advance her as soon as possible, and meantime gave public and almost daily evidence of his approbation.

Yet though sustained by conscious rectitude, as well as thus cheered by the prospect of success, Julia found much that was distasteful in her new situation, and often longed for escape. Accustomed to the privacy of home, the notoriety of standing all day, in a public store, annoyed

her. Proud as the proudest, and conscious that she was not without just cause for pride, it frequently called the indignant blood to her cheek to be superciliously, and sometimes even insolently addressed, by vulgar, but rich customers. Occasionally she had a worse ordeal still to undergo. It was when rude fops, acting the cavaliers to fashionable lady-shoppers, would lounge over the counter, pretending to chat with their fair partners, that they might stare the easier at her. All this she had to submit to, for it was one of the necessities of her position and her beauty; but she often wished she was a man, to punish such impertinence.

One day, after she had been engaged at the store about a month, whom should she see languidly sauntering up it, but her old schoolmate, Clara Owens. Years had passed since the two had met, and Julia wondered, for a moment, if she would be recognized. It was only for a moment. She soon remembered how difference of fortune obliterated old friendships, and prepared herself meekly to wait on Clara, as the latter stopped in front of her. Yet, in spite of her strength of character, she was a little nervous, as she felt the eyes of her former playfellow fall on her; and her hands trembled, notwithstanding all she could do, as she smoothed and folded the piece of silk she was arranging. Her nervousness soon disappeared in a sensation of outraged dignity, however, when Clara, raising a gold eye-glass, deliberately surveyed her, evidently conscious who she was, and then in a tone of haughty indifference asked to see some dress-patterns.

To do Clara justice she was not without some excuse for this, at least according to her own way of thinking. We have seen how piqued she had been at Manderson on the conclusion of the sleigh-ride. Since then she had received, as she believed, additional cause for anger. One or two chance expressions dropped by Manderson at different times, followed by questions which she had adroitly put on other occasions, had revealed to her that the old pauper who had been run over, as she persisted in calling him, had a daughter, and that Manderson had seen, and was interested in this daughter. Clara had also discovered who this rival was, and where Julia was employed. This last fact she had just learned, and her present visit to the store was less to make purchases, than to see and triumph over her rival. She had no difficulty in recognizing Julia even without the aid of the eye-glass. The use of the latter was a feminine bit of torture, which Clara instinctively adopted, with that petty malice natural to characters like her own.

"Have you nothing better than these," she said, after Julia had produced piece after piece of the richest silks, "really, Miss, you have neither taste yourself, nor know what sort of silks I am in the habit of wearing. Have you nothing costlier?"

Clara supposed that no one but her victim heard this speech. But a gentleman, who was advancing up the store, with an elderly lady on his arm, had listened to every word of it, and thought it equally unfeeling and vulgar. Suddenly Clara noticed that Julia started, colored, and curtsied. But whether the embarrassment was painful, or otherwise, the heiress was puzzled to tell. After a surprised stare at Julia, Miss Owens turned coolly around, to see the cause of this emotion, and confronted, to her amazement, Mrs. Manderson and her son.

"You here, my dear Miss Owens," and "how delighted," were the mutual exclamations of the two ladies, Clara curtsying even lower than Julia had done. Mrs. Manderson returned the salutation with equal eagerness. But her son bowed coldly and even haughtily.

Julia did not see this, however, for a momentary feeling of mortification caused her to drop her eyes, and when the transient weakness passed, and she looked up again, Manderson was replying to a question of his mother, with the same pleasant, intelligent smile which had impressed her so much in their one short interview. The next moment, on his mother turning to address Clara, Manderson approached the counter, and with an easy, well-bred air, as if doing the most ordinary thing in the world, inquired after Mr. Forester, and civilly hoped that Julia herself was well. There was nothing but the merest common-place in the words, yet the way in which they were said gratified Julia beyond description. She would have given much for liberty to take a hearty cry; she felt that she had been overtasked; and her heart, as it was, swelled big in her throat.

It was all done and over in a minute; and Manderson, with a smile and nod, drew back; but not before both his mother and Clara, noticing it, had stopped conversing, annoyed. The heiress darted a jealous, angry glance at Julia, which revealed to the latter the state of Clara's heart, which she would otherwise never have suspected. More, however, she did not even yet suspect. For Julia, though struck by Manderson's noble bearing, had not ventured to think of him again, and had really been surprised at his recognition of her. She knew how wide a gulf separated them socially, and the idea of his loving her had never, therefore, presented itself to her. Nor did

it, even now, find lodgment in her mind. The only interpretation she gave to Clara's look was that an all-engrossing affection had made the heiress absurdly suspicious. Yet Julia was not so perfect (what woman could have been?) but what she saw with secret pleasure that she had given pain to Clara, who had just been so impatient to her; and when, after a few minutes of conversation, the two ladies moved off, something very like a smile of triumph passed, over Julia's face.

#### IX.—THE RESCUE.

ONCE or twice, during the succeeding week, Julia saw Manderson in the store, on which occasion she always had a bow from him, and sometimes a few words also. His manner, at such times, was as deferential as if she had been a queen in disguise. Without even thinking of love, in connexion with him, she could not but feel gratification at these attentions from one like Manderson. But this was not to last.

One evening, walking home after her hours of attendance at the store were over, Julia suddenly found herself in the midst of one of those wild mobs, which alarms of fire in a great city frequently produce. The scene of the conflagration was on the street she was accustomed to traverse, and as the flames had broken out suddenly, the alarm, and the crowd that it gathered, were nearly simultaneous.

Unaccustomed to such spectacles she was equally astonished and terrified. The quick, sharp tones of the great fire-bell had no sooner began than the streets were filled, as if by magic, with a tumultuous mob of men and boys, mostly workmen and apprentices in their shirt-sleeves. Some of these rushed at the top of their speed along the side-walk, so that whoever came in their path were jostled against, if not overthrown. Others assisted to drag the fire-engines over the rough carriage way, twenty, or even fifty catching hold of a long rope for this purpose, while a man at the head, who was generally distinguished by the uniform of the particular fire company, looked back continually, shouting through a hoarse trumpet.

Julia quickened her pace almost to a run, in hopes to reach the next corner before the mob overtook her. But it was in vain. Most of the houses being occupied as stores, or as work-shops for mechanics, every door poured forth its crowd of persons to swell the mass. In an instant, as it were, she was enveloped in the rush and whirl, powerless as a leaf caught up and hurried onward by an autumn gale.

The wild shouting, the tread of the thousand feet, and the thunder of the heavy fire-engines

as they rattled furiously along, filled her with momentary terror. Every moment she expected to be trodden down. She attempted, meantime, to gain the shelter of the wall, but to cross the tumultuous current of the excited crowd was beyond her strength. Jostled hither and thither, she was forced to give up at last, though only a few yards interposed between her and what was partial safety at least. For the first time in her life almost she felt alarm.

Her dilemma, meantime, increased momentarily. For now two fire-engines, whose feud even the strong arm of the law, though often put forward for the purpose, had been unable to suppress, came racing down the street side by side, each drawn by at least a hundred excited partizans, the huge machines clattering on their heavy wheels, which bounded rather than revolved. What with the wild whoops and shouts of mutual defiance, the trumpets, the rattling engines, the tramp of the vast mob, and the great fire-bell clanging angrier and angrier, as it seemed every minute, it was a scene to make even one accustomed to the city anxious, much less a stranger like Julia, who had never imagined that there could be anything like this outside of Pandemonium.

But the worst had not yet come. Suddenly the two fire-engines came into collision almost in front of Julia. The shock checked them instantaneously, jerking many of those at the ropes backward to the ground. In a moment a thousand curses rent the air, and the angry partizans, crowding around their engines, like hornets that swarm when their nest is assailed, a furious riot began. Missiles were promptly produced, a mere spectator could not see whence, but there they were, glancing in the twilight, clashing against each other, or thumping down with a dead, horrible sound, that told they had struck a human body. The eye could not follow the rapid involutions of this living vortex of enraged men, which rose and fell, advanced and receded, like the tide that boils, in a tempest, among the jagged rocks of an iron-bound coast.

With difficulty Julia retained her feet, for the crowd pressed on her continually, swaying her to and fro at its pleasure. Yet, though pale as death, and almost exhausted by her exertions to escape, not a cry had escaped her lips. At last, however, when fire-arms began to be used; when she heard the crack, and saw the flash of a pistol close by; she shrieked in terror. Almost instantly she recognized a voice not unknown to her, calling to her to be firm and self-possessed, and directly Manderson appeared, clearing a pathway to her, by main force.

"Make way, make way. Will you frighten a lady to death?" he cried, dashing aside one brawny workman after another. "Shame on you. Make way, I say!"

These last words were addressed to a stout fellow, who stood, with his back to Manderson, directly before Julia, and seemed disposed not to pay any attention to the expostulation. As the man still neglected to move, they were accompanied, the moment after, by a blow that sent him reeling away, breaking a lane in the mob by the impetus he had received.

Enraged beyond description, the ruffian turned, rushed back, and just as Manderson was about offering his arm to Julia, struck the young man a violent blow. A cry of shame immediately rose from the spectators, for Julia's terror was now observed by all, which had not been the case before, the suddenness of the riot, the confusion, and the excitement having united to render her overlooked. Even a mob is respectful to a woman, in America, when their attention is once directed toward her, and they see that she is alarmed. Manderson, therefore, from offering to assist her, had the sympathies of the bystanders. Two or three persons laid hands on his assailant immediately, to drag him away, the man struggling however violently, and swearing vengeance at Manderson.

The presence of Julia alone deterred the latter from taking the punishment of the ruffian into his own hands. Among the accomplishments of young men in his station, at that time, the art of boxing held a high place; and Manderson had acquired this science, and become even a proficient in it, though without expecting ever to be called on to use it. But now, for the first time in his life, he felt a desire to reduce it to practical use. The thought of Julia, however, and the knowledge of her anxiety to escape from this scene of uproar, checked the rising wish, and smiling contemptuously in answer to his adversary's oaths, he moved on, supporting Julia with one arm, while opening a way for her with the other.

But he was not permitted to exercise the moderation he intended. The ruffian, perceiving that Manderson was about to escape him, all at once made a desperate effort, in which he had concentrated his entire strength, and breaking from his captors, darted on the retreating young man, striking him a blow near the temples, that nearly felled him to the ground, and Julia with him. Then the ruffian, drawing back, presented his huge, knotted fists, that seemed knobs of some gnarled oak tree, and vociferously cried for Manderson to come on, calling him by every vile

epithet, and taunting him with his fine coat, which covered, he said, a coward. To crown all he made an insulting reference to Julia.

The blood of Manderson was now up. The bystanders would have held back the ruffian again, but as Manderson had managed, just as he was struck, to gain a store door, which now offered a temporary shelter to Julia, he pushed her into the open entrance, as soon as he had recovered his equilibrium, saying that he would join her in a moment, and turning to his assailant, bade him come on.

The resolute front with which, though slightly formed, he faced the big, burly bully before him, drew an involuntary cheer from the crowd. Most of the spectators, while they had their sympathies on Manderson's side, expected to see him terribly beaten; and several even expostulated loudly against the fight, as too unequal. But there were others who, as they gazed on the compact, well-proportioned person of the young man, and observed the easy attitude into which he threw himself, as one accustomed to self-defence, augured a different termination to the contest.

"Now, my bully," said Manderson, addressing the ruffian, who whether alarmed at the readiness which the young man showed, or frightened at the general outcry against himself, showed signs of holding back, "I'll show you that when a gentleman undertakes it, he can thrash a black-guard within an inch of his life. Here I am, and I'll not even take off my coat to you—come on!"

A laugh and a hurrah greeted this challenge, in the midst of which the ruffian, blind with rage, rushed at Manderson. He did not succeed even in touching the latter, who, quick as lightning, by a blow that few saw, so rapid was it, sent him flying backward as if shot from a sling. A hearty cheer, in which laughter again mingled, greeted this exploit. The bully gathered himself up speedily, however, and his fury being heightened by his disgrace, darted on Manderson more savagely than ever. But neither did he succeed this time in striking his antagonist. With a dexterous movement of one arm, Manderson threw up the intended blow, while with the other he struck full in the face of his opponent, the blood spouting from mouth and nostrils as the ruffian fell heavily backward.

"There, I think he has had enough," quietly said Manderson, turning down again his coat sleeves. "If the scoundrel isn't satisfied when he comes to, I'll give him another lesson, whenever he wants it."

With these words he made a slight inclination

of his head to the crowd, and entered the store, a loud huzza following him, for if there is any thing an American mob likes, it is to see courage and spirit triumph over merely brute force.

Calm and unruffled as if nothing had happened, Manderson appeared before Julia, who, conscious that he had just risked himself for her, blushed consciously. Nor could she, even in her secret heart, chide him, or think less of him, though she knew well the character of the strife he

had been engaged in. For the store-door had been only half closed, and there were those inside who had watched the fight, so that she had heard of every event as it occurred, and felt every fluctuation of the strife.

It was a new and strange sensation to her, the interest she took in that contest; and she felt inexpressibly grateful at Manderson, more grateful than she dared show.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE ALPINE HORN.

BY J. G. CHACE.

### I.

'Tis sunset. On the mountain height  
The last faint rays are seen—  
And waning firs and crackling pines  
Are nodding in its parting sheen;  
When from those craggy heights afar  
The shepherd winds his tra, la, la,  
The shepherd sounds the sunset word,  
Tra, la, la, la, "Praised be the Lord!"

### II.

From height to height, from vale to vale,  
From hill to hill, from dale to dale,  
From point to point, from steep to steep,  
Their sunset vigils always keep;  
And from those craggy heights afar  
The shepherd winds his tra, la, la,  
Each shepherd sounds the sunset word,  
Each echo peals, "Praised be the Lord!"

### III.

Praised be the Lord, the echo's voice  
Bids every shepherd's heart rejoice;  
From hamlets rude, from grottoes haunt,  
The mountain choir their voices chaunt!  
From crag to crag, to mount afar  
The shepherd winds his tra, la, la,  
Each shepherd sounds the sunset word,  
Tra, la, la, la, "Praised be the Lord!"

### IV.

"Praised be the Lord!" ye mountains praise,  
Lift up your heads high o'er the clouds;  
Whose times and seasons, years and days,  
Hast seen a thousand snowy shrouds!  
From mount to mount, to glen afar  
Ye shepherds wind the tra, la, la,  
Ye mountains all with one accord  
Take up the strain—"Praised be the Lord!"

## I'M THINKING OF MY HIGHLAND HOME.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

I'm thinking of my highland home,  
Far o'er the deep blue sea;  
I'm thinking of the bonny lass  
Who sweetly smiled on me;  
And memory will ever stray  
Where'er my feet may roam,  
To one sweet spot beyond the sea,  
My happy highland home.

I'm thinking of the happy time  
I climbed the mountain's side,  
Hard by my happy highland home  
When Jessie was my bride.

But oh! the grass grows long and green,  
And fair the hawthorn's wave,  
And where once smiled my highland home  
Is now my Jessie's grave!

Oh, happy days, I little thought  
You could so soon have fled,  
And oh! I yet can scarcely think  
That Jessie can be dead!  
And if 'twas not for one green mound  
Across the deep sea's foam,  
The spot where bonny Jessie sleeps  
Should be my highland home.

## Z A N A .

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88.

#### CHAPTER II.

AN, what heavenly dreams possessed me during the days and weeks which I spent in that delicious little chamber; I think there never was a period in my life when a deep love of the beautiful did not haunt me. The delirium which accompanied my relapse into fever was like an experience in fairy land. Fantastic as the visions that haunted me were the most glowing changes of beauty broke through them all. Music floated by me on each breath of air that gushed through the windows; every sunbeam that stole through the gossamer curtains bent over me like a rainbow. It seemed to me that whole clouds of humming birds floated through the room, filling it with the faint music of their wings. Then the pretty things were chased away by fantastic little creatures in human form; smiling, fluttering, and full of the most exquisite fun, they trampled over my bed and nestled, mischievously, among the blossom colored hangings. I became wild with admiration of their rosy bloom, of their comical ways—I laughed at their pranks by the hour, and strove with insane glee to catch them with my hand, or imprison them under the bed clothes. But they always evaded me, and making the most grotesque faces at my baffled efforts, I could see them waltzing in dozens upon the counterpane, and sitting upon my pillow tangling their tiny hands and feet in my hair, shouting, laughing, and turning summersets like little mad-caps whenever I made a dart at them with my hands. So we kept it up, these exquisite little imps, and night and day, for we never slept—not we! the fun was too good for that!

There was only two of these pretty creatures that did not seem to enjoy themselves, and they were so odd, such droll, tearful, melancholy, ugly little things, that somehow their faces always made us stop laughing, though we could not suppress a giggle now and then at their solemn and sentimental way of doing things.

One was a little fellow about nine inches high,

oh, how exquisitely droll he looked with that tiny hat set upon his powdered hair, and the face underneath looking so comically anxious, that it quite broke my heart to look at the little fellow standing there with the tears in his eyes.

I remember puzzling myself a long time regarding the materials which composed his red vest and small clothes, and of satisfying myself that they must have been made from the leaves of a tiger lily, peony, or some other great crimson blossom. The grave, drab coat, with its red facings, the golden buckles and hat defied my imagination altogether; but the face, that wizened, anxious face, was dear old Turner's, withered up to the size of a crab-apple. It seemed so sad, so mournful, I quite pitied him—but somehow couldn't keep from laughing at the priggish little figure he cut. Then there was a funny old woman, just the least bit shorter, in a blue dress and large cap, held up by the queerest high-backed comb, that spread out the crown like a fan; her face was old and darker than the rest, a little, wrinkled Spanish face, so ugly, but with something kind in it that sometimes kept me quiet minutes together. These two figures really saddened us—the rosy troop of sprites and myself—with their grave faces and muttered consultations with each other, as if life and death depended on what they were talking about.

Then the scene would change. These elfin revellers disappeared—flashes of lightning and clouds of cold white snow come slowly over me, drifting, drifting, drifting, and in their midst that beautiful face, so cold, so white, with its great, mournful eyes looking down into mine hour after hour—it haunted me then at times, it has haunted me ever since. Yet no fear ever came upon me—no superstitious dread crept through my frame—but a chilliness as if mountain snow were around me, nothing more.

At last this strange phantasmagoria cleared away; the elfin forms gave up their gambols and disappeared, all but the old man and the woman,



and they gradually grew larger, and I knew that they were the good Spanish woman and Turner.

How tenderly these two persons nursed me during the slow convalescence that followed—how ardent was the love that my infant nature gave back for this care, for mine was an impassioned nature; every sensation that I knew, love, hate, grief, fear—nay, not fear, I think that was unknown to my nature from the first!—but all other sensations were passions in me. Generous sentiments predominated. I am of that conviction yet. Then my life lies before me like a map, and every impulse of my soul has been analyzed with as much impartiality, and more knowledge than any man or woman ever gathered from the actions of his fellow man. And so as my reviewed life strengthened upon me, I began to love these singular benefactors with an energy of gratitude that made them the slaves of my wildest caprice.

Turner I saw at stated periods, when he could escape from the Hall to inquire after my comforts, and caress me in his quaint, tender fashion. I had learned to watch for the hour, when his gorgeous livery could be seen gleaming through the trees, with the most ardent impatience. No maiden ever watched the coming of her lover with more longing anxiety. He always brought me some pretty gift, if it were only a branch of hawthorn in flower, an early crocus, or a hatful of violets. He was an old, childless bachelor, and the poor child that had crept to his feet from the way-side, became the very pet and darling of a heart that had but one other idol on earth, and that was Lord Clare, his master.

Maria was with me always, carrying me in her arms when too feeble for an effort at walking; sitting by me as I played wearily with the abundance of rich toys that she found in endless variety in closets and hidden places of which I had no idea. This woman and I were alone in the house; the language in which she addressed me was not that which I spoke with Turner, but her caresses, her eager love were even more demonstrative than his, there was a pathos and power in her expressions of tenderness that he doubtless felt, but could not express in his own rougher language.

I spoke her language well and without effort, for it seemed more native to my tongue than the English; and sometimes I would address Turner in some of its rich terms of endearment, but he always checked me with a grimace as if the sound were hateful; nor would he attempt to comprehend Maria, except in her confused efforts at English.

There was another language too of which I had learned the sounds, but whether it was of human origin, or something that I had gathered from the

wild birds, I could not tell. It had a meaning to me, and to my fancy expressed many feelings of my heart better than any sounds in which they could be uttered, but no one understood them, and so like the feelings to which this strange gift alone gave utterance, it was locked up in my heart to be hoarded and pondered over in secret.

I grew stronger and more contented as time went on. The stillness, the bright atmosphere, and the love with which I was surrounded were hushing my soul back into childhood again, for up to this time I can remember but few thoughts or sensations that gartook of my infant years.

In truth there was something fairy-like in my position, well calculated to excite an imagination vivid as mine to most unhealthy action. Sometimes it seemed to me as if I had been a child of the air, for first memory went back to the lark's nest in the meadow; and my earliest idea of enjoyment was rich with bird music. Good as Turner and Maria were, it never entered my mind to consider myself as absolutely belonging to them, more subtle and refined affinities existed within me.

Everything that surrounded me was calculated to excite these feelings, the utmost prodigality of wealth could have supplied nothing of the beautiful or refined which was not mysteriously bestowed on me. The clothes I wore; the rooms allotted to me; the toys and books were of the most exquisite richness. The texture of every thing I touched was of peculiar delicacy, thus a natural worship of the beautiful inherent in my nature was fed and pampered as if by magic. During my convalescence I spent many a dreamy hour listening to Maria, as she repeated the strange legends and romances of her own land. Then I began to spell out words and read for myself. The house contained a library of richly bound books, in many languages, mostly classical, or on subjects of foreign interest—few romances were among the collection, but the poets of all countries, except England, were well represented. The best poetry of Italy, Germany and Spain, the ancient classics, and mythological subjects predominated; many of these volumes were in the original language, but there was no lack of English translations. The most remarkable thing about this collection was an entire deficiency in the works of native authors. A few of the poets were to be found, Milton and two or three others, but everything calculated to give an insight into the social life or history of England, seemed to have been excluded with vigilance.

The small hexagonal room which contained these books was connected with my sleeping

chamber by a brief gallery lined with pictures. Two or three statuettes, copies from the great masters, occupied pedestals in this gallery, and the lights were so arranged that every inspiration of the genius that had given life to the canvass or the marble, was thrown forward as by a kindred mind. This room and its gallery, unlike most of the other apartments, were left unlocked, and, with my imagination on fire with the legends in which Maria was constantly indulging, I loved to wander along the gallery, and ponder over the pictures, filling each landscape with some scene of active life, and reading a destiny in the strange faces that looked down upon me from the wall.

But more especially did the statuettes become objects of admiration, probably because they touched some latent talent of my own and awoke a desire of emulation. Even at this early period of my life I felt an appreciation of the beauty in form and proportion so exquisitely maintained in these objects, keen as the desire of a hungry person for food. An awkward position, an ill arranged article of furniture, cross lights upon a picture, anything which outraged that exquisite sense of the perfect, which has been both my happiness and my bane, was as vivid with me before I knew a rule of art as it is now.

So with this inherent sense of the beautiful guiding me like a sunbeam, I made play-fellows of the breathing marble and of pictures so rare, as I have since learned that a monarch might have coveted them. I grew ambitious to emulate the marble in my own person, and amused myself, hour after hour, in practising the graceful position which each maintained on its pedestal. This grew tiresome at length, and impelled by the genius within me, I began to invent and arrange new combinations for myself, before the large mirror that reflected back the gallery and all it contained, when my chamber door was open.

Was I struck by the vision of childish beauty that broke upon me from the mirror during these efforts? Yes! as I was pleased with the paintings upon the wall, or the statues that gleamed in their chaste beauty around me. I loved the wild, little creature that stood mocking my gestures in the mirror, because she was more brilliant than the paintings, and more life-like than the marble, because her arch eyes were so full of the life that glowed in my own bosom. Ah, yes, I loved the child—why not? she alone seemed my equal. I did not reflect that she was the shadow of myself, or in truth identify her with my own existence at all. She seemed to me like a new picture going through another progression toward life, they were so immovably changeless:

but she was variable as a humming-bird, she smiled, moved, looked a thousand things from those great flashing eyes—oh, if she could have spoken. I was sure in my heart that she could have uttered that strange, hidden language of mine.

So I met the wild, little beauty each day in the mirror. Every graceful curve and line of the statues had become familiar, and almost wearisome to me, but here was infinite variety changing at my will, she was my slave, my subject, a being over which I had absolute control; and this was the first idea that I ever had of companionship.

In the library I found some books still done up in brown paper packages, as if ordered for some purpose and forgotten. These, of course, became objects of especial curiosity to a child always on the alert for discoveries. They were juvenile volumes, richly illustrated, containing all the fairy tales, I do believe, ever invented or translated into the English language.

I seized upon these books with eagerness—studied the pictures, and made toilsome efforts to spell out their meaning. So between Maria's horrible efforts at reading, and my own spelling out of words, we gathered up all the glowing romance, and this opened new visions to me, and gave a vivid impulse to my day dreamings among the pictures. It was only my wild spirit that wandered. At first the debility that followed my illness, and afterward Turner's earnest prohibition confined me to the house, or, as a great indulgence, to the little flower nook directly under the windows. A woman came now and then from some place, to me unknown, and performed the ruder work of our household. Then she went off down some avenue of the park, and her's was all the face I saw for months and months, save those of Turner and my good Maria.

A winter and spring went by, and then my fairy-like imprisonment ceased. Old Turner grew cheerful and indulgent; he gave me long walks among the trees, that from my windows had seemed like distant countries; he brought a pretty black poney upon which I rode, while he walked by my saddle.

My frame grew vigorous, and my spirits bird-like under this wholesome indulgence. Sometimes I caught glimpses of the old Hall, and a vivid remembrance of the morning Turner had found me upon its door-steps, swept back upon my brain. I wondered if the lady, with her dog, and that long, silver grey morning-robe was there yet, and if I should ever see her again. As my courage and curiosity grew strong, I inquired about these things of Turner. "No, the lady was

not there," he said, "she had gone up to London to be near her son, who was at Eton."

Where was London? Who was her son? What was Eton?

How eagerly I crowded all these questions together, when, for the first time, I found the dear old man disposed to indulge my curiosity. London, Eton were soon explained, but they still seemed like the cities I had read of in my fairy books. But when he told me of this son—that he was Lord Clare's nephew, and might one day become owner of the Hall, our own pretty home, and the broad fields and parks around us to the horizon almost, my heart fell, my thoughts grew dark, and for a moment the beautiful landscape disappeared. A cold mist surrounded me, it was but for a moment, but why was it?—how came this bleak vision to encompass me thus with its dreary indistinctness? Had some name jarred on my memory which refused to receive it, and yet felt the shock? Was that name—Lord Clare's? Why had neither Turner nor Maria ever mentioned him before? Who was he? What was Turner to him?

I asked these questions at once. Turner answered in a low voice, and I fancied with reluctance; certain I am, his voice was more husky than usual.

He explained that Lord Clare was his master, that he had gone into foreign lands, and might not come back for years. The lady whom I had seen was his sister, unlike him in everything, but still his sister; and during his absence her home was to be at the Hall whenever it might be her pleasure to reside there.

We had ridden to the brow of an eminence on the verge of the park while Turner was giving me this intelligence; the spot was unknown to me, and commanded a fine view of the country far and near. In a sweeping curve of the distant uplands stood a dark stone dwelling, not castellated, but still partaking of a style which admits of towers and balconies, so ornamented that it was impossible to guess to what age they belonged. It was an imposing building, and made both a grand and picturesque object, lapped as it was among the most verdant and lovely hills in the world. I looked toward this building with interest, it seemed like something I had seen before pictured perhaps in a book. "And that," said I, pointing my tiny fingers toward the distance, "that house yonder among the purple hills, is that Lord Clare's also?"

"That," said Turner, with a sigh, and shading his eyes with his withered hand, "that is the Green Hurst."

He paused, shook his head mournfully, and

then, remembering that the name was not a full answer to my question, continued,

"Yes, yes, that is Lord Clare's also, it came to him through—through his—his—through Lady Clare."

"And who lives yonder, dear Turner?"

"No one; it is shut up."

"I think," said I, leaning down toward the old man, who stood with one arm thrown over the neck of my poney, "I think this world must have very few people in it for all that you tell me. No one at the Hall—no one out yonder—only you and Maria and me among these woods and fields."

"And is not that enough, child?"

I shook my head.

"Are you not happy with us, Zana? What more do you want?"

"I want," said I, kindling with the idea, "I want to see a child; you tell me the world is full of little girls and boys like me—where are they?"

"I have thought of this before," muttered Turner, uneasily, "its natural—its what I should have expected. What company are the Spanish woman and such a dry old chip as I am for a creature like this?"

His look of annoyance disturbed me. I could not bear to see his old face so wrinkled with anxiety.

"We should have to take a long journey to find the children, I suppose," said I, hoping to relieve his perplexity; "but Jupiter here is so strong, and so swift, if you could but keep up with him now, we might search for them, you know."

The old man still looked anxious, and bore down heavily on the neck of my beautiful steed with his arm.

"Don't," said I, "you will hurt Jupiter; see how his head droops."

"Poor thing, I would not hurt him for the world, if it were only for her sake," said the old man, smoothing the arched neck of Jupiter with his palm; "next to you, Zana, I think she loved this pretty animal."

"Who, who was it that loved Jupiter so?" I inquired, with eager curiosity.

"Your mother," replied the old man, and the words dropped like tears from his lips.

"My mother," I repeated, looking upward, and solemnly expecting to see that sweet face gazing down upon me from the clouds. "Let us go home, dear Turner, I am growing cold; do not say that again, the sound drifts over me here like a snow-heap," I said, pressing one hand upon my heart, "it hurts me here."

Turner seemed to struggle with himself. Then

lifting his pale blue eyes to my face, as if he had nerved his resolution to say something very painful, he answered,

"One minute, Zana! Tell me, child, what is it that makes you turn white and shiver so, when I speak as I did now of your mother?"

"I do not know!" I replied, looking upward, with anxiety. "The cold is here at my heart, I do not know why."

"Do you remember your mother? Now that you are well, something of the past should come back to you. Say, child, make an effort—that mother—what has become of her?"

I only shuddered—it was all the reply that I could give, I could feel, but all was blank and blackness to my thoughts.

Turner saw my distress, and his own became more and more visible. He looked upon the ground and began muttering to himself, a habit that he had when very much perplexed. His thoughts reached me in disjointed snatches, but I dwelt upon them long after.

"How can I send him word? What can I say? Even proof of her own identity is wanting—proof that would satisfy him. Besides, his anxiety was for her—poor thing—even more than the child. If she could but be made to remember. Zana, Zana!" he burst forth, grasping my arm, and looking imploringly into my face, "struggle with this apathy of the mind—strive, think—tell me, child, tell me something that I can get for a clue! Tell me if you can—try, try, my pretty Zana, and you shall have troops of children to play with. Tell me, where was it that you parted with your mother?"

I did make an effort to remember; my veins chilled; my cheeks grew cold as ice; I lifted my finger upward and pointed to a bank of clouds rolling in fleecy whiteness over us.

"Is that all?" exclaimed Turner, despairingly.

I could not speak, my lips seemed frozen; I sat like a marble child upon the back of my pony, everything around me had turned to snow once more.

Tears rolled down Turner's cheeks, great, cold tears, that looked like hail storms, they made me shiver afresh.

It was the last time that Turner ever tortured me with questions regarding my mother—questions that I had no power to answer, yet which brought with them such mysterious, such indescribable pain. Later, when my soul was called back from the past—but of this hereafter.

One day I had wandered through garden and out among the brave old chestnuts quite alone, for now that the family were absent from the Hall, Turner allowed me to wander almost at

will anywhere between the old mansion and the more humble, but not less lovely home.

This time I took one of the great chestnut avenues hitherto unexplored, which led me, not toward the Hall, but by a curving sweep to the lodge, which I just remembered having passed in my progress from the meadows, on the memorable night when Turner found me upon the door-steps. Then it had seemed like a cliff, adown which great festoons of ivy were sweeping to the ground. Now I saw the thick foliage turned and forced back here and there, to admit light into the doors and windows of a rustic cottage, which had a stir of life within, though I saw no person.

I passed this lodge with a stealthy tread, for a sense of disobedience followed me. I knew, without having been directly told, that both Turner and Maria would disapprove my passing beyond the limits of the park, but childish curiosity, with some vague remembrance of the place, were too strong for my sense of right, and I passed on quite charmed with the broad slope of meadow land that lay before me, all golden crimson and white with mid-summer blossoms. A village with church tower in the distance rose upon my view like a glimpse of fairy-land. I felt then that the world, as Turner asserted, was full of people, and longed to know more about them.

I walked along the carriage track which wound toward the village through thick hedges just out of blossom, holding my breath as I recognized here a moss-covered stone, there a hillock, upon which I had set down to rest on that wearisome night. The grass was green and fresh where the tent, to which my first remembrance went back, had been, but I recollected the place well. As I stood gazing on it, the soft gurgle of waters fell upon my ear as it had then, and induced half by a feeling that seemed like terror, half by curiosity, I moved toward the hollow, wondering if I should find that imish little figure waiting for me again.

A spirit of adventure led me on then, as it has impelled me always, rather to anticipate than shrink from my destiny. I reached the slope, looked half timidly down, and remained breathless and lost in delight.

Upon the rock which I have mentioned covered with lichen and mossy grasses, sat a little girl, about my own age, I should think, busy with a quantity of meadow blossoms that filled the crown of a gipsy bonnet that stood by her side. All around her lay the gathered blossoms; her tiny feet were buried in them, they gleamed through the skirt of her muslin dress, and brightened the rock all around. She coquetted with them like a bird—bending her head on one side as she held

a cluster of violets in the sun, flinging it back with a graceful curve of the neck, when they dropped into shadow, and eyeing them coyly all the time as a robin regards the cherry he intends to appropriate at leisure.

What eyes the creature had! large and of a purplish blue, like the violets she held, and so full of smiling brightness; never before or since have I seen a creature so beautiful, so full of graceful bloom. Her profuse hair was in disorder, falling in golden waves and curls all over her white shoulders, from which the transparent sleeve was drawn with knots of blue ribbon, leaving the prettiest dimples in the world exposed. Her mouth was soft, red and smiling like a ripe cherry in the sunshine, and that rosy smile so innocent in its tenderness, so radiant with glee. Talk of women not feeling the glow of each other's beauty, why there is no feeling on earth so unselfish, so full of lofty, tender admiration as the love which one high-souled woman feels for the sister woman to whom her soul goes forth in sympathy. This appreciation, these attachments are not frequent in society, but when they do exist, the loves of the angels are almost realized.

I looked down upon this child, thus busy with her graceful flowers, and my heart filled with the sunshine of her person. As she trifled with her garlands, the smile broke into music on her red lips, and a few soft chirping notes, wild and untaught as a bird's, blended richly with the flowing waters.

At last she lifted a half twined garland high over her head that the sunshine might kindle up its blossoms, and as her eyes were turned upward they fell upon me. The garland hung motionless in her hand; the song died on her lips, leaving them like an opening rose-bud; and her blue eyes filled with a look of pleasant wonder. Thus, for the moment, we gazed upon each other, we who were to be a destiny each to the other.

"Come," she said, at last pushing her straw gipsy toward me, so eagerly that a quantity of flowers rolled over the brim, through which the broad strings rippled in azure waves—"come, there is enough for us both, let us pelt the brook and hear the water laugh as it runs away with them. Here jump to the rock, I will make room. Now for it!"

She gathered up her skirt, crushing the blossoms with her little dimpled arms, pushed back the gipsy, and left a space upon the stone for me to occupy.

I sprang down the bank breathing quickly, and with my whole frame in a joyful glow. I placed myself among the blossoms, weaving my arms

about the charming infant's, and kissing her shoulders till she laughed aloud, as a bird breaks into music at the first sight of a kindred songster.

"Come," said the child, her voice still rich with glee—"come, let us go to work: which will you have violets, primroses, or some of these pretty white stars that I found by the brook?"

"All, all," I answered, with animation, "give them to me, and mind what a pretty crown I shall make for your hair."

She turned her great, wondering eyes on me as I wove the blossoms together; the violets with golden primroses, intermingling them with leaves and spears of long grass, a white star gleaming out here and there in silvery relief.

When she saw my garland, so different from her own, in which the flowers were grouped without method, the child seemed lost in admiration. After gazing on it a moment, and then upon me, she took her own half-formed wreath and cast it upon the brooklet with a charming little pout of the lips, that was lovely almost as her smiles had been.

I went on with my coronal, enjoying the task as an author does his poem, or a painter his picture, the tints harmonized under my fingers, the symmetrical grace filled my soul with the delight which springs from a natural love of the beautiful; even at that age I had all the feelings of an artist, all that love of praise which holds a place in those feelings.

"Ah," said I, weaving my wreath among her golden curls, "if you could see how beautiful you are together, you and the flowers."

"I can see," cried the child, springing up and scattering a shower of blossoms from the folds of her frock which fell into the water, disturbing it till it looked like a shattered mirror. "No, not now, naughty thing that I am, to make the poor brook so angry with my flowers—but wait a minute and you shall see!"

"No, no, not there!" cried I, seizing her in breathless fear, for I remembered the hideous thing that had frightened me from the depths of those very waters; "don't look in the water; let us go away. It may be lurking here yet."

"What?" questioned the child, anxiously.

"Something that I saw here once, a wild, wicked creature, with such eyes and hair——"

"What, in the water?" she asked, her blue eyes growing wider and larger.

"Yes, here in the pool, just by this rock."

We both stood up clinging to one another. In our upright position the pool lay clear and tranquil beneath us, and impelled by that sort of fascination which in moments of affright often

turns the gaze upon that which it dreads to see, our eyes fell at the same moment upon two objects reflected back as from a mirror. My little friend, so like one of those cherubs which Raphael half buries amid the transparent clouds in his pictures, and that other little friend, with whom I had become acquainted in the mirror at home.

"Ah, how came she here? Is she your friend also?" I said, pointing toward the dark brilliant child that pointed back to me, with a questioning smile as I spoke.

"Who, that?" asked my companion, waving her hand—a gesture that was sent back, as it seemed, with new grace from the water.

"Why, don't you know it again?"

"Yes, but do you? Does it ever speak to you, or only stand looking like that?"

She gazed at me with her wondering eyes, and then at the images beneath us.

"Why, don't you know me, there with the wreath on?—and you, it is so droll that any one should not know herself."

I caught my breath. "What?" I exclaimed, "does that child look like me? Is it me?"

"Why, yes, who else please?" cried my companion, gaily, "see, it is your hair, strange hair it is too, so black, and with a glow of your pretty frock too; and the eyes, they look like two stars in the water."

I looked upon the two figures, the fair, blooming

little beauty, the dark, earnest, haughty, but sparkling face that bent over her. After a moment I said, slowly, as if speaking of a picture, "yes, it is me, and I am beautiful!"

"Indeed you are," exclaimed the child, with a gaiety that disturbed me, for this conviction of my own loveliness gave a serious, almost sad impression to my thoughts; "papa calls me his blossom, you shall be my star. Shall she not, my own darling papa?"

I looked up and saw a gentleman standing upon the bank looking calmly, and with a gentle smile upon us as we stood. He was dressed in black, somewhat worn, and had a subdued meekness in his deportment, which won my childish heart in an instant.

"Well, Cora, are you ready to return home, child?" he said, with the quiet, sweet smile deepening on his face.

"Oh, yes, papa," she cried, unwinding her arms from mine, and leaping from the rock. "Good-bye, come to-morrow," she cried, clambering up the bank, and pausing at the top to shower back kisses with both hands; "do you hear, come to-morrow, my star——"

The gentleman took her hand and led her away. I watched them till they disappeared, and then sunk upon the rock crying disconsolately. It seemed as if my life had just begun, and was swept away into darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SONG OF LIFE.

BY A. R. JOHNSON.

A TRAVELLER on a dusty road  
Strew'd acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree,

Love sought its shade at evening time,  
To breathe its early vows,  
And age was pleased, in heights of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs.

The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
The birds sweet music bore—  
It stood a glory in its place,  
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way,  
Amid the grass and fern—  
A passing stranger scoop'd a well  
Where weary men might turn.

He wall'd it in, and hung with care  
A ladle on the brink,

He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that toil might drink.

He pass'd again, and lo! the well,  
By Summer never dried,  
Had cool'd ten thousand parched tongues  
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd,  
That throng'd the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love,  
Unstudied, from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,  
A transitory breath,  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death!

Oh, germ! oh, fount! oh, word of love!  
Oh, thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**FASHIONABLE HOTELS.**—The splendor of some of the hotels, lately erected in New York and Philadelphia, really almost exceeds belief. This is particularly true of the St. Nicholas, which was opened in the former city, a few days after the first of January. Outside, this palatial structure is of white marble, and built in the most ornate style of architecture: inside it is the climax of whatever can be done by gilding, by mirrors, by rich carpets, by sumptuous furniture. We have before us a graphic letter from a lady, who arrived at the St. Nicholas the day after it was opened. We cannot give our readers a better idea of this new hotel than by copying the epistle, which was written in the first flush of the inspection, and without any idea of ultimate publication.

ST. NICHOLAS, 10½ P. M.

"Well, this is about the most magnificent place I have ever been in. The Arabian Night palaces were only prophecies of it. I cannot begin a description of it. The public parlors are all furnished differently, with Saxony carpets, chandeliers of the most gorgeous finish, mirrors, which seem to me almost priceless, five and six in one room; elaborately carved rose-wood furniture, covered with a satin damask which would almost stand alone, stiff with gold and silver thread; in one room it will be green, crimson and gold; in another of a white ground with flowers of the natural hue, woven together with silver thread, and in another still, of a rich cream color, with much the same pattern. Then the lace curtains too are beautiful beyond conception, loaded down with the very richest work. The halls and staircases are just as richly furnished with mirrors and Saxony carpets, damask and laces, luxurious brocatelle lounges and chairs as the drawing-rooms. The private parlors and chambers are equally gorgeous. Even our rooms up in the fifth story have brocatelle and lace curtains, Brussels carpets, rich gas-burners, and everything to make us comfortable but a wardrobe. The dining-room is in keeping with the rest of the house. You know I have no idea of size, but it is immense. There are eight large mirrors in it: three chandeliers, which for elaborate work outrival any of Cornelius', besides double-side burners; in all ninety burners in this one room. The tea-room is truly beautiful. The vases on the four mantels could not have cost less than a hundred dollars a pair; the hangings, as well as the mirrors, carpets, chairs, and consoles surpass anything I have seen displayed in Chestnut street, whilst the silver is of the most graceful pattern you can imagine, covered with grape leaves. As to the great bridal chamber it is *gorgeously vulgar*. It is so white that I shivered when I went in, for I felt buried in a snow-wreath. In the middle of the room stands a French bedstead, and from the centre of the ceiling depends white satin *wadded* curtains with lace ones under them, looped back with heavy cords and tassels and orange flowers. The bedstead itself is a gilded frame, covered with white satin, put on in a honeycomb style, and studded with gold-headed nails. The bed-quilt is white satin, quilted in the finest diamonds,

and over this is thrown a priceless lace *spread*, of such material as the finest and most expensive capes are made. The sheets are of linen cambric, of as fine a quality as a handsome handkerchief, and edged with a thread lace worth two or three dollars a yard. There is one large pier and one mantel mirror. The window curtains are of lace and white watered silk. The toilette table is covered with white satin, with an oval mirror in a gilt frame, surrounded with lace and satin curtains, which depend from a Cupid who looks as if he was jumping a wreath of roses. The chairs and lounges are gilded, covered with satin, studded with gilt-headed nails. But the ceiling and wall are the most beautiful of all. The ceiling is exquisitely painted in most delicate colors, with flowers, and the wall is draped with fluted satin from ceiling to floor. Four glass chandeliers, which look as if they might have come from fairy land, hang at each corner of the bed.

"I suppose hundreds of visitors walked through the house to-night, just to look at it, every one as contented as possible, and, New York fashion, every one seeming to feel as if it was his own individual property, and to derive much satisfaction therefrom. The house is crowded." \* \* \*

One cannot help asking, at least we cannot, to what all this is to lead? If every new hotel that is opened, is to base its claims to public patronage on surpassing all former ones in luxury and show, where will the race of extravagance stop? That, as yet, people are willing to pay for all this, appears from the success of such enterprises. The most incredible prices, indeed, are given, and given willingly, for the best apartments in these new hotels. One family at the St. Nicholas, consisting of a gentleman, his wife, his daughter, and a servant, pay, we hear, three hundred and fifty dollars a week. Chance travellers, even at two dollars and a half a day, the price asked at the St. Nicholas, are scarcely considered as remunerative, and are condemned to the upper stories, the lower ones being monopolized at higher rates. Truly we have fallen on a spendthrift age.

We have ourselves, during the past month, visited the St. Nicholas. Shall we confess the truth, and say that the style is not to our taste? Everything is too bright, and too glaring; gimcrackery reigns triumphant; it is what a flashy waistcoat and an enormous gold chain is among gentlemen. It would be the Paradise of a returned Californian. But a lady or gentleman of refined taste would desire something more subdued.

It is all very dazzling nevertheless. But we would rather see a few good pictures instead of so many mirrors, or purchase more comfortable chambers at the expense of some of the lace curtains. Every one to his taste, however. People that like to be vulgar will be vulgar, we suppose, and insist on having gilding, gimcrackery and bridal chambers. *Vive la humbug!*

**Mrs. STEPHENS' STORY.**—The very serious, and indeed dangerous illness of Mrs. Stephens, prevented her continuing "Zana" in the February number. She has now, however, recovered so far as to be able to resume writing, and accordingly another chapter of her thrilling novel appears in this number.

**THE RED RIBAND.**—This interesting tale has been translated and adapted from the German, by Dr. Beyerle, expressly for this number. It is one of the best stories of the year.

# REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**Lady-Bird.** By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of this novel is of that class, we judge, who "like to be miserable." In all her fictions that we have read, but most especially in this, she piles horror upon horror, as if people were born only to be unhappy. The result is that her books have a morbid effect, as if the reader had walked through a loathsome hospital. If the moral was good we should complain less. But the whole aim of the present fiction is to exalt minor virtues above greater ones, to deify asceticism, as it were, at the expense of all sweet household duties. If the hero and heroine, instead of foolishly vowing to part forever, in consequence of an absurd mistake, had worked out, in a righteous married life, their true destiny, virtue and religion would have been better, far better served, in our humble opinion.

**Speeches of Macauley.** 2 vols. New York: J. S. Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—In those two neat volumes we have the speeches of the Right Hon. W. Babington Macauley, from his entrance into parliament, just before the Reform Bill, up to the present time. They are on all subjects, and exhibit every variety of mood. Sometimes they are in attack, sometimes in defence, sometimes strictly argumentative, sometimes brilliant with retort. But they never fail to exhibit the great powers of mind and the almost unequalled rhetoric, for which Macauley is famous. In style, perhaps, they fall short of his elaborate essays, and even of his history, yet nevertheless they are more polished than most other essays, or histories. The volumes should be in the library of every person who makes either politics or oratory his study.

**Clara Moreland.** By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We consider this altogether the best fiction which Mr. Bennett has yet written. In saying this we pay him the highest possible compliment, as he has long been one of the most popular of American novelists. His publisher has done everything that was possible to add to the public desire for the work, having issued it in a very handsome style, so that its dress might not disgrace its merits. "Clara Moreland" is destined to have an immense sale.

**My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life.** By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This delightful fiction is now completed, and published in two parts, each at thirty-seven and a half cents, by the Messrs. Harpers. On it and "The Caxtons" the fame of Bulwer will rest with posterity. It is really wonderful how this author, once the most deleterious perhaps that wrote in England, has become one of the most, if not the most moral that Great Britain can show. "My Novel" is at once brilliant and instructive, a true picture of modern England, and an excellent didactic lesson in disguise: and as such we recommend it to every American household.

**History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France.** By Alphonse de Lamartine. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Like all of Lamartine's writings this is a work of great brilliancy. It is indeed a series of historical pictures, such as are to be met with nowhere else, vivid, dazzling, ever changing, always animated. We think he scarcely does justice to Napoleon, but his prejudices in favor of the Orleans family, prejudices the result of many kindnesses received at their hand, doubtless account for this.

**A Hero and Other Tales.** By the author of "Olive." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Among the many female writers of cotemporary fiction, in whom Great Britain delights, the author of these three beautiful stories is perhaps the best. Those who have read either "Olive," or "The Head of the Family," should lose no time in procuring this volume. It is published in a neat duodecimo style, with clear, large type; and is handsomely bound in cloth.

**Bleak House.** With Illustrations. By Charles Dickens. Part XI. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Of all the novels of Dickens this pleases us the least. The London Times, in a late article, truly remarked that the author of "Boz" was becoming, more and more, a delineator of manners rather than of character. We shall be glad when "Bleak House" is concluded, in hopes that he may strike out something in his old vein.

**Ugly Effie and other Tales.** By Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—In addition to "Ugly Effie," this volume contains "Neglecting a Fee," "The Village Pastor's Wife," "The Tempted," "Aunt Mercy," "The Stranger at the Banquet," and "The Two Uncles." Mrs. Hentz is one of the most popular female writers of the day. Such a number of her choicest stories, contained in a single volume, makes a very desirable book. Price fifty cents.

**On the Lessons in Proverbs.** By R. C. French. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—This volume contains the substance of a series of lectures delivered, at Portsmouth and elsewhere, to Young Men's Societies. It is excellent in matter and manner alike, and has been issued in Redfield's usual neat style. Every page of it is full of sterling wisdom.



*Alison's History of Europe from the fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A good history of this period has been long wanted. No man living is better qualified than Sir Archibald Alison to write such a history. He has indeed serious faults as an author, for he is the inveterate foe of republicanism, heartily dislikes France and every thing French, and has a labored, heavy, and often stilted style. But he always manages to interest the reader, is laborious in collecting details, and when his point of view is considered judges generally with fairness. To those who know his prejudices, and are, therefore, guarded against them, his history will be quite valuable. The Harpers are issuing it in a style to match his former work, "The History of Europe during the French Revolution," published by them several years ago.

*Waverley Novels. Illustrated Library Edition. Vols. XXI and XXII. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—That delightful novel, "Anne of Geierstein," and "Count Robert of Paris," almost the last fictions that Scott wrote, are here before us, admirably printed, illustrated with spirit, and bound handsomely. If any of our readers, who desire the Waverley Novels, have neglected to purchase this edition, now is the time to buy, as the series is nearly completed.

*The Two Merchants. By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—A cheap edition of a novel, by a favorite author, neatly printed in clear, large type.

## FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—A RIDING HABIT OF DARK GREEN FRENCH CLOTH, the skirt full, and about a yard and a half in length. Corsage plain, with a small polka skirt. Sleeves moderately wide, with *revers* at the hand *à la Louis Quatorze*. Linen under-sleeves, fastened at the wrist, and a small linen collar with a black neck tie. A small black beaver hat, turned up slightly at the sides, and a green gauze veil, which it is advisable not to have too long, as it is very much in the way in riding. Rosettes and strings to fasten the hat on are not so much worn as formerly, but in their place a narrow elastic band passing under the chin, is used.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS OF DARK BLUE SILK, trimmed with three deep flounces, each of which has an edge of *applique* work of black lace and silk on the edge. Corsage high and open in front with a *rever* in the same style as the flounces. Chemisette of thread lace, sleeves demi-long, finished with two ruffles in *applique* work. Under-sleeves with a deep thread lace ruffle. Bonnet of white silk, puffed, and trimmed with flowers. Straw colored kid gloves.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing at all new as yet in the style of making dresses. Velvet trimmings in bands, rosettes, &c., are still very much worn, but must be dispensed with very soon, as they

are too heavy for the coming warm weather. The pattern dresses, whether in stripes, checks, or bouquets, are immense; to such a degree that they seem more fit to furnish apartments, than to dress women.

THE ROBES A DISPOSITION, that is with the figure running around the skirt or flounces in silk, *de lain*, &c., are still very much worn.

THE SLEEVES of dress gowns are made in the *pagoda* form, trimmed like the skirt, with rich lace under-sleeves; those for ordinary occasions are sometimes square, laced from the bottom, or closed with an ornamental trimming; some which are called *Amadis*, have two hems; the lower part is rounded and laced; they do not quite reach the wrist, and leave visible the under-sleeves, which are puffed; a very pretty under-sleeve is made of one large *bouillon*, which surmounts the lace, and in which is placed a ribbon finished by a bow.

THE greatest extravagance is now exhibited in laces. Honiton is the most expensive in vogue, and a chemisette, collar and under-sleeves of the least expensive kind cannot be obtained under twenty-five or thirty dollars. Capes, berthes, caps and handkerchiefs are all composed entirely or trimmed profusely with Honiton. A cape of this lace cannot be purchased for less than sixty or sixty-five dollars, and very handsome ones are much more expensive. Collars cost from eight to twenty dollars, and a narrow lace only an inch in width is four dollars a yard.

THE MOUSQUITAIRE COLLAR with deep points is of the latest style.

ALL the bonnets have the crowns very low, are very open, and short at the sides; the inside trimmed excessively with *blonde* and flowers and velvet, or ribbon and velvet: long ends peeping out beyond the brim, and coming down below it, look very pretty, and are generally becoming. Evening caps are literally covered with flowers; they have also bows of ribbon placed at each side with very long ends falling.

A NOVELTY in the form of mantelets has just been introduced in Paris, where it has met with pre-eminent favor. It is called the *mantelet echarpe* or scarf mantelet; and it combines, as its name implies, the effect of the scarf and mantelet. It may be made in black or colored silk, and is frequently trimmed simply with braid or embroidery. Sometimes the trimming consists of velvet or *passementerie*, and sometimes of fringe and lace.

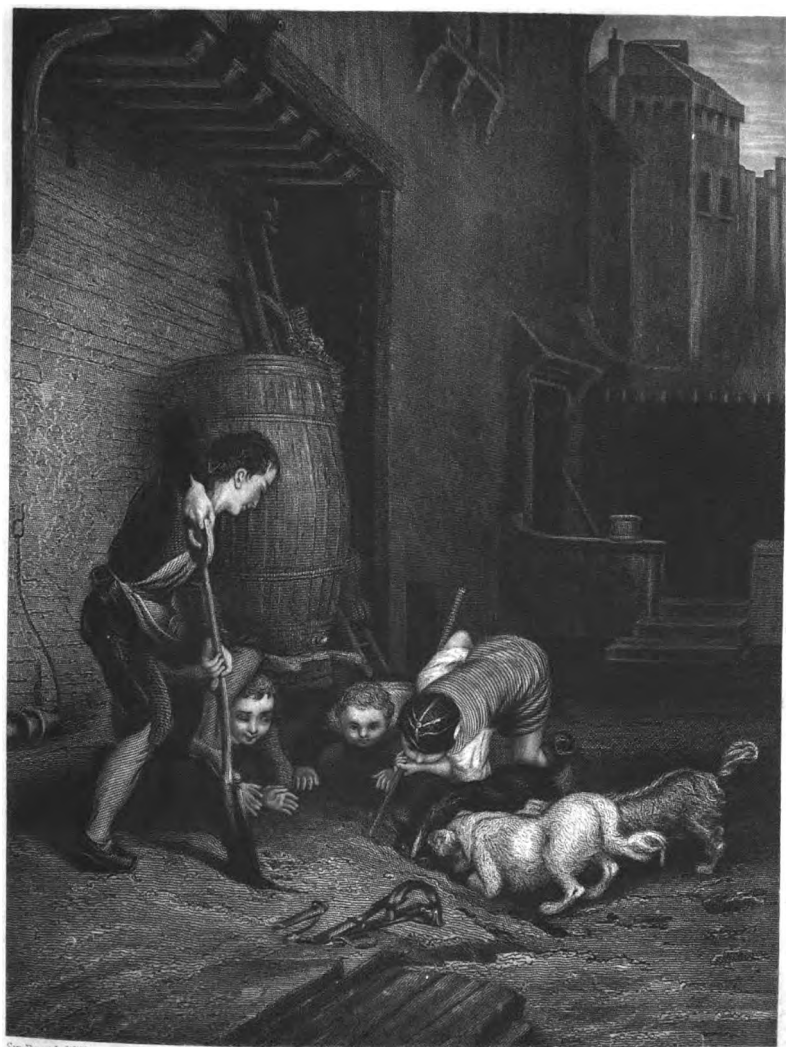
PARASOLS are made of three different kinds. The Maintenon parasol is straight, and has a light stick or handle; it is of middle size, and has no fringe. The Marquise parasol is small, has the shape of a dome, and a joint in the handle; it is for carriage use. Richness, caprice and fancy are called to their height in this little parasol, the handle of which, for its elaborate workmanship, is often a remarkable work of art. It always has a rich fringe, with a lace head, and is lined with white marceline, or taffeta silk.





THE FIRST LOVE LETTER.

Engraved Expressly for Petersen's Magazine 1853.



Sir David Wilkie

Illman & Sons

THE RAGGED DICKS

Engraved expressly for Peterson's  
1853





**THE GRAVE OF ROBIN HOOD.**









# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

## THE FIRST LOVE LETTER.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

CARRIAGE after carriage was rolling up and depositing gay groups at Mr. Carrol's door. Within, the brilliant lights, inspiring music, and splendid dresses, made the hearts of the young beat faster, as they passed through the wide hall to the dressing-room. It was nine o'clock, and though unfashionably early, all the guests had assembled in the large drawing-room on the east side of the hall, whilst anxious eyes were occasionally turned to the parlor on the other side, whose door remained as tightly closed as the entrance to the cave of the Forty Thieves.

Presently a bell sounded, which was the "open sesame" of the room, and the parlor and part of the hall in almost total darkness, was seen. After the confusion of persons entering the room had somewhat subsided, the tinkle of a small bell was heard, and the green baize curtain across the farther end of the library rolled slowly up. An exclamation of surprise and pleasure, at the *tableau* before them, burst from the spectators.

The lights around the *tableau* frame were most ingeniously disposed, and revealed a beautiful girl in the regal dress of Mary of Scotland, extending her hand to one younger still, who with a youth of twenty was kneeling at her feet, as Roland Graeme and Catharine Seyton. Murmurs of applause passed around the room, and in a few moments the curtain fell.

Then came the haughty Elizabeth in the first flush of womanhood, before power and her cousin's rivalry had made her so unrelenting, listening to the impassioned vows of the gallant young Courtenaye. Then Rebecca, presenting her jewels to Rowena, with the drooping attitude, which said more forcibly than her words, "I will never wear jewels more." Then the young novice raising the white veil; Pickwick and Sam Weller; Edith Dombey and Carker; and then a fair penitent and her father confessor.

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The gentleman who had played the part of confessor in the last *tableau* soon divested himself of the long white flowing hair and beard, and loose robe and beads, and as he was passing back of the scene to join the rest of the company, he thrust a letter into the hand of the young girl who was about stepping into the *tableau* frame. This was Honoria Carrol, the daughter of the host. With trembling hands she received the letter, and was about placing it in her bosom, when her brother, who raised the curtain and pronounced the subject of the *tableau*, with a mischievous glance at his sister, and a smothered laugh in his voice, called out, "The First Love Letter." Honoria was thunderstruck, for it was not at all the position she had intended assuming, but with admirable presence of mind she maintained her attitude, while a pleased smile and bright flush rose to her face, and made her look wonderfully lovely.

But the gentleman who had given Honoria the letter gazed upon the fair picture with astonishment and rage, which was not lessened by a conversation he overheard going on near him.

"How magnificently she looks in that crimson and gold lavender, with that dainty piece of lace just relieving her black hair," said a lady.

"Yes," replied another, "the dress was copied from a family portrait, which she is said to resemble very strongly. The original was a flirting dame of the court, a hundred years back, who broke hearts by the dozens, and then laughed at her victims, till she was caught in her own toils by some young gallant, who trifled with her, married another, and she died of a broken heart."

"I am afraid the resemblance extends to more than the person then," said the first speaker, a sour old maid, "for this same Honoria Carrol is the greatest flirt I ever knew. She cares for

nothing, I verily believe, but admiration and conquest, no matter at what expense."

"Was not that Mr. Clayton who did the confessor in the *tableau* just before Honoria?" asked the other, "I believe he is very attentive to her—some say engaged."

"I pity him if it is so," was the reply, "for she will never marry him, though it may please her to keep him dangling after her for a while, without a promise, or if she makes one, she is smart enough to find a good pretext for breaking the engagement."

Frederic Clayton listened and was convinced. For weeks he had been endeavoring to see Honoria alone, but she had always evaded the interview, as he now thought purposely, so he had resolved to write to her and declare his love; but her public exhibition of his letter, which, ignorant of the truth, he believed was done to wound him, irritated him beyond words.

Several *tableaux* had yet to be presented, and all this time Clayton was "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." At length, when the last scene was over, he saw Honoria enter the room still in the same dress in which she had appeared in the *tableau*. There was the same triumphant light in her eye, and the same smile on her lip as before, but she evidently avoided him.

Clayton approached, complimented her on her appearance, and said that as he did not think the attitude which she had purposed assuming was graceful, he had given her the letter in order that a natural expression might be called up to her face, even if it had been an indignant one.

Honoria's lips grew white, but still they smiled, and her eyes sparkled with something more than triumph as she answered gaily,

"Well, don't you think it was well done? Those careless attitudes are so much more graceful than studied ones. But I am glad you have explained that letter. I could not understand it, and I did not, for a moment, suppose you would *presume* to address me seriously in such a manner. You wrote you had reason to hope your love was returned, which was rather too much, as I had never given you cause to believe that I was doing more than amusing myself with you."

As she thus spoke, with a flushed face, she moved away, muttering to herself, "well, I have turned the tables upon him, I think."

Throughout the whole evening, Honoria mingled among the guests in her father's splendid parlors, with gay words and jests, and a self-possession which made Clayton again and again murmur, "she's thoroughly heartless."

But none heard, when she retired for the night,

the groan which now and then rose through her closed lips, nor saw the blanched face and lustreless eyes, over which the heavy lids seemed to close in quivering agony.

The cold winter months passed on, and Honoria Carrol was called as great a coquette as ever. In all the gayest scenes of that season she was pre-eminent for her beauty, her wit, and her fascinating manners. She met Clayton constantly in company, with the same bright smile and passing jest as she had always done; but there were no more duets together, no more wanderings in the conservatory away from the glare of the ball-room, no more appointments for the next day's ride or promenade.

By the spring time rumors of Clayton's engagement to a pretty Southern girl were abroad, and whatever hope Honoria may have had that there had been some mysterious misunderstanding on the night of the *tableau* party, died away as time seemed to confirm the report.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrol now became really anxious about their daughter. The mother was too much a woman of the world for Honoria to confide in, for though in a prosperous love she would have been a most sympathizing friend, in the present case her daughter knew that anger and mortification would be her predominant feeling.

But Honoria had lost her color, her appetite, and her spirits. "The effect of the unusually warm weather," said the mother. "Too much dancing and hot suppers," said the father. So it was decided that they should leave town immediately, for the quiet of the country. There accordingly, they went, and remained till the really hot weather came on, when of course they could no longer rest in the cool of their own home, but like all the rest of the fashionable world, hurried off to Saratoga, there to polka, dress, and worry themselves out of color, appetite, and spirits again.

"I really think Honoria shall not dissipate so much another winter," said Mr. Carrol to his wife, one morning, after they had been at the Springs about a week; for he had seen, through the open door, his daughter throw herself listlessly on the lounge in her own room; "she seems no better than when we came here."

But in a few days the father had no cause for complaint. All his daughter's old spirits had revived; she danced and sung, and rode and flirted with as much zest as formerly. But why? Clayton had arrived with a party from the South, among whom was Miss Harrison, the young girl to whom rumor said he was engaged.

The "season" was drawing to a close, when a fancy ball was proposed, and many who were

just ready to take wing, determined to remain till it should be over. The important matter of dress for the occasion immediately began to be the theme of discussion. Honoria's diplomacy induced her to appear as friendly to Miss Harrison as possible, so going into her room one morning, she said,

"Mary, what do you intend to wear at this ball?"

"Oh," was the reply, "do help me to decide, Honoria, you have so much taste. I have thought of a nun, or a peasant girl, or a dozen other costumes, and I really believe I shall end by being Lady Washington."

"My dear lamb, not one of those things will answer; you are too gay for a nun, too graceful for a thick shod peasant girl, and not half dignified enough for good Lady Washington," replied Honoria, laughing.

"Well, it seems from your statement that I am just suitable for nothing at all," said Mary, rather petulantly.

"Oh, yes," answered Honoria, "I am going as 'night,' and I want you to appear as 'morning,' if you will, the dresses will be so unique; I am sure there will not be another in the room like them, besides one will not be obliged then to support a character, you know; at least by talking."

Miss Harrison gave a delighted assent, and set about busily preparing her costume, the style of which the two girls had decided should be kept secret till they made their appearance in the ball-room.

The night anticipated by so many eager hearts at length arrived. At an early hour, the ball-room was well filled, and Frederic Clayton stood by the door, waiting the entrance of the late comers.

Presently he saw Mr. Carrol, with his daughter and Mary Harrison on either arm, proceeding through the room, bowing to their friends, crowds parting before them, and murmurs of admiration and surprise at the wonderful beauty of the girls, following them.

Miss Harrison's dress was pink illusion, while a rose colored veil starred in silver was thrown over her head, and fastened just above the forehead by a large cluster of diamonds, whose brilliant light very well represented the rising sun. Her whole dress was so airy and graceful, and she so joyous, that she formed a striking contrast to her friend.

Honoria's style was more sombre. Her dress was of black illusion, worked with silver stars, and a black illusion veil, thickly covered with stars, was fastened on the top of her head by a

diamond crescent; whilst a large diamond star was placed on the front of her breast.

Mr. Carrol was soon immersed in the discussion of the "latest advices" with some brother merchants, and the girls were speedily joined by Frederic Clayton.

"Really," said he, laughing, as he gave an arm to each, "I suppose I should have come in yellow, as noon; but indeed, ladies, my complexion wouldn't stand it."

"Or in grey, as twilight," answered Honoria, "but that is so grave and quiet, that I suppose it would not suit a gentleman of your mercurial temperament."

"Oh no, that was not the reason," was the reply, "but in that character I must have been merged entirely into 'morning' or 'night,' and indeed I should not have known which to have chosen."

"Day, unquestionably," said Honoria, "it is so fair and open, you know."

"That's true," answered Clayton, "I do not like the mystery of night, now veiling itself behind clouds, and now bewitching one with its wonderful, mysterious beauty."

"And then dame moon is so changeable, that one does not see her often under the same aspect," retorted Honoria, "but a word in your ear, fair sir, the day after belies the promise of the morning."

Mary Harrison had listened to this conversation, but taken no part in it. It was like Hebrew to her, but she felt that there was an half-hidden bitterness under the playful manner and light words of her companions, but just then a young knight, all waving plumes and velvet and lace, approached the beautiful Aurora, and whirled her off in a waltz as if he had the wings of the flying Mercury in his heels.

"How lovely she is," said Honoria to Clayton, as the two stood watching the retreating figure, while the rose-colored dress and veil seemed to envelope her in airy clouds, "really, your *penchant* for 'morning' is perfectly natural."

Frederic Clayton looked steadily into the dark eyes raised to his as he replied, "I think I rather prefer the night after all, one soon gets accustomed to its coquetish changes, you know."

"Do they?" was the half absent reply. "But, Mr. Clayton, will you not try to find me, and say that I have retired, the heat of the night, and these crowded rooms makes me feel very faint."

"I will find your mother after I have seen you up stairs, Miss Carrol," answered Clayton, hurriedly; "how white you look," and he attempted to lead her up the staircase.

"Bring me a glass of water," he said, to a

servant, who was lounging on the steps looking in at the revellers, but before they had reached the first landing, Honoria fell heavily against him. Clayton threw his arm around her waist, and carried her to the passage way; and as the servant was unusually long doing his errand, as servants always are who should hurry, we judge that the gentleman found other remedies successful in reviving the lady, for when she took the glass with a trembling hand, and attempted to rise, she said,

"Really, Mr. Clayton, you have a most peculiar mode of calling a natural expression to

one's face; but I felt very faint just now, and suppose I required so unheard of a remedy."

"Miss Carrol, will you not hear me for a moment, and then forgive me, if you can"—but a gay burst of music from below made the rest of the sentence audible only to the fair listener, though we judge that she fully heard all that was said, as before that time the next summer, Honoria Carrol had become Mrs. Clayton, and both she and her husband must have been fully satisfied with each other's explanation of "THE FIRST LOVE LETTER."

## THE TWO GRAVES.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

THERE are two graves, far, far apart,  
And the deep sea rolls between;  
O'er one they piled the marble high,  
O'er one the grass grows green.

In the one, within a gorgeous fane,  
Lies she whom I called my bride;  
Before whose feet I knelt of old,  
In her father's halls of pride.

In the one behind the village church,  
Where wild flow'rs nod in prayer,  
Is resting the shade of the purest dream,  
That brightened my life of care!

The one was a maiden proud, and high,  
With the waves of her jetty hair,  
All braided up with jewels rich,  
And pearls and diamonds rare.

The other had curls of sunny light,  
And a smile as faint and mild  
As those which the olden artists paint,  
In their dreams of the young Christ child.

One awed my heart with the prideful glance,  
From her darkling orbs that fell,  
The eyes of the other were purely blue,  
As the home where the angels dwell.

One brought me a title proud and high,  
And pearls, and gold, and lands,  
With serfs to bow at my lightest word,  
And go at my first commands—

The other brought but the earnest love  
That glowed in her star-lit eyes,  
And blest my heart like the downward rays  
From the distant Paradise!

I wedded the one with stately pomp,  
In a proud cathedral aisle,

And bells were ringing in high church towers,  
A sounding chime the while.

I wedded the other as Quakers wed,  
In the forest still and deep,  
When hushed were the sounds of noisy life,  
And the flowers had gone to sleep.

Oh, blithe was my night-haired love and fair,  
And proud was her darkling eye,  
But dearer far was my cottage girl  
With her angel purity.

But the demons wandering over earth,  
For the one spun out a shroud  
And they laid her low, where way lights glow,  
In the old cathedral proud.

The other, when holy stars shine down,  
Was hearing the angels sing,  
And a truant seraph folded her  
In the clasp of his viewless wing!

They told me the one was lying dead,  
And a tear came to mine eye—  
But joy-dreams chased the gloom away,  
And a smile went flitting by.

They told me the other had gone to sleep,  
And I sought the battle's strife,  
For I hated the light of the rosy day,  
And I cursed the light of life.

The one lies still in her far-off tomb,  
Where the tall wax tapers gleam—  
And their ray falls down on the marble shrine  
With a fixed and ruddy beam.

But over the other the night-stars swing,  
When the light of day has fled,  
And the wild winds sigh her gentle name,  
Till I wish that I were dead.

## Z A N A .

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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#### CHAPTER III.

ALL that night I lay awake, thinking of the morrow, longing for daylight, and so impatient of the darkness around me, that I left my bed again and again to fling aside the curtains and look forth for a glow in the east. I had told my adventure, and described the beautiful child to Maria, my kind *bonne*. She heard it all with pleasant curiosity, but strove to subdue the wild impatience with which I panted for another interview with this heavenly creature of my own sex and age.

The next day I started for the spring, and reached it in a glow of expectation, panting with the eager affection that burned like a fire in my bosom. Nothing was there. The grey rock with its trampled lichen, the pool sleeping softly beneath it, and the sweet current rippling through clusters of fragrant mint, alone met my ear and gaze. A few dead blossoms lay upon the rock, mocking me with a withered memento of the joy I had known the day before. I sat down among these blossoms and cried with bitter disappointment. After waiting hours in the hot sun, I returned home weary and disheartened. Why had she broken her promise? how could I ever trust her again if she did come to the spring? Who was she, a real being, or a fairy, who, for one moment, had taken pity on my loneliness, to leave me more desolate than before?

My hopes of seeing her again began to falter greatly after the third day, but still I persisted on going to the rock every morning for a week. The dead flowers among the lichen went to my heart every time I saw them, but I had no courage to brush them into the water, they were, at least, a proof that I had seen her.

One morning, after brooding over my disappointment, wondering and watching as a child, with a heart in its wish, only can wait and watch, I shook away the tears from my eyes and sprang up, nerved with a sort of inspiration. I would search for the child—wander right and left till she was found. I would weep no more, but go

to work, nor yield again to tears while an effort could be made to find her for whose presence I pined.

I clambered up the bank, crossed into the highway, and wandered on toward the village that lay in lovely quietude before me, half veiled in a silvery mist. This village was the world to me, and an eager wish to see what it was like, mingled with a conviction that there I should find the child.

I drew near the village, looking eagerly on each side for the object of my wanderings. The church which, afar off, seemed in the very heart of the place, stood some distance from the large cluster of houses, and I reached this first. It was one of those low stone buildings so common in England, with deep gothic windows, and a single tower draped and overrun with ivy. Behind it was a grave-yard crowded thick with yew and cypress trees, under whose shadows the curious old grave-stones gleamed dimly, as if through the mournful mistiness of a funeral veil.

Near this church, and like it, built of grey stone, to which the ivy clung like a garment, stood a dwelling. White jessamines and creeping roses brightened up the ivy, garlanding the very eaves with blossoms, and a porch which was one mass of honeysuckles, led from a narrow gravel path bordered with flowers, to the front door.

The contrast of life and death was strong between this dwelling and the grave-yard. The one bright with foliage and gay with blossoms, around which the golden bees kept up a constant hum, and birds flitted in and out, too busy for singing, but bending their low, pleasant chirps with the sleepy bee music; the sunshine falling softly on bee, bird, and blossom: the dew here and there fringing the ivy leaves with diamonds, and one high elm tree sweeping over all. The other, that grave-yard, lying within the shadow of the church; the yews and cypress crowding together among the graves like giant mourners at a funeral; and some tall trees looming above all, laden down and black with rooks' nests, around

which the sable birds wheeled and circled in gloomy silence, broken only by an abrupt caw now and then, which fell upon your ear like a cry of pain from one of the graves. Thus it was that these two buildings, the church and parsonage house, struck me at the time. It is strange—I have no idea what possessed me—but I turned from the cheerful dwelling and entered the grave-yard.

The long grass was heavy with dew, and my tiny boots were soon wet to the ankles; but I wandered on among the ancient stones, wondering what they were, and why the joy had all left my heart so suddenly. I bent down and attempted to read the inscription on these stones, but most of the letters were choked up with moss, and of the rest I could make nothing. The great mystery of death had never been made known to me, and this was the first time I had ever seen a grave.

I sat down on a horizontal stone of white marble cut with deep, black letters, and, folding my hands on my lap, looked around saddened to the heart, and in this new impression forgetting the child I had come forth to seek. All at once, a strain of music swept over me from the church, slow, sad, and with a depth of solemnity that made every string in my heart vibrate. As if a choir of angels had summoned me, I arose and walked slowly toward the church. The door was open, and through it swept the music in deep, thrilling gushes, that seemed to bathe me in a solemn torrent of sound.

In the dim light which filled the church I saw a group of persons: some had handkerchiefs to their eyes, and others bent forward as if in prayer.

Directly in front of, what I afterward learned to be, the altar, stood an object that filled me with inexpressible awe. A quantity of black velvet fell over it in deep, gloomy folds, and those nearest it wept bitterly, and with heavy sobs that made my heart swell.

At last the music was hushed. A man stepped down from the altar in long, sweeping robes, whose heavy blackness was relieved by a wave of white sweeping over one shoulder and across his bosom. Some one lifted the masses of velvet, and I saw the flash of silver nails with the gleam of white satin as a lid was flung back.

Then all faded from my sight. I saw nothing but a tall man, also in robes that swept the floor, holding a child by the hand.

I uttered a low cry and moved forward. It was the child I had seen at the spring, but oh, how changed. Her lovely face was bathed in tears; that poor little mouth quivered with the sobs that she was striving to keep back. One dimpled

hand was pressed to her eyes and dripping with tears—the blue ribbons—the pretty white frock, all were laid away; and, in their place, I saw the black sleeve of her mourning dress looped from the white shoulders with knots of crape.

I could not understand the meaning of all this, but my heart was full of her grief. I thought of no one present, but intent on her alone, walked up the aisle, and, flinging my arms around her, began to weep aloud.

The child felt my embrace, gave me a wild look through her tears, and, seeing who it was, forced away the hand her father clasped, and flung herself upon my bosom.

I was about to speak.

“Hush, hush!” whispered the child, in a voice that reminded me of the waters stealing through the violet hollow, it was so liquid with tears, “see!”

Cora drew me closer to the object buried beneath those folds of velvet, and I saw, lying upon a satin pillow fast asleep, as I thought, the sweetest and palest face my young eyes had ever beheld. Waves of soft, golden hair lay upon the temples, and gleamed through the cold transparency of her cap; the waxen hands lay folded over her still heart, pressing down a white rose into the motionless plaits of fine linen that lay upon her bosom. “Has she been long asleep?” I whispered.

“She is dead!” replied the child, with a fresh burst of tears.

Dead—dead! how the word fell upon my heart, uttered thus, with tears and shuddering visible before me in its marble stillness; my very ignorance gave it force and poignancy. I did not know what it meant, but its mysteriousness was terrible; I had no power to question further, but clung to the child no longer weeping, but hushed with awe.

It must have had a singular effect, my scarlet dress and rose colored bonnet, glowing like fire among the funeral vestments around me. But no one attempted to separate me from the child: and when the coffin was lifted, and the music once more swelled through the sacred edifice, we went forth clinging to each other; though one of her hands was clasped in that of her father, I felt quite sure he was unconscious of my presence, for as they closed the coffin I could feel the shudder that ran through his frame, even though I touched the child only. He walked from the church like a blind man, capable of observing nothing but the black cloud that passed on before, sweeping his heart away with it.

We entered the church-yard, and there, beneath one of the tall trees was a newly dug grave: I had

seen it before, but it had no significance then; now my heart stood still as we gathered around it.

The trembling that had shaken the child's frame ceased. We both stood breathless and still as marble while the service was read; but when they lowered the coffin into the grave, I felt the pang that shot through her in every nerve of my own frame. She uttered no sound, but my arm was chilled by the coldness that crept over her neck and shoulders. I do not know how the crowd left us, but we stood alone by the grave with its fresh disjointed sods, and the pale brown earth gleaming desolately through the crevices.

All efforts at self-restraint gave way now that the widower found himself alone, for in our grief children are looked upon like flowers, their sympathy is like a perfume, their innocence soothes the anguish they witness. Their little souls are brimful of beautiful charity, and their presence a foretaste of the heaven to which the Saviour likens them.

He stood in his silent grief, every nerve relaxed, every breath a sigh; his figure drooped, the child's hand fell loosely from his clasp. He leaned against the tree that was to overshadow the beloved one forever, and gazed down upon the grave as if his own soul were buried among the sods, and he were waiting patiently for the angels to come and help him search for it.

I felt that Cora was growing colder and colder. Her face was white as newly fallen snow; she ceased to weep, and allowed me to lead her away to the marble slab I had occupied when the funeral music led me to her.

We sat down together, and she leaned against my shoulder in profound silence, the eyelids closed languidly, and the violet of her eyes tinging their whiteness like a shadow. For some minutes we sat thus, when a hoarse caw from the rooks circling above the tree, at whose foot lay the grave, made her start. She gave a single glance toward the tree, saw her father and the green sods, and, bursting into a fresh agony of tears, cried out,

"She is there—she is there—mother, mother—I have no mother."

This cry awoke a strange pang in my own bosom; for the first time there was entire sisterhood in our grief. Mother, mother, that was the thing for which I had pined, that was my own great want—I had felt it in the meadow when the lark fed its young—I had felt it in my convalescence—in the picture gallery—everywhere, and now this harrassing want was her's also. As she cried aloud for her mother, so did my soul

echo it; and, as if her own lips had uttered the sound, I wailed forth,

"Mother, mother—I have no mother!"

With that we flung our arms around each other, as flowers sometimes twine their stems in the dark, and were silent again.

But this intense excitement could not last with children so impulsive and so ardent. After a while Cora began to be impatient of her father's immovability, it frightened her.

"Let us go to him," she whispered; "he seems falling to sleep as she did. How white and still his hands look, falling so loosely against the black robe."

We crept toward the stricken man, and stood beside him in breathless awe. He did not observe us; his eyes riveted themselves upon the sods; the drooping of his limbs increased: he seemed about to seat himself on the earth.

Cora took his nerveless hand between her's, and raised her great blue eyes, now full of a light more touching than tears, to his face.

"Papa, papa, come home; you told me that she would never wake up again."

He turned his heavy eyes upon the child with a look of questioning weariness, as if he had not comprehended her, and remained gazing in her face, while a mournful smile parted his lips.

"Come!" said the child, pulling gently at his hand—"come!"

He yielded to her infant force as if he were himself a child to be thus guided, and walked with a feeble step toward the house. But its cheerfulness mocked him—bees that had been gathering stores from the honeysuckle porch—birds lodged in the great elm, and a thousand summer insects that love the sunshine, all set up a clamor of melody that made him shrink as if some violence had been offered. He said nothing, but I could see the color fade like mist from his lips. We had brought him too suddenly from the shadows of the grave; the soul requires time before it can leave the vale of tears to stand uncovered in the sunshine. We entered a little parlor, very simple in its adornments, but neat and cheerful as a room could be. The casements were draped with foliage, and this gave a soft twilight to the apartment, that soothed us all.

He sat down in a large, easy-chair, draped with white dimity, that gave a strong contrast to his black robe. Cora climbed to his knee, and put up her pale lips for a kiss; but he did not heed the action, and I saw her pretty eyes fill with tears—she, poor thing, who had shed so many that day.

I could not bear that look of sorrow, and pressed close up to his other knee.



"Sir, papa," for she had called him this: and why should not any other child? "Papa, Cora wants to kiss you, she has been trying and trying, but you don't mind in the least."

He looked at me with a bewildered stare, glancing down from my face to the brilliant garments that contrasted like flame against his black robe.

"It is Cora, poor little Cora, you should look at, not me," I said. "Look, her eyes are full again, and she has cried herself almost to death before."

He looked at the child. The hard gloom melted from his eyes, and drawing her to his bosom he dissolved into tears.

I took his hand and kissed it. I pressed my lips down on the child's feet, and smoothed her mourning frock with my hands. Tears were flashing like hail-stones down my own cheeks, and yet there was joy in my heart. Though a child, I knew that the worst part of his grief had passed away. Poor little Cora, how she clung and wept, and nestled in his bosom. His strange coldness had seemed like a second death to the child. I felt that both were happier, and looked on with a glow of the heart.

"My child—my poor, poor orphan," he murmured, kissing her forehead, while one little pale cheek was pressed to his bosom—"my orphan, my orphan——"

"What is an orphan, papa?" questioned the child, lifting up her face, and gazing at him through her tears. "What is an orphan?"

"It is a child who has no mother, Cora," was the low and mournful reply.

My heart listened, and I felt to its innermost fold that there was a mysterious sisterhood between the child and myself.

Cora had withdrawn from her father's bosom, and sat upright on his knee listening to him. There was a moment's silence, and then, for the first time, he seemed perfectly conscious of my presence.

"And who is this?" he inquired, laying his hand on my head with mournful kindness.

"I am an orphan like her," was my answer.

"Poor child!" he murmured, gently smoothing my hair again. "But how came you here? You have been crying too—what has chanced to grieve you?"

"They were crying, all except you," I answered. "I was looking for her, down at the brook spring; something told me to walk on—on—on till I came here. I saw Cora and that beautiful lady on the satin pillow, with all the black velvet lying so heavily over her. Cora was very unhappy: so was I; that is all."

"But who are you? What is your name?" he asked, looking tenderly in my face.

"Zana is my name?"

"Zana, what more? You have another name!"

"No—Zana, that is all."

"But who is your father?"

The question puzzled me, I did not know its meaning; no one had ever asked after my father before.

"My father!" I said, doubtfully.

"Yes, your father; is he living?"

"I don't know!"

"But his name, what was that?"

"I don't know!"

"Then you are indeed an orphan, poor thing."

"I have no mother; isn't that an orphan?"

"Truly it is, poor infant—but where do you live?"

"On the Rock, by the little spring pond; don't you remember, papa?" said Cora, beginning to brighten up.

"Yes, I remember," he replied, sinking back into the sorrowful gloom, from which my strange appearance had aroused him; "and this was the child then who made your pretty violet wreath?"

"Mamma smiled, don't you remember, when she saw me with it on, and said it was so lovely!" answered the child, with animation.

"She never looked on you, my poor darling, without a smile," answered the father, so sadly that my heart swelled once more.

He seemed to forget me again, and sat gazing wistfully on the floor; Cora too was exhausted by excess of weeping, and I saw that her beautiful eyelids were drooping like the over ripe leaves of a white rose. With a feeling that it was kind and right, I stole from the room and made my way home. It was a long walk, and I reached the cottage in a terrible state of exhaustion. My kind-hearted bonne took me in her arms without annoying questions, and I sighed myself to sleep on her bosom.

The next morning Turner called, and I told him my mournful adventure. He seemed greatly interested, and, after listening very attentively, sunk into a train of thought, still holding me on his knee. At last he addressed Maria,

"This may prove a good thing for the child," he said. "It is strange we never thought of it before. The curate's daughter is just the companion for Zana, and as they teach her at home it is possible—but we will think more of it."

Turner placed me on the floor as he spoke, and, taking Maria on one side, conversed with her for some time. Meantime I was eager to reach the parsonage once more—I felt that Cora would be expecting me—that I might even be

wanted by the broken-hearted man, whose grief had filled my whole being with sympathy.

I ran up stairs, put on my bonnet and little black silk mantilla with its rich garniture of lace, and pulling Turner by the coat, gave him and Maria a hasty good morning.

"Wait," said the kind old fellow, seizing my hand—"wait a bit, and I will go with you. All that I dread," he continued, turning to Maria, "is the questions that he will naturally ask."

"Oh, but you can evade them," answered Maria.

"Yes, by telling all that I absolutely know, nothing more nor less, and that every servant at the Hall can confirm; I must stick to simple facts, no conjectures nor convictions without proof; no man has a right to ask them."

I had gathered a basket of fruit that morning before the dew was off, and had buried the glowing treasure beneath a quantity of jessamine and daphna blossoms, for some intuition told me that pure white flowers were most fitted for the house of mourning. With this precious little basket on my arm, I waited impatiently for Turner to start if he was indeed going with me. But there was hesitation and reluctance in his manner, though at last he yielded to my importunity, and we set out.

It was a pleasant walk, and my enjoyment of its beauty was perfect. I had an object, something to fix my heart upon; the dreamy portion of my life was over, I began to know myself as a thinking, acting being.

We entered the parsonage. Mr. Clarke was in the parlor, sitting in the easy-chair exactly as I had left him the day before, with his silk robe on—and his eyes, heavy with grief, were bent upon the floor. Emboldened by the affection which had sprung up in my heart for this lone man, I went up to him as his own child might have done, and, kneeling down, kissed the hand which fell languidly by his side.

He did not lift his eyes, but resting his hand on my head, whispered softly,

"Bless thee—bless thee, my poor orphan."

He evidently mistook me for his own child.

"It is not little Cora, only me," I said—"me and Mr. Turner."

He looked up, saw Turner, standing near the door, shook his head sadly, and dropped into the old position.

I swept the white blossoms to one end of my basket and exposed the cherries underneath, red and glowing as if the sunshine that had ripened them were breaking back to the surface again.

"I picked them for you my ownself," I said, holding up the basket—"for you and Cora."

Poor man, his lips were white and parched, it is probable he had not tasted food all the previous day! With a patient, thoughtful smile he took a cluster of the cherries, and my heart rose as I saw how much the grateful fruit refreshed him.

"This is a strange little creature," he said, at last addressing Turner. "She was with us yesterday, and it seemed as if God had sent one of his cherubs. Truly of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

Dear old Turner, how his face began to work.

"She is a good girl—a very good girl. We've done all we could to spoil her like two old fools, her bonne and I: but somehow she's too much for us, as for the spoiling it isn't to be done."

I saw Cora through an open door, and laying a double handful of the cherries on her father's robe, ran toward her. She looked pale, poor thing, and her sweet eyes were dull and heavy. She was in a little room that opened to the parlor, and, still in her long linen night-gown, and with her golden curls breaking from a tiny muslin cap, lay upon the cushions of a chintz sofa; for, it seems, she had refused to be taken entirely from her father, and he had spent his night in the easy-chair.

"He was aching terribly," she said; "she had been awake some time, but papa was so still that it frightened her. She was afraid that he had gone to sleep like her mother, and never would wake up again."

The quick sympathies of girlhood soon rendered us both more cheerful. She began to smile when her father's voice reached us, and refreshed her sweet lips with my cherries, in childish forgetfulness of the sorrow that had rendered them so pale.

"I'm so glad you have come," she said, leaving the sofa, and gathering up her night-gown till both rosy little feet were exposed upon the matting, she ran to a side door and looked out, calling, "Sarah Blake—Sarah Blake!"

A servant girl, plump and hearty, with little, grey eyes, and cheeks red as the cherries in my basket, answered the summons. She looked upon me with apparent curiosity and evident kindness, and taking Cora in her arms, said, "so this is the strange little lady."

"Isn't she nice?" whispered Cora. "Isn't she like a star?"

"Yes, she is a nice playmate, I'm glad you've found her, Miss Cora, only one would like to know just who she is."

I sat down on the matting, as the door closed after them, and taking up the white flowers began to weave them into a crown. It was an

irresistible habit, that of sorting and combining any flowers that came within my reach. I often did this unconsciously and with a sort of affectionate carelessness; for the rude handling of a blossom gave me pain. It seemed to me impossible that they did not suffer as a child might, so, with a light touch, I wove my garland thick and heavy with leaves and blossoms. I never felt lonely when flowers were my companions, they seemed to me like a beautiful alphabet, which God had given me, that I might fashion out with them the mystic language of my own heart.

The voices of Turner and the curate reached me from the next room; they were conversing in a low tone, but I could hear that the stricken man was shaking off the apathy of his grief. There was interest and depth in his tone; as they talked, the door, which had been but half on the latch, swung open a little, and I heard him say,

"It is a strange and touching history. Have you made any effort to learn how she came to this forlorn condition?"

"Every effort that a human being could make."

"And you have literally no information beyond the morning when you took her from the door-step?"

"None whatever."

"Cannot she herself remember enough to give some clue?"

"Illness must have driven everything from her memory. The mere effort to recollect seems to shake her very existence. I will never attempt it again."

"She *must* be of good birth," said the curate, thoughtfully, "never did human face give more beautiful evidence of gentle blood."

"I never doubted that," answered Turner, quickly.

"Strange, very strange," murmured the curate.

"Is there any hope that you will aid us, sir?" said Turner, who used few words at any time, and evidently found the prolonged deliberations of the curate annoying.

"How can you ask?" replied the curate, gently. "I thought that was settled long ago; were she the poorest vagrant that ever asked alms, I would do my best to aid her. As it is, can I ever forget yesterday? Mr. Turner, we sometimes *do* find angels in our path—this one we shall not entertain unawares. I know that she will prove a blessing to this desolated house." I dropped the flowers in my lap, and began to listen breathlessly. His beautiful faith in my future—his solemn trust in the good that was in

me fell like an inspiration upon my soul. From that hour my devotion to that good man and his daughter was a religious obligation—yes, a religious obligation before I knew what religion meant.

"Ah! if *she* had only been near to help us," said the curate, and his eyes filled with those quiet, dewy tears with which God first waters a grief-stricken heart before he lets in the sunshine to which it has become unused. Tears and sunshine that sometimes make the soul blossom again with more than the brightness of childhood.

A strange thought came over me. I laid down the wreath and glided softly to the curate's chair.

"They told us yesterday that she had gone to God," I whispered, looking in his face with a sort of holy courage. "Is God so far off that she cannot help us?"

The curate gazed at me with a strange look at first, then a beautiful smile parted his lips, and laying both hands on my head, he gazed in my face still smiling, while his eyes slowly filled.

That moment little Cora came in. Her father reached forth his hand and drew her arm around my neck.

"Little children, love one another," he said, and falling back in his chair, with the smile still upon his lips, he closed his eyes, but great tears forced themselves from under the lids and rolled slowly downward.

I drew back with the child, and with our arms interlinked we glided into the next room. I took up my crown of white blossoms, and, as if she read the thought in my bosom, Cora whispered, "mamma, is it for her?" We stole through the parlor again, and went out. The curate sat with his eyes closed, and Turner had an elbow on each knee, with both hands supporting his forehead.

Without speaking a word, Cora and I turned an angle of the church and entered the graveyard. It looked more cheerful than it had appeared the day before. Long glances of sunshine shot across it, and some stray birds had lost themselves in the cypress trees, and seemed trying to sing their way out.

We laid our garland down upon the bleak, new grave of Cora's mother, just over the spot where we knew her cold heart was sleeping—its faint perfume spread like an angel's breath all over the grave, and we went softly away, feeling that she knew what we had done.

From that day my life was divided between the parsonage and the only home I had ever known. Turner had proved a more efficient consoler of the curate than a thousand sermons

could have been. In the hour of his deepest grief, he had opened a new channel for his affections as new means of usefulness. The overpowering anguish, that had almost swept him from the earth in twenty-four hours, never returned again. He would often say, looking upon us children with a peaceful smile,

"She is with God, and He is everywhere."

None but a good man could have been so easily won from such grief by the simple power of aiding others, for his wife had been the most devoted and loving creature that the sun ever shone upon, and her death was sudden as the flash of lightning that darts from a summer cloud. A disease of the heart, insidious and unsuspected till the moment of her death, had left her lifeless, in the morning, upon the pillow to which she had retired at night with trusting prayers and innocent smiles.

Thus I became the pupil of Mr. Clarke—the sister, nay, more than the sister of his child; and now, heart and mind, my whole nature began to expand. My profound ignorance of English life was slowly enlightened. The history of my native land was no longer a sealed book. I began to comprehend the distinctions that existed in society. The principles of government, the glorious advantages which follow each step that nations take toward freedom. I confess it took me a long time to comprehend why one man should, without effort of his own, possess lands that stretched from horizon to horizon—like Lord Clare—while others, who toiled from sun to sun, could scarce secure the necessities of existence, nor have I yet solved the question satisfactorily to my sense of right.

No life can be really monotonous in which taste is gratified and knowledge acquired, certainly not where the heart is allowed to put forth its natural affections and weave them around worthy objects.

Cora and I took our lessons together, but she had little of that eager thirst for knowledge which possessed me; gentle, caressing and indolent, to escape her lessons was a relief, while I devoured mine, and found time for the gratification of a thousand fancies that she was ready to praise, but unwilling to share.

It is said that women of opposite natures are most likely to find sympathy with each other. I do not believe this, either in men or women. In order to perfect companionship, tastes, habits, intellectual aspirations, nay, even physical health must assimilate.

I believe no human being ever loved another more thoroughly than I loved Cora Clarke. To say that I would have given my life to save her's

would be little, for life is not always the greatest sacrifice one human soul can make to another—but I would have yielded up any one of the great hopes of my existence, could the sacrifice have secured her happiness, and even in my childish heart these hopes were planted with roots of fire; but in less than three years I had outgrown Cora's companionship. My love, though unbounded, had a sense of protection in it. It was the caressing affection of a mother for her child, or an elder sister for her orphan charge.

Strange as it may seem, the companionship so essential to my character was found more thoroughly in the father than the child. He never wearied of teaching, and I never remember to have become tired of learning. My appreciation of all his arguments—and they were vast—was perfect. My love for him was more than that of a daughter for her parent.

From the time I first entered his house, I had a conviction that, in some way, the love that I bore for these two persons would be brought into powerful action—that I should be called upon to support them in some great trouble, and that my own destiny was in some mystical way bound up in them. Thus time passed happily enough, till I reached my eleventh year. Lord Clare was still abroad in the far east, it was said, and I had begun to think of him as one dwells upon the characters in a history. The name had become familiar now, and I ceased to feel any extraordinary interest in it such as had first impressed me.

Certainly I knew something of his history. Mr. Clarke had told me of the sudden and singular death which had overtaken Lady Clare on the night of her marriage, and of the great probability that the earl would never marry again, in which case his nephew, the Eatonian, would come in possession of the title and several large estates entailed with it.

One thing, I remember, interested me a good deal, for I was at the time informing myself regarding the hereditary privileges of the British nobility, and it was fixed upon my memory that this particular title, and its estates, descended alike to male or female heirs, as they happened to fall in succession, while a large property, acquired by Lord Clare's marriage, might be disposed of by deed or will.

I still possessed Jupiter, my beautiful black pony, and frequently rode him to the parsonage, taking a canter over the park before returning home. The Hall was still unoccupied, except by a servant or two, and my freedom in this respect was unchecked, because Turner supposed it to be without danger of any kind.

One day—I think this was a month after I entered upon my eleventh year—I took a fine, free gallop toward a portion of the park which has been mentioned as commanding a view of the Green Hurst.

I checked my pony on a ridge of upland, and was looking toward this house which, from the first, had contained a mysterious interest to me, when a man came suddenly from behind a clump of trees at my right, and walking up to Jupiter, threw his arm over the animal's neck.

I was not terrified, but this abrupt movement filled me with surprise, and, without speaking a word, I bent my gaze searchingly on his face and figure.

He was a man of middle age, spare and muscular, of swarthy complexion, and with eyes so black and burning in their glance, that mine sunk under them as if they had come in sudden contact with fire.

"What is your name?" he said, still keeping those fierce eyes on my face.

"Take your arm off Jupiter's neck," I answered, "he is not used to strangers."

He laughed, revealing a row of firm, white teeth that gave a ferocious expression to his whole countenance.

"I am almost answered," he said, with a low chuckle, "the blood spoke out there!"

His language was broken, and his appearance strange, I was sure that he came from foreign parts, and looked at him with curiosity unmixed with fear.

"Take your arm away," I repeated, angrily, "you shall not hurt my horse!"

He removed his arm, with another laugh, and then said, in a low, wheedling tone, that gave me a sensation nearer affright than I had yet known.

"Well, my little queen, I have taken my arm away; now tell me your name."

"Why do you wish to know it?" I demanded.

"Perhaps I have a reason, perhaps not, only tell me, if it is no secret."

"My name is Zana," I answered, reddening, for somehow the subject had become painful to me.

"In England, people have two names," he replied.

"But I have only one."

"And that is Zana—nothing more, ha?"

"I have told you."

"That should be enough," he muttered, "but it is well to be certain. Where do you live?" he added.

"Down yonder," I replied, pointing with my whip in the direction of my home.

"In a stone house, cut up with galleries, notched with balconies, buried in trees and smothered in flowers," he demanded.

"That is my home," I replied, astonished at the accuracy of his description.

"And how long have you lived there?"

"I do not know why you ask, but it is no secret, I have lived there five years."

"That is, since about the time that Lady Clare died," he observed, as if making a calculation.

"I believe it is," was my answer.

He hesitated a moment, and then said, in a courteous voice,

"Who is your father?"

I had learned to blush at my incapacity to answer this question, and when it was thus abruptly put, the temper burned in my cheek. Rising up, haughtily, in my saddle, I gave the bridle an abrupt pull, and poor Jupiter a lash that set him off like an arrow. He almost knocked the man down; I looked back to learn if he was harmed. He called after me in a language that I had never heard spoken before, at least that I could remember, but I understood it. The man was showering curses upon me or my horse.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE GRAVE OF ROBIN HOOD.

BY H. J. VERNON.

In an ancient forest's shade,  
Lies a grassy grave.  
There, in simple grandeur laid,  
Sleeps a patriot brave.  
Centuries have come and gone  
Since the hero died,  
But the name of Robin Hood  
Still is England's pride.

Pause, for by a holier grave,  
Foot has never trod.  
Grandeur than a minster's nave  
Is this simple sod.  
Tyrants called him outlaw, but  
'Mid the great and good,  
High in Freedom's Pantheon,  
Stands bold Robin Hood.

## AN UMBRELLA STORY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

RAIN, rain, rain! Would it never stop? For days, for weeks, for *months* almost, there had been a continual pouring; a small patch of blue sky, and a slight gleam of sunshine, like a delusive ignis fatuus, would bring people out, as it seems, for the express purpose of being drenched through. Even Peter Rugg, with his everlasting horse and gig, must now be discouraged from his round; and it only needed Mount Ararat and the ark to make a second edition of the deluge complete.

It was amusing, to those who were safely housed, to sit at their windows and watch those who were fated to struggle with the dripping element; but never, perhaps, was the memorable speech of the frogs more completely shadowed forth in human type, than in the countenances of those unfortunates whose patience was trebly assailed by perverse umbrellas, an unrequested shower-bath, and smiles on faces that were only protected from the same evils by a pane of glass—surely, their ill-temper should have been forgiven them!

The swarm of locusts in ancient Egypt was nothing to the swarm of umbrellas that darkened the streets; and, like most other things unaccustomed to license, they took advantage of the circumstance. They became entangled together—they made desperate attacks upon the eyes of pedestrians—they wrenched themselves from the hands of their owners—they did everything, but keep off the rain. The moment that the drops began to fall a sudden eruption of umbrellas ensued, as though they had come down with the rain, or been thrown up from the bowels of the earth; and every man, woman, and child, was travelling under a black shed whose advent was certainly a triumph over mushrooms.

Moses Geldthorp was an old bachelor; one of those unfortunate beings who are the victims of designing landladies—the prey of thievish servants—and shuttle-cocks to the world in general. Why don't somebody institute a revolt in their favor? Why can they not be allowed to pursue the tenor of their own way, whether even or not? Even if their inclinations should lead them to adopt Mrs. Chick's suggestion, and walk on the ceiling like the flies—provided, of course, that the persons of those below were insured from

accident. Such were the reflections in which Moses indulged, quite in a good-natured way; and he had fallen into the habit of asking himself questions without expecting any answers.

Still, he was by no means ungrateful for blessings; one of these was a landlady with whom he had boarded for years, and here Moses found himself so tenderly cared-for, and all his possessions in such excellent order, that, not being initiated into the mysteries of machinery by which it was accomplished, he adopted the current impression among the sex that "*man* wants but little here below." All he can get may be *little*, but he wants it, nevertheless.

Moses was the possessor of an independent property; and having distinguished his youth by receiving this bequest from a relative, he was now content to repose upon his laurels, and under the shade of Mrs. Elmfield's vine and fig-tree. In early youth, Moses had been distinguished for a good-natured drollery of manner, which rendered his society welcome in every circle that he frequented; and age and prosperity had not soured his temper. He was one of those easy, smiling gentlemen, who are always patting little children on the head, giving sixpences to ragged boys, assisting ladies in all sorts of dilemmas, and being taken in with the greatest good-nature. Moses could tell an excellent story—a more amusing and improbable one than any of Mrs. Elmfield's inmates; and while the elements were doing their best without, he was reigning within, the undisputed monarch of an eager circle of listeners.

The youngest boarder at Mrs. Elmfield's was Frank Ranger; and, although the two were sworn friends, never, perhaps, was there a greater contrast than between him and Moses Geldthorp. Moses had been erected upon a most liberal scale—he always took up more room in an omnibus, and wore the largest coats in the house; while Frank Ranger, though tall, had a slight, elegant figure, and an expression that was half melancholy, and half proud. He was young, talented, and poor; he found himself in the unenviable position of a lawyer without clients; and to punish himself for this misfortune, he seemed resolved to find as little enjoyment in the world as possible.

Moses Geldthorp had tried in vain to own an umbrella. He was the very man to have it stolen from him, to lend it to a lady, and never receive it again, and to dispose of it in every possible way. Could the ghosts of all the umbrellas that have been borrowed or stolen from the good-natured bachelor but rise up together, what an assemblage they would make! What a confederacy of whalebone, silk and cotton! And oh! what tales could they unfold of toil, and wrong, and cruelty!

Moses had nearly spent a small fortune in umbrellas, between original purchases and rewards for their recovery, when he smilingly made the discovery that Fate had resolved upon his performing his pilgrimage through the world umbrella-less, at least umbrellas would not stay with him, but took to themselves wings and flew away. He received the conviction easily, as he did every other *contre-temps*, and resolved to do no more battle in behalf of umbrellas.

The most sensible thing, in a storm, next to carrying an umbrella oneself, is to select a friend who patronizes that useful article; and this Moses took care to do. Frank Ranger was the very person to manage an umbrella; his strength of character was equal to all its windings and turnings. With him it was a thing to have and to hold forevermore; and being rather given to tragedy, an attack upon his umbrella would, doubtless, have produced an outburst equal to that of Fitz James:

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I!"

He *always* had an umbrella; his name, written in legible characters upon the handle, seemed to defy all who would endeavor to deprive him of his property; and Moses wondered in vain how he contrived to retain it. In stormy weather they sallied forth together; Frank carrying the umbrella, and his friend humbly content under its borrowed shelter.

It was on a never-to-be-forgotten day, in that dreary catalogue of rain, when the sun had condescended to shine for two hours together, that the two friends went forth for an aimless stroll. Frank and his umbrella never parted company now-a-days; and although it didn't rain, it was best to be prepared for an emergency, so it was taken as usual; while Moses carried a heavy cane, which, he was convinced, gave him a very important look. They walked on; Frank moody and absorbed in his own thoughts—his companion effervescing with good-humor, and liberal of remarks upon all who passed.

Suddenly the air was darkened by a shower

of umbrellas—the stones were sprinkled with quickly falling drops—handkerchiefs were tied over new bonnets—and those who had no umbrellas took to their heels. Frank walked on with his umbrella closed—apparently unmindful of the rain; and Moses cared too little for causes and effects in general to be disturbed by it. His attention was soon attracted by two pretty-looking girls, in fresh, spring dresses, who were walking just in front, and seemed to be in great distress for their white bonnets. Never before had he so much regretted the slippery character of the umbrellas that had deserted him; and he was just upon the point of requesting Frank's, when that individual, as if suddenly awakened from a dream, gleamed toward the woe-begone damsels—dashed past him—and offered his arm and umbrella at the same time.

Moses' eyes were bent upon the pretty face of the inside one; there would be no harm done, and the temptation was too strong to be resisted; so, almost at the same moment, he sprang forward, and elevating his cane with an important air, said: "Allow me, Miss," as though it were an umbrella. The young lady took his arm in the style of a drowning man catching at a straw; and falling behind the other two, they travelled on at a rapid pace.

Moses preserved a grave countenance, which he found somewhat of a task under the circumstances; but his companion was constantly nestling closer, as though doubtful of receiving her share of the umbrella. She dodged the drops continually, and feared that Moses considered *his* hat of more consequence than *her's*. Moses, with great politeness, would make a meaningless show of inclining the imaginary umbrella over her head; and, for a few moments, she would appear satisfied. But then her restlessness again continued; and she seemed to avoid looking in the face of her companion. Not so Moses; he had improved his opportunity well, and found himself linked with about five feet two of graceful young ladyhood, blue eyes, and a face fair, and somewhat pensive.

Frank's charge had beaming, mischievous black eyes, and a round, roughish face, that seemed constantly on the look-out for a subject of merriment. She and Frank were talking in a low tone with all the ease of old acquaintances; and Moses resolved to punish him for not having mentioned this acquaintance to *him*.

Suddenly, the front couple looked around: the young lady glanced at her cousin, Moses, and the cane, and then burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Frank followed her example; and the blue-eyed damsel, supposing her acceptance of

a stranger's arm the cause of their merriment, blushed in painful confusion. But her mischievous cousin was looking up at the cane—so was Frank—and, following the direction of their eyes, she too looked. She then glanced at Moses.

"Why, sir!" she exclaimed, in the greatest innocence, "your umbrella has no top to it!"

Her companion's gravity was completely upset.

"No, madam," said he, with a polite bow, "I am sorry to say that it never had any!"

The merriment of the others was almost uncontrollable; and although the white bonnet and lilac silk dress were now complete wrecks, a smile was soon dimpling the cheek of the pensive-looking damsel. Frank now performed a wonder of magnanimity; for, resigning his place beside his lady-love, he went back to Moses, and the two cousins proceeded together with the umbrella. A thousand apologies were made for his remissness—a thousand pardons begged by the penitent Moses—and he was informed that the blue-eyed young lady was Miss Bulder, and the other one, Miss Markton.

With much talking and laughing, they approached a handsome house, with white marble steps; and as the gentlemen declined an invitation to enter, the young ladies expressed their thanks, and bade them adieu. Moses could not help thinking, as he turned homeward, of the merry gleam in Annie Bulder's eye—it was somewhat ominous; he remembered that seemingly quiet people were often the deepest in mischief, after all.

"That was a beautiful performance of yours," said Frank, after an interval of silence, "I should think that Miss Bulder would never speak to you again."

"You really believe, then, that she is angry?" asked Moses, in some alarm.

"Angry?" replied his companion, "oh, no! certainly not—young ladies are particularly fond of having their new dresses spoiled. But what possessed you to do it? I concluded that you had borrowed an umbrella of some one."

"You mean," returned Moses, "that the small circumstance of our existence had entirely passed from your memory. As to the how I came to do it, why, I was so bewildered by a pair of blue eyes that I was unconscious of everything save an intense desire to walk beside the owner of those eyes, and have her arm in mine. She looked toward me beseechingly, and 'upon this hint I spoke.'"

"Well," observed Frank, "I do not envy you your position."

With this consoling remark he entered Mrs. Kimbeld's door, and the friends separated. Poor

Moses! his dreams, that night, were haunted by the sweet face of Annie Bulder, turned into a fury, and holding up before him a discolored dress and dilapidated bonnet. What to do he didn't know; but, before long, he formed a plan of reparation, which, on account of its very wisdom, he resolved not impart to Frank until he could carry it out in perfection.

Moses became suddenly addicted to mysterious excursions; and, Frank, although somewhat puzzled, was too much engrossed by his own affairs to waste time in idle curiosity. But Moses was full of reproaches for his unfriendly secrecy; and at last drew from Frank the confession that he had been for some time engaged to Miss Markton—that she was as poor as himself—and that her cousin, Miss Bulder, was the aim of fortune-hunters of every grade.

"You don't mean to say, then, that I have fancied an heiress!" exclaimed Moses, in evident disappointment.

"I think it quite likely," replied Frank, with a smile, "but, don't be alarmed—perhaps she will not fancy you."

"That is just what I feared," said Moses, mournfully, "I thought it barely possible that a young, pretty girl, as poor even as a church-mouse, would not laugh at an offer from me—but an heiress, too! How unfortunate!"

"Miss Bulder should hear you," said Frank, "I do not wish to marry an heiress," he continued, "neither do I mean to covet; but if Miss Bulder's uncle had been my uncle, and made me his heir, I should feel better satisfied."

Moses smiled at the distinction; and now, that he was aware of Frank's fresh difficulties, his generous heart set about some mode of improvement, but it seemed difficult to decide upon any thing that might not wound the young gentleman's pride. A large sum of money in a blank envelope suggested itself, but Frank would certainly guess him; and he remained in a perfect fever of restlessness. Frank was somewhat surprised that his invitation to call upon the young ladies should be declined; but Moses looked mysterious, and said something about not being ready, and he was obliged to go alone.

He was still more surprised when his friend, with great secrecy, conducted him into his apartment, and opening a bureau-drawer, displayed to his astonished eyes a very gaudy silk dress, and a massive bracelet.

"What does this mean?" inquired Frank.

"For Miss Bulder," said Moses, pointing to the slip of paper on the dress, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. "I couldn't manage to find a bonnet," he continued, "the



milliners all looked so quizzical when I entered their shops—but this bracelet is worth more than twenty bonnets. Don't you think she will like them?"

Moses regarded his purchases with an admiring eye; but Frank, who was rather more experienced in worldly matters, indulged, much to his companion's astonishment, in a hearty fit of laughter. It was so like Moses; the dress was exactly such a one as he might be expected to select, or any other unfortunate masculine left to the tender mercies of dry-good clerks.

"Don't you know," said Frank, when he had recovered his gravity, "that you are only making matters worse by this magnificent expenditure? Were you to send these things, you would never find Miss Bulder at home—call as often as you might."

Moses' face, which had hitherto worn an expression of rapturous satisfaction, began to look cloudy.

"What shall I do with them?" said he, in a doleful tone.

"As to the dress," replied Frank, with rather a contemptuous glance at the resplendent fabric, "I advise you to present that to Susan, as a reward for keeping your room in such excellent order; the bracelet you had better lay aside, and see what turns up."

Poor Moses! It was without a fraction of the Micawber faith in "turning up" that he mournfully replaced the bracelet amid its folds of cotton, and locked it in his private drawer. Susan's eyes were delighted with the silk dress, radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, and she thought Mr. Geldthorp the very nicest gentleman that she had ever seen. Moses little imagined, during his industrious perambulations around the city, that he was exercising his taste and feet to gratify the chambermaid; but his accommodating temper, having failed of the height to which he aspired, became contented with the little.

Frank introduced his friend, trembling and agitated, into the presence of the pretty cousins; and, embarrassed by the recollections of their former meeting, Moses appeared very much like an overgrown Toots. Some wise person has observed that your really good man is the most diffident being in creation; and it was partly owing to his real superiority of heart that Moses Geldthorp found it so difficult to assert his own merits. Annie Bulder kindly endeavored to relieve his confusion; and Moses soon made the discovery that she was no ordinary girl, and wondered what Frank saw to admire so much in "that giggling Miss Markton."

From that day the two were constantly at the

house. The other boarders laughed; they called them the Siamese twins, and wondered if they always hunted in couples; but Moses was too happy to care—and as to Frank, piercing the hide of a rhinoceros was as easy a task as to annoy him with ridicule.

"I can't imagine," observed Moses, one evening, when the two were locked up together in Frank's room, "what perverse fate sent me out with you that showery day—nor can I imagine," he added, more apropos than usual, "what ever became of all my umbrellas!"

Frank knocked the ashes out of his cigar, (he smoked, but Moses didn't) and inquired if his friend had grown tired of Miss Bulder.

"Dombey and Son" had not then made its appearance, or Moses would certainly have replied in the enthusiastic language of Toots, when he expressed a wish to be transformed into Miss Dombey's dog. As it was, he merely shook his head, and observed thoughtfully,

"If Miss Bulder could only meet with some mishap—lose her fortune, you know—or have the small-pox—provided that she got over it."

"I should feel better satisfied with her as she is," said Frank.

"There might *then* be some chance of her being satisfied with me," returned Moses, humbly.

"Moses, my dear friend," said the young lawyer, impressively, as he ensconced himself in his overcoat, "when I was at the winsome age of five years—a young nondescript in frocks that were all pockets and any quantity of gilt buttons—I went to dinner, one day, with 'a well-behaved little boy' of my own age. I conducted myself as usual: asked for what I wanted, and if refused, clamored until I got it; I was stuffed with every thing on the table, and petted by the company—while the well-behaved child, who had not once spoken, was, somewhere near the conclusion of the meal, rewarded with a chicken-wing. Young as I was, I became impressed with the conviction that modesty didn't pay. You can draw what inference you please."

So saying, he coolly walked out, and left Moses meditating desperate things over the expiring embers. Handy Andy was lying on the table; and Moses pondered deeply over the reprimand of the disappointed mother, when Andy, having escaped from the infuriated claws of Matty and her lover, relates his humble manner of ingratiating himself with his newly and unexpectedly made lady: "You Omelharon, you! *Make a woman believe that you're no better nor her, an' she'll like you!*"

But Moses shook his head despairingly. The nursery rhyme that had so puzzled his childhood,

in which a cow jumped over the moon, was nothing to the wild impracticability of such an idea. How *could* people write so! He believed, though, that Frank had impressed Miss Markton with a conviction of *his* superiority; but then—she was not Annie Bulder!

When Frank returned, he found his friend fast asleep, with "Handy Andy" open upon his knee; and as he glanced at the page, he was at no loss to imagine the thoughts that had puzzled that honest heart. His smile was not entirely one of pity—respect for the simple goodness of Moses' character was mingled with it.

Everybody has made a wry face over *some* nauseous compound—has tightly closed his eyes, and taken a first swallow of unnatural dimensions to lower, if possible, the glass that *neither* exhilarates nor intoxicates; so felt Moses when he stood before Annie Bulder during the long-wished-for moment *after* the fatal plunge. Yes, he had done it at last; and now looked at her despairingly as she sat playing with the tassel of her apron.

"Mr. Geldthorp," said she, with a smile, as she raised her clear eyes to his face, "you will probably be surprised at what I am going to say."

"More *grieved* than surprised," thought Moses, who anticipated a gentle refusal.

"Ever since I arrived at the dignity of long dresses," continued the pretty heiress, "I have been pestered by various 'airy nothings,' who called themselves *men*. These suitors would, doubtless, have reversed the speech of the disinterested boatman who rowed Lord Ullin's daughter 'across the stormy water'—but, fortunately, not one of them approached even the ante-chamber leading to my heart. My cousin has often observed 'how pleasant it was to be an heiress!' but I am afraid that I owe to *that* circumstance the fact of my being a somewhat incredulous young lady, to whom the chivalry of olden times sounds like a fanciful dream. But, perhaps, instead of this long preface, it will be more satisfactory to you to hear that I am no longer an heiress."

She was smiling, but her eyes were bent searchingly upon Moses, whose countenance showed, like a clear lake, the heart that was "free from envy, malice, and all uncharitableness."

"I am *so* glad!" said he, softly, waiting for her to proceed. The smile was gone; but there came into her eyes a look that caused his heart to thrill with an almost incredulous sensation of happiness.

"My cousin," said she, "has, as you probably know, been for some time engaged to Frank Ranger; they were both too poor to marry, and upon her I have settled the half of my fortune, whose *real* amount would probably discourage my host of suitors. Do I not appear to you, as I should to the rest of them, a jackdaw stripped of borrowed plumes?"

Moses reverently kissed the hand that had been worrying the tassel; and, not to be outdone in generosity, innocently announced his intention of settling *his* fortune on Frank.

Annie laughed outright.

"And pray," said she, "what are *we* to live on?"

"*We*?" Was it really so? Moses was so absorbed in a vision of Annie, with a sweet, calculating face, as now, summing up accounts—or, in a neat-fitting morning-dress, with a bunch of keys at her side that meant no more than sleigh-bells, that he forgot to answer. But Annie brought the question before him, decided, in its stern necessity, as a bayonet; and, as he seemed somewhat hard to convince, she coolly observed,

"Well, sir, if you *are* foolish enough to marry me without my fortune, I have no intention of taking *you*, minus *yours*."

Moses awoke from a long dream. "My dearest Annie!" he exclaimed, "excuse me—everything shall be as you wish!"

Annie laughed again, but she suffered him to retain her hand; and Moses felt like the Peri at the gate of Paradise.

"Mr. Geldthorp," observed his lady, demurely, on their wedding day, "you took *me* in with an imaginary umbrella, and I took you in with an imaginary fortune—we are now square, I think."

"Not unless the plural pronoun is vested in *me*," returned Moses, as the mirror before which they stood gave back his substantial proportions and Annie's sylph-like figure. Newly married people have a great fancy for seeing themselves reflected together.

What Annie *did* in reply is, as Mr. Toots wisely observes, "of no consequence."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"Why does Kate sneer at lovers' bliss?  
Was her gallant a bad one?"

} "No, bless your heart! The reason's this—  
Because she never had one." S. J., JR.

## "FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

BY J. THORNTON RANDOLPH, AUTHOR OF "THE CABIN AND PARLOR."

At the dead of night there was a cry. "Fire, fire, fire!"

Even in a great city, where thousands are at hand to render aid, it is a terrible cry at that hour. But on a lonely plantation how inexpressibly awful!

"Fire, fire, fire!" It rang through the wide halls, and was echoed from the negro quarter, in every variety of the tones of horror and alarm.

The mistress of the mansion, awaking at the cry, sprang from bed, and hurriedly began to dress, gazing around bewildered. For a moment she was conscious only that her husband was absent. She was recalled to something like herself by the shrieks of the maid who had slept in the room, and who, instead of assisting her toilet, was pointing, with terrified gesticulations, to the ruddy reflection playing against the trees in front of the house.

Suddenly, to add to the confusion of the scene, the chamber door was flung open, and a crowd of female servants rushed in, flocking affrightedly together, like a covey pursued by the sportsman. They closed around Mrs. Stewart's bed, screaming, weeping, wringing their hands, and depriving her of what little presence of mind had been left.

"Oh! missus, we shall be burned to death, we shall, all of us. The fire has caught the staircase. The blessed Lord above hab mercy on us." These, and similar exclamations, filled the air and distracted her attention.

Meantime the conflagration became more serious each minute. Had that terrified group listened, they could have heard the roar of the flames in the hall outside, and the crackling sound that announced the approach of the fire to the wood-work near the staircase, warning them that, if they would save their lives, their flight must be instant. But they only huddled the closer together, sobbing, moaning, embracing one another frantically.

All at once a man dashed into the room, with agitated face and dress disordered. Thrusting aside the terrified maids, he hastily approached his mistress.

"Fly," he cried, breathlessly, "this moment, or you'll be too late." And glancing rapidly around the room, he snatched the rich cover from a centre-table, which stood in the middle of the

apartment, covered with books, pretty trifles, and flowers in vases. This he threw around his mistress, exclaiming, "It will keep the fire from catching. Come."

The sight of his face had reassured his mistress. Juba was about her own age, had been born in her father's family, and had always exhibited the most devoted attachment to herself personally. Above all the servants on the plantation he was distinguished for a strict, religious performance of his duties, for Juba was consistently pious. He was also shrewd and ready in every emergency, and Mrs. Stewart felt that he would save her, even at the peril of his life.

Juba, even while speaking, had seized her hand and dragged her toward the staircase. But now a gust of wind drove such volumes of thick, black smoke toward them, that she was almost suffocated, and she paused, unable to proceed. It was not a time to hesitate, so Juba, snatching her in his arms as he would a child, and dragging the cover entirely over her face, dashed into the rolling volumes of smoke, and down the great staircase.

He was not a moment too soon. Scarcely had he reached the bottom, followed by the affrighted maids, before the passage was closed entirely by a dense wall of flame. Neither he nor the female servants, indeed, escaped entirely unhurt. But the table-cover effectually protected Mrs. Stewart.

Juba had scarcely, however, placed his mistress safely on the lawn, before she started up, crying, "where is the baby? Who has seen the child? Oh! it is in the house yet." And she would have rushed toward the blazing doorway if she had not been instantly and forcibly detained.

The servants looked at each other in dismay. In the suddenness with which the conflagration had spread, and in the excitement of their mistress' danger, nobody had thought of the child. It was an only one, a boy about two years old, who slept with his nurse, or "mammy," as she was called in the household, in a back room in the upper story. Mrs. Stewart's first thought, on her escape, had been to look for her darling; and but for this the absence of the child might have been even longer overlooked.

The servants, we say, looked at each other in dismay. The hall of the house was now all in a

flame, the fire pouring out through the doorway as from the mouth of a furnace, so that ingress by that path was impossible. Most of the second story was also burning, and the entire first floor, for the conflagration had broken out there originally. To reach the apartment where the nurse, probably paralyzed by terror, was still with the child, seemed out of the question entirely.

But there was one there who determined to make the attempt. The sight of the mother's face, and the sound of her broken moans, as she sank into the arms of those who restrained her, exhausted by her struggles to escape, determined Juba to try at least to rescue his young master.

"I will go, missus," he said, "don't cry no more."

He looked around, as he spoke, for some means of scaling the second story. There was no ladder, and only one staircase, but the bough of an ornamental tree, that overshadowed the house, fortunately held out a means of access to a bold heart and a strong arm. Not stopping even to hear his mistress' thanks, he clambered up the tree, ran out on the limb, and dropping on the roof, disappeared within the dwelling.

How breathless were the moments that ensued. The flames were spreading with frightful rapidity. The eaves of the building began to smoke, showing that the fire within had reached the roof, and soon after the whole line of them flashed into conflagration. Meantime the lurid element poured out from the windows, ran upward licking the combustible front, and streamed in a waving, dazzling pyramid, high over the top of the mansion, far into the blue firmament. Millions of sparks, accompanied by volumes of rolling smoke, sailed down the sky before the breeze, completely obscuring the heavens at intervals, though occasionally this thick canopy partially blowing aside, the calm moon was seen, peacefully shining down through the rent, in strange contrast to the otherwise terrific scene. The roar of the conflagration had now become intensely loud: and, to add to the horror, there began to be heard the awful sound of timbers falling within the house.

Mrs. Stewart had watched the fire in silence, her hands clasped, and lips parted, ever since Juba had disappeared within the house. Each moment appeared an age to her. At last the suspense, thus lengthening out interminably, as it seemed, became intolerable.

"Oh! it is in vain," she cried, making a new effort to rush into the flames, "he cannot find my boy. Let me go myself. For the love of God—"

But at that instant, through the smoke that almost hid the only window that was not already

on fire, appeared the faithful Juba, holding aloft the infant. The flames were all around, and in a moment more would overtake him. He made a rapid gesture for some one to approach.

Four of the males, comprehending his wish, snatched a blanket, and rushed promptly forward. The heat was intolerable, but they disregarded it, and standing beneath the window, with the blanket outstretched, they shouted to Juba to throw the child toward them. He had, however, anticipated them. The infant fell while they were speaking, was caught safely in the blanket, and was hurried immediately to Mrs. Stewart, who clasped it to her bosom with frantic delight. The whole was the work of less time than we have taken to describe it.

But simultaneously a terrific crash was heard, that made the very earth tremble beneath the spectators; a huge column of smoke shot up toward the sky, from where the roof had been; and, as if propelled from a force-pump, a gush of intense flame followed, leaping far up into the highest heaven.

The crowd, one and all, gasped for breath. Then came a deep, long-drawn sigh. For the roof and floors had evidently fallen in; and the faithful Juba, alas! was nowhere to be seen.

A dozen persons rushed toward the building, and, until driven back by the heat, stood close by the window where he had been latest visible. They had hoped to find him there. They had flattered themselves that there had been time enough for him to leap.

But it was now plain this had not been the case. He most probably felt the floor giving way, before he threw the child, and if so this explained the cause of his haste. They said this to each other, as they fell back.

But there was little time for words. Scarcely had this thought been exchanged, before there was another crash, and, with a momentary waving motion, almost the entire building fell in, so that what had been a stately mansion an hour before, was now only a shapeless pile of blazing timbers.

The shouts, the exclamations, the sobbings which had filled the air, but the instant before, ceased again at this appalling spectacle. Neighbor looked at neighbor, aghast with horror, the lurid light adding a wild, spectral look to each inquiring face. Then a simultaneous cry rose from the crowd, that Juba and the old nurse were buried in the ruins.

But suddenly, from out the flame and smoke, in the direction where the generous slave had last been seen, what seemed a human figure began to emerge, crawling painfully on hands

and knees. A human figure, yet crushed almost out of the shape of humanity, but still with life in it, for it moved.

And hark! a voice. A full, deep voice, coming from that mangled body. What did it say?

Not words of pain, reader: but words of joy: words that you and I may bless God if we can say, when dying.

They were words such as the martyrs used at the stake, or among the lions. "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" Nothing more. But continually, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"\*

For was not he a martyr too? He had died to save his master's child. Oh! he was both hero and martyr. And now that he had "fought the good fight," that the "goal was won," God gave him strength to forget the agony of his crisped

and mangled body, and to remember only that he was going to bliss everlasting.

Thus, over the renewed sobbing of the spectators, over the wild shriek of his mistress as she rushed toward him, over the roar and crackling of the conflagration, there rose, like a trumpet, the incessant cry, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

One would not have thought that it was a poor, maimed, bleeding, dying sufferer that spoke, but the happiest and proudest of men.

They reached him, stooped over him, would have raised him. But, at that moment, he looked up at his mistress, a triumphant smile breaking over his face, and then fell lifeless back, a "Hallelujah" still trembling on his tongue.

And so he died. His grave has a marble tablet, with the words "faithful unto death." What nobler motto could there be!

\* A fact.

## IDA VANE.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

When the world seems lone and weary,  
And the winds go sobbing low,  
Chaunting sad and mournful requiems  
O'er the days of "long ago"—  
Of in strains of softest music,  
Mem'ry breathes of thee again,  
And thou com'st in dreams of beauty,  
Dearly lov'd one—Ida Vane!

'Twas in days of gladsome boyhood,  
That I learn'd to dream of thee,  
And thine image woke within me  
Songs of glorious melody.  
But my heart, that beat so fondly,  
Never thought of woe and pain,  
Till each fair and cherished vision  
Slowly faded—Ida Vane!

Then it was that sorrow nestled  
Closely in my heart's deep cell,  
As I mourn'd o'er days departed,  
When I lov'd so wildly well.  
Spring-time brought me dreams of gladness,  
But when Summer robed each plain,  
My heart's music breath'd of sadness—  
Fondly worshipp'd Ida Vane!

But the world can never sever  
Hearts that love like thine and mine,  
And thro' all my tearful sorrow,  
I'll still kneel at thy pure shrine;  
For I know, when sad and weary,  
Thou canst bring me dreams again—  
Far more beautiful and lovely—  
Bright and gladsome Ida Vane!

## NOON.

BY CLARA MORETON.

The glorious sun is midway in the sky,  
But for the clouds it scarcely can be seen—  
Their shadows fall athwart the meadows green,  
And o'er the brown fields where the sheaves still lie.  
Ah! now my heart is filled with boding dread,  
And tears break slowly from my downcast eyes,  
Like drops of rain from all unwilling skies

When April's flowers bloom fair above the dead.  
A whisper trembles through the noontide air!  
The rustling of the pines the wind before  
Mayhap—yet sounds a dirge-like "nevermore,"  
And back I gaze upon the past so fair,  
Yet glean not courage for the coming night,  
From whence I see no ray of guiding light.

# INDOOR HORTICULTURE.

## GROWING MOSSES AND FERNS.

THERE is nothing so beautiful, in a parlor, as plants, especially in winter time, or in early spring before out-of-door flowers begin to bloom. They give a lightness and grace to an apartment which nothing else can bestow. It is a sure sign of a cultivated taste when a lady thus adorns her parlor.

On former occasions we have given directions for cultivating various in-door plants. A correspondent requests us now to give directions for cultivating mosses and ferns, those simple, yet beautiful productions of Nature. With this request we cheerfully comply.

It is a pity that those enlivening objects for the window of a drawing-room during the cold weather, are so rarely cultivated in this country. They will require but very little care or attention if grown in ornamental vases and under close glass covers. The larger varieties are planted in exceedingly small pots, as shown in figures 1 and 2, while the smaller do not require pots, but merely a little loose earth. Figure 2 represents a vase and its bell glass cover; figure 1 is a transverse section of the same. The upper edge

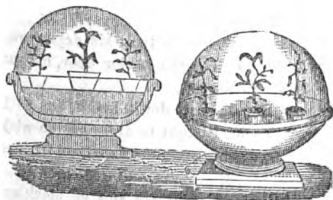


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

VASES FOR MOSSES.

of the vase has a groove for the reception of the lower edge of the glass. This groove being kept constantly filled with water makes the junction air-tight. Figure 3 represents a table and vase for growing ferns, &c., upon a somewhat larger scale. The top of the table may be from two to three feet wide; the extension below, which is of smaller diameter and hollow, is for holding the earth in which the plants grow. If the ferns, lycopodiums, and mosses, or their seeds, are planted in thoroughly moistened but not wet earth,

the whole being exposed to the light, and the cover removed only when it becomes necessary to clean the glasses, the plants will grow and flourish remarkably for many months, without

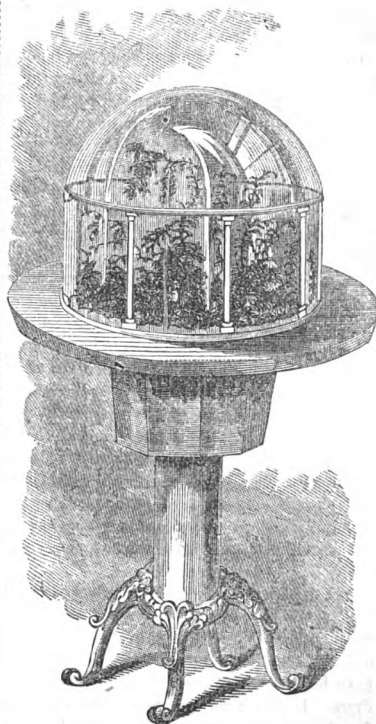


FIG. 3.

VASE FOR GROWING FERNS, ETC.

any further care than what is necessary to prevent their freezing. The influence of the sun causes the moisture from the soil to rise in vapor. The vapor is condensed upon the glass, and, trickling down its sides, remoistens the earth continually. This process is repeated *ad infinitum*, and the growth of the plant has no other limit than the size of the vase.

## BOB HOUSTON'S EXPERIENCE IN THE POLKA.

BY FANNY SMITH.

I SHALL never forget my Cousin Bob Houston's experience of the Polka.

In the Western Pennsylvania village from which he came, the Mazourka, the Redowa, and the Schottish had only begun to be whispered of, but the Polka was in full blast.

I entered our parlor one evening and found a tall, somewhat awkward gentleman sitting there, who seemed to have more hands than he knew what to do with conveniently, with an incipient moustache, which he evidently thought would thrive more on city air, than on that of his far off village home, and an attempt at a fashionable style of dress, which had evidently come from a second-rate tailor, and was what Thackeray would call decidedly "snobbish."

I was introduced to the gentleman as a cousin, and after various questions regarding his journey and family, which were invariably answered with the addition of "mam," I was startled by his asking, "pray, mam, do they dance the Polka here?" My reply was of course in the affirmative, but I also spoke of the new fashionable dances, and described them, and in fact showed him the steps and positions of several.

But he declared that the Polka outdid them all for grace, dexterity, and excitement; so after tea my little sister played on the piano, and Bob and myself "polked" till I was completely worn out.

Our family were the only relatives whom he had in the city, so nearly all his evenings were spent with us. We still "polked" indefatigably, and as I found our intimacy would warrant it, I gave him some delicate hints with regard to his dress. In due time they had their effect. The forest green out-away-coat with metal buttons, was exchanged for a quiet black frock; the plaided waistcoat, which looked as if it might have been made from Helen McGregor's shawl, was replaced by a dark claret velvet, or black cloth; the hat, which had been such a decided D'Orsay, had some of the brim uncurled; and the orange colored kids gave place to some sober brown or lead tint, which wonderfully improved the appearance of his hand.

The large, double gilt watch-chain, and the studs of red and green also gradually disappeared, and my Cousin Bob did really look like a gentleman.

I said nothing about the moustaches. Gentle reader! I have a *penchant* for them I admit, and Cousin Bob's were very handsome, so black and glossy. Altogether he was really a fine-looking fellow, good-hearted and naturally intelligent withal. I soon grew quite proud of my *protege*.

"Bob," said I, one evening, when he polked into the parlor, and then whirled himself into a chair by my side, "Bob, Mrs. Watson is going to give a splendid party this day week. Would you like to go as my gallant?"

"Like to go, Fanny, to be sure," and his eyes fairly sparkled with pleasure, "but," and here his countenance fell again, "but I have had no invitation."

"Oh, no matter for that; I saw Mrs. Watson to-day, and she told me to bring any gentleman whom I pleased, and you shall go with me if you will."

Bob gave a delighted assent, and immediately arose, and begged me to practise the polka with him again. My sister Nelly's nimble little fingers were put under contribution, and we flew up and down the room, looking about as sensible, I suppose, to uninitiated eyes, as the whirling Dervishes would to us.

My cousin at length took his departure, but after having closed the parlor door, he put his head in again, saying,

"Now, Cousin Fan, don't laugh, but as I am going with you, I ought to dress as you wish me to, you know; so what must I wear on Wednesday night?"

I prescribed a complete suit of black except the vest and gloves, and Bob went off again with many thanks for my kindness in taking him.

The great Wednesday night at length arrived, and with it Bob. He came into our parlor so gracefully and quietly, except with that everlasting Polka step, that I had no fear of any *gaucheries*.

We arrived late, and the band of music was playing the most inspiring Polka possible. I felt that a little more would send Bob "polking" through the hall to the dressing-room, coat and all, but he went up stairs with only a subdued excitement visible in his manner, and when I rejoined him at the dressing-room door, I whispered as I took his arm,

"For mercy's sake, Bob, don't polk up to Mrs. Watson when we go in."

My advice really seemed necessary. To be sure he bowed gravely enough to the hostess, but he put his arm to my waist the moment we had passed her, and would have whirled me off immediately had I been willing. That I told him would look too eager, and from the length of time the waltze had been playing I knew it must be nearly through, but promised him my hand, or rather my waist for the next dance.

I introduced my cousin, however, to my pretty little friend, Kate Harvey, and as a plain quadrille was about being formed, he led her to it.

He really acquitted himself very well, but in a subdued manner rather, for it was terribly stupid and slow after the Polka, he said.

Then we had the Schottish and the Redowa, and though Bob looked on with interest, he evidently thought they fell short of his favorite.

"But, Fanny," said he, "what a beautiful young lady your friend Miss Harvey is, and she tells me that she doates on the Polka. She has promised me to dance the first one with me after the waltze to which I am engaged with you."

The evening passed till twelve o'clock most delightfully to Bob, then the supper room on the other side of the hall was thrown open, and the large drawing-rooms were deserted.

Bob almost gave a whistle of surprise at the magnificence of the table, loaded with flowers, candy temples, and all the most tempting delicacies of the season, but was soon too much engrossed with tasting the edibles to think of their appearance. Champagne corks popped in every direction, and though Bob did not, as a certain magistrate of the state, say it was "the best cider he had ever tasted," still he did acknowledge it to be wonderfully good "Heidsick."

In the course of half an hour or so, the band in the other parlor commenced the Polka waltze, in order to draw off those who had finished supper, as the room was very full, and I saw Bob with a triumphant air lead off Kate Harvey to the drawing-room.

There were just enough couples on the floor to make the waltzing pleasant. They circled in and out, producing figures which would have driven a military tactician wild, now scudding back and forth, as if impelled by a breeze, now here, now there, sometimes treading on the trains of particularly thin or elegant dresses, sometimes bounding up against the next neighbor like Indian rubber balls.

I watched Bob Houston and his fair partner with some anxiety. I do not think the champagne had at all got in his head, but it did

certainly seem to affect his feet. He went around the room like a flying Mercury, almost lifting Kate off of her feet when he gave her a whirl, and making her fairly pant for breath. She, however, seemed as much excited as himself, and showed no signs of fatigue. On and on they went, advancing and receding, whirling and sliding aside of their neighbors with marvelous precision, till Bob's face grew crimson, his high pointed shirt-collar, which had been so beautifully stiff and glossy in the beginning of the evening, began to grow limp and fall, his breath came pantingly, and the perspiration was streaming down his forehead.

I was standing in the doorway of the supper-room cooling my mouth after the terrapin, with some deliciously large and transparent Malaga grapes, while Mrs. Woodley, a particularly fussy lady, with no children to annoy her, and who could never see a pin put in crooked without speaking of it, had just taken a cup of smoking hot coffee from a servant, and was holding in her other hand, a plate of chicken salad and stewed oysters which belonged to her husband, who had gone for some water.

As I said before, I was watching Bob and his partner with some apprehension, but thinking they must be nearly exhausted, was about turning away, when looking up, I saw them sliding backward directly toward us. Alas! alas! it was too late, for Bob had his back toward us, and Kate evidently saw nothing, so he came up plump against Mrs. Woodley, knocking the coffee cup out of her hand, the hot contents of which passed down his legs and made him fairly spring. This entangled him in Kate's fashionably long dress, and nearly threw them down together, whilst the oysters and chicken salad went on Mrs. Woodley's new dark green velvet, till she forgot her usually proper and decorous manner, and said things to, and about Bob which I should not like to repeat here.

No wonder, poor soul though, for the velvet dress had cost her nearly seventy dollars, and it was ruined.

Kate's pretty face too, was perfectly disfigured by her vexation. She had been laughed at by the bystanders, for her hard dancing and its unfortunate result, and this was a thing which her philosophy could not stand.

As for poor Bob, he first rubbed his legs where the hot liquid had run down, turned to make an apology to the affronted dame, and was told he was "no gentleman" for his pains; found he had put his foot through Kate's beautiful lace dress, and when he expressed his regret for the *contretemps* in the most contrite manner, he was bowed



away in the most frigidly polite style, and Miss Kate turned her back to him before his sentence was finished.

Poor Bob! he "polked" no more that night; his very moustaches had a drooping look; and when in compassion for his feelings I left early, I had plenty of time for reverie on my way home, for my cousin never spoke a word.

Bob was reading law in the office of one of our ablest pleaders, and I knew that his evenings were not usually much engaged, but I did not now see him again for two or three weeks.

One evening, as I was sitting by the parlor fire reading, the door opened and Bob walked in, in a slow and dignified manner, very different from the hop, skip and jump with which he usually entered. Nelly's fingers and the piano were not called in requisition that night for the Polka.

We talked of the sleighing, the opera, concerts, lectures, but never a word was said about Mrs. Watson's party or the Polka.

After this Bob got to visiting us again as formerly, coming and going quite like a domestic animal, but for a long while it seemed as if "Othello's occupation had gone;" he really did not know what to do with himself.

I said to him laughingly one evening,

"Bob, do you know that I am afraid you will be an old bachelor, you seem to settle down so quietly here; do try to find a wife."

"Do you find me a woman, Cousin Fan," said he, "who is lame, has a cork-leg, or anything else in the world that will prevent her from 'polking,' and I promise you to marry her."

Bob is still a bachelor, and he vows it is all because of his EXPERIENCE IN THE POLKA.

## T W E N T Y T O - D A Y .

BY FRANK LEE.

My girlhood years, a shining band,  
Have fled like Summer hours away;  
I hold life's flowers in my hand  
And write—twenty to-day!  
I bind my hair around my brow,  
And braid each chesnut curl,  
I wear no grape-like wreathings now  
As when a joyous girl.

The bounding hopes of early years  
Have with their roses fled,  
I have no time for futile tears  
Above their beauty shed.  
Romance that lit my dreaming way  
Has lightly pass'd me by,  
On another life I look to-day,  
It is—Reality!

I have no burning tears to weep,  
No pining words to say,  
But holy thoughts like sunlight sleep  
Within my heart to-day,  
My life has reach'd its starting place,  
And far-off is the goal,  
I bend my powers to win the race  
With high and prayerful soul.

My days for idle dreams are gone  
Like stars from th' Summer sky,  
My soul has wak'd with thrilling tone  
And knows its destiny.  
Life has been sweet, too bright, perchance,  
For th' shadows round my way  
Were like the fleecy clouds that glance  
Athwart the sky in play.

I mourn no buried love to-day,  
No joyous heav'n o'ercast;  
No blighted buds lie on my way,  
No shadows o'er the past.  
No scorching tears rain from mine eyes  
O'er hopes that now are dust,  
But holy anthems softly rise,  
Flowing with hope and trust.

One link from out my household chain  
Has left a void below,  
And yet I ask her not again—  
She is an angel now.  
The Spring birds breathe their joyous song,  
The winds go sighing by,  
And on the air seems borne along  
A glad voice from the sky.

My girlhood years, a shining band,  
Have pass'd like Summer's hours away;  
I hold life's flowers in my hand  
And write—twenty to-day!  
Those by-gone years were very bright,  
Mine was a sunlit sky,  
And yet my soul mourns not their light,  
It knows its destiny.

My soul mourns not their thrilling light,  
Another way is dawning,  
The skies above are scarce less bright  
Than those of early morning.  
And joyous tones ring on mine ear,  
And other hopes are born,  
I've much to love and naught to fear  
Upon this natal morn.

# THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 216.

## X.—THE DEATH BED.

From this time Julia saw Manderson frequently. He never, indeed, appeared at the store, as he had so often before, but instead he came often to visit her in the evenings. At such times her father sustained the principal part of the conversation. He and Manderson talked of politics, philosophy, poetry and *belles lettres*, for Mr. Forester, like American farmers of his class generally, was a man of considerable reading, and more reflection, and even his highly cultivated and travelled guest found instruction in listening to him.

Julia sat usually silent, but occasionally joined in the conversation, when either the question was one regarding her sex, or when, as was frequent, either of the speakers appealed to her. She was proud of her father, and watched him fondly, especially when he grew eloquent in his earnestness, as he often did. At such times Manderson delighted to watch her in turn, to mark the flash of the eye, the speaking blood that rose to the round cheek, and the erect, spirited carriage of the beautiful head. And as he looked he wondered how he could ever have thought, for a moment, of marrying Clara, and grew more in love with Julia continually.

It would be idle to say that Julia did not begin to reciprocate these feelings. She saw, by a hundred tokens such as love knows how to employ, that it was herself, not her father, that Manderson came to see. It was impossible longer to say to herself that it was folly to give a thought to one raised so much above her by fortune and social position. In refinement, in education, in everything but wealth and station, she felt herself the equal of her visitor; and the more she saw of him, the less she believed him likely to be influenced, in love, by merely adventitious circumstances. Ever since the night he had rescued her from the mob, she felt that she could stake her life on his truth. He was not one, she told her heart, who would seek her society thus, from mere wanton coquetry, and who would desert her as soon as he gratified his vanity by winning her affection.

Never had she been so happy. She regretted no longer the loss of the farm, nor the comparatively menial life she led. She could have gone singing all day, like a glad, free bird, if she had yielded to the gush of her feelings, which indeed it was difficult for her always to restrain. Her step had never been lighter. The rose came back to her cheeks. She grew more beautiful daily, for of all cosmetics, love, the most natural and artless, is ever the best.

But her dream of felicity was a short one. Already clouds were gathering about her, soon to settle down in tempest and night. Disasters and sorrows, some the result of hostile human influence, some the award of inscrutable destiny, were to be her lot; and the first of these was the serious illness of her father.

Though Mr. Forester had borne up bravely like a man, and resignedly like a Christian, against the loss of his property, the blow had nevertheless went to his heart. He did not exhibit any outward evidence of this, but struggled to conceal it, and in the effort wore away health and life. Even the loving eyes of Julia were deceived for a while. But at last the evidences of increasing feebleness grew so palpable that she became alarmed. Still, however, the father denied the truth.

"It is nothing," he said, in answer to Julia's eager inquiries. "I have been so used to constant exercise, and in the open country too, that this living, with nothing to do, in a great city, makes me paler than of old."

"But you eat nothing, dear father," remonstrated Julia. "I have watched you, for several days, and in all that time, you have not taken more than you sometimes used to, at a single meal."

"Ah! Julia, girls will exaggerate," replied the old man, with an effort at cheerfulness.

"Now, papa," she said, and tears came into her eyes, "don't try to deceive me, for I know you are not feeling well. I have seen you, when actually loathing food, try nevertheless to force it down, because you observed me watching you."

Mr. Forester could not gainsay this. He was

too sincerely truthful, and good in every way, to prevaricate; and her home questions convinced him of what he had been trying to conceal from himself, that he was rapidly failing. His eye fell before her's.

"Well, my child," he answered, "I will acknowledge that I don't feel as well as I used to. But I have thought it was the city air. Yet, within the last week, I have grown weaker very fast, faster than I suppose I ought."

Poor Julia! Her worst fears were confirmed. She turned away to hide her emotion. Her father followed her movements with his eyes, and though she had her back to him, and professed to be pulling the dead leaves from a rose-bush she kept in a pot, he saw that her fingers trembled, and he put up a silent prayer that heaven would protect his child when he was no more.

A fortnight after that day Mr. Forester was confined to the bed from which he was never to rise again. Julia no longer went to the store, for there was no one to be with her father but herself, and though he insisted on her leaving him, declaring that he wanted no nurse, she would not consent. Her employer, at first, promised to retain her place for her. But he had expected that she would soon be able to return. When, however, the busy season came on, and when he found how protracted her father's sickness was, he was forced to provide a successor for her. This was a sad blow for Julia. But the increasing feebleness of her parent soon drove all other thoughts out of her mind. Meantime she supported herself by taking in shop-work to make up with her needle, and by secretly selling, as necessity required it, one valuable after another of her own.

Manderson came often to inquire about her father, but Julia could no longer see him, except for a moment at a time. Very precious, however, were these interviews, short as they were. The sympathy, denied to her everywhere else, revealed itself in Manderson's every look and tone; and even if she had doubted before that he loved her, she could have doubted no longer now. Still he made no declaration in words. Nor could Julia have loved him as well if he had. For him to have brought his vows to the death bed of her father, would have seemed sacrilege to her; and Manderson, instinctively feeling this, refrained from speaking, though his heart yearned for the right to comfort her. But many a delicacy, such as an invalid demands, yet which Julia could not have purchased from her own slender means, came to her father, with the compliments of Mr. Manderson. Their frequency,

at last, almost tempted her to refuse them, for the boarders began to gossip of her in connexion with the donor, and in a way to call the indignant blood to her cheek; but the knowledge that these little luxuries were necessary to her parent, and the conviction that they could be obtained in no other way, finally determined her to encounter the risk of misrepresentations rather than make her father suffer. As for Manderson, his noble nature was above suspicion of the vile motives, likely to be attributed to him, by the vulgar, prying inmates of a third-rate lodging-house. He only thought of the delicate appetite of the invalid, not of the possible misconception to which he subjected Julia.

Mr. Forester had been ill about six weeks, when, one afternoon, waking from a sleep, he called to his daughter.

"Here I am, dear papa," said Julia, stepping softly to his side. "You have had a nice sleep. You feel better, don't you? Would not you like some of this jelly?"

"I think I could eat a little, my love."

For nearly two days her father had taken no nourishment, and often had Julia wept secretly in consequence, for she deemed this utter want of appetite a sure forerunner of his death. But now the joyful tears rushed into her eyes. She hastened to bring the jelly, and to feed her father from a spoon, for he was too weak to help himself.

He took a mouthful, smiled on her sweetly, tried another, and then, with a faint gesture, intimated that he could eat no more. She was a little disappointed. But on the whole he looked so much better, and spoke with such a comparatively strong voice, that she was happier than she had been for weeks, and even began to have hopes of his recovery. She had heard that invalids often had a crisis, after which they grew better, and she said to herself that his rapid sinking for the last two days, followed by this rally, augured that such a crisis had come, and passed favorably.

"Dear, dear papa," she said, gently smoothing the pillow, her tears flowing softly, as happy tears do, "I am so glad to see you better. You will get well now, I know. And when you are able to be moved, I will find a place in the country, near to town, where we can board during summer, and where you can regain your strength entirely. I can easily find something to do."

She had been fixing the sheet, and arranging the quilt as she spoke, and now, having concluded her task and words, she turned to kiss her father. She was startled at the earnest, indescribable look with which he was regarding her.

She stopped, frozen into silence. Her happy tears ceased to flow. She began to tremble all over. Oh! death, who that sees thee, even for the first time in life, in the eyes of a loved one, but recognizes thee immediately, and shudders in every nerve at thy unearthly gaze.

"Father, father," she cried, her voice insensibly elevating itself. Then she paused, her lips half parted with terror, for she beheld a dark, ashen shadow, as it were, sensibly stealing over that dear face.

A faint smile struggled, for a moment, through the gathering shades of death on Mr. Forester's countenance. He essayed to speak.

"My child," he said, "I shall never get better. My hour has come. But God will take care of you. He will be to you a better father than I could be."

The dying man evidently spoke with a great effort, for his words came slowly forth, and there was a long pause between each sentence. Yet though that strange film over his eyes grew more terrible, though the ghastly pallor settled more night-like over his face, still through those failing orbs and that darkening countenance, there struggled, fitfully, a look so full of love that Julia felt as if never before had she known the depth of his affection.

She kissed those dear lips, that venerable forehead; she pressed her cheek fondly against his; she held his hand to her heart; she leaned down, and murmuring, "dear, dear father," listened eagerly for what next he had to say.

For a time he seemed to try vainly for words. He gazed at her imploringly, his whole soul rising to his eyes. She held her breath, watching his lips and eyes, and pressing his hand more tenderly.

"They shall hunger no more," he murmured, finally, and now Julia knew he was repeating some verses from Revelations she had read to him just before he slept, verses that since their misfortunes had been often in his mind, "neither thirst any more—for the Lamb—shall feed them—and shall lead them unto living fountains of water—and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

He looked fervently at Julia, and then to heaven, as if to add mentally that they should meet again.

She pressed his hand, she strove to smile, and following his glance answered, "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

He looked pleased, nodded his head slightly, and his lips moved as if he was repeating the words after her. But no sound reached Julia's ears.

There was a moment of awful silence. Eagerly she gazed into his eyes, fervently she pressed his hand. But the look of love was no longer in that face.

Darker and darker over the countenance, like clouds shutting out a mountain landscape; deeper and deeper the film on the eyes, like night closing in on the eternal sea: and then utter darkness—utter night—death!

With a wild stare of doubt, and a shriek that summoned the whole household, Julia fell senseless by the corpse of her father.

#### XL.—THE GOVERNESS.

A MONTH had passed. Mr. Forester had been laid in an unostentatious grave, the expenses of the quiet funeral having been discharged by the sale of Julia's last trinket, and now our heroine, her old situation being lost to her, had accepted that of a governess in a West End family, no other employment presenting itself.

In some respects this new vocation was better than her former one, especially to one in Julia's present state of mind, for it gave her comparative seclusion. She had, at first, when she saw the advertisement of the place, hesitated whether to apply for it, for she had heard so much of the slights to which governesses were subject, that she feared to trust her proud spirit in such a situation. But necessity had known no law. She had literally reached the last dollar in her purse, and was compelled to take the first employment of any kind that offered. Yet though her place was, in most respects, even more distasteful than she had imagined it would be, she felt that it was better than being in a public store, where strange eyes that terrible ordeal to those in grief, would be on her. There were moments, too, when, in spite of every effort, uncontrollable bursts of grief would overcome her. At such times now she could escape observation, by hurrying out of the room till the emotion had passed. But she trembled to think that she might have betrayed herself, equally, even if she had been in a store, and before a score of curious people.

The family of the Elwoods consisted of a widowed mother, and two children, a son and a daughter. The father had been dead about two years. He had been a merchant in extensive trade, close and calculating in all his business affairs, but lavish in the expenditures of his household. It was his pride to have Mrs. Elwood's annual parties cited as the most elegant of the season. Her equipage, her dresses, and the furniture of her rooms were always of the newest styles and in character the most

costly. You could not flatter Mr. Elwood more than by complimenting him on the taste, luxury and *eclat* of his living. He would, indeed, deprecate your praise; perhaps now and then protest that he was but a poor merchant; but nevertheless his eyes would glisten with pleasure, and he would twirl his watch-key with evident satisfaction. Nay! ten to one he would ask you to an early dinner to taste the wines you had praised, or see again the pictures you had admired.

Mrs. Elwood had been the daughter of one of those old, but decayed families, such as may be found in most great cities. She was as proud of her ancestors, who had been judges and colonial secretaries a hundred years before she was born, as her husband was of his wealth, his fine house, and, we may add, of his aristocratic wife. She had a cousin, who was an English nobleman, and who once had visited America; and she was never weary of describing how he looked, and what he said, on the day he had dined at her table. There was scarcely a family of note in the city, unless among those whom she called upstarts, with whom she was not, or did not pretend to be connected by blood or marriage. She was a perfect living chronicle of genealogy. Lucifer, if human, could not have been prouder.

About two years before the period of our story Mr. Elwood had died suddenly, leaving her undisputed mistress of a third of his income and his splendid mansion. She had ordered a costly monument, and wore mourning for him duly; but as she had married him only for his wealth, she did not feel his loss very keenly. In her heart she had always despised him, partly for his really vulgar manners, and partly for what she called his low birth. All her affections were centered upon her only son. From his infancy, this child had been the pet of his mother, so much so that she would never allow him to be punished for a fault, even by his father. When he grew older, she refused to let him be sent to school, but had a tutor engaged for him, taking especial care that the "poor, dear boy," as she said, "should not have his health destroyed by too much study." She filled the young heir's mind, meantime, with the most absurd ideas of his importance. When the lad began to approach manhood, she resisted her husband's wish to place him in a counting-house, plainly telling the father that her son should condescend to no plebeian pursuits. The young man became consequently as worthless as he was idle; drank often to excess, gamed, and was profligate in all things. He was, in truth, dissipating the estate of the elder Mr. Elwood more rapidly than it had been accumulated. As to his general deportment

the reader is already informed, for this was the person who had run over Mr. Forester.

The Elwood mansion had been closed only as long as decency demanded; for Mrs. Elwood could not live without society. Dinners were constantly being given. Every morning the reception room was crowded with visitors, where the gossip of the upper circles was canvassed, and the fashions or the opera discussed. But of these gayeties Julia saw nothing personally. She dined with the housekeeper, at a sort of upper servants' table. She had been a month in the house before she even saw the son. Her first meeting with him, however, she never forgot.

It was toward the close of a spring day, when she and her pupil were returning from a walk in the garden, that the interview occurred. The little Gertrude, Julia had already learned to love. The poor child, slighted by the mother, whose whole thoughts were given to the worthless son, enthusiastically welcomed our heroine, to whom she gave immediately her entire heart. The governess and the pupil were always together. It was a delight to Julia to watch the opening mind of the sweet child, to see how artless was her affection, and to endeavor to repay her for her ever ready sympathy; while on the part of Gertrude, there was such a pleasure in having some one who would not repulse her love, that she could not endure to be absent from Julia's side. It was the practice of the two, after the lessons of the day were over, and their dinner partaken of, to walk out for exercise together, sometimes in the streets, but oftener in the large old-fashioned garden back of the mansion. About the time Mrs. Elwood dined, which was between five and six o'clock, they invariably returned, however, in order that Gertrude might go in to the dessert; for though the child was not permitted to eat with her mother, she was expected to appear, for a few minutes, daily at this hour: and rarely, except at this time, did she see her parent.

Julia had noticed that Gertrude, instead of loving her brother, seemed actually to have a dislike to him. But as our heroine asked no questions, either of the child or housekeeper, she was not enlightened as to the cause, until on this evening, when, happening to enter the hall, just as the footman opened the front door, she saw, to her horror, a young man in a state of intoxication totter in. The scream of Gertrude, as she flew to the staircase, dragging Julia with her, told who the intruder was. Julia was shocked not less at the footman's sneer, as he stood behind his master, as at the degraded

young man himself, who, with unsteady gait, stumbled forward.

Julia had ascended the staircase but a short distance, when the intoxicated Elwood, who had caught sight of her immediately, staggered toward her.

"I say—I say, young woman," he hiccuped, holding on by the banisters to steady himself as he spoke, and looking up toward Julia with a countenance in which vacancy and brutishness appeared by turns, "don't be—in—in such a hurry. You're the gov—gov—er—ness, I suppose, that Mrs. Elwood has been—getting—for Gerty. Stop a—minute—will you? Don't be in such a—con—con—founded hurry—"

Swaying to and fro, and looking up at Julia, his hat, which had been crushed on one side of his head, fell off suddenly at this point. The footman audibly tittered. Julia was angry beyond words, but embarrassed to an even greater degree, for Gertrude, who was always a nervous child, had become so frightened, that she had sunk powerless on the steps, where she cowered, almost within reach of her brother, gazing at him tremblingly, like a frightened, fascinated bird, so that poor Julia, who could not desert Gertrude, and was unable to carry her up stairs, knew not what to do. She stood with one foot on an upper step, and one on that where Gertrude lay, holding her pupil by the hand, sternly regarding the intoxicated man, though her heart beat very fast, and the indignant color mounted even to the temples.

When his hat fell, the inebriate stopped speaking for a moment, and regarded it, as it lay on the floor, with a half stupid, half puzzled look: then, turning to the footman, whom he nearly detected in a titter, he said, "here—you Jones—you Smith—or whatever your name is, you white neck-cloth scoundrel, pick that up."

The lacquey, now all obedience, approaching to perform this duty, the young man, with a drunken grin, as if the joke was the brightest conceivable, suddenly pushed him with one foot as he stooped. At this unexpected assault the footman plunged down headforemost. But he did not fall alone. His master, having unconsciously let go the banisters, when he turned to call the lacquey, lost his balance by pushing the servant over, and, in the very act of laughing at the latter's mishap, tumbled on top of the prostrate dunkey, the two rolling over together on the floor.

Julia did not, however, see this farcical end of the affair. She had succeeded in rousing her young pupil, as soon as the attention of the drunkard was turned away, and Gertrude and

she were now flying up the staircase, with all the speed that fear on the one hand and disgust on the other could give.

"Oh! Miss Forester, isn't it dreadful?" These were the first words that Gertrude spoke, when, on gaining the school-room, she felt herself safe. "He often comes home so. The housekeeper says it wouldn't be so bad, if he waited till after dinner, but that to get tipsy before it, is what no gentleman ought to do. He does so frighten me. Isn't it very wicked in him, don't you think, Miss Forester?"

Julia scarcely knew what to say. Never before had she seen any person intoxicated, except the low vagabonds that lounged about the village tavern: and she was shocked inexpressibly, as well as indignant. But a moment's reflection told her that it would not be right to speak her sentiments before the young sister. She answered, therefore,

"Let us hope, let us pray, dear Gertrude, that he may never be so again. To-night, when you kneel at your bedside, pray for your brother, that he may be kept from temptation."

## XII.—THE INSULT.

BUT this was not the last interview between Julia and Elwood. The fashionable profligate, in spite of his intoxication, had seen her beauty; and from that day began to persecute her secretly with his addresses. He intruded on her garden walks, waylaid her on the staircase, and omitted no opportunity indeed of meeting her when he could do so without his mother's knowledge.

But for Gertrude she would have left Mrs. Elwood's immediately that she became the object of these persecutions. But partly from affection, partly from a sense of duty, she could not bring herself to part with the dear child. She had now no one but Gertrude to love, and to this last link of human affection she clung tenaciously, resolving to endure everything short of insult, rather than surrender it. For, to her other sorrows, was now added the neglect of Manderson, whom she had not seen since her father's death.

At first, indeed, his absence had not disconcerted her. When she recalled the delicacy of his behavior during her parent's illness, she could not believe but that he loved her; and it was easy, while this confidence remained, to invent a hundred reasons for his not calling. Perhaps he had not been told where she had gone. Perhaps he was absent from the city. Perhaps he had been at Mrs. Elwood's, at some hour when she was engaged, and been denied to him without her knowledge. But these were all causes which time ought to have removed, and when weeks

became months, yet still he did not come, serious misgivings began to possess her. In this emergency she made bold to inquire if any one had ever called on her, and was answered in the negative. Gradually her misgivings become certainties. She said to herself that if Manderson had been compelled to leave the city, unexpectedly, he could have written to her. Finally she surrendered the delicious dream, in which she had secretly indulged, and with prayer and self-discipline, began to struggle for the eradication of her love.

It was with many tears that she arrived at the conviction of Manderson's perfidy. She never before had known how much she worshipped him, until now when she saw she must tear him from her heart. It was the destruction of almost her entire faith in life. She had already been a friendless orphan; and this final blow was almost too much for her faith; so that at times, she was tempted to question the justice of heaven, in thus leaving her alone, desolate, and almost broken-hearted. The burden seemed, at first, more than she could bear.

"Oh! why should I be singled out in this way?" she cried, in an agony of grief. "I see around me hundreds, who have never suffered from loss of fortune, who are still surrounded by their families, and who are not victims of man's perfidy. Why is my fate so much harder than theirs? Death would be welcome rather than a life like this. Father," she sobbed, passionately, as if the spirit of her lost parent could hear her, "could I but be with thee, could I but be with thee."

But juster reflections followed this burst of despair. When she had sobbed herself out, and the storm of grief had passed, the recollection of her sinful repinings filled her heart with pangs of keen remorse. For a time, in her horror, she could not even pray for forgiveness. But from the depths of her soul there went up a silent sorrow for her ingratitude to God, which, doubt it not, won acceptance in His sight, who is ever merciful. At last her lips found words.

"Saviour, forgive," was still all she could utter, and this was with renewed sobs, "Thou wast led like a lamb to the slaughter—yet thou didst not complain." And then she thought how He was buffeted, reviled, spat upon; how cruel hands crowned Him with thorns; and how He was nailed to the cross, between two thieves, as if the vilest of malefactors. These reflections abased her in the dust, so that, without raising her eyes, she could only sob, "forgive, forgive."

It was long past midnight, when, after her burst of passionate grief, followed by horrors of

remorse and repentance, she sank into slumber. She woke late in the morning, exhausted physically, but strengthened in soul. A calm peace reigned in her heart. It was not joy, nor even happiness, but it was, at least, contentment. She felt that her cross was a heavy one, but she knew that He who gave it to her to bear, would supply the strength to endure it; and, with this conviction, she resolved to go forward, doing her duty faithfully, and complaining not, yet ready, when the time should come, to exchange this world for a better one. Often and often she recalled the text which had been in her dying parent's mind, and remembered that it was those "who had come up out of great tribulation," of whom the prophetic apostle had said that God should "wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Thus it was that, notwithstanding the annoyance of Elwood's admiration, she resolved to remain with Gertrude, for she thought she saw that duty called on her to save that dear child from the evil influences around her. "This is the one lamb of the flock, the precious talent, entrusted to my care," said Julia. "Heaven has sent me here, taught me to love her, and made the sweet girl love me in return, in order that I might be the instrument for her good: and to fit me for this task, God has disciplined my own character. Father above," she added, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes, "I thank thee that thou hast thus honored me."

Yet not a week passed that Julia did not have to endure, in some shape or another, the impatient addresses of Elwood. Now he joined her in the streets, where he could not be shaken off without a scene, which he knew she would avoid for her own sake. Now he persecuted her with letters. Now he sent her gifts. Often she was on the point of abandoning Gertrude. But as often she reconsidered her resolution. At last Elwood surprised her, one day, in the sitting-room, when his mother and Gertrude were out together in the carriage.

She rose immediately to leave the apartment.

"Stay," he said, placing himself between her and the door. "I have something to say to you. You sent back my ring. Foolish girl, why will you not believe that I love you?"

Julia made no answer to this, but continued her efforts to pass him, which he as constantly frustrated. At last she said almost angrily,

"Let me go, sir. You insult me. Let me go."

"Not till you have heard me," resolutely answered her persecutor. "Cruel creature, why will you force me to be harsh? For fear me you must. My mother and sister will not be

back these two hours, and I have taken care to have no intrusion from the servants."

For a moment, when she heard this, Julia's courage almost gave way. What might not be attempted against her in revenge, she reflected, by this profligate. But her native bravery rallied immediately to her aid; the cheek flushed as rapidly as it had paled; and, drawing herself up to her full height, she flashed her indignant eyes full on the speaker.

"Once for all, sir," she said, "I wish neither your gifts, your explanations, nor your company. Let me pass."

But his answer was only a slight, incredulous laugh. Elwood had no faith in the virtue of woman, but believed that Julia's spirited words, as well as her former avoidance of him, were mere pretences. He gave her the credit of being, in his own phrase, "a deuced smart girl," and expected, therefore, that she would, to quote his language again, "drive a hard bargain;" but that she would finally yield to his suit, and exchange her hard life for one of ease and luxury, he never doubted for a moment: and, therefore, no sooner had she ceased, than with an incredulous laugh he seized her hand, and began to urge his infamous proposals.

We cannot soil our pages by repeating what he said. But it was everything that could be urged to gloss over sin, or paint the delights of the wealth he offered. Julia, outraged and indignant, in vain tried to get loose. He clung to her hand till the delicate wrist was bruised. She did not, she would not, however, hear his foul words. All she knew was that he was insulting her by the grossest proposals, such as, if she had been a man, she would have struck him to the earth for naming in her presence. That she had not the strength even to escape from him, was the one engrossing thought that now possessed her. In vain she struggled, with both hands, to free herself from his one. At last he attempted to sit down and draw her to his knee, still proceeding with his insulting offers. This final indignity gave her, for a moment, superhuman power. With a desperate effort, in which her very life seemed staked on success, she wrenched herself loose, fled from the room, and gained her chamber without being overtaken. Here, first locking and double-locking the door, she sank powerless on the carpet, breathless, and trembling, and incapable for a while of rising.

### XIII.—MOTHER AND SON.

But had Manderson really abandoned Julia, after having, by so many acts and looks, though never yet in words, assured her of his love? Was

he capable of such baseness? Or were circumstances his master, compelling him to avoid her presence, while he continued to love her as sincerely as ever? To explain his conduct we must go back to a period cotemporaneous with Julia's first arrival at the Elwoods.

Manderson was sitting, one day, at twilight, in his mother's parlors, lost in gloomy thought. He had discovered that afternoon, for the first time, whither Julia had gone. Delicacy had kept him from calling on her, during the mournful days immediately following the funeral, so that he had been in ignorance of her having left the boarding-house, until on calling there to leave his card, he had ascertained that she had accepted a situation at Mrs. Elwood's, which he regarded as little less than menial. Of all pursuits that of a governess was the last he would have wished his future bride to follow, and of all families that of the Elwoods the last he would have desired her to enter. His pride rebelled against it. Ignorant how reduced the Foresters had become, and unconscious, therefore, that no choice had been left to Julia; forgetful that she knew nothing of the son's character, which was so well known to him, and was a principal reason of his disliking her going there; he was almost angry at her, and felt injured because she had not consulted him. If he had reasoned more calmly he would have seen that he was the very person she could not consult. For what right had he ever given her to consult him? Had she been his plighted bride the case would have been different. But men in love, even the best of them, are as unreasonable as they are exacting.

He sat there, in that half dim parlor, gloomy and abstracted, as we have said, when his mother, who had been silently watching him, remarked suddenly,

"What ails you, Charles?"

He started, looked at her, and saying, "nothing ails me, mother," relapsed almost immediately into his gloomy mood.

"But something does ail you, my son," resumed Mrs. Manderson, after a pause, during which she continued to observe him. "You were absent and silent during dinner. You are so yet. Has anything gone wrong between you and Clara?"

He turned toward his mother, with a faint curl of his fine lips, as he uttered contemptuously the word, "Clara!"

"Charles," said Mrs. Manderson, with severity, "you should not allow any provocation to make you speak, in that way, of the lady you intend to make your wife."

"I never intend to make Miss Owens my wife,"



he answered, shortly, for he was annoyed at being disturbed.

"What do you mean?" replied his parent, rising, and approaching close to him, where she stood with her eyes fixed full on his face. "I have noticed that you visit Mrs. Rawlson's less than you did. Surely you cannot intend, after what has passed, to desert Clara."

His eye met his mother's without flinching, as he also rose and stood face to face with her.

"I don't know what you mean by deserting Miss Owens," he firmly retorted. "Certainly I never paid her serious addresses——"

"But you were pleased with her, you paid her very marked attention," interrupted his parent, "this you cannot deny: and is it honorable, after this, to withdraw?"

"I was pleased, for a while, with her grace, and with what I fancied was her goodness of heart. But, when I came to know her better, I saw that this grace was only conventional polish, and not a part of her natural character; and I discovered, almost as soon, that her amiability only existed where her selfishness was not in the way. Miss Owens is a pretty, perfectly polite, and sufficiently intelligent young lady; but she is no more a true woman, such as a true man ought to love, than paste is diamond."

His kindling eye, his animated tones, and heightened color revealed to Mrs. Manderson, who had not lived to be fifty without knowing human nature, that her son was in love with some one else, who formed, in his fancy, the antithesis to Clara Owens. The mother was bold, and frank, like himself, and she charged him with the fact immediately.

"I will not deny it," said our hero, though not without embarrassment, for so speedy an explanation with his mother he had not intended. "I do love, and love one as unlike Miss Owens, as gold is to tinsel, reality is to affectation."

"And who may this fine creature be?" The speaker could not prevent a slight shade of contempt creeping over her tones, for she knew that the lady could not belong to their set, else she would have discovered the affair before, and Mrs. Manderson, though anything but narrow-minded, was not without decided preferences in favor of family and wealth. But, observing the color flash across her son's countenance, she became aware of the error she had committed, and continued in blander accents. "If she is worthy of you, Charles, you know you will have my consent, though I must say that I am sorry things went so far with Clara."

"My dear mother," replied her son, respectfully taking her hand, "things did not go near

so far as you would have yourself believe. You know that you wished the match, in fact almost manoeuvred for it, and it was natural that you should magnify the slightest attentions into serious ones. I feel myself entirely innocent. But there is another quarter in which, though I have never yet told my love in words, honor would imperatively demand me to speak out, even if the inclination was wanting." He then, leading his mother to the sofa, took his seat beside her, and narrated in what manner he had become acquainted with Julia, how he had tried to drive her from his memory, how she had been accidentally thrown on his protection, and how in consequence the acquaintance had been renewed. "And now, dearest mother," he said, in conclusion, "I have a favor to ask of you: you must promise to call on Miss Forester, if she accepts me; and with this promise I will go to-morrow and ask her to be mine."

The story of her son's proceedings was entirely new to Mrs. Manderson, who had never so much as suspected the possibility of such an entanglement. To say that she was disappointed would fail to convey an adequate idea of its effect on her. At heart she was a good deal shocked that her idolized son could fall in love with a farmer's daughter; but she was even more incensed that he should have preferred a penniless girl to such an heiress as Clara Owens. We have said, in a former chapter, that the Mandersons were not rich, especially for their station in life. It had been necessary, indeed, for Mr. Manderson, in making his will, to leave his entire property to his wife, otherwise she would have been unable to keep up the family mansion. But he did this with the less compunction, because he fully believed that his handsome and intelligent son, whenever he desired to have an establishment of his own, could marry an heiress. In this opinion the mother had concurred. It was, therefore, a serious matter to find this son, from whom so much had been expected, about to throw himself away on a half-bred rustic, as Mrs. Manderson supposed, who had nothing but rosy cheeks to recommend her.

To frustrate her son in his boyish folly was the mother's instant resolution. She was a woman quick to decide, and her plan was determined upon, therefore, before Manderson had quite finished his tale. Indeed most of what he said about Julia's merits, at the end, was lost upon his parent, who though pretending to listen, was absorbed in maturing her course of conduct. When he had ceased to speak she was prepared accordingly to answer at once.

"My dear boy," she said, kindly, "you are

in love, and for the first time in your life; and, therefore, I excuse what otherwise would be the height of absurdity. The romance of this whole matter is that you would like to marry Miss Forester, because once you nearly ran over her father, and another time rescued her from the midst of a fire-riot: the reality is that you can't marry her, or anybody else, who is not an heiress, because you have no income to support a wife, and I can't give you one without beggaring myself."

Manderson knew this was true. He had, in the enthusiasm of the moment, conceived a wild plan of bringing Julia home to his mother's; and hence had spoken, as we have seen, of going immediately to propose for her. He looked down abashed.

"So think no more of the young woman," resumed Mrs. Manderson, elated with her evident success. "It was a bit of pardonable folly, excusable perhaps for this once," she added, smiling. "Dismiss it, dream no more, be a man of the world, and marry Clara Owens after a while."

She had gone too far. She saw it at once. Her son snatched his arm from her hand, as if it had been the touch of a tempter, and elevating his commanding figure to its loftiest proportions, said, coldly,

"Mother, you treat me as a child. You talk as if I, at five and twenty, had no deeper feelings than a school boy. Nay! hear me out," he added, impatiently, seeing she was about to interrupt him. "I have been boyish, at least in one respect, for I forgot that a man is a fool to speak of marriage, till he has earned the right by making himself independent. I am not angry; do not look as if you thought I was; it was never my intention to encroach on your comforts; and only my thoughtlessness could have led me to say anything from which you could draw that

inference. Let there be no hard feelings between us, dear mother," he continued, kissing her hand. "But from this day forth, remember, I begin a new era in my life. I have heretofore trifled with existence, I will hereafter give myself to earnest labor. I will be the founder of my own fortunes."

The fond mother, though utterly skeptical, in her worldly wisdom, of the durability of these resolutions, could not but secretly admire the enthusiasm with which his words were spoken. She gazed a moment admiringly on her son's face, and then began to smile incredulously.

"And when you have won fortune, I suppose, you will offer yourself to Miss Forester."

"I will," replied the son, his eye meeting her's, and by its frank, high look awing down that skeptical expression.

"That is," added the mother, "if she has not forgotten you."

"She will not do that, if she loves me: and if she don't love me," he paused, and added quickly, "it won't matter."

"If she continues faithful," said Mrs. Manderson, half relenting at her son's emotion, "I will promise to receive her as a daughter. But with this stipulation, that you bind her by no promise meanwhile, for otherwise it will be no trial of her fidelity."

"I accept," said Manderson, eagerly. "Ah! mother, I shall have something now to work for, and work I will," he added, with energy.

"But meantime," said the mother to herself, "this designing creature, tired of waiting, and ignorant of the reward for her fidelity, will desert him. Or, if she really loves, she will feel hurt at this neglect, and so forget him." And the woman of the world congratulated herself on having outwitted her son, for his own good, as she conscientiously believed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## STANZAS,

INSCRIBED TO CLARA MORETON.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

Oh! ask me not to wake for thee a measure,  
Whose joyous accents shall delight thine ear,  
For, riven from my grasp is the heart's treasure,  
And wasted love calls now for misery's tear.

Mine is a melancholy, sad awaking  
From the bright, cherished dreams of other days—  
And life's dark clouds upon my pathway breaking,  
Have banished from my sight hope's cheering rays.

No more I listen to the whispered breathing  
Of words that swept my bosom's inmost chords,  
No more I meet the rapturous glance, revealing  
Affection, prized beyond earth's golden boards.

These all have passed away, and left me weeping  
O'er blighted hopes, and joys which come no more;  
My spirit's harp is mute—its notes are sleeping—  
It yields no music—as in days of yore.

## THE BIRTH OF THE SNOW-DROP.

BY JANE SAUNDERS.

FAR away among the vine-clad hills of sunny France, there lived a poor woman with her only child. She was a soldier's widow and gained a scanty subsistence by working in the vineyards. Little Renie was only able to follow his mother in her labors; but he loved to sit under the vines, and see the rich purple grapes that hung among the green leaves like bunches of amethysts.

The widow dearly loved her little son, and often seating him upon her knee after the labor of the day was over, she told him of his father; how he was a good man and a brave soldier, who had died fighting for his country; and then she would sob and press the child to her bosom, as she related how handsome the soldiers looked marching on to the sound of fife and drum, and how not one ever returned again.

Renie was much too young to understand all this; but as he grew older he learned that his mother had left her home with a young soldier, and that her father never forgave the marriage, or saw his daughter again. The old man was living still in a distant province; but though the heart of the lonely widow yearned for home, and with a mother's pride she longed to show her boy, yet she knew the stern nature of her father, and dared not seek him.

At last the poor widow fell ill, and though it was the season when the rich hue of the grapes deepened into perfection beneath the warm sunbeams, she knew full well that she should not live to gather them.

The dying mother bade little Renie come very near to her, and then, in faltering tones, whispered that she must leave him, and perform a long, dark journey alone. But the child, with violent sobs of grief, clasped his arms about his mother's neck, praying to go with her, and not to be left behind.

Then the widow, whose strength was failing fast, comforted her child, murmuring, "I will not leave you forever, my son; we shall meet again—in my Father's house." She spoke no more—and soon poor little Renie was an orphan.

The peasants made the poor widow a grave in a quiet spot, and gave the little boy a home among themselves; but day after day he threw himself upon his mother's grave and wept, refusing to be consoled. Children gathered about

and pressed him to join their sports, kind women drew him to their bosoms and promised to cherish him, strong-hearted men raised him up and bade him be of good cheer; but Renie turned from them all to the cold, damp sod, exclaiming, "she will not leave me forever; my mother will come back. I will wait for her here."

When they saw all their comforting words were of no avail, they left him, trusting that the natural joyousness of childhood would overcome his grief; but when weeks passed on and brought no change, they learned to respect the child's sorrow, and the grape-gatherers as they returned from the vineyards with baskets of the beautiful fruit, paused in their vintage song as they saw little Renie with his arms clasped about the wooden cross upon his mother's grave.

The leaves at length dropped dry and sere, and the snow rested upon the hills; then Renie himself fell ill, and for many weeks he could not rise from the little cot where a kind peasant and his wife nursed him tenderly; but during the tedious hours of illness his mother's image was ever before him; and remembering her words, "we shall meet in my Father's house," he resolved, when he grew strong again, to go and seek her, as she did not return to him.

The snow had not yet melted in the vallies, though the sun was shining warmly, when Renie feebly turned his steps once more toward the spot where his mother slept. He knelt down before the little cross, and his warm tears fell fast upon the snow, when, lo! just where the tears had fallen, appeared a tiny blade struggling to pierce the crusted ground; the boy tenderly scraped aside the snow that the little plant might feel the sun, and another warm shower of tears fell upon it as he did so, for he remembered his lost mother's love for the flowers.

When Renie came again to the grave, he saw with surprise a group of lovely white blossoms that seemed to bend sorrowfully over the sod. The child knelt beside them, and a strange feeling of peace crept into his heart.

"My mother has sent them from the land where she dwells," he thought, "to show that she has not forgotten me;" and a smile of hope beamed on his sad, pale face, as he looked fondly on the flowers.

But when the peasants beheld this mysterious little plant blossoming in the midst of the snow, and of a kind they had never seen before, they were filled with astonishment and awe.

"It is sent from the spirit land," they whispered, "and born of Renie's tears; see how each snow white drop quivers upon its stem like a tear about to fall; his mother knows his sorrow and would console him thus."

Gradually the grief of the little boy became more subdued, and hope and cheerfulness beamed upon his face once more; he loved to water and nurture the tender blossoms, and soon the grave was covered with the delicate and graceful flowers, gently bending toward the earth.

The good cure, who dwelt among these simple peasants, loved the little motherless boy, and spoke often to him, explaining how the child must one day join his mother, but she could no more come to him. Renie listened to the good old man with interest; still the words of his mother seemed ever present with him.

"We shall meet in my Father's house!"

And so one day the boy filled a basket with tufts of the spirit flowers, as the peasants called them, and going to the cure, said, firmly,

"My mother has sent me many messengers. See, I take some with me to show the way, and I go to seek her in her Father's house, where she told me we should meet again."

Then the good cure drew little Renie toward him, and told him of that heavenly Father's house where his mother awaited his coming; and as he dwelt upon the love and goodness of that all-wise Parent, and the eternal happiness prepared for his children, the boy was comforted.

As the kind teacher went on and spoke of the loneliness, and perhaps the remorse, of the old man who had refused to forgive his child, little Renie's heart swelled with tears, and as a sense of peace filled his own bosom, he longed to impart it to others. Suddenly he looked up with a brightened countenance.

"I will seek my grandfather," he said, "and carry these sweet flowers to him; they are messengers sent to console us both; and when I tell him my mother is gone home to her heavenly Father's house, he will not be angry with her any more, but will love me for her sake."

The good cure blessed the little boy; the

peasants gathered around with gifts and many kind wishes; and then Renie, after a last visit to his mother's grave, started on his journey, carrying with him the precious flowers.

He met with much kindness on his way; for all who listened to his simple story willingly aided the little orphan boy. Many wished to purchase the strange and beautiful blossoms which he carried, but Renie would not sell them; he regarded them with a love too holy to barter them for money. But whoever did him a kindness was rewarded by a little tuft; and if he met any one in sorrow he offered his simple tribute, strong in the faith of its power to soothe.

The twilight was fast fading into night when Renie entered a shaded lane, and softly opening a wicket gate, carried his treasured flowers to the well to water them, ere he sought a shelter for the night. The little garden into which he had entered was overgrown with weeds, and the low-roofed cottage wore an air of desolation. In the porch sat an old man, who with thin, silvery hair floating on his shoulders, leaned heavily upon a staff, and with mournful voice and shaking head constantly murmured to himself,

"My child, my child! I have driven you from me, and now am broken-hearted. I shall never see you more—my child, my child!"

Little Renie heard these words; a gleam of joy illumined his heart; lifting his basket of flowers he stood before the old man, saying as he offered them,

"Grandfather, see, I bring you consolation!"

The poor old man was for a time bewildered; but when he had heard Renie's story and read the letter of the good cure, he clasped the child in his arms and shed over him tears of mingled penitent sorrow and gratitude.

The weeds were uprooted, and the precious flowers planted in the garden, where they grew and flourished in luxuriant beauty. When Renie with his grandfather went to visit his mother's grave, tufts of the lovely blossoms met them at every turn, like the foot-prints of angels leading them on, and each one to whom Renie had given the flowers came out to welcome them.

When the next spring time came; the hills were covered with the delicate blossoms, and for many years the peasants named them, "Renie's consolation."

## THE APRIL RAIN.

WHAT though the rain falls chill and fast,  
It brings us all sweet flowers.

So life immortal, Heav'nly bliss,  
Blooms under life's cold showers!

C. A.

## BERTHA.

BY MARY V. PENROSE.

At an unfrequented watering-place on the south coast of England, dwelt Mr. Bertrand Fitzsimon, a poor relation of an aristocratic family. But though poor, he was proud. The family was one of the oldest in England. Of course he held aloof from the gentry of the watering-place, except the few who were unquestionably rich.

There was one exception to this, however. Mr. Edgar, a young man of five and twenty, of whom nothing literally was known, was a welcome visitor at the Rosery. He owed this to having been the fortunate means of saving the life of Bertha, Mr. Fitzsimons' daughter, who would have been drowned but for him. What more was necessary to procure him an introduction to the family? No questions were asked about his pedigree. They saw he was a gentleman in manner; they knew that he had saved their daughter from a watery grave, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Fitzsimon objected to his visits. He became as one of the family: and Bertrand soon discovered that he had money at command, and was not loath to lend it. Bertrand, on his part, was not loath to borrow—a characteristic which human nature will sometimes retain in spite of the longest pedigree.

There was something peculiar about Mr. Edgar, however, which the Fitzsimons ere long perceived. In spite of his cheerful air, his extensive acquaintance with books and with the wider page of life, and the openness of his manner, there was a scrutiny in his look, a guardedness of expression, a power to repel inquiry when anything that had the appearance of even leading to it was attempted, that was not satisfactory. But the strongest thing of all to the minds of both Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimon, was the insensibility he displayed to Bertha's charms. This question had been much debated. Mr. Fitzsimon's hope of succeeding to the family estate was remote. The possessor was a man of his own age, and between them were three younger lives with a claim prior to our friend's. It was evident to him that Mr. Edgar was at all events rich. He had borrowed three hundred pounds of him, and the last hundred was lent as willingly as the first. Mr. Fitzsimon saw that this would not be a bad match for his daughter; Mrs. Fitzsimon coincided in his opinion; but Mr. Edgar showed no sign of

falling in love. It is true he accompanied her in many a walk over the sands; that he had overcome her fear of boating. But, according to Mrs. Fitzsimon, there was no love in the business; and the husband chagrined that he should have entertained the thought of a condescension which was not likely to be appreciated, coiled himself up in a more rigid exclusiveness than ever.

The most unlikely things will sometimes happen in this world. One morning, news came that the Fitzsimon in possession had broken his neck in a steeple chase. Within a month from this time, one by one, the three intervening lives departed this earthly scene, and Bertrand found himself owner of two estates. All was now bustle at the Rosery. Bertrand proceeded to Herefordshire to take possession, and Mrs. and Miss Fitzsimon were charged to prepare for a speedy departure to the metropolis. A week passed. Bertrand returned to the Rosery to conduct his wife and daughter to town. The day came, and Edgar called to bid them good-bye. He found Bertha alone.

"You will be glad to go to London," said he, after the usual greeting had been exchanged; "you have not spent a season there yet?"

"No," answered Bertha, laconically.

"You have much to see then; a new life and a very different one from that which you have led hitherto in this retirement. You will find much to amuse you; much to delight the eye, the senses; much to admire in the brilliancy of fashion, the works of art, the displays of genius, the theatres, the opera, and those attractions for which the metropolis is famous."

"Yes——" said she, melancholy, a faint smile curling her lip into one of its many phases of beauty.

"You will also," continued Edgar, "you will also find much——" He paused. "But why should I render that tasteless to you on which your heart is perhaps set." There was an expression on his face as he said this, which Bertha had remarked before—an expression partly sad, but more stern.

"No, no; tell me," cried she, for the first time since he had entered the room seeming to be cognizant of what was passing; "what else shall I find?"

"Too much that is hollow and insincere, notwithstanding a fair outside. Do not think that in changing this wild life amongst rocks and cliffs, and with the storms of winter ever and anon raging before your eyes, that all will be gain."

"I would rather remain here," she replied; "I have been happy in the midst of nature."

"And are there no attractions in the world that claim your affection?"

"Indeed," replied Bertha, artlessly, "I shall never forget the friends I have loved here; and least of all, Mr. Edgar, shall I ever forget you." Bertha held out her hand to him. He took it, but with an abstracted air, as if his mind was busy in another direction.

"Miss Fitzsimon," said he, after a pause, "we have spent so much time together, and interchanged so much thought, may I add feeling, that I am confident enough to say to you what I have not said to your father or to Mrs. Fitzsimon."

Bertha blushed; but no; he was not going to say what she expected.

"You have guessed there is a mystery about me. You have suspected it; and you are right. I am a man who, from my boyhood, have loved truth and sought after honesty. Where they were wanting, either in man or woman, I could see no virtue to compensate their absence, I have lived to be deceived by one who was utterly destitute of both. But what have you to do with this?" continued he, after a pause; "we will speak of something else."

"No, no! pray go on," exclaimed Bertha, so interested in what had fallen from Edgar, and her face so full of expression, that he thought she had never looked so lovely before.

"It is a long story, Miss Fitzsimon; but I perceive you partly guess it. I loved a woman whom I thought possessed of a heart as beautiful as her face: but, it was the face only was beautiful. From the time that I discovered my mistake, I withdrew from society, resolved to devote myself to those affections which books, the study of nature, and the wider phases of man's life supply. It was not long, however, ere I found that my heart was still alive enough to appreciate a more kindred love." Edgar paused, and turned his looked steadily on Bertha. Her large, expressive eyes were veiled in an instant by their scarce less lovely lids. A beautiful blush spread over her face, glowed for a moment, and then passed away.

"Bertha," cried Edgar, drawing closer to her, and taking her hand in his, "have you never suspected that I looked with no common admiration

on your charms, or that I regarded with a deeper respect the more engaging qualities of your nature? Have you not suspected I had more than an ordinary regard for you?"

"Yes;" Bertha certainly had suspected it.

"Have you never dreamt that I dared even to love you?"

"Yes," she had dreamt that too; though she saw no great daring about it.

"I love you!" he said, "yes, with my whole heart. Do I love in vain?"

As he said this he drew still closer to Bertha, who, suffering her hand to remain in his, permitted him even to fold his other arm around her waist. Just then footstep<sup>s</sup> were heard upon the stairs.

"Do I love in vain?" repeated Edgar.

He felt her arm timidly placed upon his shoulder.

"You will not forget me?" cried he.

"Never!"

A month passed, and the Fitzsimonses were settled in London. It was the height of the season; and Bertha found herself in a new world indeed, exceeding in splendor and in beauty the wildest paintings of her imagination.

One day, some two months after her arrival, while mechanically turning over some sheets of new music, and running her fingers along the keys of her instrument, the door of the drawing-room opened one morning, and the servant announced Mr. Edgar. Edgar himself followed.

Bertha rose, blushed, stammered. Edgar perceived her hesitation. He advanced, and held out his hand. She placed her's within it, and the courtesies of meeting were exchanged, but somewhat stiffly.

"You are altered, Miss Fitzsimon," said he, after a time. "You have lost the ruddy health you brought to town with you. May I add, too, that in other respects I see a difference."

There was a melancholy in the tone in which he spoke that went at once to her heart. Altered! Yes; she was much altered. But whatever she might have said, was interrupted by the entrance of her father.

Mr. Fitzsimon had always held his head high, but now it was higher than ever. It seemed, indeed, as if his chin had usurped the position by nature allotted to his nose. As he stalked into the room, Edgar at once saw what reception he would have. Proceeding to the piano, he took Miss Fitzsimon by the hand, and leading her to the door, motioned her out, and closed it after her. Then returning—

"Mr. Edgar," said he, with an air of magnificence, which almost made our hero smile, "this

is very unseemly, sir; very indecorous and improper. You should have written had you wished to see me, and I should willingly have granted you an audience; but to take me by storm, to insist, as it were—though I hardly think your presumption could intend that—on forcing me to an interview—this is, I say, most indecorous, most unseemly.”

Edgar was not taken aback; he knew his man, and expected nothing better from him.

“I have used this freedom with your leave before, Mr. Fitzsimon, and see no difference that two months can have made to render it indecorous now. I am not changed; are you?”

“Changed!” ejaculated Bertrand, in amazement at the man’s reckless impertinence; “changed! Good God! am I to be addressed in this low, familiar manner, and asked if I am changed.”

“Remember, sir,” replied Edgar, sternly, and resolved to give no quarter where he found none, “you are still the man whose daughter I saved from what would probably have been death; still the man who has done me the honor to become my debtor in a pecuniary sense.”

“Sir,” exclaimed Bertrand, insulted, that these reminiscences should be regarded otherwise than as favors conferred upon the person who had saved the child and lent the money, “you are gross; you are evidently an ignorant man, who has forgotten himself and his position. There,” continued he, writing upon a card, “my agent’s address, sir. Take your claim to him; and let me never see you in this house again.” With these words, he issued from the room as magnificently as he had entered it.

All this was nothing to Edgar. He had gauged the man before. But Bertha! Was she changed too. Again he had set his faith upon a woman, and was he deceived? Would she not steal to see him again? He paused, listened—no sound. Why did he expect it? He had marked her hesitation. He saw the blush of confusion with which she welcomed him, as if she was too proud to meet him heartily, yet too young to be wholly ungrateful. Was she coming? No! He took his hat; descended the stairs, wrapt in sorrowful mood, and in a minute more found himself in the street.

And had Bertha forgotten him? Not quite. Her confusion at meeting him was in truth only natural. She saw the insult her father intended, and almost sank with shame at the double ingratitude with which the friend of a less fortunate period was treated. The hall door had hardly closed behind him after his departure when she despatched her servant with the following note:—

“Dear Mr. Edgar.—Whoever else may be ungrateful, do not doubt that there is one in this house who can never forget you. So long as you value this assurance, believe it, BERTHA.”

Edgar walked moodily along. He thought of what unadorned merit has to suffer in this world; and as his thoughts grew warmer, and his indignation rose higher, he walked the faster. Bertha’s maid would much rather have been Bertha’s mistress. A steam-engine could not get her to walk out of what she considered a becoming pace, nor could all the world have induced her to run. Perhaps she might have made a little more haste had Edgar been a “lord,” or even a “sir;” but, as it was, she saw him gradually increase the distance between them till he entered the park. She pursued him, but in vain. Giving up the pursuit; she resolved to return home; and, as Bertha had ordered her on no account to come back without having delivered the letter, she further resolved to say that she had done so.

Bertha’s mind was accordingly composed, and in due time she betook herself to her toilet. In less than an hour she was dressed for the evening, and the carriage being announced, the Fitzsimons drove off to Lady Harriet Temple’s. There was a dinner party and also an evening party; they joined both: but what was Mr. Fitzsimons’ confusion to find himself sitting *vis-a-vis* to his friend Edgar. Had the fellow lent her ladyship money, too? No; he was too much at home to be merely there on tolerance. More than that, there was an evident deference paid toward him, and—what!—was it possible that Bertrand heard aright!

“Lord Edgar”—“my lord”—“your lordship.”

“And where and in what incognito has my fitful cousin been for the last six months? What have you been about, sir?” demanded Lady Harriet.

“Looking for honesty and truth,” replied he.

“I hope you found them, my lord?” inquired Sir Charles Wilmot, with a laugh.

“I am not sure,” he answered; “perhaps, ‘yes;’ possibly, ‘no.’”

Did his eye wander toward Bertha as he said this? She thought so, and her heart beat rapidly. She thought of the letter. She rejoiced that he had received it before she had become acquainted with his true position. Not for the whole world would she have written it had she believed Mr. Edgar to have been Lord Temple. And yet, was it not strange that he should not address a single word to her; that his eyes should not be turned toward her; that after dinner he should neither seek her out to dance with him, nor ask her to sing one of those airs which had been such

favorites with him before? Hours passed away; and, finally, Mrs. Fitzsimon bade her hostess good night. The husband and Bertha followed the example. Lord Edgar was standing beside Lady Harriet. Fitzsimon bowed to him, a most gracious bow, which the other acknowledged by the slightest inclination of his head. But on Bertha he did not waste a glance. What could it mean?

"We shall be happy to see your lordship," said Mrs. Fitzsimon, from whom alone the invitation could come with any grace.

"I shall do myself the honor of calling," replied his lordship, in a tone tinged, as Bertha thought, with sarcasm. But he took no notice of her.

She slept little that night, and the morning found her pale and weary.

It was at two o'clock, as her maid was about to give herself an airing in the Park, which she did about that hour generally, to disembarass her mind for a few moments of the afflicting duties of her position, that the hall door opened, and Mr. Edgar gave his card to the porter, inquiring for Miss Fitzsimon. The card was handed to the maid, which, when the maid read, it produced a revulsion in her economy that no permissible language can express. Turning round, and bowing at each step she took, lost in a maze of wonder and admiration, she led him to the drawing-room, and was about to hurry to her young mistress, when the thought of the letter occurred to her. Fortunately, she had not burnt it. Withdrawing it from her pocket she presented it with a triumphant air, as if she had been pursuing his lordship ever since yesterday and had run him down at last. Having performed this feat, she rushed off to her young mistress, who immediately fell into the most delightful agitation. Pins were in demand; frills and bijouterie; and ere Bertha was presentable, ten minutes had passed away.

In the meantime Lord Temple had opened the letter, read it, and attributed its professions of fidelity to the discovery that he was "Lord Edgar," and not "Mr. Edgar." The doubt of which till now he had given Bertha the benefit, was now clearly against her. It grated painfully upon the refined sensibilities of such a man, that so young and beautiful a girl should display such matronly craft; and that she should pretend to address him as "dear Mr. Edgar." The whole thing was evidently got up. Ineffably disgusted, he felt that his affair with Bertha was now utterly at an end. Why should he trouble her for an interview? No.

As Bertha was descending to the drawing-

room, Lord Edgar was descending to the hall; and just as our heroine entered the drawing-room, his lordship issued into the street.

What did all this mean? Bertha rang for her maid. The maid was equally puzzled. Passing rapidly from one thought to another, Bertha's mind at last turned to the letter.

"You are certain you gave it to him, yesterday? If you failed, you have ruined me!"

"Oh, certain, Miss!" responded the maid, with a most determined resolution to stick to it.

But just then Bertha's eye fell on some torn scraps of paper, which were strewn upon the ground. The suspicion flashed across her mind that these were the fragments of her letter, and that it had not been delivered yesterday. Her own handwriting soon assured her of the former fact. Turning to her maid with a firm look that alarmed her the more from the death-like paleness of her face—

"You did not deliver it yesterday?" she said.

"No!" after a pause, responded the maid, trembling in every limb.

Bertha slowly reascended to her chamber.

It was not without pain that Temple came to the conclusion that Bertha was calculating and selfish, like the rest of the world. The one hope which had bound him to society was broken, and he felt inclined to abjure that faith in high things which had so much ennobled his character.

He had wandered into the garden. Rain was beginning to fall, and he entered one of the boxes. A long and noble avenue of trees was before him, and on the green turf, at their feet, a flock of sheep cropped the grass. There was no one near him, and he exclaimed,

"Nature, thou alone art true; true in beauty, true in fidelity to your destiny. It is summer, and you wear the livery of joy, bright, shining, smiling; filling the eye with beauty, the heart with gladness. Winter comes, and again you are like the time, true to it—ever faithful to the marriage vow which has bound you to the revolving year. Man alone is false; woman, beautiful and false!"

As he looked out upon the scene his mind was so deeply absorbed with these thoughts that he did not hear the footsteps which approached. They paused, came on again a little; paused again. He heard them not. Again they came on, and some one entered and set down. The rain was increasing, but Temple wished to be alone. He rose and stepped forth.

Good heaven! what voice was that? Who was it pronounced his name, in a tone so low and so sweet that it seemed to touch his very heart? He turned. The lady had risen and was standing



before him. She raised her veil a little and Temple beheld Bertha, her face pale and her lips quivering with emotion. In wonder he rushed back to her.

"Miss Fitzsimon," he said, softly, when she had sat down again, "what does this mean; or do I meet you again by accident?"

"No," she replied, recovering herself after a while, and loosing her hand from his. "I have followed you, I came on purpose. You have received a letter from me."

"I have to acknowledge that honor," returned Temple, coldly—the very thought of the letter chilling him in an instant.

Bertha remarked the change. She could no longer control her feelings.

"You have wronged me," she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

"Wronged you, Miss Fitzsimon; I believe, on the contrary, that I have to complain."

"You believe then," she continued, calming herself, "that I have condescended, out of deference to your rank, to *pretend* a part I had not played; to pre-date a letter in order to represent myself in a different light from that in which you viewed me, and that I supported this forgery by addressing you in your feigned name, when I had become aware of your real one. No! I have not done that. I wrote upon the instant, stung with shame at the ingratitude with which your friendship in less prosperous hours was repaid. My servant betrayed me. She failed to deliver that letter until after your true position had been revealed to us."

"Good heaven," exclaimed Temple.

"I do not ask you to believe me," replied Bertha, with a mixed expression of pride and scorn. "Nor have I followed you with any other aim but this—to free myself from an imputation under which I could not live. You will pardon my boldness, my lord. Perhaps I have the greater right to your consideration, since it might have been expected that you would have sought this explanation, not I."

Bertha rose to depart. Temple detained her.

"You are not less a gentleman, I trust," said she, proudly, "than when you appeared nothing more than one. Let my hand go, and suffer me to depart."

"But oh, Bertha, is this all; is nothing more to be said?"

"Nothing."

"But, by me! Yes! Much, if it were as easy to say as to know what we ought to say. You will not leave me? Listen to me."

He attempted to place his arm round her waist. She repulsed him.

"But stay, Bertha. Good heaven, you cannot be so cruel, so relentless."

He again folded his arm round her, but again she removed it.

"By the happy hours that we have spent together——"

"They are passed," exclaimed Bertha, lifting up her large and beautiful eyes, to withdraw them from his gaze.

"But not their memory, nor the love—in me, at least—which they engendered. Are they wholly dead in you, Bertha?"

He looked at her; a tear started from her eye, stood on her cheek a moment, and then rolled off upon his hand. Temple kissed it away. The rain came down in torrents.

"Look back, look back," he exclaimed, "to the last hour we spent together. Can that be forgotten—that promise never to forget me? Go back still further. I saved your life, Bertha."

He paused, and once more had encircled her with his arm, which her hand was about to remove, when he caught it in his, and pressed it with all a lover's fervor.

"Bertha, dear Bertha, I love you! Before heaven, I love nothing in the world but you. Be generous; be honest! Have you ceased to respect me?"

"No."

"Nor to love me, Bertha——"

His arm was tightened round her waist; her hand rested contentedly in his; nay, he thought once that slightly—very slightly—it even returned his pressure. Again she suffered herself to be repeated, and gradually her cheek came nearer to his.

"Nor to love me?" once more asked our hero.

There are looks that say more than words; murmurs, more expressive than articulate sounds.

Three months after this, Lord Edgar and Bertha sat again in that arbor—man and wife.

## SPRING SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HÆLTY.

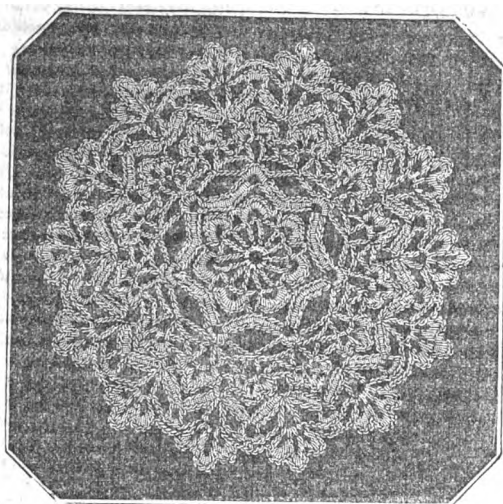
Oh, come, come all who love sweet May,  
Enjoy the beautiful to-day!  
The riches of God's bosom,

O'er all the land, on every hand,  
Are emptied from each blossom.

E. H.

# OUR WORK TABLE.

TO WORK D'OYLEY PATTERN.



WORK a chain of 7 stitches, and unite it by a single stitch.

*1st round.*—Work 11 chain and 1 plain in the foundation chain 7 times. Work 5 single stitches in the first chain of 11.

*2nd round.*—1 plain, 11 chain, 1 plain; (both these plain stitches are to be worked in the 11 chain of 1st round) 3 chain, miss 10, repeat and end with a single stitch.

*3rd round.*—11 plain, 3 chain, miss 5, repeat, end with a single stitch.

*4th round.*—14 chain, miss 13, 1 plain in the 3 chain of last round, repeat.

*5th round.*—Miss 1, 7 plain, 5 chain, 7 plain; repeat, end with 6 single stitches.

*6th round.*—7 plain, 9 chain, miss 12; repeat, end with three single stitches.

*7th round.*—1 plain, 9 chain, 1 plain, (both these plain stitches worked in the centre of the 7 plain of last round) 7 chain, miss 7; 1 plain, 9 chain, 1 plain, (both these plain stitches worked in the 9 chain of 6th round) 7 chain, miss 7, repeat; end with 2 single stitches.

*8th round.*—1 plain, 7 chain, 1 plain, 9 chain, 1 plain, 7 chain, 1 plain, (these 4 plain stitches worked in the 9 chain of 7th round) 5 chain, miss 4, 1 plain in the centre of the 7 chain in the 7th round, 5 chain, miss 4, repeat, end with a single stitch.

*9th round.*—7 plain, miss 1, 9 plain, miss 1, 7

plain, 3 chain, miss 13; repeat, end with 4 single stitches.

*10th round.*—13 chain, miss 15, 1 plain, 3 chain, miss 9, 1 plain; repeat, at the end, turn back and work 3 single on the last 3 chain, turn back.

*11th round.*—6 chain, 9 plain, 7 chain, 9 plain, repeat.

*12th round.*—1 plain, 11 chain, 1 plain, 13 chain, 1 plain, 11 chain, 1 plain, (these 4 chain stitches in the 6th chain of 11th round) 3 chain, miss 9, 5 plain in the 7th chain of 11th round, 3 chain, miss 9; repeat, and end with one single stitch.

*13th round.*—9 plain, miss 3, 11 plain, miss 3, 9 plain, 3 chain, miss 7, 1 plain in the centre of the 5 plain in last round, 3 chain, miss 7; repeat, end with one single stitch. Fasten off.

This may be worked in colored crochet thread, making the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd rounds amber; the 4th, 5th, and 6th green; the 7th, 8th, and 9th amber; 10th and 11th green, 12th and 13th amber.

It may also be worked for a lamp-mat in Berlin wool, in which case the ten first rounds will make it large enough, and five shades of worsted between the darkest and lightest, will have a pretty effect.

Worked with coarse linen, it may be used as a table-mat, as these are now more fashionable than the straw mats.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A GOSSIP ABOUT DRESS.—Since the accession of the beautiful and bewitching Spaniard to the French throne, nothing can exceed the extravagance and magnificence of the dress materials. They seem to be absolutely stiff with gold and silver. The so much vaunted stuffs of the time of our grandmothers, are left far behind by the fabrics of the present day, not merely in the superior richness of the materials, but for the greater finish in the pattern, and in the delicacy of the coloring. Dresses of tissue with gold or silver stripes, sparkling gauzes, *tulles* powdered with stars, light lace flounces embroidered in golden wreaths of flowers, brocades and lampas with flowers in relief, and worked with gold and silver in gorgeous patterns, are the most in favor for evening dress. Tunics and flounces divide the day, or rather the night: in the heavier materials, tunics probably predominating with trains. But whatever be the make or stuff, either with flounces or tunics, these dresses are immoderately full, and puffing out. This does not much agree with the rage which exists of packing in drawing-rooms, three times more people than they can accommodate. But imagine a court ball in which all this gorgeousness mingles. Did ever tale of fairy land convey an idea of it?

Gold is so much in fashion, that the lingere of the first repute in Paris, ornaments the vests which she makes for the great dames with it. This is the pure Oriental style; on white, black, green or purple cashmere these gold embroideries stand out in admirable relief. The short Turkish vests have gold tassels hanging from sleeves slit up a *la Sultane*, and also to the two points in front. Even the India cashmere shawls are wrought in gold and silver, and the *tournons* or opera cloaks are ornamented in the same style. Some are embroidered in flowers, the principal one of which is called the *Imperial*. These bouquets have here and there fluttering among them butterflies with gold wings, sparkling with precious stones.

And then the jewelry! One might imagine the mines of Galconda emptied into a Parisian ball-room. The precious stones sparkle on every article of dress, and the brains of even a French jeweler must be at a loss to furnish new designs. Among the latest vagaries of which we have heard is a bracelet with a cameo clasp, surrounded by large pearls. This cameo represents the head and bust of a negress. The head is ornamented with a net of gold sprigged with small diamonds, and round the neck there is a diamond necklace. Imagine it, good reader, if you can.

The wreaths, too, for the head are covered with gold and gems. Conceive, if possible, those exquisite *coiffures*, some of a delicate peach bloom, or of fancy flowers bedewed with silver, or wreaths of

violets, powdered with tiny silver stars, or a *coiffure* of roses and foliage, with small diamond butterflies fluttering over them!

In artificial flowers for evening parties, and balls, violets are the favorites. This is in compliment to the Emperor; unfortunately, they lose very much by night; in order to relieve them the foliage is sometimes in gold; and purple, grey, and white violets are grouped together; occasionally they are made in velvet; but though rich and beautiful in themselves, they are not becoming, nor suited to evening dress.

Another vagary of dame fashion is the use of powder, which is revived in the court and aristocratic circles; not such as our grandmother's wore, of pure white or delicate pink scented. The taste of the present day requires that which will make more glitter or show. To meet this demand, the great perfumer, *Legrand*, offers to the votaries of fashion, gold and silver powder. Several of the reigning belles have appeared at the Italian Opera with their hair dazzling with this new ornament. Conspicuous among them was the fair Spaniard, whose marvelous beauty has enthralled the heart of the Emperor, and procured her a throne. Her magnificent blonde tresses were slightly powdered with silver: a few roses forming the only additional ornament to this becoming coiffure. The gold powder is worn by brunettes; black hair alone admitting the contrast of the bright yellow.

But *apropos* of hair and her Majesty, we hope that we shall not now see the hair of any American woman drawn off her face and rolled back, because this happens to be the way in which the charming young Empress wears her's; for while it suits a woman of her fine complexion and features, it will ill become all faces. There is no danger of the admiration-seeking French dames falling into this error, for they study too closely the mysteries of the toilet, ever to commit a *faux pas* in taste; but in England and America, whatever may be the fashion is implicitly followed, without any regard to its becomingness. We have seen some naturally beautiful women make themselves look perfectly hideous because they followed the fashion.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Ruth. A Novel. By the author of "Mary Barton."* 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.—There has no work of fiction appeared, for very many years, which we can so worthily commend as this. Not only is the skill of a most rarely accomplished artist revealed in the handling of the characters, but the whole story breathes throughout a spirit of the purest Christianity. Its influence on the heart is like that of a living and beloved monitor, while its powerful

scenes render it engrossing beyond description. The creation of Ruth, the heroine, is alone sufficient to stamp the author as among the first of living novelists. Indeed we know no character, in any similar fiction, which approaches it in its wonderful combination of moral beauty and naturalness. There have been heroines, perhaps, as lovely in character ideally. There have been others as true to life. But we can recall no one, we repeat, who unites such reality with such surpassing excellence. She convinces the most skeptical reader that it is possible, even in this world, to be "but little lower than the angels." Tragical as are the main incidents of the tale, and inexpressibly painful as the catastrophe, the author shows a fine artistic sense in not shrinking from them, but in carrying out his purpose to the end. Ruth, once betrayed, even though comparatively innocent, could never have been aught but what she became. To have allowed her to marry her wronger, to have blessed her with worldly grandeur, would have marred the fitness of things, destroyed the almost divine beauty of the story. By a life of self-sacrifice to expiate her faults was the only true career left for one so meek and repentant. We love her the better, "poor Ruth," yet saintly Ruth also, for her humility, her poverty, her heavenly patience. The rest of the actors in the tale are equally life-like. In any other novel the gentle, deformed pastor would have been a creature, whose Christian loveliness would have made the reputation of the book. Sally, the maid of all work, is incomparable in her line, and relieves, by her humor, the pervading pathos of the volume. Mr. Bradshaw, his wife, and his daughter are also strikingly individual. The novel is published in a neat style.

*Chambers' Repository of Instructive and Amusing Papers. With Illustrations. Vol. I. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Philada: Daniels & Smith.*—This is the first of a serial work, to be issued every other month, in neatly bound volumes, each to contain two hundred and sixty pages, and to embrace an agreeable variety of instructive essays, judicious criticisms, and well-told tales. The contents of the present volume are "The Cotton Metropolis," "Australia and its Gold Regions," "Helen Gray," "Madame de Sevigne, her Life and Letters," "The Rhine," "Maria Block," "The Pilgrim Fathers," and "Spirit of the Paradise Lost." The volumes may be had separately or together, for each is complete in itself, nor is there any connexion between them except in similarity of character, merit and variety.

*The Lion Skin and Lovers Hunt. By Charles E. Bernard. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—These stories, especially "The Lion Skin," are sparkling and brilliant almost beyond description. In reading them, one scarcely knows whether most to admire the brisk character of the plot, or the exquisite finish of the style. Estelle, in the "Lion Skin," is drawn to the life, and so is the braggadochio lover Ralph. Mr. Redfield has published the book in capital style.

*Waverley Novels. Illustrated Library Edition. Vols. XXIII, XXIV, XXV, XXVI and XXVII. Boston: B. B. Mussey. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—This unequalled edition is now complete. It contains all the Waverley Novels, with the latest corrections; and in addition the entire series of "The Tales of a Grandfather." Each volume is illustrated with two graphic wood-cuts, printed on tinted paper. The type is large, and the binding handsome. In elegance, utility and cheapness, three rare merits, whose combination is rarer still, this edition far surpasses any yet published in America. The entire cost of the twenty-seven volumes is comparatively small, so that their purchase lies within the means of almost every intelligent person; and surely we need not say, to any of our readers at least, that no series of fictions in any language is so well worth having as Scott's.

*The Queens of Scotland. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The long-expected life of Mary Stewart is begun in this volume. The biography promises to be the most complete ever published of Queen Mary. Miss Strickland has evidently ransacked every accessible document, public or private, which could by any possibility be expected to throw light on the subject of her memoir. The conclusion to which she has arrived is that Queen Mary was innocent not only of the murder of Darnley, but of all the other crimes laid to her charge. The present volume carries the story down to a period slightly preceding the marriage with Darnley. From this we judge that two additional volumes, perhaps more, will be required to finish the biography.

*The Emigrant Squire. By P. Hamilton Meyers. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—We have quite enjoyed this novel, which passes from pathos to humor, and back to pathos again, with a naturalness, that keeps the interest continually alive, yet does not fatigue the reader. It is a prize story, originally appearing in that excellent weekly, "The Dollar Newspaper." Mr. Peterson has issued it in the cheap style for twenty-five cents.

*Pleasant Pages for Young People. By S. Prout Newcombe. With Numerous Illustrations. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Philada: Lindsay & Blakiston.*—This is intended as an aid to Home Education, and comes highly recommended. The variety of the subjects presented, the publishers say, is only equalled by the skill with which they are treated; and from a cursory glance over the pages we are inclined to think this is no exaggeration. When we have examined the work more thoroughly, we shall probably recur to it again.

*The Miseries of Human Life. An Old Friend in a New Dress. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.*—This is a book to laugh over, a panacea against all low spirits, a recipe to make a hypochondriac smile even at the climax of his despondency. The engravings are not less mirth-moving than the text.

*The Deck of the Crescent City. A Picture of American Life.* By William Giles Dix. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.—The title of this book is a key to its character, a noticeable fact in this age of deceptive outsides, alike in literature and in shop windows. The volume contains a good deal of pleasant reading, and those who wish to hear about "Young America," or have a daguerreotype of the crowded decks of a California steamer, will find it worth while to add the book to their library. Like whatever bears the imprint of Putnam, this little work is handsomely, almost daintily printed.

*The Fortunes of the Colville Family.* By the author of "Frank Fairleigh." 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brother.—A capital story, full of fun, yet not without touches of sentiment and even pathos. It is a better tale, in every respect, than "Lewis Arundel," its immediate predecessor; and has, in reality, but one fault, which is its brevity.

### FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

THIS is a month when there is rarely anything new out. The early spring fashions we gave in our last number, and it is too soon for the late spring fashions. We give, however, a plate, engraved on wood, of a morning costume, which is quite novel.

FIG. 1.—MORNING DRESS.—Robe of worked muslin over a slip of pink jaconnet. The skirt is finished at the bottom by a hem about three inches in width, and above the hem are rows of rather large bouquets. These bouquets diminish in size as they ascend, and about the middle of the skirt they become merely small sprigs, which continue gradually diminishing till they reach the waist. The front of the dress is trimmed with two rows of Mechlin lace, set on nearly plain, and the edges turned in contrary directions. These rows of lace are folded in so as to become narrow as they ascend toward the waist. Small bows of pink sarcenet ribbon ornament the front of the dress, from the bottom of the skirt to the top of the corsage. The sleeves, loose at the ends, are edged with three rows of narrow Mechlin lace, and gathered up in front of the arm by a bow of pink ribbon. The cap is of Mechlin lace, and trimmed with bows of pink ribbon; the strings fastened very backward, so as to flow over the shoulders.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The form of dresses has undergone very little change. In low *corsages* the bodies are a trifle lower than before, not pointed, and with a piece turned down at top that dies away to nothing in front and forms a bertha behind, it covers the sleeves and occasionally even replaces them altogether.

FOR VISITING OR WALKING DRESSES, the *corsages* are made a *la Watteau*, that is, a high gathered body, or partially open, a *la Raphaël*, such as have been worn for some time past. The waists are round; never pointed, the skirts are long and very

full, and the sleeves half pagoda and half open, a *la Mousquetaire*.

BUT there is a greater variety in the make of sleeves than any other part of dress. Even the unbecoming, heavy, old-fashioned balloon sleeves, are trying to struggle into existence again, but we hope with no success. The Bishop or shirt sleeve is very generally used in morning dress, or demi-toilette. Then there is a tight sleeve with a large cuff; then still another with two large puffs, separated by a narrow band, about the elbow. But the modified pagoda sleeves are still the most worn.

FOR EVENING DRESS, sleeves are very short, and formed of one or two bouffants, divided by little bows, bunches of ribbon or pearl buttons. In undersleeves there is a new style, called the *sabot* sleeve, which is either of lace or embroidered muslin; this sleeve is just wide enough to allow the hand to pass; at the wrist it is trimmed with a double-headed bouillonne, in which is passed a ribbon tied in a bow with two long ends; from this puffing escapes a deep ruffle, which slopes away on each side of the bow, and is exactly the *sabot* sleeve of the time of *Madame Dubarry*.

CLOTH DRESSES, with small circular capes, will be much worn for spring walking dresses. One is of dark blue, having a rather long basquine, open at the side. The sleeves have cuffs, rather raised, and remind one of the hunting sleeves under Louis XV. The front of the body is trimmed on each side, as well as the basquine with little palmettes of velvet two inches deep, bordered by a narrow galloon and applied on the cloth. This dress requires a flat collar of fine Holland on chemise cambric, closing down the front with little gold buttons. Under the sleeves, are plain white manchettes, closed nearly to the elbow with similar buttons.

FOR YOUNG LADIES EVENING DRESSES are made of organdi, net, crape, sprinkled with gold and silver, or slight flowers sprinkled over a plain ground, generally white. The founces are still in fashion; but the tunic is again appearing. It does not become everybody; but slender persons can wear it to advantage. It is made in various ways: some are opened at the side and tied up with bows or flowers; others are raised at the side; a third have several skirts: indeed, they are varied as much as possible, according to the taste and stature of the person. The edges of the tunic are embroidered or trimmed with gold and silver rings alternated, and the two founces of the petticoat are trimmed to match.

FOR young persons we have also seen dresses made of silk gauze, with three or four founces, which have each three dull satin stripes. The body, berthe *Lavalliere*, is trimmed with satin stripes; in front, long falling ribbons are added.

DRAWN BONNETS are still much worn, but not quite so much falling on the neck, and consequently sitting better on the head. The brim sits well to the face, and the inside is full trimmed with flowers and ribbon.

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CROSSING THE BROOK.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine







# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1853.

No. 5.

## HANNAH MORE AND HER WORKS.

BY REV. JAMES STEVENS.



### *Hannah More*

HANNAH MORE is a name, which, fifty years ago, was on the lips of every one, who honored talent devoted to high and worthy purposes. Her writings were read everywhere, in hut and hall, in England and America. Even now, though new reputations have partially crowded her's aside, her works might be perused to greater advantage than many more popular. In vain, among cotemporary authors, do we seek for a rival to "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." And her conduct was in harmony with her writings. Through a life, that extended nearly to a century, she was unwearied in charity, in humility, in kindness to suffering, in the conscientious discharge of duty.

VOL. XXIII.—18

Her time, her sympathies, her pen, and her purse were ever at the command of the needy, the afflicted, and the oppressed.

Her father was a village schoolmaster, respectable, but comparatively indigent. Of five daughters she was the youngest. She was born at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, England, in 1745. At an early age her remarkable abilities displayed themselves. When but seventeen she printed a pastoral drama, which went through three editions immediately in London, and was republished on this side of the Atlantic, two years later, at Philadelphia. Other poems, some lyrical and some dramatic, appeared at intervals subsequently, producing her considerable reputation, so that when she visited London, in 1778, she was cordially received by all the eminent literary men of the day. Johnson petted her almost as much as he did Miss Burney. Burke paid her the greatest civilities. Sir Joshua Reynolds delighted in her conversation. Garrick, whose notice dukes and duchesses were proud to win, made her accept his house as her home, and so won upon her heart, that, half a century after his death, she spoke of him only with tears.

Her elder sisters had established themselves at Bristol, where they kept a superior boarding-school, and here Hannah joined them, after a residence of some years in London. The most devoted affection reigned among the five. They were a type, it would seem, of every domestic virtue. "I love you all five," said Johnson, on parting with Hannah. "I never was at Bristol, but I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together. I will come and see you. God forever bless you! You live lives to shame duchesses." They did, indeed, live such lives. They were memorable examples, that talent is strengthened by the practice of the domestic virtues, and that meekness, charity and

Christian piety adorn even the best abilities. Hannah was, however, the only one who wrote. Nor is it disparaging to her sisters to say, that she exceeded them, perhaps, as much in goodness, as she did in literary eminence.

The true vocation of her life began in 1788, with the publication of her first prose work. For thirty years subsequently she was busily engaged in this department of literature, and everything she now wrote, without a single exception, had some moral or religious purpose. Her versatility was great. Books for the operatives, for the aristocracy, even for royalty itself were among her productions; she wrote for young females, she wrote for day laborers; and everything she put forth was marked by an ability which immediately commanded an audience. The best and most exalted in the land, did not think it beneath them to thank her, under their own hand, for the service she rendered to morality and religion. One of the most popular of her works, "*Cælebs in Search of a Wife*," was written while she was confined to her bed, by a disease that caused her the most excruciating pain. The book appeared in 1809, ran through

ten editions in the course of a year, and has since been sold, in England and America, by millions of copies almost. This remarkable popularity is to be attributed, not merely to the interest of the story, but partly also to the acute observations of the author on manners and domestic habits, and partly to the elevated tone which pervades the whole. In its kind it is a master-piece. It is worth, indeed, all the merely sentimental novels ever written. Tales of real life, when thus united with a moral purpose, and made the instrument of instruction as well as of amusement, become potent weapons in the hands of truth. While fiction is employed so extensively to undermine religion, morality and domestic virtue, their friends should not disregard so powerful an auxiliary. The Saviour himself often taught by parables. Give the young a healthy literature of this kind, and they will cease to crave for a morbid one. But deny them moral fictions, and they will resort to immoral fictions, for reading of this description appears to be a necessity of their existence, and is obtained often by secret fraud if it cannot be procured otherwise.



BARLEY WOOD COTTAGE.

The success of her works soon placed Hannah More in an independent position. About the year 1800 she purchased, with her sisters, a considerable property, in Somersetshire, on which they constructed a commodious and picturesque rural residence, which they named Barley Wood Cottage. Here the five resided for many years, dispensing their charities in the neighborhood, and laboring, with untiring assiduity, to elevate the peasantry from their ignorant and vicious

condition. For a long period it seemed as if the task was to be hopeless. Many refused to listen to the voice of kindness, spurning advice, giving insult for exhortation. The females jeered at the club of industry which the sisters proposed to found. Parents frequently insisted on being paid for letting their children attend school. But the devotion, the perseverance, the tact, and the ever ready sympathy of these Christian women triumphed at last over every obstacle.

An annual festival was established, at which over a thousand children, with numerous members of the now flourishing club, were regaled by the bounty of their benefactresses. Peace and plenty sprang up where before had been dissension and want. A district, notorious for the degradation of its peasantry, became celebrated for qualities exactly the reverse. Never before was the text more strikingly exemplified, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it."



MONUMENT OF BISHOP PORTEUS.

In 1813 the first death occurred in this happy sisterhood. Mary, the eldest, was the victim. She died at the age of seventy-five, leaving the little household desolate from that hour. In 1816, Elizabeth, the next eldest, died, at the still riper age of seventy-six. The great enemy returned again and again, in the succeeding three years, Sarah dying in 1817, aged seventy-four, and Martha in 1819, aged sixty-nine. Hannah was now left alone. Six years had utterly devastated the once pleasant household. From this period, though there was no unchristian repining at her lot, it was evident that her heart was no longer in the things of earth. The loss of her last and youngest sister had particularly affected her. Martha had been her chief earthly comfort, companion, counsellor, fellow laborer. "I bless God," said the survivor, writing with tears, "that her last trial, though sharp, was short; that she is spared feeling for me, what I now feel for her; and though I must finish my journey alone, yet it is a very short portion

of my pilgrimage which remains to be accomplished."

But these anticipations of a speedy death, which seemed but natural when her low health was considered, were not destined to be verified. To the astonishment of her friends, not less than of herself, she lingered on, surviving her youngest sister fourteen years. During most of this period she was an invalid, though not always confined to her couch. Barley Wood still continued to be the resort of all who revered goodness, and who had friends intimate with the proprietor, so as to obtain access there. The place had now grown to be as lovely as it was celebrated. The grounds were adorned with many tasteful decorations. At one spot a monument had been erected to the memory of Bishop Porteus, diocesan of London, who, during his life, had been one of Hannah More's most attached friends. In another spot, a cenotaph to John Locke, who had been born in the neighboring village, was put up by Mrs. Montagu, and presented to the owner of Barley Wood. In 1824, when Hannah More was in her eightieth year, the late lamented Bishop Chase, of Ohio, visited her, and dined, with seventeen others, at her table. The aged hostess was unable to appear at table, but she received the company in her apartment, after dinner, and maintained, for several hours, an animated and instructive conversation.



MONUMENT OF LOCKE.

For the last seven years of her life she was almost constantly confined to her chamber. Part of this time she lived at Clifton, having sold

Barley Wood, for she found the cares of the establishment too great for her health. She began now sedulously to "set her house in order." Yet she was cheerful even to the last. Death was to this good woman not a thing to be dreaded, but a welcome summons to a better world, where she should be reunited to her sisters, where she should once more behold the friends she had known on earth, where she should meet face to face the martyrs, prophets, and holy men of all ages. At last, on the seventh of September, 1833, she breathed her last, aged eighty-eight years.

She left a handsome fortune to be distributed in benevolent purposes. America was not forgotten in her legacies, a thousand dollars being

bequeathed to the diocese of Ohio, and various sums to different institutions and objects in other parts of the Continent. She devised a large sum to endow a church in a destitute and neglected part of Bristol. Truly has it been said by Scripture, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Hannah More was buried in Wrighton churchyard, within sight of Barley Wood, in a quiet and retired spot, beneath an ancient, but still vigorous tree. A flat stone covers the tomb, surrounded by an iron railing. On that humble tablet are inscribed the names of the five sisters, lovely in life, and in death not divided. "Though dead, they yet live."



TOMB OF HANNAH MORE.

## DAY DREAMS.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

THERE was a time long years ago,  
When hope and I went hand-in-hand,  
I built bright castles in the air,  
And hope approved all that I plann'd.

And when my castles all were built,  
I peopled them with forms of grace,  
Alas! my castles vanish'd are,  
And save in mem'ry left no trace.

Yet hope still linger'd by my side,  
And gayly pass'd the fleeting hours;  
New pleasures sprang within my reach,  
My path was strewn with bright flow'rs.

I gather'd them, and made a wreath  
To place upon a lov'd one's brow,  
They droop'd and wither'd one by one,  
And oh! where is that lov'd one now?

The golden hours went fleeting by,  
And shadows gather'd o'er my way,  
Yet hope still whisper'd to my heart,  
"Thy strength is ever as thy day."

And though the day-dreams of my youth  
Have vanish'd as the early dew;  
Yet mem'ry lingers with the past,  
And oft its day-dreams I renew.

## CROSSING THE BROOK.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

SWEET Jean Struthers, but a very humble peasant girl was she, and so she ought to have been, for the rich can purchase the comforts of this life, but the poor can ill afford to do without the blessings brought by a character such as her's. She was the very light of her old grandfather's life, with her gentle, soothing ways and pious love for him, and he drank in with thankfulness the low tones of her voice, and the very hum of her wheel seemed to him like music.

None in all the parish was venerated more than Robert Struthers, none loved more than his grand-daughter. The old man was barely able to eke out a subsistence from the piece of inhospitable soil which he owned and tilled; and Jean's delicate health prevented her from taking any active part in the out-door work, usual in her country and station.

But the good matrons in the neighborhood, not daring to offer openly assistance to a man and girl, grand in their integrity and honest pride, found spinning and knitting enough for Jean to do, to add considerably to their very small income. Her chief dependance for this work was on Mrs. Grahame, of the manse, and Mrs. Stuart, the widow of a neighboring laird; and many must have been their messages in reference to it, for Allan Grahame and Angus Stuart were constantly at old Robert Struthers' under this pretext.

The two youths were only restrained by Jean's gentle presence from an open outbreak of rivalry. But her voice and smile had wonderful fascination for them, and as the two watched her by the glowing fire-light, pacing backward and forward by her large, old-fashioned wheel, with her right arm gracefully extended keeping it in motion, and the left hand lightly holding the soft roll that grew into such fine yarn under her dexterity, the waving motion of her figure, the drowsy hum of the wheel, the venerable figure of old Robert Struthers by the ingle-nook, and the little room lighted only by the warm fire-light, soothed the two in spite of themselves.

The young laird was of too restless and impatient a disposition to sit quietly, so he amused himself by entangling Jean's rolls, teasing her pet cat, or reeling off the yarn which she had spun; but the minister's son ensconced himself

in the corner of the fire-place opposite the grandfather, and repeated stirring stories of Bruce and Wallace, or mournful ballads of the Duke of Argyle, or sung in his clear, rich voice to the dreamy music of the wheel, the favorite hymns of the stern old Covenanters, which had so often re-echoed among the rocks in the neighborhood.

They had all been playfellows together. Angus Stuart had even fought the battles of his delicate little companion, and loved her with all the impetuosity of his nature. Allan Grahame had gathered the earliest flowers for her, had trained her pet birds, given her a taste for the ballads and stories he was so constantly repeating, and unknown to himself till now, had laid all his wealth of unselfish love on her altar.

One afternoon, as Jean and her grandfather were returning from a neighboring village, with a number of others, a loving altercation took place at a little brook which was to be forded, as to whom should ride Thistle, the old pony.

"Grandfather, you ride and take little Lizzy Moore on the pony too," persisted Jean.

"Yes, and I'll carry Jean," said Allan Grahame, who with some others was just behind.

"You? liver face!" broke in Angus Stuart, contemptuously, "you'll not touch her, for I'll carry her over myself," and he was about placing his arm around her waist, when she said,

"Oh, don't you remember how you used both to carry me 'Lady o' London' when I was little; if you won't let me walk, I'd rather be taken over that way."

The two rivals joined hands firmly. Jean seated herself, and they stepped into the water. By her ordinary manner none could have told to which she gave the preference; yet now the careless way in which she hung her arm over Allan Grahame spoke too much of the sister's calm affection; whilst the stronger weight borne on Angus Stuart's shoulder as he gazed up into her face, and the care she took of his cap told eloquently, though unconsciously of her choice.

In truth there was something in the disposition of the minister's son too much like her own, for her to regard him otherwise than a dear brother; whilst in the strong, self-reliant nature of the young laird, her yielding, dependant character found something to cling to and support it.

The brook was crossed, and all three passed on their homeward way amicably enough, each lover satisfied that himself was preferred.

The summer time had now come, and the fields were golden and purple with gorse and heather; the bees dipped in and out of patches of bloom with a sleepy music; birds sung, and soared, and tended their young; and flowers bloomed in sweet luxuriance: and yet among all this life and beauty, Jean Struthers' voice grew lower and her step more feeble as the season advanced. Old Robert Struthers looked on with an anxious heart. Alas! alas! he knew the symptoms too well. His wife and all his children seemed to have melted away beneath his sight, just so, and now this ewe-lamb of the poor man, this one comfort and treasure he possessed, was to be taken also.

But there was the making of a mystic in the white haired old man; he gave no outward sign of all this, but nursed and caressed his granddaughter with mother-like care, leading her gently along by still streams to the shadows of the dark valley, yet grappling with his own grief in stern silence.

And the two lovers met no longer at the cottage ingle as they had of old. Each knew that a greater rival was to bear away his bride; and the shadow of his skeleton hand effaced hope and bitterness together.

September had come with its warm days and chilly nights, to rack the frame of the poor invalid; and field and hill side were yet golden and purple, and the water gurgled around the stones in the burn close by the cottage, yet Jean Struthers saw none of this as she lay upon a couch by her chamber window, with the white curtains floating over her. The rich hues of the autumn sunset were streaming in upon her, forming a kind of halo around her face; and by her bed stood her grandfather and the minister, whilst Angus Stuart and Allan Grahame were on either side of her, holding each a hand. Sweet smiles flitted across her face as she said, joining their hands together,

"I know you'll love each other for my sake," and at the very gates of eternity by which she stood, true love, the unselfish bowed its head and dared not ask for more.

With a gentle smile she dismissed her lovers from her bed and called her grandfather. The old man went and knelt down by her, and as she stroked her hand over his thin, white locks, a moisture gathered in her blue eye, as she now thought of his lonely life to come. The good minister saw this, and knelt down and prayed that she might enter into the dark valley calmly, with a mind divested of all fears, and even whilst pouring out this supplication, Robert Struthers felt the hand which lay upon his head become cold and heavy, yet he stirred not, for he knew that she had blessed him in death, as she had ever done in life.

For several minutes there was a breathless silence over the little chamber, for the awe of the Great Mystery was upon all; then Angus Stuart went to the bed, kissed the cold lips passionately, and rushed from the house. The strong youth upon whose strength Jean had perhaps unwittingly relied, had no more control over himself than a little child; while Allan Grahame, the visionary and dreamer, knelt and whispered,

"It is good for me to be afflicted, 'Thy will not mine be done.'"

On a still Sabbath afternoon, a little band wound into the quiet kirk-yard, and filled a grave beneath a dark yew tree; and after all others had departed, a white headed old man and two youths stood side by side and wept, and talked of Jean, and the song of birds, and the perfume of flowers, and the murmur of the burn and bees which she had loved so much, that would steal here in summer; and then they embraced and parted. Oh, Death, thou Sanctifier.

The autumn passed, and the winter came with storms and bleak winds from the hill side, and the first snow lay like a winding sheet about two graves under the yew tree, and the little cottage by the burn side was tenantless.

## NIGHT.

BY CLARA MORETON.

To-night a thick mist fills the valley wide,  
And banks of clouds wall in the arching skies,  
Hiding the starlight from my eager eyes.

Black loom the rocks upon the dark hill side,  
And all is drear and lone, where late so gay  
The reapers toiled amid the golden grain,  
Leaving the rip'ned field with loaded wain,

To wait the dawning of another day.  
Oh, gloomy night, thy shadow falls on me,  
As in the shrouded future, I divine,  
Still darker hours than ever yet were mine.

Then o'er my breast the waves of Sorrow's sea  
Shall beat more fiercely for the calm before.  
Oh, Life! how wild the storms that sweep thy shore!

## LOVE DREAMS.

BY M. W. DEWEES.

I HAD been, one evening in summer, to visit a family of friends, who lived in the country. I have said a *family* of friends, and though they were indeed such, my conscience, a very tender one, convicts me of inaccuracy in the statement. I will, therefore, at once candidly make the confession, that had it not been for the bright, lustrous, divinely beautiful eyes of Serena, the *family* might not, perhaps, have enjoyed the pleasure of my society. Having by this bestowal of confidence propitiated my reader, I shall count upon the friendly lenity of his judgment for the history of the strange events which befell me during my courtship. I entreat him to be good-naturedly credulous, for being a timid person, the least doubt of my veracity would embarrass me, and I should be unable to proceed in my narration.

On the particular evening, of which I was about to speak, I was not Serena's only visitor; a whiskered young officer, Major B——, was also with her, and, as I thought, making himself much too busy about my flower—my beautiful Serena; I could not but compare him to an ugly yellow-jacket, or fierce wasp, concerning himself with a white lily.

As I sat, rather neglected, on a sofa opposite to the musicians, I had nothing better to do than to amuse myself by wishing ill wishes to the object of my jealous resentment. Might I not by a dexterous, and apparently casual movement of my foot at the right moment, trip him up as he stooped for a music-book? How delightful, if, by an awkward fall, he should change Serena's smiles into laughter! Or could I not, unsuspected, jerk aside the chair, round the leg of which the top of my walking-stick was hooked, just as he was about to seat himself? I rejected this idea as too vulgar and ill-bred. "but confound the fellow!" I muttered, as he opened wide his mouth to emit a fine note, "I wish I dared thrust the end of my walking-stick into the spacious cavern disclosed to view!"

All this while I had held a little apple in my hand, of the kind called lady-apple, which I had plucked from an orchard on my way to Serena's, and my attention being diverted a moment from the singers I was examining its bright colors, and passing it from hand to hand. A loud and prolonged note from the major's throat caused

me to look up, and I saw his jaws distended to their utmost extent. In a flash, before I had time for a thought, (to this hour I know not whether it was myself or Satan did the deed) the apple sped from my hand with too true an aim, and the long-drawn note ended with a sudden—chug!

The ludicrous appearance my rival presented at this moment induced an irrepressible fit of laughter, and perceiving that my only safety lay in retreat, I rushed from the room before the bewildered major had recovered from his astonishment.

I sped swiftly homeward, half expecting to be pursued, but hearing no sounds behind me, I gradually slackened my pace, and finally loitered along quite lazily over the fields, looking at the sky, which began to present a very singular appearance. Rays of light were shooting from the horizon upward, and back again, with inconceivable brilliancy and quickness. I knew it was an effect of the "northern lights," but I had never before seen anything of the kind at all comparable in splendor, and brilliancy, to the magnificent spectacle on which I was gazing. A rose colored light shone at the zenith, and rays, as of fire spread out from it, like a great umbrella, reaching half down the heavens. Shifting vapors of all hues were flitting swiftly across the sky. Never before, and never since, have I beheld a sight so wonderful—so glorious!

When I again looked toward the horizon, I observed that the spear-like rays had come nearer to me, and straining my eyes, I perceived dimly, huge, vague forms behind these silver rays, which I now saw were spears of shining silver. Higher up I discerned other clouds—like forms, apparently opposing those below, for the spears were darting back and forth between them with lightning-like rapidity.

I turned my wondering eyes again to the zenith. From the centre of the rosy light—just where the flame colored beams met, like a flower's leaves in the middle, an angelic face gleamed for an instant, and was gone! I pressed my hand to my eyes, doubting my senses, for it seemed to me that the starry eyes of Serena had shone upon me!

Meanwhile the cloudy combatants had approached me yet more nearly, and were still



advancing; suddenly I found myself in the midst of a wild hurly-burly. Huge, vague forms were flitting confusedly, though hurriedly by, and glittering spears flashed incessantly about me. All at once I felt myself lifted and whirled suddenly upward, like a leaf carried on high by a gale. Dizzy and confounded, I knew not what happened for a few moments, but when I recovered myself, I was lying in perfect safety and security upon a pile of clouds which floated in upper air. Strange as my situation was, still more strangely, I felt no alarm, or even scarcely astonishment at it. I was as much at my ease, reclining on my ethereal couch as though I had left behind me my material part, and was there a spirit only.

Meanwhile I watched curiously to see what would follow. I perceived that the lower row of combatants had risen, (probably carrying me with them in their ascent) and having joined their former opponents, they were now soaring, cloud-like, still farther upward. I saw them ascend to the brilliant centre, where I had seen the angelic face, and return bearing a nymph, or fairy, or angel, (I know not what to call her) upon a rose colored shield, which resembled a radiating cloud. I could not see the face of this angelic maiden, for it was turned from me, but her form was of exquisite beauty, and I could discern that the lovely, graceful head was surrounded by a circlet of stars. From my hiding-place I watched her with great and peculiar interest, for, strange as it may seem, she in some way unaccountably reminded me of my earthly angel—Serena.

The cloud-heroes had disappeared, I knew not when or how, and a scene of wonderful beauty now presented itself. From all the surrounding clouds the most exquisite little beings began to emerge. Their misty, floating robes were of all hues—blue, purple, golden, pink, grey and white. They soared fleetly about from cloud to cloud, and from space to space, each bearing a long wand burning at one end. I soon perceived that they were lighting up the stars, of which nothing had previously been visible. Their task done, they came floating and dancing back, and formed a circle round the lovely lady who yet reclined upon her couch of rosy vapors.

Turning partly round, she said in a voice so sweetly familiar that it made me start,

"Ah, why were you so late in coming; I expected you sooner?"

I knew not why, but I seemed to feel an inward consciousness that these words were addressed to me—but the bright circle made answer. Another moment, and the fairy forms were scattered again

—they darted off, here, there, everywhere to seek their pleasures. Some flew to sport among the stars, others merely floated serenely on the pure azure, but most of them began a lively game of hide and seek in the clouds; generally hiding, as I observed, in clouds of the same color as their garments. One little angel in white I had noticed with particular admiration. She was the prettiest, archest little fairy that ever danced on a wreath of mist; a beautiful face had she, and a dainty waist, that, airy as it was, might well tempt a mortal, and unspiritual embrace. I trembled with pleasure as I saw her skip to the cloud in which I was in search of a hiding-place. She nestled herself down quite near me—only a little mist between us! I could resist now no more than in a late case of temptation, and stretching out my arms I caught my fairy within them.

My triumph was of short duration. Instantly all became wild confusion, and I felt myself falling, falling, till from the dizzy, whirling motion my senses forsook me. I awoke with a shock, and found myself lying on the hill-top, much bruised, as though by a fall, and with a brain bewildered by the strange sights I had seen, or dreamt about. It was now daylight, and sitting on the turf I slowly recalled to memory the occurrences of the preceding night. I tried to convince myself that I had been dreaming, but the events seemed too vivid and real to have been merely dreamed, and certain very unmistakable bruises perplexed me, and left me still more in doubt.

The subject, however, haunted me all day, and at night fall, full of wild musings and fantastic thoughts, I took my way to Serena. As I approached the house I heard the sound of music, and I thought, with a jealous pang, that my detested rival was with her. I crept softly to the low, open window and looked in; there sat my beloved, alone, at her harp—her beautiful upraised eyes glistening with the emotion her own music excited. The instant I looked at her, the angel face I had seen at the zenith returned forcibly to my mind; round Serena floated a robe of pink gauze, which perhaps increased the fancied resemblance. I gazed at her silently—rapturously. She seemed to me to be of superhuman beauty and goodness. At last, unable longer to restrain myself, I exclaimed, "Serena!" and sprang toward her. She half turned her head and said, without looking at me,

"Is it you? You are late in coming. I expected you sooner."

The simple words seemed to thrill through my whole being—I felt a shiver of mysterious awe creep over me.

I know not what I replied, but something wild and incoherent I am sure, for Serena smiled, and said I must be dreaming.

I spent an hour or two of delicious love delirium by the side of my adored, whose eyes I thought seemed to read the love messages freely sent by mine, and sometimes to return sweet responses. When I rose to go, she came with me into the garden, and as we passed a jessamine vine I pulled a long flowing spray, which I twined round her graceful head. Scarcely had I done so, however, when again a feeling of mysterious awe returned to me. The white star-like flowers in Serena's dark curls gleamed in the moonlight, like *real* stars, and a light appeared to stream from her face transfiguring it.

"Angel! Serena!" I cried, "look thus forever! It was thus I saw you last night upon your rosy cloud, surrounded by your fairy maidens. Attempt not to disguise it—you it was, you alone, whom I saw last night!"

"That you saw me last night, I have no doubt," said Serena, after a pause, "since I had the pleasure of a visit from you and Major B—," she smiled roguishly, "but what you can mean by talking of rosy clouds, and fairies, I am at a loss to imagine."

"Nonsense, Serena," cried I, quite impatiently, "you *must* know what I mean; your's was certainly the face I saw at the zenith, surrounded by the rosy rays!"

Serena opened her bright eyes, and looked astonished—she certainly began to entertain doubts of my sanity. After a little thoughtful pause, she laughed—

"I am happy to have been the subject of your dreams," she said.

Had I indeed been dreaming? I began to think so—I could not tell, but if so, willingly would I have dreamt forever, for never had I been so happy.

In rather an absent mood I parted from Serena, and turned homeward. I wished, as I went along, indeed I almost *expected*, that something would occur to enable me to renew the dreams or realities, whichever they might be, of the previous night. I looked again and again to the heavens, all was serene and peaceful—the stars gleamed out as usual, and thin vapory clouds were sweeping by as I had often seen them, but there was nothing of the strange appearances of the night before—nothing supernatural save the mysterious beauty and grandeur of the starry heavens, which are, at all times, enough to awe the observing mind almost into fear. As I came to the barren hill I could not help lingering, but nothing happened, and I went slowly homeward.

All the next day, while I was at my work, the vision of Serena as I saw her the night before, with her jessamine wreath of stars, haunted me. I loved her with unspeakable tenderness, and now more intensely than ever before.

At sunset I set off impatiently to seek my dream love, as I called Serena to myself, determined to beseech her to share the burden of infinite love, which was becoming too great for my finite heart to bear alone.

The clouds were uncommonly gorgeous, tinged by the rays of the sinking sun, and I watched their changing hues as I walked along. When I came to the summit of the well-remembered hill I lay down on my back, and shading my eyes with my hand, looked up to see them, and peer into their depths as I had loved to do from childhood. I remained thus gazing and dreaming, as one will when so occupied, till the sun had long gone down. The glory had departed from the clouds, and grey shades, and streaks of mist began to appear in the valley. Suddenly I sprang to my feet with a startled feeling, and a certain consciousness that something strange was about to happen. Looking down, I saw the fog forming in the valley, in huge, heavy masses, like the cumbrous white clouds we see in summer. Slowly they began to roll up the hill—on they came to my very feet. They encompassed me on every side—I could see nothing but mist, and already as I looked about me I seemed to have left the earth, and to be in upper air. But presently I felt a soft, delicious motion. I sank back, and closing my eyes, I gave myself up entirely to the pleasure imparted by the dreamy, floating motion; even curiosity was suspended till I felt my cloud-car become stationary; then looking about me, I saw all around dimly visible the same giant, misty forms I had seen before. Black shades thickened on all sides, but whether they were clouds, or throngs of these same shapeless giants, I could not determine.

While I lay pondering and observing, thunders began to roll—at first faintly—then with terrific violence. Lightnings were hurled in every direction without a moment's cessation, and wild, tempestuous, phantom forms swept by. Awed and trembling, I gazed on the raging storm around, below, and above me, but I felt no harm, and after a time the tumult subsided. Little by little, all grew more and more quiet, more and more serene, till the silence of another world seemed around me. The moon came out in her lovely glory, and tipped all the clouds with silver, scattering the few black ones that were disposed to linger. I emerged a little from my resting-place and looked down. There lay the world

before me sleeping in the moonlight. Oh, how still and beautiful it looked with its gleaming waters, and here and there sparkling lighted cities glittering in the darkness. My attention was recalled by a sight which absorbed me altogether.

Two long lines of maidens, robed in misty white, appeared floating in the clear air; as they passed I perceived that they were drawing by a fine starry chain, a cloud, shaped like a car, in which was seated the same lovely being I had seen before. As she passed, she turned her face full toward me, and I beheld—Serena!

I sprang forward, and spreading out my arms, cried,

"Serena! Serena! Leave me not here! Thine am I now, and forever!"

A smile of heavenly beauty stole over the angel face, and stretching out her hand, my dream love placed me beside her. On we floated like disembodied spirits, while a feeling of ecstasy, indescribable and unutterable, pervaded my being; heaven itself seemed entered.

Then I stood with my companion in what looked like a dim, vast, misty cathedral; long vistas, and rows of faintly defined columns were visible in wondrous beauty and order. Before me rose the altar to this heaven-built church.

Serena was still beside me, and looking at her full of doubt and wonder, I saw that her head

was encircled by the starry jessamine wreath my own hands had placed there. Her eyes met mine, and taking my hand in her's, she raised both together toward heaven, as though in attestation of a solemn vow. At this moment sounds like the music of the spheres floated by, and I exclaimed in a sort of ecstatic delirium,

"The morning stars are singing together!"

What happened after this I know not—I was conscious of nothing more, till, next morning, I opened my eyes and found myself lying cold and wet upon the barren hill-top.

The evening of the same day, with feelings almost of solemnity, I took my way to seek Serena. As I walked along, heaven and earth glowed in perfect beauty and peace, and a deep serenity and happiness fell upon my heart.

As I entered Serena's garden, she came out to meet me robed in silvery white, and in her hair gleamed a wreath of jessamine stars. I felt as I gazed at her that she was all in all to me—my heart yearned with unspeakable tenderness toward her.

Looking earnestly at her, I said with emotion, "Serena! Serena! Leave me not alone in the world! Thine am I, now and evermore!"

She took my offered hand in her's, and while her tearful eyes were raised, said solemnly,

"Thine, too, am I, wholly and eternally—I feel that our souls were united in heaven."

## T E A R S.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Why, oh, why doth that old man weep,  
And shed those fast-flowing tears?  
Is memory leading him back  
To childhood's bliss-haunted years?  
Ah, yes, and he sighs for those seasons of joy,  
Those moments of pleasure all free from alloy.

His step is now feeble and slow,  
And fast his eye waxeth dim,  
The friends of his youth slumber low,  
And earth hath no charms for him;  
His tongue is now palsied, his locks have turned grey,  
And fast from the earth-shades he's passing away.

Why, oh, why dost that strong man weep,  
While others are blithe and gay?  
Have shadows all darkling and deep,  
In gloom enshrouded his way?  
Do clouds of misfortune hang over his brow—  
Why sad is his spirit—why weepeth he now?

Hopes, that so long he has cherished,  
Alas! have taken their flight,  
Dreams of his childhood have perished,  
Like frost-work gay of the night,  
Bowed is his spirit in gloom and in sadness,  
The future may bring him no bright days of gladness.

Why, oh, why weeps that noble youth,  
Has the future no charms in store?  
He has found that the dreamings, forsooth,  
Of his childhood days are o'er;  
Yes, he's awakened to the dreamings of life,  
And found this a world of contention and strife.

What maketh that young child weep?  
He's lost a glittering toy,  
And cloudlets now gather all deep,  
And sad is the rose-cheeked boy;  
The shadows are long under morning's fair sky,  
That shrink to our step when the moon rideth high.

## THE GRAND DUKE'S JASMINE.

BY A. L. OTIS.

THE Tuscans have a saying—"she who is worthy to wear a crown of Jasmine, brings a fortune to her husband," and it is as common a custom in that country for brides, worthy and unworthy, to wear Jasmine in their hair, as it is here for them to wear orange blossoms. It is hard to choose between two such lovely flowers. A beautiful, refreshing fruit follows the orange blossom, therefore it seems to promise that the loveliness of the bride shall pass into the yet more perfect beauty of the dignified, useful, home-blessing matron.

But then the Jasmine is far the prettier flower, and the Tuscans have adopted it as their bridal emblem from a very interesting incident. It was as follows:

The Grand Duke had been passionately fond of flowers, and his greenhouse was the most perfect art, at that time—the close of the seventeenth century—could produce. His gardener, a silent, reserved, but enthusiastic young man, was not only a most successful and devoted practical cultivator, but a very scientific botanist.

I said the Grand Duke *had* been fond of flowers—now his whole thoughts were filled with but one, a most beautiful Jasmine. In its department of the hothouse no other blossom was allowed to expand—every bud was nipped off in the commencement of its tiny existence. The wandering eye must be attracted from the queenly flower by no rival, however humble. Not only this, but numerous plants must die a slow death to show yet more perfectly the beauty of the favorite. The dark, glossy Camilla, and the bright, exquisitely delicate Heath, must lend their foliage as back-ground and contrast to the graceful and idolized plant. When they pined and faded in the un congenial heat, fresh victims must take their places. The flower was certainly surpassingly lovely, and numerous were the applications for even a little sprig of it; but the Grand Duke indignantly refused to give lest it should be propagated. He gloried in the hope that there was but one in the world, and that one his! His gardener had called the new variety into existence, and no plant like it lived. He was proud and fond of it, for the fame of it spread far and near.

If the Grand Duke cherished it as a lover would

a mistress, the affection Wilhelm, the gardener, felt for it seemed to be that of a father for a lovely daughter.

In his wanderings in search of botanical specimens, Wilhelm often passed a little cottage garden, which never failed to attract much of his silent attention. It was beautifully kept, and in so favorable a position that flowers of every kind seemed to blossom there with remarkable magnificence. The most exquisite taste had chosen and grouped them. Wilhelm was never weary of leaning on the fence and feasting his eyes upon the rare beauty of the spot.

He had already twice seen its mistress, a graceful Italian girl of about sixteen, gathering flowers; and the third time, one warm autumn eve as he stopped as usual at the gate, she was tying up a rose so near it that it was necessary to speak. He said,

"Good evening, signorina—you love flowers."

"Yes, signor," and no other words passed between them, though Wilhelm looked long at the garden; longer still at the lithe form and lovely face of the peasant girl, who did not delay her work. But matters did not continue so. His evening walk was now uniformly past the beautiful garden—and from mere passing salutations they soon came to long, interesting conversations on their common subject of interest—flowers. Finally Wilhelm was invited to enter by the young girl's mother, and thus he learned the history of the family, being also desired to communicate his own. Aimee's father was a French gardener, whence her name and skill in raising plants; the mother said she herself was a Neapolitan, and she had given Aimee her luxuriant jetty hair and melting black eyes. They had come from France in the hope of obtaining the situation which Wilhelm held: but the father had died almost immediately after their arrival. Aimee now supported herself and her mother by selling bouquets.

Wilhelm's story was no more eventful. He was the fifth son of a noble, but poor German family; and when he left the University, he could not endure to live at home to increase its penury. His family had neither wealth nor influence to aid him, and he was glad to get any independent employment. Doubly happy he

imagined himself when he obtained the chief direction of the beautiful gardens of the Grand Duke, and so was able to gratify an intense love for the "gentle race of flowers," as well as to send home material aid to his parents.

Doubtless that autumn was a very happy one to him, but his nature was reserved, and a veil of German phlegm concealed the enthusiasm of his mind. But with her warm, glowing, passionate heart, her expressive face, and her instinctive love of the beautiful, how could Aimee resist the influence of Wilhelm's most beautiful soul, or conceal the feeling he inspired? She loved as Italians love, but with dignity and womanliness, not without painful fears that she was not loved in return. It was a happy autumn nevertheless to both of them, for they were much together.

"Wilhelm," said Aimee, one day, "is not this pretty Jasmine quite as fine as the Grand Duke's?"

He shook his head in reply.

"Not?" said she, with a disappointed look.

"Surely nothing could exceed the beauty of that cluster of star-like blossoms, with the dark and pretty foliage, unless it be a magic flower. Ah, they tell strange tales of the Duke's Jasmine!"

"What do they say, Aimee?"

"That it is no flower, but an imprisoned spirit, one of those wild flower spirits like the Undines, and that the Grand Duke loves her. The perfume is intoxicating, and she holds the Duke enchanted by it—but our Holy Mother protects him and keeps her prisoned in the flower. They say when he approaches the blossoms emit flashes of light, and the branches stir, stretching toward him. Tell me the truth about it."

"The Duke loves it. It is a beautiful thing, perfect in beauty and fragrance. As it is my child I also love it." Jealousy of the flower kept Aimee from continuing the conversation. Her heart beat yet more wildly to know the feelings of him she loved toward her. She was silent till he left her, and then wept passionate tears of suppressed affection, longing and fear.

A week after this evening she met him at the gate with a joyful exclamation—"It is my birthday—I am seventeen!" She had looked forward all day to receiving his good wishes—but Wilhelm said nothing. He held her hand, however, and looked on her downcast face till she feared her heart-beat audibly. He said at last,

"In my country one may have one's own will without contradiction on one's birthday, and every wish must be fulfilled. I have brought thee no gift. Wilt thou not make some request that I may grant it?"

"Let me see the Grand Duke's Jasmine," asked Aimee, with a deep blush.

"Come now," he answered, smiling.

With eyes dancing with delight, Aimee set out with him. The sun was near its setting, and from the heavens descended the rapture of an Italian eve. But that is silent happiness, so Aimee spoke not a word. Her feelings were at a dizzy height of agitation, expectancy and joyful triumph.

As she entered the crystal portal of the conservatory, and passed through its blossom-lined avenues, she felt its heavily perfumed air weigh down her too buoyant spirit, and spread over her soul a dreamy calmness. A long avenue of Camillas, without a blossom or bud, led them toward a small circular space surmounted by a dome, and afar off the suspicion of a peculiar fragrance began to steal on the sense, growing momentarily more defined, stirring in Aimee's expectant heart a dreamy rapture.

They entered the charmed circle by a concealed door. In its centre, raised on a green marble pedestal of graceful form, stood the Jasmine. Around it was a wide walk enclosed by a wall of foliage, so that the flower shone relieved from whatever side of the small apartment it was viewed. Beneath the plants which served as walls were ranged couches of moss colored velvet, on which the Grand Duke spent his leisure hours, satisfying his soul with the beauty of the beloved plant, and inhaling its delicious breath, which brought him thoughts pleasant as words uttered by beloved lips.

The young girl slowly advanced, and stood almost reverentially gazing, a deep, vague delight stealing over her upturned face as her eyes dwelt upon the rich clusters of white flowers, which seemed each composed of a thousand flakes of creamy snow, separate, yet moulded into the perfection of grace in a flower, and seeming to droop with the languor of their own sweetness. The heart of each fully expanded blossom seemed to glow, but the delicate half opened buds were pure. The foliage, light and airy, was a most beautiful dress for this Venus of flowers.

Aimee was surely spell-bound, so long did she stand there. Wilhelm had thrown himself upon one of the Duke's couches, and his eyes rested on the beautiful girl at her flower-worship, with an abstraction deep as her own. Darkness began to steal in, yet the white flowers gleamed against the dark green, and when the moonbeams penetrated they seemed to shine by a light of their own. The enchanting fragrance grew more intense, so searching, and spirit-

moving that Wilhelm must rise and stand close by Aimee.

"Ah," said she, "it sheds joy around it—it is divine—angels bend over it—and look at it with love."

"Dost thou see many? I see but one."

"It breathes into my heart," said Aimee, passionately.

Wilhelm plucked a cluster of blossoms and placed it in her hair—while the eyes of the young girl turned slowly from the flower to meet his gaze, and his lips that instant pressed into her soul the knowledge that she was beloved. Some time after seated by Wilhelm, and supported by him, she suddenly started in horror.

"Thou hast broken the Grand Duke's flower," she faltered.

"I have broken it for thee!" he replied, with suppressed exultation.

"Yes, I am to blame, only I," she said, eagerly; "tell him so."

Wilhelm heard her voice not her words, and he only pressed her closer to him.

"Will the Duke be very angry—will he make you suffer?"

The distress of her tone recalled him.

"He will be angry doubtless: but I shall suffer nothing for that action: it will bring me only joy."

"Dost thou not love the flower?" asked Aimee, in a low tone. "How couldst thou break it?"

"A flower cannot fill my heart. It is only fit to become an ornament for thee. See," he continued, rising, and leading her out of the enchanted circle to a polished silver mirror, which had been used to reflect some former favorite of the Grand Duke's—"there is light enough for thee to see how thou art the Queen of Flowers, and this but a gem in thy hair."

But the girl drew bashfully back, and they passed again through the fragrant aisles to the open air. Hardly had they stepped into the moonlight, when the Duke's voice was heard asking for Wilhelm, and afraid lest Aimee should hear the storm which was coming he bade her fly home, and not even pause to take breath lest some harm should befall her. He delayed as long as possible appearing before his offended lord, that he might watch her on her way. She sped gladly home—passing a shrine she fell on her knees before it, took her flower from her hair, and laid it at the Virgin's feet.

"Oh, Virgin Mother, dear and beautiful," she murmured, "even this I could give thee, so do I love thee for interceding with thy Son and giving me this happiness. Oh, mother, who thyself knowest how to love, thou dost know better than

I can ask how to shower upon *his* head every blessing. Bless him through this very flower. We are poor—we cannot be always near each other for long years, perhaps never, if thou dost not aid us—and to be separated is death to me, mother. If thou wilt accept this flower, which thou knowest is what is most dear of all my possessions, and wilt aid us—cause it to fade before my eyes."

Thus speaking, the young girl suspended her prayer, and seeing that the flower did not fade, her first impulse was to snatch and kiss it joyfully—but the fearful thought struck her that this fact was an evidence of the refusal of the Virgin to protect her.

With a burst of tears she laid the flower again at the blessed feet, and cried,

"Oh, take it, mother! Protect us—aid us, or we shall never be happy." For some time longer she earnestly supplicated favor, and then a bright idea suddenly occurring, she cried in hope, "but if thou wouldst signify that I should keep the flower—that it will not be counted to me for sin after having offered it to thee—that thou art satisfied with my willingness to give it up to thee, and wilt still take us under thy protection, let it not fade, and I will take it with me thankfully!"

Again she looked eagerly at the flower. It did not shrivel up before her fearful eyes, and she took it eagerly with a kiss, fervent, but light as that of a breeze. After some ejaculated expressions of gratitude to the Virgin, the little sophist hastened home; and her first care was to plant the precious gift, that if possible she might preserve it to be forever a token of her lover's affection. She watched it with solicitude, and did everything for it that care or skill could suggest. It lived and grew. But I am anticipating.

Wilhelm, I said, delayed meeting the Duke, and meanwhile two or three changes had taken place in the latter's mood. His anger when he saw the most beautiful cluster gone from his idol, was succeeded by grief at the injury his darling had received: and grief was followed by a more dreadful thought—whoever had the blossom might grow from it another plant, nay! many plants like his own!

Already he saw in fancy his peerless one multiplied to myriads, and decorating the gardens of despised peasants. He gave one reproachful glance at the flower, as if it had been voluntarily unfaithful, and its spell over him was broken forever.

Indignation, however, at being deprived of the former delight of his soul still remained; and it was while this feeling was dominant that

Wilhelm entered. He was questioned, and after telling the truth, instantly dismissed.

The Grand Duke's Jasmine was soon dethroned, and a fountain took its place. Once again the plants were allowed to nurse their little buds, and the walls of the circle glowed with blossoms of every hue. Restored to the common shelves, crowded among the other plants, the Jasmine could not live. The blossoms shrunk, their lambent flame was extinguished, the plant pined and died while the Duke's heart was filled with another love.

Wilhelm left the palace that night. As he passed the same shrine at which Aimee prayed, he paused, lifted his hat, crossed himself, and was going on his way, when he saw gleaming on the stone a flower fallen from the cluster he had given Aimee, and he lingered longer kneeling before the Virgin.

In the early morning he bade Aimee and her mother farewell, telling them his intention of visiting his parents, and seeking some means of earning a livelihood. He obtained the mother's permission to claim Aimee as his bride as soon as he could maintain her; and thus poor Aimee's cup of joy was dashed from her lips ere she had fully tasted it, for Wilhelm could not delay his journey.

A year passed, and Aimee's Jasmine almost rivalled the Duke's, except that the plant was much smaller. Persons eager to see it frequently called at the cottage, and its proud owner extolled its beauty, and told of its being the only descendant of the Grand Duke's, till the fame of it spread far and near. Many a gardener sighed with envy, and many a maiden wished for a like gift from her lover.

One day Aimee received an order from a noble in the vicinity, for flowers to decorate his palace on the occasion of a grand fete. Some delicate flowers were also bespoken to be worn in the hair of a young daughter of the house. Aimee always afterward believed that she was directly inspired by the Virgin to make for the lady a crown of her matchless Jasmine. She did so, and sent with it a history of the plant. The price she charged for it was in accordance with her estimation of its value. A circlet of gems might have been bought with the gold she received for it.

But what gems could match it, or rival its pure, graceful beauty—what jewels could breathe out its fragrance?

The crown was eagerly taken, and its story circulated. Jasmine became the fashion—no head-dress was complete without at least one cluster of its blossoms—ladies contended for

even a single flower. Aimee's poor plant was soon dismantled of all save one cluster—the most beautiful, which she kept to represent her lover's original gift, though offered extravagant sums for it. Even the symbol of that gift was priceless.

Another year came and went, and Jasmine was no longer the rage; but gardeners came to purchase young plants, and the peasants to beg sprigs. To the latter Aimee gave freely, and the beautiful flower soon gladdened many a home, sending with its fragrance love and peace into young hearts.

On a summer day of this year, Aimee was walking in her shrubbery, when she felt a hand laid gently on her shoulder, and with a joyful cry she turned to meet Wilhelm's long, eager embrace.

His first words were sad, however—"I am poor as when I left thee, but I could no longer endure not to see thee."

"But I am rich," said Aimee, "with the flower thou gavest me wealth—the Virgin has blessed it to us. I am rich, and all that I have is thine!"

She then told him the story of her flower. But there was still a cloud on Wilhelm's brow, and when Aimee questioned he replied, "thou wilt give me enough in thyself—I must bring gold to thee. I, with a fortune, would dare to take thee—I will not take thy fortune with thee."

"Thou shalt," cried Aimee, passionately, "it is thine—take back what thou gavest me—I will not have it—it was thy gift." Then bursting into tears she said, laying her hand on his arm, and looking with irresistible persuasion into his face,

"Thou wilt."

Wilhelm could not refuse, but the cloud did not pass away till she poured out a history of the blessed inspiration of the Virgin, her hopes, her delight at success, and her intense happiness as she cherished the hope of securing his. Her passionate eloquence prevailed.

Not long after Aimee, her dark locks crowned with Jasmine, walked with her bridal maidens to the church to give herself to her lover. The aisles were thronged, for both nobility and peasantry loved the beautiful and far-famed flower girl.

Many valuable presents were given to the newly married couple, the Grand Duke himself causing to be erected for them a small circular greenhouse, and bestowing upon Wilhelm, in token of his forgiveness, the green marble pedestal of his former idol. But the Jasmine was not enthroned on it. A plaster cast of the Virgin took its place, and the plant at her feet was

trained around the pedestal. The people said the Jasmine was no longer the emblem of the exclusive, voluptuous, selfish love of the nobility, but of the pure, faithful wedded affection of their own class. Therefore in Tuscany it is a popular flower, and brides adopt it as their own.

NOTE.—The outlines of this story were taken from a paragraph in an old Horticultural Magazine. There is now in our greenhouses a plant called the Grand Duke or Tuscan Jasmine, therefore it is quite probable that the story is true.

## PASSION'S FUGITIVE.

BY E. D. HOWARD.

A CHARM was thrown around me,  
Which stole my sense in dream away;  
A potent chain had bound me  
Ere yet my heart divined its sway.  
So sweet the joyous feeling,  
Unlike all other bondage, this  
No pain its power revealing,  
Betrayed itself by throbs of bliss!

Oh, when some power unholy  
Has crushed a noble spirit down,  
Some being wronged and lowly  
In slavery's fetters darkly bound,  
How glorious is the moment  
When fire heroic thrills his veins,  
And braving all opponent,  
One throb indignant breaks his chains!

But when the chain that binds us  
Is clasped insidious on the heart;  
When every pulse reminds us  
How painfully its links will part;  
When but to wear it ever  
Were dearest boon this heart could crave;  
When fates that would dis sever  
The chain which binds, must wound the slave.

Oh, then to nerve the spirit,  
And tear those links of bliss away  
Which cling so fondly near it,  
It seems to break as soon as they!  
And when they're rent forever  
Such bitter drops of anguish flow,  
That, spite of stern endeavor,  
Back to its thrall the heart would go.

Thus—thus my soul hath broken  
A charm which reigned so sweetly there;  
And banished every token  
Of thralldom once so fondly dear!  
And yet—ah, yet there lingers  
The fragrance of its wild control,  
As perfume haunts the fingers  
Which crushed the thorny rose they stole!

'Twas passion's charm seductive,  
A tie unworthy to be worn!  
'Twas madness, more destructive,  
Because its pain was fondly borne!  
'Twere phrenzied joy to bind it  
In folds of rapture round the heart,  
But Purity untwined it,  
And tore its glowing links apart!

## TO MARY.

BY S. P. DANNER.

Thou wakest up sad thoughts to-night,  
A spell is o'er me cast—  
Life-like and fresh with flower, come back  
The memories of the past!  
I think of one, whose sweet loved voice  
Our hearts with joy oft filled—  
Whose tones beguiled thus many an hour—  
That voice in death is stilled.

How sad the contrast brought to mind,  
As listening thus again,  
My heart is borne to other days,  
When first I heard that strain—

No shadow then was o'er my home—  
No cloud was o'er my sky—  
I thought not then of change and death,  
Nor knew that they were nigh!

But now! These visions of the past!  
They haunt me with their power—  
The home! the voice! the forms have gone  
Since that calm twilight hour.  
I cannot bear such memories now,  
I must not thus compare  
The happy past with present gloom—  
Cease then that plaintive air!



## A DAY AT OLYMPUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

### CHAPTER I.

THE time of the singing of the birds, the spring time of the year, had come. Softness and delight were in the air; and a rich purple glow was on the hills and in the vallies. The trees were still, like sentinels. Not a bough, hardly a leaf stirred. But there was the busy hum of newly awakened insect life; and the full, prolonged strains of the birds gushed out on every hand. The streams ran tinkling along; and mirrored faultlessly the blue sky, the white cloud, and the bordering trees—many of them leafless as yet, but aglow in the soft coloring of budding beauty. It was still everywhere that day among the dwellers on the earth; for even in the town, the softening influences were not wholly unfelt. Visions of green fields and woods, and yearnings to stray therein, went through and through many a brain. Even at Olympus new exhilaration was felt. Minerva passed out and in, in the morning hours, from one room to another, and from the rooms to the gardens among the pillars and vines; and wherever she went she had beaming eyes and thoroughly glorified mien. Venus plucked flowers and feather-like leaves and wrought them together into wreaths and crowns. If she passed a pillar she twined a wreath about it; and if she met a goddess or a nymph, she set a crown gracefully on her head. Truly Minerva and Venus *should* have been very happy on that glorious spring day. But as we mortals must almost always do somewhere in the midst of our best times, they sighed now and then as the day advanced; Minerva, that disquiets must so often come into the life that would be so beautiful and good, if her own heart and the hearts of Juno and of all the rest of the gods and goddesses, were worthy of that calm sky, that glowing expanse of hill, vale and stream; Venus, that—why, that Vulcan had not a little, just a little more grace; that his feet must be so utterly uncouth, and so feeble in their services. It was so bad in a drawing-room among the rest of the gods who were so elegant! Heigh-ho. And Venus threw away a whole handful of choicest flowers and turned to the palace with languid steps; as if it were, after all, not worth while walking or doing anything, since her husband had such inelegance; and sighing,

"heigh-ho—heigh-ho—I wish it were different! If it were only different!"

She sauntered into a long, long court; (you of Philadelphia have no conception of the length and breadth of that court, of the interminable vistas through the oleanders, myrtles, fountains and graceful architecture,) and there she found Minerva sitting pensively, with her head leaning against a pillar. If any of my readers believe that she had mild and well-pleased eyes on any of the beautiful vistas, or on the grand landscape stretching afar, and seen through the lofty windows and doors which were opened wide that day to the spring airs, they must be told, that, on the contrary, she only saw a dark stain on the carpet where Ganymede had that day upset a nectar fagon. She only thought that if Ganymede would be a little more careful, and if all the rest would be a little more careful, she need not be forever working carpets and tapestries; she might then study the philosophers to her heart's content, and grow wise, and improve herself indefinitely. So Minerva too said, heigh-ho! and sighed, and turned her eyes away to the grand landscape without seeing it.

Venus heard the sigh as she came along, tugging with impatient fingers at her girdle.

"Minerva!" said she, stopping before that goddess, and mechanically tearing a vine that touched her shoulder. "Minerva! did you ever think that, after all, there isn't anything in all Olympus that is worth one feather out of that owl's wing? There isn't, depend upon it!"

"But if we all were wiser, Venus! We spend our time in such a poor way! I've been thinking about it as I sat here; and I know that one may try *fetes* and flowers forever and ever; but one does not find a real, enduring kind of pleasure until one comes to be thoroughly learned and wise. I so long, on this account, to know all things!"

"Ah, ho!" laughed pretty little Venus, with a shrug. "I confess that sounds queer! I think I could be content if—now don't tell anybody, Minerva!" cuddling up close to Minerva, and clasping her arm in both her child-like hands. "Don't tell! but if Vulcan were a little handsomer! Do you know? I am sometimes fairly

ashamed of him; especially when Mars and Apollo are about. Don't tell now! Here let me put this spray of laurel in your hair. There, that's fine!" setting herself off at arm's length to look at her.

"Good-bye, Minerva! I'm gone!" And she glided gracefully away amongst the vines and pillars.

I wonder if my readers, many of them, know what the good German philosopher, Fichte, says of this discontent that must always be coming in; that infected Minerva and Venus; that infects us all more or less at times.

"And thus they long and wex away their life; in every condition in which they find themselves, thinking that if it were but *otherwise* with them it would be better with them, and then when it has become otherwise, discovering that it is not better; in every position they occupy for the moment, believing that if they had but attained yonder height on which their eye is gazing, they would be freed from their anguish, but finding nevertheless, even on the desired height, their ancient sorrow.

"And thus does the poor child of eternity, cast forth from his native home, and surrounded on all sides by his heavenly inheritance, which yet his trembling hand fears to grasp, wander with fugitive and uncertain step throughout the waste, everywhere laboring to establish for himself a dwelling-place, but happily ever reminded by the speedy downfall of each of his succeeding habitations, that he can find peace nowhere but in his Father's house."

And when Fichte talks here of "the Father's house," he is not thinking of the home beyond the grave. For "the Father dwelleth in us." Within ourselves is the fair inheritance, within our own souls. And if we look this way and that to find it in learning, or in elegant husbands with graceful feet, or in houses and lands, we look and search in vain. We find the learning and the lands, 'tis true. But we are still looking farther and in other directions. Our life is just as hollow as it was before; and must ever be, until we learn to sit quietly and look within our own souls.

It was very still among the dwellers in the country, on that early spring day; for busy men let go the wonted hurry of their steps, looked away on wood and hill, and thought a while of the unseen power that every spring time revivifies this ever old, ever new world. While they looked and listened, as if they might see or hear some of the slow works that went on in the lands about, they felt great thoughts going through them—of life, of Him who gave it to them; of

death, and of the renewed life beyond; of its long, long course; of its delights for the guileless and loving-hearted child, of its rest and peace for the purified and strengthened man and woman, who come to it with the cross at their feet, and the crown of well-doing on their heads. They, the busy men of the earth, felt then that the life of the soul, begun here and carried on beyond the valley, was something to them, even a divine, beneficent reality; and that their actual, daily life, into which came so often vanity and sordid aims, blindness and deafness to beauty and pleasant sounds, was a poor farce, and that they themselves were little better than fools and harlequins; unworthy of the beautiful spring time, of the brightness of the sun, of the blossoms and the fruit which the earth was preparing to put forth; and especially unworthy of the rich and manifold endowments of the heart.

The little children sang with the birds. Their free, loving hearts expanded wide in the genial spring air and sunshine; and it was with them very much as if the good Saviour they so loved to be told about, took them into his arms and blessed them with his heavenly voice, as he was wont to bless the children of yore. They turned their wondering eyes here and there, up to the sky and away to the woods, with love for every little bird and for everything they saw. Some of them had read fairy tales and knew all about Genii, nymphs and graces. They knew how they go in their graceful white robes, chasing the wild roes and fawns over the hills and through the dales; and how they and the Muses sing and dance, playing upon their reeds and lyres. And they wandered away to the woods; for perhaps they would catch glimpses of them among the dark hazes by the brook. Perhaps they would find them bending at the little pond beneath the old trees, to put the arbutus flowers and the young oak leaves in their hair.

It was nearly in this wise that the poets, those men and women who are children to their dying day, felt and acted, in spite of all the depreciating things they had heard in their life-time from the tillers of the ground, the ore-diggers, the spinners and weavers, and all the men and women of vanity and worldly-mindedness. They too went to the woods and streams, longing that Muse or some sort of celestial creation might visit their eyes.

But they all, the poets and the little children searched and invoked in vain that day; or, in part, in vain; for on the morrow a *fete* would be given by the Muses on Mount Helicon; and already "the note of preparation had been sounded" in all Olympus, in all the tributary

islands and shores. The Naiads and the Neveides wore their green robes, bringing profusely into the borders, gems, plucked at will from the burnished roofs and sides of their grottoes. With the gems, the Neveides intermingled minutest rainbow colored shells gathered on the strands, just without the pillars; while the mountain nymphs, the fresh Oreiads, made chaplets of bay for their hair, and hemmed their long robes with the dark and lustrous olive leaves. The Dryades tried the effect in the hair, first of forest leaves, then of shells borrowed of the Neveides, afterward of gems given by the generous Naiads. But those who had taste and genius laid aside both gems and shells, after they had tried them in many lights, ending as they had begun, with their own forest leaves.

The Muses—they, indeed, had no time to attend to the children and the poets. But their hearts warmed toward them for the love they were paying; and they sent Euphrosyne, the youngest of the graces, her whose name being interpreted is Joy; and, unseen by them, she filled the hearts of the poets and the children with pleasure and gratitude, so that they thought it happiness enough just to live in such a glorious world. They gathered the arbutus and the many-hued mosses; and went back to their homes, richer ten thousand times than he or she ever can be, who, with miser-eyes on the ground, goes hurriedly, bearing heavy money-bags along.

## CHAPTER II.

Do my readers know about Mount Helicon? Have my travelled readers ever rested their feet in the rich mosses of its groves? I imagine not; for it is chiefly of London and Paris, of Italy and the Rhine, and latterly indeed of Ireland and the Nile that one hears.

Mount Helicon then has soft airs and gentle slopes; and beneath the olive trees are cool springs, those pretty mirrors of the Muses. Little rills slip round in the groves of walnut and almond trees; and not a green mound rises along the plains, that the ilex and the arbutus do not deck it. The dark myrtle fringes heavily the banks of the streams; and here and there the lively oleander blooms. Not a ragged cliff is there, that clusters of flowers do not crown it, and the myrtle trail over its sides; not a precipice that a cascade does not leap adown it turning it unto beauty. There, in the shade of the groves, within sight and hearing of rill and cascade, overlooking the plain below and the Copiae Lake, the Muses had one of their beautiful homes. And here, on the day of which we

would speak, the sisters and those ever-ready helpers, the charming graces, went from spot to spot, from room to room, with busy steps and skilful, well-trained fingers. All but Erato. She had been sent for to go to Olympus. Juno had need of her. Calliope, Clio and Hramia did their best to fill her place; only Clio declared that the latter spent half her time in the observatory; a place which, after all, none would exist unless it were Minerva and Prometheus. Thalia was in a distant apartment, with the eldest of the graces, the splendid Aglaia, with Melpomene, (her who presided over tragedy) and Apollo, who had come over from Olympus "to see to things," he said, as he was tucking his lyre into a corner, and unbuttoning the gay cloak that hung upon one shoulder. They were rehearsing some new *tableaux vivants*. Terpsichore was somewhere in the palace with Thalia of the graces, practising a new dance; and Euterpe had enough to do tuning her pipes. Odd things they were; Juno hated them; but the rest all liked them, she played them with such wondrous skill. Especially Jupiter liked them, *because* she hated them Juno fervently believed. And perhaps it was. It would be just like Jupiter, one must confess.

By-and-bye they all came together to twine roses and wreaths about the pillars and for festoons along the halls and corridors; to group them also, roses of every hue and shade, and laurel and myrtle, for the marble vases, the golden vases, and the vases of silver of exquisite workmanship; and, in their midst, laughter and song and good-natured jest did not once cease.

Venus came in the midst of it, a creature of light and beauty. She touched and rearranged a little the roses in the vases; ran her fingers lightly over the robes and chaplets the nymphs had made ready for the festival; and laughed at poor, diligent Vulcan, who came soon after her, a creature of right stalwarth arm and cunning fingers; but, then, a creature, after all, to be laughed at for his ugliness and his eccentricities. Venus laughed at him because he placed some new ornaments he had just brought, thus and so; and while she laughed she replaced them, so and thus; and then ran her white arm about his sinewy neck, when she perceived that she had vexed him.

"Vulcan—husband mine," she murmured, with her lips close to his ear.

"My wife—my pleasant one," said he. And it was with a good voice; for a great deal of tenderness was in it.

"I declare! I will never, *never* vex you in this foolish manner again! So help me Jove!"

"I declare I will never be vexed in this foolish

way again. For I wonder if I don't know that you love me right well. This ought to be enough, I am thinking, for a cramped, knotty old fellow like me."

"There! there! don't talk so, good one. I tell you the truth now!" coming up close before him, and getting hold of both his hands. "I often look at you and the rest of the gods, and think that I love you better than any of them, *because*—why not, to be sure, because you are a knotty old fellow, as you say; but because you are, in the upshot of the matter—*not* perfect." (*Parenthesis*, my readers must believe Venus. It was true, as she said, that she did *often* love him, faults and all; and the better, because he had the faults that made him look up to her, and almost worship her; and that, at the same time, made her, in her good moments, feel tenderness for him and compassion.)

"I don't know why it is, I am sure!" continued Venus, with a pretty look of the slightest abstraction. "It may be there is no reason for it—although you know Minerva and Prometheus say there are reasons, enough of them, for all sorts of phenomena; and one day when I tried to make Minerva understand how I love you, in just what way, she went into a frightful disquisition on a law called 'attraction of opposites.' Only think, Vulcan! As if I would or could listen to anything with such hard names to it. I wanted to know awfully; but I wouldn't take that pains, would you now? Say! would you?"

She gave him a quick kiss on repeating the question; and Vulcan smiled on her and said, "no." But that was not true; he would.

"I thought you wouldn't. Well; as I was going to say, I love you because you ain't perfection itself. I could never love a beautiful and effeminate man—in the right way to call him husband, that is," she added, quickly, and averting her face a moment on seeing that Vulcan scanned her features closely while she said this. "Believe me, Vulcan; for it is the truth! I love to lay the hand they all call so tiny and fair, in your muscular, broad, toil-hardened palm thus! And to lean thus on the broad, faithful chest; and to know at the time that you are my own husband, and that I am your wife. They had a great deal to say about me and Mars, you remember," she added, still leaning on Vulcan's breast.

"Yes," replied Vulcan, listening intently for what would come next.

"Well, I just about hate him! I can't bear him! And Adonis, you know there was ever so much said about him and me. And it is true that I did like Adonis right well. But it was

just like a mother's love for her boy. I was his protector! not he mine! Just think of it! I often laugh when I remember how worried I used to be about him always when he was in the chase. I should have been in what the mortals call consumption before this day, if I had had him instead of you for my husband. But with you I thrive nicely. Don't you think I do?"

Vulcan answered with an embrace and a hearty kiss upon her lips.

### CHAPTER III.

"ERATO, if you *would* leave that book for the present and help me on this robe a little!" Thus spake Juno with imperious voice and mien. "I am so tormented with this new stitch!"

"What stitch, mater? let me see," said Erato, coming with good-natured alacrity to sit on a cushion at Juno's feet.

"Why, this one for the heart of the narcissus! How the mortals ever invented such a stitch, or how *their* miserable spines and nerves, that are so often out of tune, endure it now that it is invented, is more than I can understand. My patience was never so tried."

Jupiter didn't believe it, it seemed. He brought his eyes up slowly from his sandal to her face, and said,

"H'm!"

"Yes! this is what you are always saying—'h'm!' I never, in all my life-time, saw so provoking a person. It would try anybody!" She jerked the silken floss and the threads of gold; and they, as if they shared the mischievous temper Juno saw in her husband, went every moment into unmanageable knots.

"See! I will just help you, mater," said Erato. "I remember I have always heard you say that your work troubles you most when you are most in haste."

"It does. And it is a real trial, whatever those may think who have nothing to do but sit and watch one and criticise one."

"It is bad that the floss troubles you so," said Erato, picking at a knot. She talked, as she always did, with the sweetest voice in the world. Jupiter listened to it as if it were music; and it had power even over Juno's irritable mood. "But it is only one of the very light afflictions. See there! the last knot! There, mater."

"Yes; a light affliction, to be sure," replied Juno. "But then, to be plagued so when one is in such a hurry!" She bent her head low over her embroidery.

"Oh, well! I have been reading such a sad, and yet, at the same time, such a beautiful,

beautiful story! It is of the sufferings of one among the mortals; and it made me feel as if I would forever be ashamed to open my lips in compliments. He was a martyr who loved the truth so well, that he died rather than give it up. That was a great thing to come to one, mater. Think how he would have overlooked tangled floss, and all our troublesome preparations for this festival. He had greater things in his great soul, I am thinking. Does the floss still——"

"Oh, it still knots continually. I wish you would try it."

"Yes, I will." She worked with far nimbler fingers than Juno. It was wonderful to watch how the flower spread out in the border; and, as if her own smooth spirit were passing electrically through the threads, they exhibited no more any vicious propensity whatever.

Juno looked on admiringly. "You are a dear child, I am sure," said she. "You always manage to keep such a sweet temper! Now work on the half open narcissus if you will. I don't know how it is; but the narcissus is the very flower I like best, and am the most desirous to succeed well in copying; and yet it gives me more trouble than all the rest. Minerva says that it would be so, of course. She says that to do a thing in a beautiful way, one must first be thoroughly qualified, and then have an easy spirit about it."

"Yes, certainly," replied Erato.

"Yes; but to keep the easy spirit, when one has so many perplexities! They are nothing to the martyr's I know you are thinking. Tell me something more about the martyr. I suppose he died well. This kind of mortals always do."

"Beautifully! like the swan! And he lived a life pleasant for us to think upon now it is over and the dear man is well at rest. If I were a mortal, I would count it a glorious thing to be a martyr—a glorious thing!—to be so steadfast in the right, and so strong!"

"Yes," replied Juno. "Yes, so would I, Erato." But she spoke without enthusiasm, and assorted her flosses at the same time.

"Oh, pooh!" said Jupiter, coming to his feet, and throwing a leaf he had been picking to pieces out of the window. "I guess you would count it a fine thing to be a martyr, indeed! and you can't get along with a few knots in your floss without going distracted, pooh!"

"Yes, I suppose so!" replied Juno, coloring with her vexation. "It was well enough for Erato to say; well enough for anybody but me."

"Well enough for you, wife, if you could say it with meaning and sincerity. Erato can. She

has patience, and a liking for encounter with difficulties. Let Erato say then, that she would love to be a martyr. But when she says it, do you shudder prettily at the martyrdom and say, 'oh, why! would you though!—but do tell me, child, what I can do with this flower, this narcissus! It plagues my life out.'"

Wasn't this provoking enough in Jupe? He laughed too with his might, and pinched Juno's nose and chin a little.

Erato laughed; and so, pretty soon, did Juno, her husband was really so good-natured, and was withal so elegant standing there before her. But she had tears in her eyes, and said, "you are too bad now, Jupiter!"

"Not in the least! I say it for your good, as your mothers say." He still had a gay air, but his face was fast growing serious. "If you will school and discipline yourself up to a high condition of patience and heroism in what we call the little things, it will be a sign infallible that in the deep, quiet places of your soul is something composed, self-assured and great, that would keep you close to the right, to truth, even if they led you on, on to the stake; and would make it a glorious thing, as Erato said, for you to die for them."

Erato had a kindling face. Juno let her embroidery lie in her lap, and had eyes full of tears.

"I say this who have no steadier patience than you, Juno," continued Jupiter, preparing to go. "I wish we were both a great deal better, don't you?"

"I wish I were, at least!" said Juno, passionately. "It grieves me to pieces that I must be so foolish, and suffer all that I do on account of it!"

"But be calm! be calm! have patience with yourself, in the first place. Good-bye. Have patience till I come again." An odd thing, by the way, for a "Thunderer" to be saying. It demonstrates anew the verity of this that Brownson said in his better days—"We are all of us better than even our best friends believe us."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Now, dear reader, go with me into the large company assembled in the drawing-rooms at Helicon. I will go as I am in this sombre suit; for, for me who am so plain, there is no benefit, but, on the contrary, positive disadvantage in effort. I will take a large share of friendliness and good-will along with me. These shall commend me. But you, dear one, who are so beautiful that it is a delight to look on your face, your movements, do you put on your softest

muslin, with the longest, farthest-reaching skirt, that shall float about you as if it were a light summer cloud, and *you* a beautiful spirit. Put a few delicate flowers and leaves in your hair and then we will go.

See, dearest! how the graceful forms move about, and mingle and commingle! Terpsichore does not once speak that she does not skip a little in harmony and laugh—the gayest little laugh that one ever hears. We know Clio by her laurel crown, and by the delicately chased trumpet hanging at her girdle. It is for her to preside over history, we know, and sound the fame of the heroes. 'Tis said the latter office is but a sinecure of late, since the heroes of these days are not on the bloody fields where the sword and the bayonet go clashing, so much as on the still "battle-fields of life," where slow trials are to be endured, weighty burdens to be lifted and carried, tight bands that bind men's hands and feet to be sundered and put aside. One feels instinctively that no trumpet is to be sounded for those who are making achievements on this field.

Away there is Melpomene; splendidly attired, but pale as the pedestal she leans upon, and weeping. She always weeps and imagines tragic things. She never knows that the sun is shining, that the birds are singing, that lyres are playing and that warm hearts are close by, waiting to love her, never! Thalia, she who sees to all good comedies, is wiser. Only she tears those vases all to pieces in making up a bouquet for herself. It is good that Apollo goes now and gaily puts himself and his lyre between her and them.

Now Aurora enters, fresh and beautiful as the morning. Iris comes with a note on a gold salver for "resplendent Juno." Jupiter, the king over all these gods and goddesses, is here on the left, sitting with a grave face and mien. A beautiful creature is by him, stroking the head of his favorite eagle, Bon by name. It cannot be Venus; for she has on no *cestus*; and one never sees Venus without this charm in so large a company. It cannot be Juno; for there is that goddess at the left hand of her lord, talking earnestly with Erato and Diana; nor Minerva, we already know Minerva, who is taller, and whose beauty is of the intellectual type, while that of this delicate creature is eminently spiritual. It must be Psyche; yes, for now Jupiter, who has been some time regarding her, says,

"Psyche—glorious Psyche! come here. Stand here close by me."

She approaches, and lays her wax-like arm and hand on the arm of his throne.

"You are a good little creature."

"Am I?"

"Yes. I never see you and have you near me a moment without thinking—'well, she is a fine creature. It softens us all and does us good having her here.'"

"Thanks, dear sire."

"You too, I fancy, must find a little pleasure where you confer so much! and pleasure of such a noble kind too! You are happy here?"

"Very happy, sire; happier for all the wanderings and troubles I had before I came; so that I am thankful for the sorrows as much as for the pleasures of my life."

"That is right! That is a good child!"

"Then Cupid is so dear to me! He is so kind a husband! And then I love everything. I love every plant and bird and insects so well; it does a great deal toward filling my life with happiness, as I go along. Only I have to see the dumb creatures buffeted so often; and the insects, and the beautiful flowers—the little blue flowers, that, more than all others, look as if they were speaking to us in their mute language; I have to see them trampled upon and disregarded, as if they were nothing, and as if we owed them nothing for their beauty and aroma. As if they had no intelligence, too; and they have a great deal; like the plants."

"The plants, Psyche?"

"Certainly! I never told you about those reeds by the river, that fairly spoke to me! that fairly told me what to do, and directed me as wisely as ever you, sire, could have done!"

"No. Tell me now." He bends his head a little closer; she draws a little nearer, speaking rapidly and in low tones.

"Well, it was when I was on the earth; when Venus, who now is so dear a mother-in-law to me, was so bitter, and set me to such hard tasks. She ordered me one day to go beyond the river to a place inaccessible to us mortals, as we all believed, and bring her a tuft of the golden wool from certain sheep that fed there. I was in despair—for I had already had so many troubles! I would drown myself, I thought. And when I came to the water's edge for this purpose, I trampled on some reeds that grew there. I quite overlooked them, as if they were nothing; but the dear things fell a whispering me what to do to get the tuft of wool. I *did* get it by their directions, bless them! and carried it to Venus. The ants helped me, too, poor diligent things! when she ordered me to separate the grains in the great heaps she made of barley, wheat, millet, peas, lentils, and I don't know what besides. They did it all for me, working so silently. A

noble eagle helped me. He brought water for me from a fountain that a monstrous dragon kept in those days. I was obliged to have the water for Venus. This makes me love every creature, and——”

But Juno talks with a voice that quite drowns Psyche's, and even Jupiter's, now that he speaks. Let us listen; for she has flushed cheeks and harsh manners and denunciatory voice. She shakes her head, as we have seen our ladies do when they blamed.

*Juno.* I must say that Latona does very wrong—very wrong!

*Erato.* (With a beaming look.) The mortals, 'tis said, have a God, a very great and loving being whom they call Father; and He can look into the hearts of all His children and see just what there is there. Perhaps if He can see our hearts and all our lives, and Latona's, He knows that she is as pure and as good as we. We can't judge. We don't know her or ourselves properly. We don't know what she has done; or what we would be and do in her place.

*Diana.* That is true. They all call me the strict, the decorous. I called myself the same, and found fault with others; and really thought that there was nowhere such another paragon. Until I loved Endymion. Then I would stir out of my straight path any time to see him. I even went, many a night when the moon was shining, to the mountains of Cazia, to look on his face that was so dear to me, as he slept. I did no harm; that Jove knows; and the one God of the mortals, if He saw my heart; but, see how blind and unjust I had been before to others! inasmuch as now I was doing the very things I had always condemned in them! I had a lesson in this. I have been slower in my condemnations since, and always shall be—I hope.

*Juno.* Yes, I presume so. Oh! I believe in charity and so on. Nobody believes in them as I do, hardly. But—ah, here is Iris with something for me! I am glad to have something come to me? Who sent it, Iris?

Thus it is with Juno. Nothing impresses her. She gets no high lessons, goes not one step forward. What she always has been, she is now and will be evermore; beautiful, that is, having fine skin, hair and teeth; but capricious, self-willed and “unstable as water;” quick in her resentments and retaliations, slow in her good offices and in an enlightened comprehension of motives and deeds. Fare thee well, poor Juno!

Pleasant it is to turn from her to Minerva, who has such dignity; and, at the same time, such grace and condescension! I wonder what she and Prometheus are saying to each other.

Their heads are often together; and the Olympians think that their hearts are not far apart. Prometheus thinks the same, and says it to Minerva. The warm color comes to her cheeks; but she shakes her head a little, sighs a little and professes to be a great deal skeptical. She is his inspiration, however; this she must know. She speaks a kindling word or two, she lets a kindling glance meet and rest on his; and re-awakened enjoyment, reawakened purposes of greatness and beneficence thrills his brain and all his nerves. Thus is he ennobled. And, being thus ennobled, he goes forth to ennoble and to bless others. Let's listen.

*Minerva.* You shall be my friend and brother. I will think of you when you are away; and when you return, no one will be so well pleased to see you coming. I will be glad when you prosper. And if you have troubles any time, come to me and I will try to make them less.

*Prometheus.* Dear Minerva! This then shall be enough for me. And no sister was ever guarded and surrounded with comforts as you shall be by me.

They move slowly away, still talking between themselves, and with one and another whom they pass in the crowd.

Hebe joins them, the ever gay and blooming; and her husband, the good and manly Hercules. The call comes now; and they all move out to the feast. We too will go, dear reader. We will leave this short narrative altogether, when we have in company considered a little this one suggestive item in the experience of the good Prometheus. You know he offended Jupiter one time by bringing sacred fire from heaven to us mortals, when Jupiter had said that we should have no more fire at all. Jupiter ordered him to be taken to Mount Cancarus and bound fast to a rock for all eternity. Well, they carried him there and left him as Jupiter had commanded; and every day an eagle, or, as some say, a vulture, came to pick at him and torment him. But he daily mustered strength and patience to endure it manfully, and lost not one whit of his desire to do good; and, by-and-by, in an emergency, he revealed a secret by which even Jupiter's throne was saved to him. Then Jupiter, who would keep his vow that bound Prometheus to the rock, and who would at the same time *virtually* free him and bring him to honor, caused a fragment of the rock to be mounted in a costly ring and gave it to Prometheus to wear. And thus we see that through his patience and wisdom, the rock that was doomed as an offence to him, became his highest distinction.

Adieu, dear reader.

## THE ORGAN PLAYER.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

The other morning, having to visit my dress-maker, I made a call on a fashionable acquaintance, whose residence lay in the same direction. She had been at the opera the night before, and, in her languid way, entertained me by talking of it.

"Really, my dear," were her words, "Sontag is quite over-rated. To call her voice fresh is ridiculous, positively ridiculous, I assure you."

"Why do you go so often?" I said, half smiling.

"Well, I don't know, my dear, except that its the fashion. Niblo's is always full, and one can look at the people, you know: and besides how else could one get through one's evenings?"

She yawned slightly as she spoke, for, in truth, she was *ennuied* almost to death, and I was an old acquaintance, before whom she could be frank. I thought to myself that if my former schoolmate had to labor for a livelihood, she would scarcely be driven to the opera merely to see and be seen, merely to kill time.

"Granting that Sontag is not as perfect as she once was," I said, "yet surely the music one hears at her operas is admirable, and well worth going to Niblo's, night after night, if one can afford it."

"La, now, that's the way you always talk," drowsily replied my friend. "You are an odd creature, I know, and one can't expect you to be like other people. As for me I'm sick of music."

"And of dancing, and balls, and dress, and everything," I continued, briskly. "Confess now, are you not?"

A languid nod accompanied the answer.

"To tell the truth I am, at least nearly so. One sees so much of such things. I wish somebody would get up something new. It's the dulllest winter ever I spent."

After I had left the fashionable heiress, I pondered, as I walked, on her lot. "Here is a woman," I said, "with every worldly blessing, yet she is not happy. At four and twenty she has exhausted life. Nothing any longer gives her pleasure. Even Sontag's music fails to elicit her admiration. She has nothing to look forward to, for she has enjoyed already all that fortune can bestow; and so she is fast sinking into discontent with herself and everything."

My reflections were cut short by arriving at the dress-maker's. Ushered into a room to be fitted, I found myself in the midst of young girls, all busily engaged in sewing. They were generally pale, and some wore quite a wearied look: none had the freshness that should have accompanied their years. And yet no one seemed positively unhappy. The peevish discontent, which was fast becoming the chief characteristic of my schoolmate's countenance, was entirely wanting in these faces.

Suddenly a street organ began to play. The instrument was an ordinary one, with the common tunes of the day. Most of them had a touch of plaintiveness, however, that went to the heart of the listener. "Old Folks at Home" was one of the number.

The girls simultaneously stopped work, and letting their sewing lie on their laps, listened silently and eagerly. During the whole time that the round of tunes was playing, not one of them spoke a word. Literally a pin might have been heard to drop. At last the organ-player moved on; and then the silence was broken at last.

"Oh!" whispered one, "wasn't it beautiful?" "How I wish he had staid longer," whispered another. Then, with a sigh, each resumed her work.

But when, shortly after, the organ-player stopped again, a few doors below, and repeated his round of airs, the girls all ceased sewing once more, listening to what they could catch, until the last faint sound had died away. It was again with a sigh that they took up their weary work.

Involuntarily I contrasted them with the fashionable heiress. "The capacity to enjoy," I said to myself, "they, at least, have not lost. Doubtless they consider their lot a hard one, and a hard one it truly is in many particulars, but it has its compensations, and not the least is, that, which by making pleasure a rarity, retains for pleasure its zest."

I went to the opera myself on the two succeeding nights. I heard Alboni in the "Barber of Seville." The next evening I listened to Sontag in "Lucrezia Borgia." But I doubt if I enjoyed half as much pleasure, with it all, as



the organ-player afforded my dress-maker's apprentices.

Often since, when I have seen the wealthy and fashionable *ennuied*, when I have beheld them

turning listlessly away from fine pictures, or fine music, I have thought of those poor girls, and the zest with which they listened to THE ORGAN-PLAYER.

## MY CHILD.

BY MRS. JESSUP KAMES.

She is Thy gift to me,  
Thy pure and precious gift, and from her birth  
Was consecrate to Thee—  
Therefore, oh, Father, let this child of earth  
The heir of Heaven be!

Dear daughter of my love!  
Watch over her and guide her unto good—  
Oh! let her live, and move,  
And have her being in Thee, and be endued  
With wisdom from above.

She is the cherished child  
Of many hopes—of many fervent prayers—  
Keep pure and undefil'd  
This tender blossom of my shielding care,  
Springing 'mid life's rough wild!

Give me the strength, dear Lord,  
To guide her to the life that is in Thee—  
For oh, too much adored  
This evil world with all its snares may be!

Oh, Father, hear my prayer!—  
Give me her sorrows—lay, oh, God, on me  
The cross she ought to bear—  
And let me be near her continually  
To smooth away each care!

Oh, Thou all-loving One!  
Protect and bless her—make her days serene:  
When I am gone  
Give her Thy sheltering arm to lean  
Ever upon!

But if this does not suit  
Thine all-wise purpose, oh, let her become  
Thro' trials better fit  
To win her entrance to a happier home,  
A lowly child of light!

Yea! mould her to Thy will—  
Let love eternal linger on each breath;  
Do Thou her whole life fill,  
And let her be, dear Lord, in life and death  
Thine own possession still!

## THE TWO SONGS OF THE GOLD SEEKER.

BY FREDERICO COOPER.

Hope dwelt in his breast as he went on his way,  
And riches gleamed before him,  
His spirit was light, and his face was gay,  
For the sky of youth was o'er him.  
With cheerful heart he crossed the sea,  
And climbed the mountain bold,  
And his merry song as he went along,  
Was "Gold, glistening Gold!"

A year flew past, and the stamp of care  
Might be seen on his sunburnt brow,  
But still the bright sky of youth was there,  
And his heart with hope did glow.  
He searched the rippling river's bed,  
Where treasures lay untold;  
And his cheerful song, the whole day long,  
Was "Gold, glistening Gold."

A few more years, on the prairie wild  
An aged man was straying;  
His heart was meek as that of a child  
At the feet of its mother praying.  
Wearied his limbs, and coarse his fare,  
His pillow his comrade's tomb;  
And his weary song, as he trudged along,  
Was "Home, peaceful Home."

He reached the spot where once smiled his home,  
But of his friends 'twas riven;  
And in the green church-yard a lowly stone  
Told him their home was Heaven!  
Then he threw his worthless gold aside,  
And by those loved ones tomb,  
Passed the soul away, of that old man grey,  
To "Home, peaceful Home!"

# THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHONTON," &C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 263.

## XIV.—MANDERSON.

From the hour of that conversation Manderson was a different person. His whole energies were now concentrated on one purpose, which was the achievement of an independence, in order that he might possess Julia.

"I will deserve her," he said to himself, as he sat alone in his chamber, after the interview with his mother, "I will deserve her, before I seek her again. Now heaven give me a fair field!"

Manderson, like many young men of family, had entered himself as a law-student, after he had taken his degree at college, and had prosecuted his studies in a desultory way ever since, more, however, with a view to acquiring a finished education, than with any design of practising a profession. But now he lost no time in completing his course, and applying for admission to the bar.

Fortune favored him in a way that she favors few. The very week in which he was enrolled, an appalling murder took place in one of the suburbs, under circumstances which, for a while, agitated the public mind intensely. The victim was an unoffending old man, who kept a small shop for people of the poorer class, and who was murdered in broad daylight behind his counter. He had but time, indeed, to follow the assassin to the door; to cry out that he was stabbed; and to point down the street, as if indicating the way in which the criminal had fled, when he fell and expired. A hue and cry was immediately raised. But it happened to be market day; the markets were immediately opposite; and amid the crowd the hunt was, for a minute, thrown off the scent. At last, however, one of the most active of the pursuers succeeded in recognizing the assassin, and having overtaken and collared him, proceeded to search his pockets. The bloody dirk was drawn from the side pocket of the overcoat, in presence of a score of spectators.

The prisoner, as is usual in such cases, protested his innocence. But when he found that this was of no avail, he sent for Manderson's old preceptor, who had the reputation of being the best criminal lawyer of his day. The attorney

heard his client's statement, shook his head, and coolly said that nothing could be done. "I have a student just admitted," he added, however, "who will get you off if anybody can, for he is a young fellow of brilliant abilities, and will work like a dray-horse, at least in this case, since it will be his first. I will take him in as junior counsel, give him the benefit of my advice, and be ready, when the trial comes on, to cross-examine and address the jury. That is all I can do for you, and on these terms I accept the case."

In this way, Manderson, almost before his fashionable friends knew that he had become a lawyer, was engaged in what proved to be one of the most engrossing cases that had absorbed public attention for years.

For the popular mind was attracted not only by the flagrancy of the murder, but by the doubt, which began to grow up, respecting the guilt of the prisoner. Manderson, after his very first interview with the accused, disbelieved this guilt. His client said that the knife had been slipped into his pocket; and that he knew nothing of the antecedents of the murder. "I was running at the time I was arrested, I own," were his words. "But I had heard the hue and cry, and seeing the way the crowd took, ran with the rest." His whole manner, his former good character, and the naturalness with which he always repeated this story, convinced Manderson, more and more, that the man was a victim of the real assassin, who had slipped the knife into his coat pocket, and escaped in the mob.

But to clear the prisoner it was necessary to discover the real criminal. The train of circumstantial evidence was complete against his client, and he would infallibly be convicted, Manderson foresaw, unless the chain could be broken. Yet how was this to be done unless by bringing to justice the true culprit? And where was that culprit to be found?

The young lawyer only wanted a clue to start with: he felt, if he had that, he should ferret it all out. At last, one day, after having pondered over all the evidence for the twentieth time, it

flashed upon him that the blow, from its peculiar character, must have been struck by a left-handed man. No one had noticed this before, but, on calling in a physician, the latter confirmed the suspicion, wondering that the fact had not been suggested on the inquest. Manderson now remembered that the man who had first arrested the prisoner, and had drawn the dirk from the pocket, was left-handed. He had noticed this peculiarity, by the merest accident, during the man's examination on the inquest; for the witness being nervous, as is often the case at such times, had kept playing with his watch-key with his left hand. The young lawyer now made secret inquiries, and discovered that this man belonged to another city, from which he had arrived only the day before the murder. As the dirk was new it was natural to suppose it had just been purchased. Accordingly an agent was procured to visit every store in the neighboring city, where such articles were sold. After a week's scrutiny a man was found who recollected having disposed of such a weapon, and described accurately the person of the witness whom Manderson suspected. "He used often to buy cigars of me," said the shop-keeper, "and I recollect the dirk, because that sort of article is of slow sale; so much so that, when I close out my present stock, I intend to have nothing to do with such fancy outlery, but shall stick to cigars and canes."

Our hero now felt that he had discovered the real culprit. But what was the motive? Unless he could show this he feared that his case would be regarded with suspicion. For he was no longer satisfied with proving the innocence of his client: he aspired to fasten the guilt incontrovertibly on the true criminal. Continuing to conduct his investigations with profound secrecy, he finally discovered that the murdered man had been in the habit of lending money at usury, and that, at the time of his death, he held a heavy claim against his assassin. When Manderson had collected all these proofs, the day appointed for the trial had arrived. He went to his old preceptor, and told him, for the first time, his entire success. "Keep silent till to-morrow," said the veteran. "You have done it all yourself, and deserve all the glory, so I shall not interfere except to advise you how to act. Go to court as if nothing of this kind was impending. Let the trial take its course. The real culprit will be there of course to testify that he found the knife on our client. When it comes to his turn, break him down on the cross-examination, by asking him if he did not buy the dirk himself, and I will assist you by sending, at this

moment, the cigar vender to speak to you, so that the assassin may see and recognize him."

All happened as the veteran lawyer had planned and foretold. The witness turned ghastly pale when he beheld the man from whom he purchased the dirk; and when he knew, from Manderson's simultaneous questions, that the whole truth was out, he fainted dead away. Our hero received the entire credit of the whole affair, and, from that day, his reputation was made.

Business flowed in upon him in a flood. The veteran members of his own profession were the loudest to extol him, and to recommend to him clients, in criminal cases, which they no longer tried. "His eloquence is the least part of him," said one of these. "He's as keen as a briar, and as subtle as Fearnie himself. Who else, at his age, would have taken up such a cold scent, followed it out, and pulled down the stag in presence of court and spectators? Gad, it was the finest thing I ever saw done, and I've been at the bar these five and twenty years."

But Manderson's triumph did not stop here. It was a season of intense political excitement; a Presidential election was at hand; and all the available talent, in both parties, was brought forward to address the people. As a popular speaker our hero soon gained a high reputation. Wit, logic and imagination were united, in his mind, in just that proportion to make a most effective orator. His fine person, his musical voice, and his graceful gestures greatly assisted the effect of his style and thoughts. He could, at will, move his hearers to laughter, excite their scorn, or rouse them to indignation.

In the midst of the canvass, a prominent candidate for Congress suddenly took sick, and in less than a week died. The popular voice demanded, almost by acclamation, that Manderson should be nominated in his place. It was unusual, indeed, for one so young to be chosen by such a constituency; and a few envious aspirants, and thorough-paced intriguers ventured to say so; but the general enthusiasm was not to be controlled, and our hero was accordingly elected by an unprecedented majority. The strength of his vote was greatly increased by the fact, that his constituents, at first, were sought to be prejudiced against him, by a garbled account of his rencontre on the night of the fire-riot. The false statement brought out affidavits from impartial spectators, and nothing helped more to swell his majority, than the proof these afforded of those generous qualities in which the people, especially the American people, delight.

During this rapid and brilliant career, Man-

derson had scarcely had time to think of Julia, so absorbed was he with the pursuit of his great object. For he was one of those men, who, having determined what to do, do it with all their might. There was no trifling in his earnest nature. The difficulty was to arouse him, but that once effected, his course was right onward till the goal was reached. Thus, though he never, in one sense, forgot Julia; though she was always present, in imagination, as the queen to crown him, when the prize was won; yet he wasted no precious moments in sentimental re- pinings over their separation, but put his whole soul rather into the struggle for fame and fortune, so that he might the sooner win her.

He had faithfully kept his word to his mother also. He made no effort to correspond with Julia, or even to see her. He had, indeed, little wish to do either, as long as she remained at Mrs. Elwood's. But he scarcely suspected the indignities to which she was subjected, for much as he knew of the son, he did not imagine that the profligate would insult a defenceless woman, beneath his mother's roof.

A greater misfortune was preparing for Julia meantime. On the very night, indeed, when a triumphant crowd, with torches, banners, and music, went to Manderson's residence to congratulate him on his election, fate made our heroine a witness of that proud hour, but in a way that was infinitely degrading to herself, and which led to what filled her with despair.

#### XV.—MRS. ELWOOD.

"I AM going to call on Mrs. Elwood, this morning," said Clara Owens' aunt, with a sly smile at her niece. "Will you accompany me, my dear?"

"Why not?" was the indifferent answer. "It will be as good a way as any to spend the morning. If I stay here, I shall die of *ennui*. Surely its no reason I should cease visiting Mrs. Elwood, because I have agreed to marry her son."

For Clara was affianced, at last, to the suitor whom, more than once, she had tacitly refused. How this had been brought about the reader may easily conjecture. Pique had led her to encourage Elwood's attentions in public, whenever Manderson was present, and this had given her old lover a hold over her, which he had improved to his advantage. Mrs. Rawlson had exerted her influence also in behalf of Elwood.

During this formal morning visit, Clara sat, utterly without interest in the conversation, clasping and unclasping a superb bracelet. Mrs. Elwood she had never liked, and when she thought of her as a mother-in-law, she

almost regretted her engagement. Her attention was finally aroused by the opening of the parlor door, and the entrance of Julia. It was the first time the two had met since their interview in the store, and both seemed to remember this, for they colored unconsciously. Julia, however, did not advance into the room. Hurriedly apologizing, by saying that she had supposed Mrs. Elwood to be alone, she withdrew immediately, but not before Mrs. Elwood had noticed Clara's manner.

Before they left, Mrs. Rawlson took occasion to explain to Mrs. Elwood, in a whisper, a pretended cause of Clara's embarrassment, attributing it to the fact that Julia had once been befriended by Clara, and had since insulted her. This false tale, rehearsed for her injury, had its effect.

When the visit was over, Mrs. Elwood's first proceeding was to ring the bell, and order Julia into her presence.

"Pray, Miss," she said, haughtily, "for what am I indebted to your unwarrantable intrusion just now? Are you not aware that, when I wish you, it is my habit to send for you, and that, unless you are thus sent for, the parlor is not your place."

For the sake of Gertrude, Julia might, perhaps, have endured this reproof in silence, if the outrage of the day before had not rendered it impossible for her to remain longer in the house. She replied, therefore, with spirit,

"I came, madam, because I thought you alone; because I wished an entirely private interview with you; and because the conversation I desired to have could not be postponed."

Mrs. Elwood gazed in amazement. Was this the quiet governess who had invariably listened in silence? But recalling what Mrs. Rawlson had said of Julia's ingratitude and insolence to Clara, the haughty patrician lady answered imperiously,

"Speak at once, Miss, for since you have begun to dictate the times and themes of our conversations, I suspect I shall have to look out for a new governess, or cease to be mistress of my own house."

"It is on that point I came to speak to you," calmly replied Julia. "Your son, madam, insulted me, yesterday, in such a way that it is impossible for me, much as I love Gertrude, to remain in the house with him."

At these words, spoken in the tone of an equal, and with an indignation that could scarcely be repressed, Mrs. Elwood's face colored with anger. That a hired servant, for in that light only she considered Julia, should dare to address her in

such language, was not to be endured. She rose to her feet.

"Miss, you forget yourself," she said. "Your effrontery, indeed, surpasses belief, though I have just heard about it from my friends. My son persecute you with his addresses, for that, I suppose, is what you mean to imply." Julia bowed. "It is not true. Not a word of it," she was now so enraged that she forgot good-breeding, "don't stand there and tell me such a falsehood. It's you that's been insulting me, by persecuting him. I see it all now."

She paused, a minute, to recover breath. Julia seized the occasion to say, with calm dignity,

"Madam, what I say is true. It pains me to have to say it, and to you, but there is no other course left. I had hoped that, perhaps, you would protect me, if not for my own sake, at least for Gertrude's; but you leave me no alternative now, except to go."

These words increased the passion of Mrs. Elwood, who saw in them, and in the tone they were delivered, a tacit assumption of superiority.

"No alternative but to go," she repeated, in angry amazement. "Why, how dare you be so insolent? My son would not condescend to look at you even. Yes, you go at once, this day, this very hour. Not a word." And she approached to ring the bell.

But Julia advanced firmly toward her, and laid her hand on Mrs. Elwood's arm. With difficulty could our heroine retain her calmness, at this rude and insolent treatment; but she struggled to preserve the bearing and language of a lady, as she said,

"Mrs. Elwood, stop. You need not give yourself any concern about my not going, for, after such an interview as this, I should hate myself if I could stay. But, before I leave, I demand of you, as between one woman and another, that you retract your imputations against me. You know they are untrue. I am an orphan, with nothing but my character, and you cannot, you dare not assail my little all. Take back those words. Let us bury this thing in oblivion, and part in peace."

Anybody but an enraged mother, or a haughty patrician, would have been awed by the high spirit, not less than the justice of this demand. A noble soul, even in anger, recognizes nobility in others. But Mrs. Elwood was thoroughly ignoble, with all her outward varnish of refinement.

So she replied by a volley of abuse, such as enraged women, even fashionable ones, sometimes pour out on the objects of their wrath. Julia, as she listened, felt that mother and son were

one. She was turning away to leave the room, when Mrs. Elwood, observing her purpose, and doubly incensed to find she would not listen, violently pulled the bell. Julia had only gained the foot of the staircase, Mrs. Elwood following her, when a servant appeared.

"Take that creature, James," said the enraged woman, "and turn her out of the house. See that she goes this minute. Her things can be sent after her. And take care that she don't see Miss Gertrude."

With these words, as degrading ones as the most criminal and lowest servant could have possibly deserved, Mrs. Elwood retired within the parlor, closing the door after her with a bang. The servant, who had seen his mistress, once or twice before, in similar fits of passion, followed her with his eyes, smiling sarcastically, as he had done on the evening when his young master came home intoxicated: and, taking advantage of this, Julia flew up stairs to her chamber.

Our heroine paused in her room only long enough to put on her bonnet and shawl, and hastily to arrange her things for removal. She had too much dignity to provoke another altercation, which she knew might be the case if she delayed. When she descended, she found the footman waiting for her in the hall. The man exhibited more respect for her than he had done for his mistress, for he bowed, and courteously asked where her baggage should be sent. Julia knew no place, except the boarding-house where she had once lived, and accordingly she mentioned it.

"They shall be left there to-morrow, Miss, or this afternoon, if you wish it." And, in a lower voice, he said, "mistress is going out this evening, and if you would wish to return, and fix your things, it can be done then. I shall be happy to oblige you."

"No, thank you," replied Julia, "if there is anything missing, I will send for it. But I arranged everything, I believe."

With these words she turned away. Yet though going out into the world houseless, penniless, and characterless, so far as Mrs. Elwood's influence could harm her, she thought not, in that moment, of herself, but only of Gertrude from whom she had been thus rudely torn.

#### XVI.—THE ARREST.

JULIA found, before night, that her situation was far worse than she had expected. The landlady of the boarding-house received her coldly, not having forgotten the slanders propagated about her and Manderson; and was, at first,

tempted to refuse her altogether; nor did she consent, in the end, to do more than receive our heroine for a few days.

"My house is very crowded, Miss," she said, with a toss of her head. "But out of respect for your father, who was a good man, I believe, I will take you for a week or so. But I shall expect you to look out for a place elsewhere as soon as possible."

The color rose to Julia's cheek. She saw that, for some reason, she had lost favor with the landlady; but the true cause she never imagined. It would not do, however, she knew, to exhibit her opinion of so inexplicable a change of manner. For if this home was shut against her, where could she go? So she answered gently,

"I will not trouble you, ma'am, longer than is inevitable. I will endeavor, this very day, to find employment, which I can get, perhaps, in my old store; and that being secured, I will then seek another boarding-house. Meantime I throw myself on your kindness. Think what a daughter of your own, in my friendless condition, would suffer."

Never had Julia, in the worst of her troubles hitherto, felt more helpless than when she uttered these words. It appeared to her as if she had not now a friend left on earth. She remembered that she had sometimes read, in romances, of the destitute of her sex, in great cities, being reduced to starvation; and she shuddered to think that, perhaps, this might yet be her own fate. But the native resolution of her character soon rallied to her aid. She determined, as soon as dinner was over, to go out and seek for employment. Busy with these thoughts she did not observe how everybody at table regarded her with averted looks.

She had need of all her resolution that afternoon. It happened to be a season when there was unusually little demand for saleswomen in stores, for needlewomen, or for any other description of female operatives. Everywhere accordingly Julia met with rebuffs. Her old employer frankly confessed his inability either to get her a place, or to put her in the way of obtaining one. He even went so far as to hint that she had been very imprudent in leaving her late situation, and Julia could not exculpate herself, and regain his good opinion, without telling what she could not consent to. It was long after dusk before she could bring herself to abandon her task, and bend her weary and almost fainting steps home.

More spirit-broken and despairing than she had ever been in her life, tempted almost at times to question the justice of heaven, she was

slowly dragging her jaded feet along, when suddenly she saw one of those impromptu torch-light processions, which mark elections in great cities, turning into the street just ahead of her. Warned, by former experience, of the difficulty of attempting to force a way through a crowd, she hurriedly sought shelter in a doorway, intending to remain there until the mob had passed. But the procession, when it reached the place where she stood, halted, instead of moving on; and, in almost as little time as we have taken to describe it, the whole thoroughfare was packed with a dense mass of human beings, above whose heads waved hundreds of lurid torches, while the calm moon smiled down on the agitated scene from her blue depths above. Naturally brave, Julia soon lost what little terror she had experienced at first, in admiration of the picturesque scene. The undulations in the crowd, like the heaving of a human sea; the occasional shouts that went up from the assembled thousands, that grandest music in the world; and the red flare of the countless torches, as they waved to and fro, and shot fantastic shadows on the faces of the upturned crowd:—all these appealed to the imagination of our heroine, and made her, for the time, forget even her sorrows.

Suddenly a window opening on a balcony, in the second story of a large house immediately opposite her, was thrown up; and a manly figure, which she recognized with a throbbing heart, stepped out. The huzza which greeted this person proved that it was he whom the crowd had sought. The shout seemed to Julia to shake the very houses around. Scarcely had it died out, before it was renewed, and then again renewed; and, then "three times three," as a voice called out, was added, each huzza now being quick, loud and sharp, like a volley of musketry. Our heroine was not a woman to be terrified at a scene like this. There was something heroic in the depths of her spirit which answered to the stir and enthusiasm of that crowd. She felt that she also, if a man, might be a politician. "Certainly," she said to herself, "if one could win popular acclamations like these, by serving one's country virtuously, and with no base arts, I too would be an orator."

When the shouts had subsided there was a dead pause; and then Manderson, for it was he, began to speak. If ever Julia had doubted that she loved, if ever she had persuaded herself she had conquered that love, the illusion now fell from her eyes. It seemed to her as if she could lay down her life for this orator. He spoke such noble sentiments, his power over that vast concourse was so great, there was such subtle

conviction of a true soul within him in all he said, that she felt she could not but love him, and secretly believe in his honor, no matter how appearances might be against him. Soon all other emotions, however, were lost in those conjured up by his eloquence. Now Julia was melted to tears, now her bosom heaved indignantly, now scorn, or mirth, or other sentiments were awakened. It added, perhaps, to her own emotions, that the crowd was swayed in a similar manner, for somehow it seemed to her as if his triumph was her's also: she had a right, the right of a profound, though secret love, to be proud at his honors, at his eloquence, at his command over that concourse. Never, in his best moments hitherto had Manderson seemed to her so worthy of love and worship as now.

She found her way home, as it were, in a dream. Long after the crowd had dispersed, she had remained, sheltered under that doorway, gazing, as if spell-bound, on the window where Manderson had disappeared. Once or twice a shadow had been visible against the lace curtains, and she had, in fancy, traced in it the outlines of his figure. At last, the town clock, striking the hour hoarsely, roused her; she recollected how late it was; and, alarmed at the hour, she almost ran homeward. But her mind was still so full of the scene she had left, that she scarcely knew how she gained the boarding-house.

She retired at once; for she could not talk on common themes that night; but it was late before she slept. When slumber at last closed her eyes, the procession, the shouts, the waving torches, the thousands of upturned faces, and the bare, majestic head of the orator still floated

through her dreams; and she fancied herself in some way connected with them, in a strong personal interest. Gradually this notion assumed shape. Now she was herself the one honored, now she was the bride of Manderson. At this delicious climax she awoke to find it broad day, and the landlady standing over her.

"If you please, Miss," said the latter, in a short, dry tone, "its after our usual breakfast time, and there's been a person below, these two hours, waiting to see you."

Julia awoke, with a sigh, to the realities of life. With sleep faded romance. Supposing that the person waiting for her was the porter with her luggage, which had not been sent the night before, she began mechanically to calculate how much he ought to charge, for every expense, even the slightest, was important to her till her purse was replenished.

What was her surprise, therefore, on entering the sitting-room, to see looks of horror directed at her from all sides, and to observe a coarse, sinister man, after exchanging a glance with the landlady, rise and approach her.

"You are my prisoner, Miss," he said, touching her on the shoulder, and showing a piece of paper. And he continued, in answer to Julia's amazed look. "You're charged with the larceny of a bracelet, lost by Miss Owens, at Mrs. Elwood's yesterday, and found among your things."

For a minute Julia gazed aghast, first at the officer, and then at the boarders. But every face repulsed her. Some sneered, others frowned, a few turned away, in none was there hope. It was too much even for her brave spirit. The room reeled around her, and she fainted away.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## "SPEAK LIGHTLY."

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

SPEAK lightly of a neighbor's faults,  
 Forgetting not thy own,  
 Humanity is frail at best  
 If left by Heaven alone;  
 How quick our eyes discover sin  
 In every heart but ours!  
 And with a sweeping blight we crush  
 The soul's remaining flowers!  
 Speak gently to the erring heart,  
 With kindness lead it back—  
 Love is all eloquent to plead  
 And smooth life's rugged track!

Crush not the drooping flowerets stem,  
 But raise its lingered head—  
 It yet may bloom again, and still  
 A pleasing fragrance shed;  
 If intellectual light be thine,  
 Dispense it free to all,  
 Remember the refreshing shower  
 Freely from Heaven do fall!  
 Oh! 'tis a glorious privilege  
 Some good in life to do,  
 And kindly words refresh the soul  
 Like God's ethereal dew!

## BRIDE-MAIDS AND BRIDE-CAKE.

BY MRS. E. B. BOWEN.

It was anciently the custom at marriages to strew herbs and flowers, as also rushes, from the houses where persons betrothed resided, to the church, and among the first named, rosemary was held in high estimation. Branches of it, dipped in scented water, and sometimes gilded and hung with streamers of colored ribbon, were carried before the bride, and in the hands of the bridal party, as emblems of constancy and remembrance. The fragrant herb had a two-fold usage, for it was borne at funerals as well as at bridal ceremonies; and this is alluded to by Dekker, in 1603, when he says, "Here is a strange alteration; for the rosemary that was dipped in sweet water to set out the bridal, is now wet in tears to furnish her burial."

The practice of strewing flowers in the way is still kept up in Kent and many other parts of England; but the custom which formerly prevailed of crowning the bridegroom and bride with chaplets of flowers kept in the church for the purpose, is now obsolete, though the bride still retains a relic of the custom in the marriage wreath encircling her brow. This, in the time of Henry VIII., was formed of wheat-ears, occasionally of myrtle, while, for the present chaplet of orange flowers, symbolic of the purity of the fair bride, we are indebted, it is understood, to the French.

Another, now obsolete, custom at marriages, was to sprinkle wheat upon the head of the bride as she left the church.

When, with her newly-espoused husband, she returned home, a pot of butter and a wheaten cake were presented, as presages of future plenty and abundance of the good things of this life. This custom gradually merged into the present highly popular and important adjunct of the wedding feast, that peculiar province of the bride-maids—the bride-cake.

A slight trace of the origin of this delicate compound is still preserved, we believe, in Yorkshire to the present day, where small pieces of the cake are thrown over the heads of the married pair, previous to the precious morsels being distributed for "dreaming bread."

In old plays, frequent allusions are made to a fashion, which we think has, in modern times, been most judiciously transferred to the wedding

feast at home. We allude to the "knitting cup," or nuptial drinking of wine in the church.

A cup, being first blessed by the priest, was handed round to the rest of the company, who drank the healths of the newly-espoused pair. The Jews preserve a somewhat similar custom to this day; and after the bride and bridegroom have tasted the wine, the glass is broken over their heads to remind them of their mortality.

The attendance of bridesmaids at weddings, dates from the time of the Anglo-Saxons, "among whom," as Strutt informs us, "the bride was led by a matron called the brideswoman, followed by a company of young maidens, who were called the bride's maids." In later times, it was among the offices of the latter to lead the bridegroom to church, as it was the duty of the bridegroom's men to conduct the bride thither. We read of "a lady being led to church between two sweet boys, with bride laces, and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves." And at the marriage of Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan, at Whitehall, in the reign of James the First, the Prince and the Duke of Holst led the bride to the church. On returning, two married men escorted the newly-married lady, and for these services she presented each of the gentlemen with gloves during the time of dinner.

Gloves appear to have been given at wedding parties from the time they were first worn, and in a chronicle bearing the date of 1521, in which an inquiry occurs into the visitation of ordinaries of churches, one of the items is, "as to whether the curate refuse to solemnize lawful matrimony before he have the gift of money, hose, or gloves;" and in the marriage in high life above alluded to, we learn, from a letter written by one of the guests, "That no ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, or gloves." The more refined, and, we may add, judicious taste of the present day, has very properly limited the observance of ancient customs to the bride-cakes, favors, and gloves, and thus the fair bride is no longer exposed to the rude and uncourteous handling of such as were desirous of securing wedding trophies afterward to be worn in the hats of the winners.

Wedding favors were, as is well known, pinned in the dress of the bride; and the hapless Catha-



rine of Braganza is described as wearing "a gown of rose color, trimmed with knots of blue ribbon;" these knots the Countess of Suffolk, her first lady of the bed-chamber, at the conclusion of the ceremony, detached from her majesty's dress, and distributed as wedding favors among the company, giving the first to the Duke of York, and the others, as far as they would go, to the officers of state, ladies, and persons of quality, not leaving the queen one. "All the ribbons," says Sir Richard Fanshawe, "on the queen's dress were cut to pieces, and every one present had a fragment." We may imagine the scramble and competition that took place on such occasions.

The bride favors, or true love knots, ancient symbols of love, faith, and friendship, pointing out the indissoluble tie of affection and duty, did not, as might be supposed, take their name of true love knots from the words "true" and "love," but from the Danish verb, "Trulofa," that is, "I plight my troth, or faith." These knots were formerly distributed in great abundance; were worn in the hats by gentlemen, and consisted of variously colored ribbons, which were chosen by the bride and her maids, sometimes after long and serious discussions. We read of one which ended in favors of "gold, silver, carnation, and white ribbons;" and of another, in which the colors were at last fixed as follows:—"For the favors, blue, red, peach color, and orange tawny. For the young ladies,

flame color, straw color, (signifying plenty) peach color, grass green, and milk white; for the garters, a perfect yellow, signifying honor and joy."

"Like streamers in the painted sky,  
At every breast the favors fly."

Besides these wedding knots, "rings," were formerly given away at the festive season. In Wood's "Athænes Oxonienses," Brand tells us that there is an account of the famous philosopher, Kelly, of Queen Elizabeth's days, who was openly profuse, beyond the modest limits of a philosopher, for that he did give away in golden wire rings at the marriage of one of his maid servants, to the amount of four thousand pounds; a custom, which the provider of the wedding entertainment of the present day has little cause to regret having fallen into disuse.

"Gloves, rings, bracelets, and such small ware," as Strutt calls them, were wont to be frequently exchanged between the betrothed lover and his mistress; and the latter, in presenting a bracelet of her own hair, was considered to bestow a most especial mark of her favor. It was also a fashion for each of those betrothed, to wear a rose or other flower as an external or conspicuous mark of their mutual engagement; but the conceit of choosing such short-lived emblems of their plighted troth, cannot be thought a very happy or propitious mode of symbolizing the "eternal bond of love."

## WHISPERS OF LOVE.

INSCRIBED TO L——.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

I LOVE thee—love thee, with no childish dreaming,  
The beams that all my trembling heart illumine,  
Were kindled by the dear love-glances beaming  
From eyes, whose smile could bless Fate's darkest doom.

I learned to listen, for thy low voice's music,  
Long ere I dreamed the power was mine to chain,  
The coldly proud in seeming, and the stoic,  
Round whom the fairest wove their spells in vain!

I only knew 'twas bliss to linger near thee,  
And that my highest thoughts were thine alone,  
And never dreamed, so strange it seemed to fear thee,  
Of doom-spells lurking in thy faintest tone—  
But when I felt the still, and earnest pressing  
With which those fond arms held me to thy heart,  
The bliss of years, seemed prisoned in caressing,  
Which woke a longing never more to part!

A strange, wild joy it seems to sit beside thee,  
And lay this throbbing brow upon thy breast,  
To feel that still if bliss, or woe betide me,  
Mine, and mine only, is that place of rest!

I am so blest, with those dear eyes upon me beaming—  
So many hopes are blooming in my soul,  
I dare not think that o'er my fairest dreaming,  
Some wave of gloom, or change may darkly roll.

Earth wears new brightness when thine arms enfold me,

Its fairest scenes seem gladdened by thine eyes—  
My very soul, when thine embraces hold me,  
Forgets its Heaven, and calls earth—Paradise!  
I am all thine! my prayer at Summer dawning,  
Is that its rays fall soft, and bright on thee,  
And clearest moonlight, or serenest morning,  
Are fair alone, when through thine eyes I see!

ZANA.  
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 242.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the appearance of this singular man the monotony of my life broke up, I became restless and self-centred, speaking of his presence in the park to no one, but thinking of it with continued wonder. Some mysterious sympathy, wild and painful, but oh, how intense, drew me toward this strange being. I feared, yet longed for his presence—longed to hear again that language at once so strange and so familiar, that had fallen as yet only in courses on my ear, but still carrying a fierce sort of fascination with it.

I rode to the portion of the park where I had seen him again and again, and sitting on my pony searched every dingle and group of trees, expecting each moment to see him start brigand-like from the leafy gloom. But he did not come, and, filled with restless disappointment, I at length sunk into the ordinary occupations of life, but with an unsettled feeling that had never possessed me before.

By this time I knew that some mystery was attached to my life, that I was nameless, motherless, fatherless. In short, that like a wild hare or a wounded bird, I had been picked up in charity by the wayside, and in charity nurtured by that unique Spanish woman and old Turner. I felt this keenly. As ignorance was swept from my mind, the painful mystery that clung around me darkened my soul with a feeling of unspeakable desolation. I had learned what shame was, and felt it to my heart's core every time my want of name or connections was alluded to. Still the entire force of this isolation, the effect it might have upon my after life and character, could not be felt in all its poignancy, as it was in later times—but its mistiness, the indefinite form which every thing regarding my past history took, made myself a subject of perpetual thought. Upon my memory there was a constant, but unavailing strain. There seemed to be a dark curtain in my mind, hiding all that my soul panted to know, but which I had lost all power to lift or disturb. Thus time wore heavily—heavily months and months—still I saw

no more of the man whose memory hung about me like a superstition, which I had neither power or wish to throw off.

At last an event arose that completely destroyed the beautiful, but dull quietude of our lives. Lord Clare's sister arrived unexpectedly at the hall, and a large party were to follow her and her son down from London, to spend the shooting season.

This sudden invasion of the woods and grounds that had been exclusively ours for so many years, was a source of great annoyance to old Turner. His usual quaint, good-humor was sadly disturbed. He seemed quite beside himself with anxiety, and nervously besought me to give up my usual rides, and remain confined to the house if possible during the time Lady Catharine and her son might remain at Clare Hall. This was asking much of a young creature just verging into girlhood, and full of a strong, fresh curiosity for seeing and feeling the life of which she began to feel herself a vital part. Besides I was a creature of the open air: no bird ever felt a keener necessity for the bright atmosphere, and all the rich beauty of out-door life. Shut up in the house, I was like a wild lark in its cage, moaning, mooping, and with no hearty relish of existence left in me. I wished to obey good old Turner. He was so anxious on the point, and seemed so grieved at the idea of depriving me of a single pleasure, that had the thing been possible, I would have kept myself a prisoner for weeks, rather than increase his unaccountable anxiety.

But he was seldom with us now, that kind, strange man, and my confinement became terrible—when would it end? How long was I, who had never been confined in-doors a whole day in my life, unless in that one fever—how was I to endure weeks and weeks of this dull imprisonment?

It was too much, not even to please Turner could I endure this longer.

One day, I think it was the fourth, my restless spirit broke bounds. I took an opportunity when

Marla was occupied to steal out into the open air. Jupiter's stable, a pretty building that might have passed for a summer-house, stood a little back from the kitchen garden, and I heard him neighing sharply, as if he, like his mistress, were beginning to rebel.

For some reason I never knew what, except that Turner disliked to have servants about our place, the old man had always taken care of Jupiter with his own hands. With so few objects of love, I naturally often followed him to the pretty building where Jupiter was stalled, more like a fairy than the matchless pony he was.

The pleasant neigh which the animal set up as I approached, awoke all the wild-wood spirit that Turner's interdict had kept down in my bosom so long. I ran to the stable, dragged the side saddle with its pretty embroidered trappings from its closet, and girded it breathlessly upon Jupiter's back. The creature seemed eager as myself to be upon the hill side. His ears quivered with delight; he rubbed his head against my shoulder with a mellow whimper, and opened his mouth for the bit the moment he saw the embossed bridle in my hand.

Patting him on the back with a promise of speedy return, I entered the house, ran up to my room and hurried on my habit of soft green cloth, and the beaver hat with a long black ostrich plume that floated from one side.

The blood was hot in my cheek as I tied the hat on. Without staying to twist up the curls that floated away with the feather in picturesque confusion, I ran off to the stables, huddling up the skirt of my riding-dress with both hands.

I knew that it was wrong, that I should be sorry enough for it before night, but in my wilfulness this only gave a keener zest to the enjoyment I proposed to myself.

Away we went, Jupiter and I, dashing through the trees, over the velvet sward, and across the broad avenues, along which the morning sunshine lay in rivers of light. The branches rained down their ripe brown and golden leaves on me as I passed; and a crisp white frost that lay like frosted silver among the grass, gave forth a rasping sound more exhilarating than music, as Jupiter's feet flew over it. The air was clear and bright, with mingled frost and sunshine as it fell upon my face and swept my garments. The blood kindled like wine in my veins, I was wild with the joyousness of free motion, ready for leaping a ditch, flying through the air: any thing wild or daring that had life and quick motion in it.

Away we went toward the uplands, from which a view of the Greenhurst could be obtained. I

thought of the strange man who had surprised me on that spot as we rushed along—laughed aloud as I remembered how Jupiter and I had baffled him once, how ready we were to do it again—I longed to see him, not for any specified purpose. Nothing their was important enough to have kept me motionless a moment: but abroad as I was, with a wild thirst for adventure of any kind, it would have been something like the excitement I wanted, could the mysterious language with which he had cursed me have threatened us with danger once more.

But though I searched for this being, riding around and over the eminence on which he had appeared but once, nothing but the cool, beautiful solitude rewarded me. The beautiful stretch of country between me and the Greenhurst, brown, hazy, and many-tinted, with the picturesque old building looming up through the rich shadows, all its clear outlines drowned in soft autumnal colors, all its hoariness and age mellowed down and lost in the dreamy distance—all this rare view with the upland on which we stood was wrapped in quiet. Not a human being was in sight.

A strange desire seized me to visit this building that had so often charmed me with its loneliness and beauty. It was some miles distant, I knew that, but Jupiter had merely tried his strength as yet, simply breathed himself in our progress to the uplands. He had been shut up in the stable for days, and seemed as wild for action as his mistress.

"Shall we try it, Jupiter?" I said, smoothing his mane with my whip. "There is a glorious run for us, Jupiter, as we have determined to be disobedient and naughty. Ju! suppose we do something worth while?"

At the sound of my voice, the pony began to quiver his ears, and snuffed the air saucily, as if he knew some mischief was afoot, and was eager for his share.

"Come, then," and I gathered up the bridle, shaking it gleefully. Jupiter gave his head a toss, and away we went toward the Greenhurst.

The eminence lay behind, and we were in a thickly wooded little valley moving rather slowly, for I was charmed by broken glimpses of a small stream, that flashed up from the shadows now and then like a vein of quick-silver, when the baying of hounds, the tramp of horses, and a wild confusion of sounds swept down the hollow, and before I could tighten my reins a stag shot by me, so close that Jupiter reared with a wild snort, almost flinging me backward from the saddle.

The stag, a noble animal, cleared the stream with one desperate bound, and for an instant I

saw him turn his great, wild eyes glowing with pain and terror through the shadows; blood specked foam dropped from his jaws; and his strained limbs quivered with an agony of terror, that made me tremble with sympathy upon my saddle.

As I looked, the poor animal, whose head was beginning to droop, gave a sudden start, flung up his antlers, and with a desperate staggering leap disappeared up the valley. I had not caught my breath again, when down through the opposite gorge came a train of hounds leaping forward, some breast to breast, others in single file, but all with great, savage eyes and open jaws, howling and baying out their blood-thirsty eagerness with cruel ferocity. They rushed by me, some on one side of Jupiter, some on the other, spotting his black coat with flakes of foam, and making him start with the fury of their noise.

For myself, I struck at the dogs with my whip, and madly flung it after them, my sympathy for the poor stag was a pang of such agony that it made me wild. But they swept away like the wind, howling back, as it seemed to me, their brutal defiance and derision of my helplessness.

Then like the rush of a tempest heavy with thunder and red with lightning, came the hunt. The flaming uniforms; those dark horses; the long riding-skirts streaming back like dusky banners; ostrich plumes flashing blackly upon the strong current of wind created by the quick motion of their owners. All this rushed by me, as I have said, like a sudden storm.

Directly over the spot where we stood bore down the hunt, sweeping us away with it as a swollen stream tosses onward the straws that it encounters.

The stag was nearly run down; the hunters were becoming tired; but Jupiter was fresh as a lark, and held his own bravely with the most noble-blooded hunter of them all.

The hounds were yelling, like fiends, ahead; some one called out that the stag was at bay. A huntsman, all in scarlet, shot out from the rest onward like an arrow. Jupiter gave a sudden bound. It may be in the fierce excitement that I urged him, but he gave a great leap and kept neck and neck with the huntsman.

Beneath a heap of rocks that choked up one end of the valley the poor stag was run down, with his delicate fore hoofs lifted up with a desperate effort at another leap; he stood one instant with his head turned back, and his great, agonized eyes fixed upon the dogs. The rocks were too steep, his poor limbs exhausted, he could not make the leap, but wheeled back and

desperately tossed the first hound, who fell with a yelp upon the stones.

But the whole pack was upon him, scrambling up the rocks and making fiercely for his throat from all points:

"Save him—save him," I shouted, striking Jupiter with my clenched hand. "Save him—save him!"

I rushed by the huntsman. Hitherto we had kept, as I have said, neck and neck, but Jupiter felt the sting of my blow, and gave a mad bound that brought us in the midst of the dogs. I still urged him on, striving to trample down the fierce brutes beneath his hoofs. The stag knew it, I do believe: the poor animal felt that I was his friend. No human eyes ever had a deeper agony of appeal in them. I sprang from Jupiter's back down among the dogs, and cast myself before their victim.

I saw the huntsman leap from his horse and plunge among the dogs. "Move—come away, the hounds will tear you to pieces," he shouted, beating fiercely about with his whip.

"They shall not kill him; call them off, I say, these beasts shall *not* kill him," I shrieked, in reply.

That moment a hound sprang upon me, tearing my riding-skirt, and almost bringing me to the earth.

I cried aloud, but not with fear, the excitement was terrible, but there was no cowardice in it.

"Great heavens! she will be devoured." I heard him say this: then he leaped like a flame upon the dog, and grappling him by the throat, bore him backward to the earth.

"Now run, run!" he cried, panting with the hound in his power.

"No!" I answered, stoutly, "they will tear him to pieces if I do. Keep them off—keep them off." He made no answer, but wrestled more fiercely with the hound.

That moment the whole hunt came up, men, keepers, and women surrounding us in their gorgeous dresses like a battalion of cavalry.

I heard a clamor of voices, the shrieks of women, the excited voices of huntsmen giving orders; keepers rushed in among the hounds with their clubs. In a few moments the dogs were driven back crouching and snarling among their masters. I stood alone by the poor stag with a host of eyes upon me, and then began to tremble.

"Here," said a stout old squire, whose white hair fell like snow from under the close hunting-cap. "Here, George Irving, you have won the right to cut his throat. Thomas, where is the knife?"

A keeper came forward, presenting a sharp hunting-knife.

"You will not—you will not," I said, clasping my hands, and standing face to face with the youth who had saved me. I felt that my lips were quivering, and that great tears were dropping like hail-stones down my burning cheeks—"you will not."

"No," answered the youth, taking the knife and holding it toward me. "It is not mine, this brave child was in first; I found her, like the stag, at bay, braving the hounds. Tell me, shall not the life of this animal be her's?"

A loud hallo answered him, echoed by a chorus of musical female voices.

The youth reached forth his knife again, but I rejected it. The stag was safe, and my heart so full of joy, that I felt it breaking all over my face. The noble face before me brightened as if from the reflection of mine, and for the first time I saw that it was a very young man who had saved me. Young and—but I will not describe him—for upon his features at that moment there was something of which no language can give the least idea.

I felt the blood rushing up to my face, for now all things became clear, and I knew that a score of strange eyes were wondering at me. The feather in my hat was broken, and fell prone upon my shoulder; my skirt had been badly wrenched and mangled by the dogs, their muddy foot-prints were trampled all over it; a morbid sense of the beautiful made me shrink with shame, as I saw all those eyes fixed upon my dilapidated state.

"Where is Jupiter?" I said, turning to my young friend. "Will you search for him, I should like to go away?"

But my pony had retreated beyond the crowd, and could not be seen. This increased my distress: I sat down upon a stone, and looking at the exhausted stag, began to think myself the most miserable object of the two.

I heard a buzz of voices around me, and could distinguish the words, "Who is it? She is strange to every one here. Where can the picturesque creature have sprung from?"

That moment a pang shot through my heart. Who indeed was I? How came I there? By a gross act of disobedience to my best friend? I felt that my face was bathed with blushes and with tears; for the first time in my life I was ashamed of myself.

A lady rode close up to me, so close that her skirts swept my shoulder.

"Whose little girl are you?" she said. "You are by far too young for a scene like this."

I looked up and knew the face. It was Lady Catharine Irving, a little more spare, and with a host of fine wrinkles accumulated on her meaningless face, but with the same cold, white complexion: the same self-satisfied look.

"Ah, you seem to know me," she said, settling her white beaver hat and feather a little more on one side, as if anxious that the poor child should see her, all her faded charms, at the best point of view. "Now tell me your name: don't be afraid."

"I am not afraid, not in the least," I answered. "Why should I be?"

"True enough; what a bright little wood-nymph it is," she continued, smiling back upon two scarlet clad gentlemen behind her. "I suppose there really is nothing superlatively frightful about me—ha!"

"Something superlatively the reverse," answered the gentleman thus challenged, looking remarkably ashamed of himself.

"You hear, little wood-nymph," she said, after appropriating this compliment with a playful shake of her whip, "there is nothing to fear, so speak out. Where do you live? How came you here among all these gentlemen and ladies?"

"I live in the park, near Clare Hall, madam, with Mr. Turner——"

"Ha!" exclaimed Lady Catharine, with a sharp glance at my face. "Go home, child—how came you here?"

"I came on my pony, madam."

"But the hunt, what on earth brought you there?" cried the lady, seeming to become more and more displeased.

"The hunt—if all this company means that—came across me, and carried Jupiter and I along."

"But how came you dismounted and among the hounds?"

"They were all upon the poor stag, and I could not bear it," I replied, simply.

"Mother," said the young lad, walking close to the lady, and speaking in a low voice, "let us take some other time for questioning her. Lead off the party, so many persons terrify the poor child."

"Mount your horse then," she replied, sharply, "I will see you again, child. Turner, you know, is my servant, I must have some explanation of all this. You are right, George, this is no place. Mount—mount!"

The youth hesitated, looked at me, at the stag, and then rather wistfully at his mother.

"We are waiting," she said, with an impatient wave of her whip, and a glance at me that brought a flash of red to my cheeks. I, in my

innocence, thought that she was displeased by the torn state of my poor dress.

The youth mounted, and the hunt dispersed, breaking up into groups and pairs, and scattering a red gleam through the woods.

I was left alone, I and the poor trembling, exhausted stag, who lay partly upon his knees, gazing at me through his filmy and half shut eyes.

I looked around for Jupiter, but he was not to be seen. No living thing but the worried stag and myself in all that dim solitude.

A sense of exhaustion and of loneliness fell upon me. My heart grew mournful, and the poor stag with his stiffened limbs and the foam dried on his lips, filled me with compassion. I went down to the brook, brought up water in my hands, and bathed his mouth with it. When this was done, the animal struggled to his feet and staggered away down toward the water, leaving me alone. I felt this total desertion keenly, and, burying my face in my lap, began to cry like the child I was.

I sat full ten minutes rolling forth the desolation of my heart, when the quick tramp of a horse made me look up. I thought it must be Jupiter returning to his duty, but instead of him I saw the young huntsman riding gently through the trees, and now close by me.

I started up, ashamed of my tears, and looked resolutely another way, hoping to escape his notice, but he sprang off his horse and was at my side before I could dash the drops from my burning cheek.

"So you have been crying, poor child?" he said, with a sort of patronizing manliness that would have amused an older person. "No wonder, we were a set of savages to leave you here alone, and with no means of getting home."

"It was savage!" I said, realizing for the first time how badly I had been used; "but the animals were just as bad, the stag and Jupiter. I would not have believed it of Jupiter, he used to love me: and the very first trouble, off he goes with the rest!"

Tears came into my eyes again at this thought, but I quenched and crushed them between my eyelashes, too proud for an exposure of my keen distress at the desertion of Jupiter.

"Nay," said the youth, smiling, "but I have come back to see after you."

"Did you?" I replied, with a gush of gratitude; "to see after me, and for nothing else?"

"What else should bring me back?" he replied, looking around as if in search of something. "So the stag has gone too, ungrateful beast; I had a fancy to fasten some badge on his horns that he

might be safe hereafter. He was a noble old fellow after all, no wonder he was glad to get away from this spot!"

"But, Jupiter," I said, with growing confidence in the youth, "what can have become of my pony?—how am I to get home? Oh, if I had only been good—if I had but stayed at home as they told me!"

"As who told you, lady bird?"

"Mr. Turner. He knew that I had no business abroad when the country was full of strangers!"

"And is Turner a relative? What control can he possess over you?"

"He," I replied, kindling with wonder that any one should doubt Turner's right to control me. "Mr. Turner, I belong to him! No one else owns me. Scarcely any one else cares for me. Why, in the wide, wide world, he is the only person who ever shall control me—dear, blessed Mr. Turner!"

"He is a whole-hearted, queer old soul, sure enough," was the reply; "but surely you are not his child, I never knew that he was married."

"His child!" I cried, breathless with the thought. "I—I don't know—how should I? I his child—his own—what put the idea into any one's head? It sounds so strange. Do you mean that Mr. Turner is my father that people ask after so often?"

"Nay, I mean nothing—only is Mr. Turner, as you call him, married?"

"No, I think not. Maria, I am sure, isn't married; but I never asked, never thought of it."

He was about to answer, but that instant a low, timid neigh from behind the spur of a rock close by made me start. "That is Jupiter—that is Jupiter!" I exclaimed, and with this joyful shout away I bounded, gathering up my torn skirt in both arms, and full of spirit once more.

Sure enough there stood my pony, sheltered and hidden by the rock, to which the pretty creature had fled from the crowd of huntsmen. The sound of my voice called forth his neigh, and never did a dumb creature express more satisfaction at the presence of its mistress.

"There you see—you see it was not Jupiter's fault, the dear, dear old rogue. He was so wise to creep away and wait till those hateful people were all gone!" I exclaimed, triumphantly laying my hot cheek against the glossy neck of my horse.

"And did all those people really seem so hateful," replied the youth, caressing Jupiter.

"All! I don't know. That lady was the only one I saw distinctly; the rest floated around me, surging up and down like a red cloud: but I shall never forget her!"

"And did she fill you with repulsion?—was she the hateful one?"

"I had seen her before: I knew her!"

"Indeed—where?" said the youth, in a displeased manner.

"I would rather not say—it is unpleasant to talk about," I answered, greatly annoyed.

"But it is years since my—that is Lady Catharine, has been at Clare Hall," he answered, thoughtfully. "Never, I think, since the very sudden death of Lady Clare. You must have mistaken her for some other person."

I was greatly excited. The remembrance of that heartless voice, when I was taken into the Hall so helpless stung me: the later remembrance of her supercilious treatment sharpened the thought.

"No—no," I answered, "there are some things one never forgets, never mistakes. I have seen that face in my dreams, and hated it in my thoughts too long for any hope of that!"

The youth drew himself back and ceased to caress my horse. There was a quiet dignity in his manner that made me ashamed of my own vehemence.

"That lady is my mother!" he said, calmly, but with a tone of cold reproof in his voice.

I scanned his face eagerly with a keen wish to disbelieve him. But now that he was angry, there was a resemblance between his features, with their present expression, and those I did in truth hate.

"I am sorry for it," I said, with a nervous sob—"very, very!"

"Sorry for what, that she is my mother—or that you have spoken disrespectfully of her?" he questioned, more gently than before.

"I am sorry for everything that has happened to-day, and for my own part in it most of all. It began in wicked disobedience, and will end—oh, how will it end? What will Mr. Turner think of me when he knows this?"

"Why, what great sin are you crying for?" he said, smiling once more. "Certainly you are a very free spoken little person; but we must not let Turner quite kill you: so don't be afraid!"

"He kill me. What, Turner? No—no, not that—afraid, afraid—yes, yes, I am afraid, for I have done wrong. Oh, what will become of me, I never was afraid before—never, never."

"But what have you done?" he asked, still more kindly.

"Mr. Turner forbade me leaving the house. He told me how wrong it was when the Hall company might come across me at any time; he tried—oh, so much to keep me happy in-doors—but it was of no use, I could not endure it. It

was as if I were a bird beating my wings against a cage—the wickedness was in me all the time. I thought it was nonsense staying in the house, because other people might be abroad. Then it was so tempting, Mr. Turner away—my bonnet out—the pony neighing for me to come and set him free. Really, after all, it seemed as if I could not help it——"

George Irving laughed so gleefully that I could not go on, but began to laugh too.

"And so you just broke loose and ran away?" he said, patting Jupiter again and again.

"Yes, I stole the horse, saddled him myself, and was off like a bird," I replied, reassured by his rich laughter, and feeling the consciousness of my disobedience borne away on his merry tones.

"And here you are full seven miles from home, all alone but for me, after braving a pack of hounds in full cry, afraid of old Turner's frown as if he were the grand Mogul."

He laughed again, but this light way of naming my benefactor awoke the conscience again in my bosom.

"It was very wrong—oh, that I had stayed at home," I exclaimed, with a fresh pang.

"Well, well, don't fret about it any more," he said, with a little impatient playfulness that made me smile again. "Let me lift you to Jupiter's back, a pretty pony he is, my little lady, and scamper home like a good child, ten chances to one old Turner will know nothing about it."

I allowed him to lift me to the saddle, and felt myself blushing as he arranged my torn skirts with evident anxiety to give them a decent appearance.

"Now," he said, springing on his hunter, "I must put your pony to his metal again. Unless I overtake Lady Catharine before she reaches the Hall, my position will very much resemble yours! Come, let us start as we came, neck and neck!"

"No," said I, brightening with new spirit, "I came in ahead, your hunter fell a little behind Jupiter."

"But try him now, his speed will be of use to us both," was the laughing reply. "My mother will be impatient, and her anger may prove worse to bear than old Turner's, let me tell you."

He put his horse into a quick canter, and my pony stretched himself vigorously to keep up.

"But please leave us to ourselves!" I pleaded, breathless, with a new dread; "I do not wish to go with you to Lady Catharine!"

"Well—no, I am afraid her ladyship might prove formidable, were she to be surprised after that fashion a second time," he replied, slightly checking his hunter, "I only propose to see you

and Jupiter safe in some avenue of the park, where you can scamper home in safety. I must be at the Hall before Lady Catharine, or this escapade will be difficult to account for."

My cheek grew hot with mortified pride, I felt that he was afraid of some annoyance, perhaps ashamed of having returned for me. Without a word I drew in Jupiter with a suddenness that made him leap—wheeled him on one side and dashed through the woods, leaving the gentleman, for the moment, unconscious of my desertion.

He followed directly, urging his hunter to a run, and calling after me as he dashed through the trees. I took no heed, and gave back no answer, the blood was burning in my temples; I felt my lips curve and quiver with insulted pride. No man or boy living should speak to me, or look at me who was ashamed to do it before all the world. Then my heart began to ache even in its wrath, I had thought so well of him, his interest in my loneliness, his brave fight with the hounds—why, why did he exert so much tender strength in my behalf to wound me so cruelly afterward? He was by my side, but I kept my head averted with girlish wilfulness, expressing my displeasure like any other spoiled child, but with more rudeness.

"Will you not tell me why you ran away?" he said, attempting to rest one hand upon my saddle as he cantered by me.

Oh, how I longed to lift my pretty riding-whip and strike him hard across the face, I think the act would have appeased me.

"Say, child, will you explain this bit of very bad manners?" he urged, evidently determined to provoke me to some reply.

"Child!" This was too much, the whole taunt stung me into speech. I checked Jupiter, and felt the fire leap into my face as it was turned toward my persecutor. He looked grave, offended.

"Because I wish to ride alone: I'm not used to company, and don't want any, especially of persons who are afraid or ashamed of being kind to me," I said, half crying amid my fiery vexation.

"I am not afraid, and am not ashamed," he answered, gravely; "yet you cannot understand, child, for with all that fierce temper you are but a child!"

"I am more than twelve—thirteen, fourteen, for what any one knows," I said, half blinding myself with tears. "I understand what it is just as well as you can tell me, you are afraid of that haughty person, your mother. You are not quite satisfied with having braved the hounds before a whole crowd of people, for a little girl who has

only Mr. Turner to care for her. Oh, yes, I know—I could feel that without knowing!"

"Strange child," he said, with a grave smile. "Who taught you all this, so young, and without the faith becoming this girlish beauty?"

The anger was burning out in my heart, there was something manly and reproving in his calm seriousness that subdued me. He reached out his hand, while the smile brightened all over his face.

"Come, let us be friends—you cannot keep angry with me, because I have not deserved it!"

I gave him my hand, he stooped in his saddle as if to press his lips upon it, but checked the impulse, and, holding it tight an instant, let it drop, saying very earnestly,

"I would not have wounded you for the world."

That instant the undergrowth close by us was sharply parted, and Turner broke into the path on which we had paused.

I felt the blood leave my face, and, for the first time, trembled at the sight of my benefactor. The old man looked sternly across me to George Irving, whom he neither saluted nor addressed, but, taking Jupiter by the bit, said in a deep, husky voice, that made the heart die in my bosom,

"Zana, come away!"

I dropped the bridle, and covering my face with both gauntleted hands, cowered down upon my saddle with a keen sense of the humiliation which he was witnessing.

I listened breathlessly.

"Turner, if you will let the pony move on, I will dismount and lead my hunter while we have a little talk."

It was Irving's voice, and I listened breathlessly for the reply. Some seconds passed before it came, Turner's throat seemed husky.

"To-morrow, Mr. George, I'll be at the Hall," he said, "and then as much talk as pleases you; but now I must take this child home."

"But she seems terrified, you will not—surely you will not be harsh with her!"

"Harsh with her! with Zana—was I ever harsh to you in my life, little one?" urged forth the old man, and the husky voice was broken up with tenderness.

I uncovered my face, and holding out both hands to the old man, turned toward young Irving. "You know how wrong I have been—see how forgiving, how kind, how good he is!"

The old man's face began to work. The fine wrinkles quivered over his cheek and around his mouth, a sure sign of emotion in him. He lifted my two gloved hands and kissed them fondly;



all at once he dropped my hands and went up to Irving.

"Mr. Irving—my dear Master George, forget that you have seen her—forget all about it—promise me that you will."

"That would be difficult," answered the youth, glancing at me with a smile.

"It would indeed," said the old man, looking fondly in my face. "God help us—this is a bad business! At any rate leave us now!"

The young man turned, bent his head, and wheeling his hunter, disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LINES.

He who thinks an honest maid  
Lovelier than an artful belle;  
Makes not trifling all his trade,  
Though he likes it quite as well.  
Whatso'er his fortune be,  
He's the one—the one for me.

He who loves to climb the hill,  
Loves all nature more than art;  
Loves to trace the gurgling rill:  
He it is who has my heart.  
Whatso'er his fortune be,  
He's the one—the one for me.

He who loves not dimpled cheeks  
More than beauty of the mind;  
He who after wisdom seeks,  
He who's not to virtue blind.  
Whatso'er his fortune be,  
He's the one—the one for me.

He it is, whose love will stand,  
When once fastened on its prize.  
Yes, such an one shall have my hand,  
And with it love that never dies.  
I care not what his fortune be,  
He's the very one for me.

ELVA.

## A WELCOME TO MAY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

I bid thee welcome, fairy May,  
Sweet harbinger of Summer hours,  
Thou comest, crowned with fragrant flowers,  
To drive our sadder thoughts away.

Now tearful April taketh leave,  
And from her fertilizing showers  
Spring into birth the sweet May flowers,  
That we may floral chaplets weave—

The voices of the cheerful Spring  
Are heard in every dell and grove,  
Through which the feathered songsters rove,  
Made vocal with their whispering.

Then welcome to thee, fairy May!  
The fields put on their robes of green,  
The air is quiet and serene,  
And not a cloud obscures the day.

## LILLY LEE.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

We have parted in sadness  
With pale Lilly Lee;  
But her dim eye in gladness  
A bright band shall see—  
She will go to inherit,  
A home with her God,  
In the land of the spirit,  
No mortal hath trod.

We shall meet with sweet Lilly,  
On that distant shore;  
Where the fever and madness  
Of life will be o'er.  
There her form, that has faded,  
In beauty shall bloom,  
Where no hearts ere are shaded  
With sorrow and gloom.

# THE FAIRY WIFE.

BY MRS. H. JERMYN.

"I never had a dear gazelle  
To woo me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well  
And love me, it was sure to die."—MOORE.

A MERCHANT married a fairy. He was so manly, so earnest, so energetic, and so loving, that her heart was constrained toward him, and she gave up her heritage in Fairyland to accept the lot of a woman.

They were married; they were happy; and the early months glided away like the vanishing pageantry of a dream. But before the year was over he had returned to his affairs; they were important and pressing, and occupied more and more of his time. Yet every evening, as he hastened back to her side, she felt weariness of absence more than repaid by the delight of his presence. She sat at his feet and sang to him, and prattled away the remnant of care that lingered in his mind.

But his cares multiplied. The happiness of many families depended on him. His affairs were vast and complicated, and they kept him longer away from her. All the day, while he was amidst his bales of merchandize she roamed along the banks of a sequestered stream, weaving bright fancy pageantries, or devising any gaieties with which to charm his troubled spirit. A bright and sunny being, she comprehended nothing of care. Life was bounding in her. She knew not the disease of reflection; she felt not the perplexities of life. To sing and to laugh—to leap the stream and beckon him to leap after her, as he used in the old lover days, when she would conceal herself from him in the folds of a water lily—to tantalize and enchant him with a thousand capricious coquetries—this was her idea of how they should live; and when he gently refused to join her in these child-like gambols, and told her of the serious work that awaited him, she raised her soft blue eyes to him in baby wonderment, not comprehending what he meant, but acquiescing, with a sigh, because he said it. She acquiesced, but a soft sadness fell upon her. Life to her was love, and nothing more. A soft sadness also fell upon him. Life to him was love, and something more; and he saw with regret that she did not comprehend it. The wall of care, raised by busy hands, was gradually

shutting him out from her. If she visited him during the day, she found herself a hindrance, and retired. When he came to her at sunset he came pre-occupied. She sat at his feet, loving his anxious face. He raised tenderly the golden ripple of loveliness that fell in ringlets on her neck, and kissed her soft beseeching eyes; but there was a something in his eyes, a remote look, as if his soul were afar, busy with other things, which made her little heart almost burst with uncomprehended jealousy.

She would steal up to him at times when he was absorbed in calculations, and, throwing her arms round his neck, woo him from his thought. A smile, revealing love in its very depths would brighten his anxious face, as for a moment he pushed aside the world, and concentrated all his being in one happy feeling.

She could win moments from him—she could not win his life—she could charm—she could not occupy him! The painful truth came slowly over her, as the deepening shadows fall upon a sunny day, until at last it is night: night, with her stars of infinite beauty, but without the lustre and warmth of day.

She drooped; and on her couch of sickness her keen-sighted love perceived, through all his ineffable tenderness, that same remoteness in his eyes, which proved that, even as he sat there grieving, and apparently absorbed in her, there still came dim remembrances of care to vex and occupy his soul.

"It were better I were dead," she thought; "I am not good enough for him." Poor child! Not good enough, because her simple nature knew not the manifold perplexities, the hindrances of *incomplete* life! Not good enough, because her whole life was scattered!

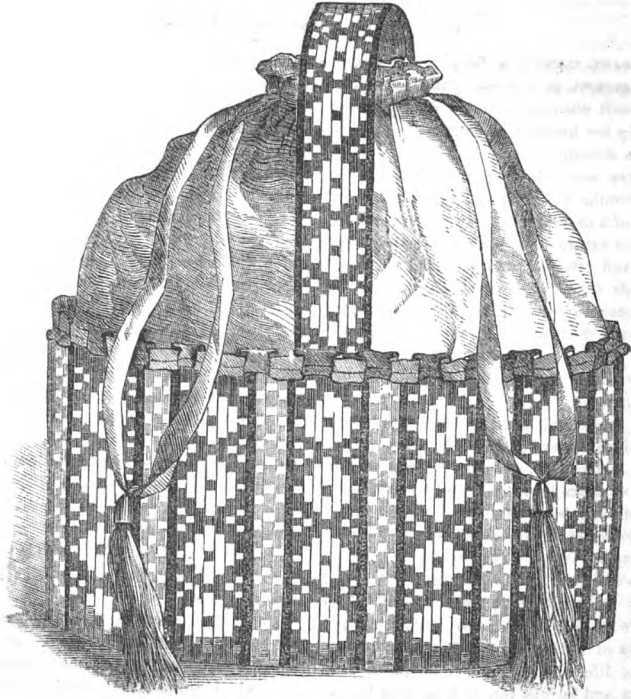
And so she breathed herself away, and left her husband to all his gloom of care, made tenfold darker by the absence of those gleams of tenderness which before had fitfully irradiated life. The night was starless, and he alone.

Our fairy tale is an apologue, reader. Can you not guess its secret meaning?

# OUR WORK TABLE.

## TRAVELLING BAG.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.



**MATERIALS.**—Three-quarters of a yard of French canvass, about five inches wide; thirty yards of straw beading, four skeins of black Berlin wool, four of light scarlet, four of darker ditto, six of light green, six of darker, and twelve of a shade darker still. For making up the bag, half a yard of green silk, to match any one of the shades of wool, a piece of stout cardboard, ribbon for strings, and either narrow ribbon or straw trimming to conceal the joining of the canvass and silk.

Sew over the ends of the canvass, and, holding the end of the straw over two threads, cover it completely with black wool, taking the stitches across the straw. At the end of the row, turn the straw round, and work down the next line

of two threads in cross-stitch, with the darkest green wool, thus:— $\times$  2 stitches, miss 1, 1 stitch, miss 1, 2 stitches, miss 1,  $\times$  4 times, 2 stitches, miss 1, 1 stitch. End the row with a single stitch across the braid, like the black ones.

Observe that, when a stitch is missed, two threads, with one space between them, are left, the straw appearing in all the missing parts.

3rd row: Same shade. Turn the straw round, and work in the opposite direction. 1 stitch across, like the black,  $\times$  miss 1, 2 stitches, miss 3, 2 stitches,  $\times$  4 times, miss 1, 2 stitches, miss 1, take one straight stitch.

4th: Next shade. Turn. 1 straight stitch, miss 2,  $\times$  3 stitches, miss 5,  $\times$  4 times. End with two stitches.

5th: Lightest shade. Turn 1 stitch, miss 3, 1 stitch, (which should be over the centre of the five missed in the last row) miss 3,  $\times$  4 times, 1 stitch, miss 3. A straight stitch at the end.

6th: Like 4th. 7th: Like 3rd. 8th: Like 2nd. 9th: Like 1st.

10th: With the darkest red  $\times$  2 stitches, miss 1,  $\times$  2 to the end.

11th: Lighter red.  $\times$  2 stitches opposite the missed one and the 2nd of the two; miss 1,  $\times$  repeat.

12th: Dark red. Exactly like the 10th. Repeat these twelve rows until the piece of canvass is completely worked, then sew the ends

together; cut out an oblong bit of cardboard, pointed at the ends, and cover it with silk; let it be such a size that the canvass will exactly fit it. Sew on the cardboard, and also a piece of the silk, to form the bag at the top of the embroidery. This must have a cord run in, to draw it, and a handle must also be worked on canvass, from the 9th row to the 13th inclusive. This handle is to be lined with silk and stiffened with a wire, which is to be concealed in it. Ribbon, about one and a half inches wide, quilled very full indeed, should be sewed, to conceal the joining of the corners and the silk bag.

## TO ————,

## WITH A GIFT OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

Spirit of Poesy—wake from thy slumbers—  
Rouse a Promethean flame in my numbers!  
How can I lure thee with winning caresses?  
How charm thee forth from thy hidden recesses?  
Aid me to sing of the loved of my heart,  
Whose image doth ne'er from my bosom depart.  
She thrills me with transport—awakens such bliss—  
'Twere vain to portray a devotion like this.  
In sorrow—she beams like a star on the Ocean,  
Which guides the frail barque 'mid the waves' fierce  
commotion.  
In gladness, she hovers—a fairy dream—round me,  
Still bright'ning the beacons of hope, that surround  
me.

Aid me to picture, in tints clear and warm,  
Her beauty so witching in spirit and form!  
Say, that her voice—like a lute's softest notes—  
Is music most rapt'rous when o'er me it floats.  
Spirit of Love, gently breathe on these flowers!  
Bathe them with perfume most rare from thy bowers!  
Affection unchanging encircles their leaves,  
And truth's diamond cluster—'mid them enwreathes,  
Twine with these buds—fondest hopes of my heart,  
Where no other feeling of earth bears a part.  
Spirit of good! Blessings pour, without measure,  
On her whom this heart owns its first, dearest treasure!

## LOVE, THE ARTIST.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

"Oh, Art, unto my longing eyes,"  
I said, "her charms forever give;  
In that sweet life that never dies  
Forever let her beauty live."  
And Art his eager pencil plied  
To paint her charms, all charms above:  
But soon, "In vain I strive," he cried;  
"Oh, who can paint her—who but Love?"

I turned to Fancy—"To my sight,"  
I murmured, "from the glowing air  
Oh, let her gaze my soul delight,  
As if she breathed before me there!"

At Fancy's call her image came—  
Oh, not her charms, all charms above!  
Poor Fancy's cry was but the same—  
"Oh, who can paint her—who but Love?"

Then mighty Love, with laughing joy,  
The pencil seized with wild delight,  
And ere I well could mark the boy,  
She laughed in life before my sight!  
Oh, who like him such brows could draw,  
Such dark, deep eyes, all eyes above—  
Like him could paint the charms I saw?  
Oh, who can paint her—who but Love?

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**FASHIONABLE WALTZING.**—In Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for March, we find the following severe, but not undeserved remarks on fashionable waltzing. The writer, after speaking of the original plain waltz, which even Byron denounced, and characterizing it as the least objectionable and most graceful of the waltzes, proceeds as follows:

"The character of the waltz gradually became changed. From a graceful rotatory motion, it degenerated into a Bacchic movement, similar, no doubt, to the first Thespian performances, which were intended, as scholars tell us, to be in honor of the young Lyæus. Then came the gallopé, which was a still further manifestation of the triumphal processions of Ariadne. Dancing, as one of the fine arts, now received its virtual death blow. You saw an infuriated-looking fellow throw his arm round a girl's waist, and rush off with her as if he had been one of the troop of Romulus abducting a reluctant Sabine. Sabine, however, made no remonstrance, but went along with him quite cordially. They pursued a species of bat-like race round the room—jerking, flitting, backing, and prouetting, without rule, and without any vestige of grace, until breath failed them, and the panting virgin was pulled up short on the arm of her perspiring partner.

"This, however, called for a reform; and it was reformed. But what? By the introduction of the polka—the favorite dance, and no wonder, of the Casinos. View it philosophically, and you find it to be neither more nor less than the nuptial dance of Bacchus and Ariadne. Our mothers or grandmothers were staggered, and some of them shocked, at the introduction of the ballet in the opera-houses. What would they say now, could they see one of their female descendants absolutely in the embrace of some hairy animal—fronting him—linked to him—drawn to him—her head reclining on his shoulder, and he perusing her charms—executing the most ungraceful of all possible movements, at the will of a notorious Tomnoddy? No doubt everything is innocent, and the whole dance is conducted—no one side at least—with perfect purity of idea. But, somehow or other, these grapplings, squeezings, and approximations, look rather odd in the eyes of the unprejudiced spectator; and we, who have seen the feats of Egyptians Almas almost surpassed in British ball-rooms, may be pardoned for expressing our conviction, that a little—nay, a good deal—more of feminine reserve than is presently practised, would be vastly advantageous to the young ladies who resort to those haunts which they have been taught to consider as the matrimonial bazaar."

In this concluding warning we join. The young ladies, who think to win admirers by waltzing, make a grievous mistake. No sensible husband was ever won by the agility with which a belle performed the Polka, much less the Schottish. It will be noticed that Blackwood's indignation is aroused by the former waltz entirely. This requires an explanation. The Schottish is not danced in England, in respectable society; and we presume, therefore, that the writer

never saw it. We are told, though we are not quite sure, that it is never seen at private parties even on the Continent. Had Blackwood ever witnessed this ungraceful, not to say disgusting waltz, his animadversions, we have no doubt, would have been far more severe. It is a dance fit only for Bacchantes. One can realize the possibility of such a waltz originating nowhere except in the orgies of inebriated wantons.

We have known so many young men, and they the most refined and intelligent, to cease going to balls or dancing parties at all, in consequence of their disgust at the Schottish, that we are heartily glad to find that it is going out of fashion. In the very best society it never was fashionable. But in many circles, otherwise well-bred, it somehow obtained a footing, we suspect through the recommendations of vulgar and impudent foreign dancing-masters. Young ladies danced it without any thought of wrong, and even yet, perhaps, are generally ignorant of the light in which honorable men regard it.

**CORSETS, OR SHOULDER STRAPS.**—It is a false delicacy, we think, which prevents the truth, on certain subjects, being imparted to our sex in print. For example, the reason why shoulder-straps, or properly fitting corsets ought to be worn by every woman, is one. Nervous disorders among females are known to be increasing. Why? Physicians unanimously answer it is because of the weight of the skirts, which presses down the organs of the body, and consequently deranges them. More than one half the women in our great cities are said, by the profession, to have some variety of disease produced in this way: and every description of such disorder more or less deranges the nerves, beside afflicting the victim in other ways, and often producing consumption. The remedy for this is to wear shoulder-straps, or properly made corsets. If shoulder-straps make the wearer stoop, or if they are annoying, (as to some persons they are) then a French corset, in which thin whalebones are woven, and made to fit the person, should be substituted. For a corset, thus made, distributes the weight of the skirts over the entire upper part of the person, instead of confining it to the waist, as is the case when neither shoulder-strap nor corsets are worn. The ordinary corset we cannot recommend. The large bones in it box up the figure, so to speak, and are often exceedingly injurious. Every proper corset ought to be pliant, and the real French ones are. What are called French corsets need not come from Paris, however, for they can be made in this country on the same principle. Nor should the corset be worn too tight. In fact, tight-lacing and corsets, though frequently associated together, have

nothing necessarily in common. We have seen as much tight dressing among girls who wore no corsets as among those who did. The correct corset, which spreads out over the hip, and thus supports the skirts, is altogether more healthy than no corset, or perhaps than even shoulder-straps, for the weight of the skirts, in the latter case, frequently contracts the chest, by inducing stooping, while a properly made corset, fitting the figure, and not laced so as to contract the ribs, has none of these disadvantages.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*White, Red and Black.* By Francis and Theresa Pulszky. 2 vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—In these two neat volumes, we have the best book of American travels, which has, perhaps, ever been published. The Pulszkys, it will be remembered, accompanied Kossuth in his visit to this country. It seems that the wife kept a diary, which forms the principal portion of the work, the remaining chapters being by the husband, and consisting of an account of our federal and state constitutions, of education, of slavery, and of other matters interesting to political economists and statesmen. The part contributed by Madame Pulszky is chatty, lively, sensible, and womanly. The chapters by her husband are the most candid and appreciative any foreign tourist has yet written. In a few instances we notice blunders in fact, but they are not more frequent than the excitement and hurry of the visit will explain. With some of the opinions we cannot entirely coincide. The Pulszkys form a striking contrast, however, to those travellers, who find as much fault with Americans for not eating an egg *a la Anglaise*, as an American travelling in India would with the Hindoos for their Suttees and their Juggernaut. It will be a long while, we fear, before another book, equally fair, will be written. It ought to have an immense sale.

*Agatha's Husband.* By the author of "Olive." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—After the author of "Jane Eyre," the author of "Olive" takes next rank, in our estimation, among British female novelists. Her present work is altogether the most powerful she has written. From the first chapter to the last the story keeps the reader breathlessly interested. The characters also are well drawn. Anne, Agatha, her husband, the Major, Carrie, the Duke, and the old Squire are admirable, each in his or her way. But there is too much gloom throughout. Scarcely a bit of sunshine is let in on the picture, which wants consequently the relief, and, therefore, the freshness of perfect nature. All Agatha's misery is made to spring, moreover, from her husband's refusal to confide in her, a refusal which, under the circumstances, was an insult, instead of being, as the author regards it, a heroic act. No true woman but would feel outraged by such conduct on the part of one she loved. Only a characterless simpleton would

have faith in a man, who acted as if he had no faith in her. This moral defect, so to speak, is the great error of the novel. The more than redeeming characteristic is the lofty, yet truthful idea of love inculcated, yet love without sickly sentimentalism.

*Thoughts of Fancy.* By Ella Rodman. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Taylor.—One of our own most valued contributors. It is a natural, easy, with one or two exceptions, unpretending volume, full of quiet and rich talent. The "Wisdom of all the Thoughts" is most to our fancy, and reminds us of something in this Magazine last year, by the same authoress—we forgot the title—which we looked upon as a gem. But we do not like the attempted satire on female writers, either in the spirit or execution. Satirical talent must be accompanied by a very bad temper to be at all poignant, and that, we are certain, Miss Ella Rodman does not possess. As for the very fanciful description of Magazine publishers, that strikes us in equally bad taste, and equally wide of the truth. During twelve years of uninterrupted literary intercourse with publishers, the lady editor—for she wishes to be responsible for this notice—has never found a single publisher who answered to the caricatures in this volume. But as we said before, satire or even graceful caricature, require a superabundance of dashing wit, and a degree of ill-nature that would be unfeminine and unlovely in any female.

*Villette.* By the author of "Jane Eyre." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Though this novel is, perhaps, superior to any one published this season, it is not near so good as either "Shirley" or "Jane Eyre." Indeed those who seek for brisk incident in a fiction will lay down the book disappointed. Even others, with tastes less morbid for stimulants, will find the first third of the volume dull reading. But when the reader gets fairly into the story, the minute truth of the detail, the originality of the real characters, the powerful style, and the deep earnestness of the author will quite absorb him or her, so that laying down the book unfinished will be found almost impossible. The heroine reminds us, in many things, of Jane Eyre. She is the same strong-minded woman, yet when she comes within the sphere of a strong-minded man, she becomes, in a similar manner, his "loving satellite," to quote from one of the old poets.

*Amaranth Blooms: a Collection of Embodied Poetical Thoughts.* By Mrs. S. S. Smith. 1 vol. Utica: J. N. Fuller & Co.—We have here a delicate little volume of poems, from one of our contributors, a book as praiseworthy in the getting up as in the contents. Mrs. Smith writes always with grace, and often with power. She has the true poetic feeling, an inborn ear for rhythm, and a fancy ever ready to answer the demands of her subject. The volume is dedicated in a neat inscription, to her "Affectionate Friends," in which class we are proud to rank ourselves and the fifty thousand readers of the "National." Not the least merit of these poems is the deep religious sentiment pervading them.

*Letters to Country Girls.* By Jane G. Swisshelm. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Riker.—We most heartily recommend this book, for though crotchety in one or two particulars, it contains, on the whole, more sound sense, in the shape of practical advice to young women, than we ever before saw put between the covers of a duodecimo. The style, too, is racy, and the selection of subjects capital. Nearly every thing interesting to the sex is discussed. For example, the heads of several chapters, taken at random, are as follows:—"Housekeeping," "Country Feasting," "Flowers and Trees," "Personal Cleanliness," "Tea, Coffee, and Saleratus," "Lilies and the Language of Flowers," "The Heart and Lungs," "Useless Sewing," "Filial Piety," "Riding-Dresses and Riding," "Bathing and a Case of Consumption." There are twenty-eight such chapters, all good, except one on dress-making, for Mrs. S. seems to entertain the absurd idea that taste in dress and tight-lacing are convertible terms. Mr. Riker has published the volume in a very pretty style, with two neat illustrations.

*Nick of the Woods.* By R. M. Bird, M. D. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—A revised edition of what we have always considered Dr. Bird's best fiction. With all the absorbing interest of Cooper's Indian tales, "Nick of the Woods" has the merit of being true to life. Bird's red-men, for example, are real savages, not ideal creatures. Nathan also is a powerful original creation. We remember, even yet, the profound interest this fiction created in us when it first appeared, fifteen years ago; and we find, on a fresh perusal, that it was not our boyish enthusiasm, but the positive merits of the book, which awoke that interest. The publisher issues the volume in elegant style, with two capital illustrations.

*A Child's History of England.* By Charles Dickens. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this neat little volume, we have the first successful attempt, which has ever been made, to narrate the early history of England in a style suited to the comprehension of a child, yet with that broad effect necessary to impart correct views of the social and political condition of our mother country a thousand years ago. We recommend every mother to purchase the book, in order to introduce it among her children. It is quite as interesting as most fairy tales, and is a hundred times more instructive.

*A Stray Yankee in Texas.* By J. Paxton. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—As mirth-moving a book as we have read for months. The author writes like one who has witnessed all he describes. He wields, moreover, a graphic pen, which brings vividly up the wild and reckless, yet fun-abounding life of the frontier. Two excellent illustrations adorn the volume.

*Abbott's History of Nero.* 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another of Abbott's delightful historical books for the young.

*Ellen Linn. A Franconia Story.* By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Many a young heart will beat high at the announcement of this volume, which is a sequel to that charming story, "Rodolphus." The Franconia series of books for juveniles is, beyond question, the best before the public, for Abbott is equally successful in imparting a moral and in fascinating the attention of his readers. The publishers, moreover, continue to get up the volumes in a style of such beauty, that often young people, who would not be attracted otherwise, are won by the elegance of the binding and illustrations, and so induced to read.

*Interviews, Memorable and Useful, from Diary and Memory Reproduced.* By Rev. S. H. Cox, D. D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this volume is an eminent Presbyterian divine of Brooklyn. The interviews recorded are five in number, one with Dr. Chalmers, another with Dr. Emmons, a third with John Quincy Adams, a fourth with two pseudo-apostles, and the fifth with a "fashionable lady," as Dr. Cox calls her, of Calais, in France. All are interesting. But the interview with Dr. Chalmers is especially so, and will repay any person for purchasing the book.

*Lives of the Brothers Humboldt, Alexander and William.* 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The Brothers Humboldt have established such a world-wide reputation, that this volume will be hailed with general gratification. The biographies have been translated and arranged, by Juliette Bauer, from the German of Klencke Schlesier. Portraits of the two eminent brothers adorn the volume.

*The History of the Royal Dauphin, Louis XVII., of France. With Engravings.* 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The absurd story, got up lately about an Indian preacher being the son of Marie Antoinette, is entirely exploded in this volume. If we are not to believe that the Dauphin in question died in the Temple, we might as well burn all our histories and discredit all testimony of every kind.

#### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

We have been so frequently applied to for new, or useful household receipts, that hereafter we shall, if possible, publish a number of them every month.

*To Clean Oil Paintings,* mix an ounce of spirits of turpentine with an ounce of spirits of wine; with this mixture wash the paintings gently with cotton wool; then wash with turpentine alone; if there are any stains which this will not remove, the paintings are to be washed with an infusion of kali; when dry, put on a thin varnish, composed of two ounces of mastic dissolved in six ounces of turpentine; at the end of a few days another coat of varnish, such as is sold by color-makers for oil paintings.

*To Dry Flowers.*—Take some fine white silver sand; wash it repeatedly until all dirt is removed and the water remains clear; dry it thoroughly, and half fill a stone flower-pot; in this, stick freshly gathered flowers when they are dry, and cover completely, taking care not to injure the leaves. Place the vessel in the sun, or in a room where a fire is kept, and let it remain until the flowers are perfectly dry; then carefully remove the sand, and clean with a feather brush. The process succeeds best with single flowers.

*Veal Cake.*—Boil six eggs hard, cut the yolks in two, and lay some of the pieces in the bottom of the pot; shake in a little chopped parsley, some slices of veal and ham; then add eggs again, shaking in after each some chopped parsley, with pepper and salt, till the pot is full. Put in water enough to cover it, lay on it an ounce of butter, tie over with a double paper, and bake for an hour; then press it close together with a spoon, and let it stand till cold. In a small mould this makes a very pretty side dish for supper.

*A Charlotte.*—Cut as many thin slices of white bread as will cover the bottom and line the sides of a baking dish, but first rub it thick with butter. Put apples in thin slices into the dish, in layers, till full, strewing sugar between, and bits of butter. In the meantime soak as many slices of bread as will cover the whole in warm milk, over which lay a plate and a weight to keep the bread close on the apples. Bake slowly three hours. To a middle-sized dish use half pound of butter in the whole.

*To Make an Orange Salad,* cut a dozen fine ripe oranges into slices, without peeling; then let the slices fall as you cut them into either a silver punch bowl or a porcelain one that will stand fire. Sprinkle over them a teaspoonful of pounded cinnamon and a quarter of a pound of lump sugar. Pour over the whole a pint of Cognac brandy. Set fire to the spirit, and stir it as long as it will burn. When the flame expires, help the salad round while hot.

*To Clean a Carpet.*—Have it carefully beaten and laid down; rub over with a brush dipped in ox-gall and a little water. When this is done, use plenty of cold water, still brushing; remove the moisture with a large sponge, and rub as dry as possible with clean, coarse cloths. The stains that will not yield to this process, rub with fullers earth and soap made into a paste with spirits of turpentine; allow this to dry, and then carefully brush off.

*To Clean Black Silk,* sponge it with water and ox gall on both sides; then rinse in clean water, and dry it in the open air. Then sponge slightly on the wrong side with a thin solution of isinglass, and brush it on the right side with a very soft brush in the direction of the selvage way of the silk. The proportions are, one pint of boiling water to three-fourths of a pint of ox-gall.

*To Preserve Picture-Frames from Flies.*—Boil three or four leeks in a pint of water; then, with a gilding brush, wash over with the liquid. It will do no injury to the gilded frames.

*Italian Salad.*—Pick the white portion of a cold fowl from the bones, in small flakes; pile it in the centre of a dish, and pour over it a good salad mixture, made of hard eggs, mustard, vinegar, and a large proportion of cream. Make a wall round with salad of any kind, laying the whites of boiled eggs, cut in rings, on the top as a chain.

*The use of the marigold flower* in soup or broth has for some reason gone out of fashion with modern cooks. The flowers well dried, and the leaves reduced to powder, will be found to impart a very agreeable and delicate flavor, with the advantage of the material being cheaply and easily procured.

*An excellent Cement* for uniting broken glass may be made by dissolving in a pipkin over the fire, (taking especial care it does not boil over) one ounce of isinglass in two wineglasses of spirits of wine. This will be a transparent glue.

*A little warm Olive Oil* is often efficacious in removing temporary deafness. Put in a few drops in a teaspoon, and place in the ear a bit of cotton. If after this the deafness continues, we would advise your application to a medical man.

*White Kid Shoes* may be cleaned in the same manner as gloves, by spirits of turpentine. Rub them well with a flannel dipped in this, or in spirits of hartshorn. In all our principal cities there are shops, where they are cleaned for a trifle.

*To Make Rose Beads.*—Beat the petals of red roses in an iron mortar for some hours, till they form a black paste, then roll into beads, and dry. They become hard, take a fine polish, and are very fragrant.

*Salt of Wormwood or Chalk* will remove the stain of mildew from muslin.

## FASHIONS FOR MAY.

WE give, this month, a splendid steel engraving of the latest fashions, the patterns having been received from Paris in advance. Our descriptions of the spring and early summer styles will be found very full and complete.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF WHITE CHALAIS, with three deep flounces striped with blue. Corsage low, with short sleeves, and over it is worn a "waistcoat fichu," as it is termed, of thin muslin, with the sleeves, front, and polka embroidered. This is a beautiful finish to a summer dress. Bonnet of French gimp, trimmed with wide blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF DELICATE DOVE COLORED SILK, trimmed with three deep flounces, pinked in scallops at the edges. Corsage open and low in front. Mantilla of black lace, on which is run several rows of narrow black velvet ribbon, and finished at the edge with two rows of wide black lace. Bonnet of white crape, trimmed on the outside with a branch of apple-blossoms, a wreath of the same surrounding the face on the inside.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Nearly all the new patterns



for dresses come in robes a *disposition*, that is with wreaths, &c. &c., running around the skirt, or with flounces woven in the same way. This style is not so much in favor, however, in silks as with tissues, grenadines, barages, and other thin materials.

As to the cut of the dress, it varies almost without limit, and adopts itself to the air, the physiognomy, and carriage of the person who is to wear it. The open corsage, displaying an elegant chemisette, is probably the most popular, though for the warm summer weather, those made low in the neck, with a waistcoat *fichu* like that of our fashion plate, or with a small cape, will be most in favor.

The quantity of small flounces has disappeared, to give place to wider ones, which usually number only three, though five are sometimes worn.

It is certain that during the forthcoming season, lace will be more generally fashionable than at any former period. It is worn on every article of dress on which it can be placed, and is now becoming a most expensive article of the toilet. This new impulse has been given by the French Empress, who is very fond of this graceful addition to her dress, and as it is a most becoming fashion, it has been very universally adopted. Bonnets, mantillas, sleeves and collars, are covered with it.

SCARFS of *tulle illusion* are very fashionable, and beautiful for full dress. Scarfs of this description are usually simply hemmed at the ends and up the sides; but some have, above the hem, a small running pattern executed in narrow white silk braid. Small boas of ermine or swansdown are also employed in evening dress for protecting the throat and chest. We have observed lately the revival of an old fashion, formerly very general in the ball-rooms, at the theatres, &c. We allude to small *fichus* or *pelerines* of satin, trimmed round with swansdown. These have recently been employed by ladies for throwing over the neck after dancing. For those who do not dance, a scarf of black or white lace forms an elegant adjunct to evening costume. The Algerian scarfs, and those of silk of various colors and richly embroidered, are also exceedingly fashionable.

We must not omit to notice a novelty in *chaussure* adapted for balls. It consists of a boot, which presents perfectly the effect of a satin shoe and a silk stocking; the upper part being actually covered with a white silk stocking with open-work clocks. Boots of silk or satin have long been the favorite *chaussure* of ladies who excel in dancing the polka; but the boot we have mentioned possesses the advantage of giving support, without sacrificing the light and elegant effect of the satin slipper. White shoes or boots are, strictly speaking, the only ones admissible for dancing; but ladies who do not dance, frequently wear, in full evening dress, shoes of a color corresponding with that of the dress. These shoes may be ornamented with rosettes, or with large Moliere shoe-knots, trimmed with gold or silver.

The mantilla called the TALMA, which is nearly

circular and falls in full folds around the figure, is still much worn. Some are made simply of silk with a deep fringe, or have two or three rows of rich ribbon braid run near the edge, whilst others are richly embroidered and trimmed with lace. Some of these Talma cloaks, of small size, have recently been made in white muslin, with no other trimming than a scalloped edge, finished with bottom-hole stitch. The hood, drawn and tied with colored ribbon, adds to the elegance of these little cloaks, which are peculiarly well adapted to young ladies.

For spring wear, some new mantillas or cloaks, as they are now called, have been prepared in Paris, which are very popular. They are made of silk of an extremely thick and stout texture, and they may be trimmed with velvet, with lace, or with the same material as that composing the cloak itself. They are of short length, and at the shoulders they are gathered or plaited, and the fulness set on a small neck-piece, in the style worn some years ago. We have had an opportunity of seeing two cloaks of this new form—a form which appears to be at once elegant and convenient. One was of rich camelion silk—viz: silk presenting a variety of lustrous shades of color. The trimming consisted of a row of black velvet, surmounted, at the distance of a small space, by a Grecian scroll pattern in very narrow velvet. The cloak was fastened at the throat by a bow of black velvet, with ends descending very low. What rendered this cloak exceedingly elegant was a hood of black lace, edged with lace nearly a quarter of a yard broad. The hood was flat, and the lace with which it was edged fell over the shoulders, and formed a deep pelerine. This style of cloak may be appropriately worn in evening dress as a wrap for the opera, &c.; and the hood, when drawn over the head, presents the effect of a mantilla, owing to the drapery formed by the black lace which trims the hood. The other cloak was of very rich black silk, and trimmed with four rows of narrow stamped velvet. This velvet is about an inch in width, and two rows of it confined the plaits at the neck, and the edge of the lower row of velvet; a frill of pinked silk, gives the appearance of the cape.

Those mantillas composed of lace and silk *aplique* are invariably of the pattern of that of our fashion plate.

The style of Bonnets has not materially altered. If there is any change the fronts are deeper, and the sides more flaring, admitting of a wreath of fine flowers around the face. This fashion, however, is not becoming to every one.

COLLARS of HONITON and other laces, and French embroidery, are worn immensely large, and with deep points.

UNDER-SLEEVES are trimmed with a profusion of lace, and ornamented with bows of ribbons.

CAPS are also trimmed with a profusion of ribbon, in small bows or loops placed in every conceivable place upon it, whilst long streamers of lace and ribbon fall upon the shoulders.



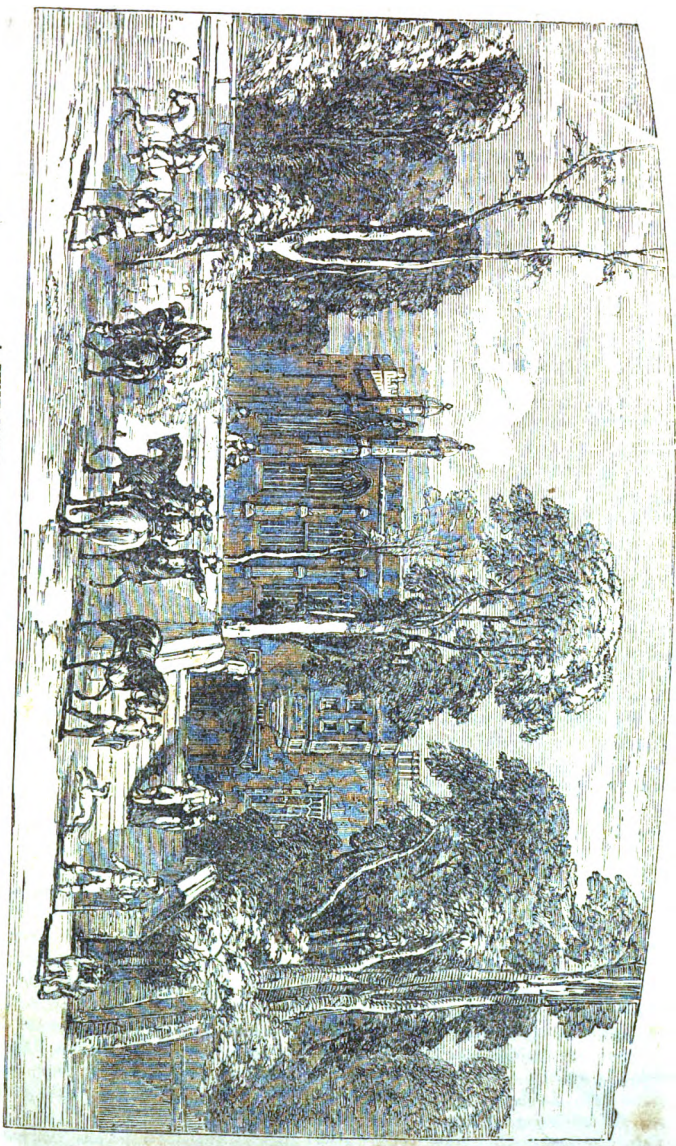


LILY OF LORNE.



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A JUNE MORNING: PREPARING FOR THE CHASE.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE LILY OF LORN.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

DREAMS! dreams all!—the veriest dreams are those bright, joyous aspirations in which young hearts indulge. And saddened to know them such, the kindly older person smiles mournfully, and says, "dream on!—not for worlds would I destroy the illusions which must, at best, fade too soon."

The young man, gay and hopeful, conscious of talents and learning, adorned with youthful beauty, and feeling a restless energy within which he fancies is to conquer all things, rushes like a high-mettled steed into the world's race-course. But alas! he finds no smooth and graded road whence all impediments have been removed, and judges look on to see fair play. He stumbles from the first over petty and unforeseen obstacles. Imminent perils meet him at every turn—rivals trip him up—pretended friends misdirect and deceive him, his eager and impatient efforts but involve him in greater difficulty, till at last, with a broken spirit, he is forced to exchange the noble bearing and fiery speed of the racer, for the dog-trot pace and patient air of the work horse.

I will show you another picture. See that young father and mother bending entranced over the cradle of their first child. A rapture is on their faces which only parents can understand. With tears, and smiles, and prayers they *vev*, with hands clasped above their sleeping boy, to guard him from all evil—to make him, so far as lies in their mortal power, good and happy—so help them God! A dream is in their hearts that their boy may prove, perchance, the exception to the general lot, and grow up untouched by sin or sorrow.

A few years pass, and but a few, and the child so loved and cared for has grown selfish, wilful, and, worse than all, untruthful. The gentle mother cannot rule him, and the father is much

from home. The dreams are fading! The mother weeps and trembles. The father is wroth—

"And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain."

The tenderness of a father for his first born contends in his heart with the anger a just man feels at mean and unworthy conduct, and in bitterness of spirit he exclaims, "great as is the delight parents have in their children, it is outweighed by the anxiety they endure for them. Better far to be childless than to have one child grow up bad and unprincipled."

See you fair girl, known for her fragile and delicate beauty, her pale, spiritual loveliness—how she sits and dreams! Her hands are crossed on her knee, but she knows it not. She is looking out, with dreamy eyes, upon her future life as fancy pictures it to her—and this is the vision on which those dreamy eyes are gazing.

A quiet and happy *home*, where order and good taste prevail, where she herself moves the happy presiding goddess—happy, and dispensing happiness to all around her. There is ever one principal figure in this picture—it is he, the beloved, the husband—the good and strong man, loving and beloved, for whom, unseen—unknown though he be, she feels she could lay down her life. Do you not see the latent enthusiasm in that young face? and do you not know what it means? See, she blushes! unreal as that dream-lover is, she feels his arms around her, his kisses on her cheek; she smiles—and ah! she wakes. Her dream is over—often perhaps to be redreamt, perhaps never to be realized. Dream on, for those sweet dreams are most that life has for your craving heart. By inward struggles, and vain yearnings, and silent sufferings, and many prayers, you shall come at last to learn the hard lesson—to live chiefly on hope.



And yet not entirely unblest art thou! For thy fair, pale loveliness hast won for thee, over all the region around thy father's manorial hall, the name of "The Lily of Lorn." Something of suffering there is in thy face, of holy meekness, which adds truth to thy title, though few know why. But we, who see hearts past and future, and, magician-like, summon up, with our wand of fiction, the events of a whole, know well how that sweet melancholy came into thy countenance. It is a relic of what has been, and a prophecy of what is to be: a memento of suffering that is gone, and of an early death to come. Listen, reader, for we will share our secret and our prophecy with you!

Many years ago a couple of youthful lovers were sitting "dreaming" beside the waters of the gentle Avon, in merry England. The moonlight glowed and sparkled on the rippling water, and was reflected so brightly, that the enraptured lover who hung over her could note the blushes that rose and faded on the soft cheek of Mary Selden, "The Lily of Lorn." For the first time that night had she laid aside the maiden reserve, which had hitherto forbidden her lover to approach her with caresses. For the first time that night he pressed her in his arms, and covered her blushing face with his kisses. How could she repulse him, when the morning was to separate them for years? She could not—she had not the heart. With tenderness and dignity she responded to his love, and promised again and again at his demand to preserve her heart pure and loyal to him till his return.

"Farewell, my own beautiful betrothed," he whispered—"farewell for a few short years—with the energy inspired by the hope of winning you, wealth enough to satisfy your father must soon be won, and I return to claim this dear hand. Oh, Mary, do not forget me."

"Impossible, Henry!" replied Mary, looking up tearfully into his face—he bent over her, and one of her soft black curls touched his cheek.

"Mary, may I have this curl as a parting token?" asked the youth.

"They are all yours," Mary replied, smiling through her tears—"choose from your own."

Henry severed a silken curl from the beautiful head, and again farewell was said with oft renewed caresses, and the lovers parted.

On the morrow the youth sailed for America—that land of many dreams, and full of hope began his combat with the world. He had been highly educated at Cambridge, having been qualified for the profession of the law. But being without influential friends, and discouraged by the crowd of rival competitors in his own country, he hoped,

not unreasonably, to make his way more successfully in a newer country. But alas! in a new country, if there are indeed fewer lawyers, there are also fewer clients, and our poor friendless adventurer met with small success. Meanwhile his scanty funds were exhausted, and yet unwilling to abandon his profession, for which he had been qualified at so great an expense, he endeavored to eke out his slender means by writing for the magazines and periodicals. Thus struggling, he persevered through much suffering and privation for several years, still hoping to bring himself into notice and success by some fortunate turn in events; but at last absolute distress compelled him to resign his long-cherished hopes, and look lower for some occupation by which to obtain the means of living. For some time he was unsuccessful in finding employment of any kind for which he was fitted, and at last was glad to accept a situation as clerk in a store, where, for the first year or two, his remuneration was barely sufficient to procure him the plainest boarding and necessary clothing. It was not till a small increase in his salary was made on the third year, that he was able to make a little allowance toward paying off some debts, which he had incurred during his former struggles, and which had hung like a clog round his conscience ever since.

It was eight years from the time of his leaving England, ere Henry Lober stood once more clear in the world, and could say, "I owe no man a cent." It was two more ere he had two or three hundred dollars which he could call his own. During all these years the thought of his own beloved Mary cheered and encouraged him through sorrow and trial. She wrote to him constantly—she was still faithful, but she too, poor girl, had had to do with struggles and sorrow. Her father had died, to the astonishment of all penneiles; the estate passed to creditors; and she was left totally unprovided for. The fair and pensive lady, whom we have seen gazing wistfully out into vacancy, during the first years of Henry's absence, was now no longer lovely, for sorrow and care had sharpened her features, and removed the delicate hue from her cheek. She was no more "The Lily of Lorn," for flatterers had left her with her fortune. Neglected by all, she had been forced to open a little school, by which means she with difficulty made a scanty living. Her health, never strong, failed under her trying and laborious life, and disappointment and sorrow entered deeply into her once joyous heart. Knowing these circumstances, therefore, as soon as Henry Lober could gather the means to pay their passage, he set off, with his employers'

permission, to claim his bride, that at least they might have the poor consolation of suffering together.

Arrived in England, Henry hastened without waiting a moment to the banks of the beloved Avon, and sought the favorite haunt most dear to Mary and himself in past times; the hour of sunset was approaching, and he rightly divined that Mary would be likely to wander there. Enough romance still lingered in his world-beaten heart to make him wish to meet his beloved, after so long and trying an absence, in a spot so sacred to old memories. The river and its banks were unaltered, save that to Henry's eye the stream seemed much smaller than of old, and at some distance more dwellings peeped from their shady coverts. Their own beloved haunt was unchanged; "Mary's walk" was as fresh and green as ever, and the lover paced it impatiently, yet sadly, with busy thoughts. Here he was, after ten years absence, after waiting and struggling, no richer in pocket than when he left home, and with a heart in his bosom so deadened and hardened by long contest with the world, that it had but one soft spot in it—his love for the bright, beautiful girl, who on this very spot had permitted his farewell kisses and embraces—those kisses whose remembrance had had power, through all those years, to thrill his heart, so often as thought recurred to them.

The rustle of an approaching step awoke Henry from his reverie, a slight female form was advancing slowly, and he drew quickly back behind some trees and shrubs, thinking to gaze on his beloved, one moment, first, himself unseen. She advanced—his Mary—but how altered; ten years had changed the beautiful girl of twenty to the faded woman of thirty. Sickness too, and hope deferred, and struggles with poverty and sorrow had done their work, and not a trace remained of that beauty which was painted in fadeless colors on the lover's memory. Even the curls so associated in his mind with Mary's image were gone, and the pale, sad face he looked on was shaded by smooth, dark hair, plainly and simply arranged.

Poor Henry! (blame him not, reader, it was but human nature) was inexpressibly shocked; his highly-wrought feelings underwent such a revulsion that he could not advance to meet this stranger, whom, though he yet *knew* her to be his Mary, he did not recognize—he allowed her to pass on, and escaping from his concealment, he hastened to his lodgings, and locked himself in his room.

Let us not inquire too narrowly into the throbbings of that troubled and disappointed heart.

The next day Mary received the following letter:—

"MY DEAR MARY—After ten years absence I am once more on English ground. I have returned to renew to you the offer of my hand, but I must not conceal from you that I am an altered and a disappointed man—that even the youthful enthusiasm of my passion for you, the last dream the world spared me has faded, never I fear to be renewed in its first warmth and glow. I have not even a competence to offer you, notwithstanding all my efforts. All I now dare to hope is, that we may bear our burdens together, aiding and sustaining each other. A sad end to our early dreams, Mary—pardon me the want of success which has made your life, I fear, as well as mine, a blank—God knows I strove to have it otherwise.

"Mary, in your hands lay my few remaining earthly hopes,  
HENRY LOBER."

Mary replied—

"Come to me, Henry—you cannot be so much changed as I am—youth, health, and beauty gone—gifts so prized for your sake, but my heart remains the same—the heart that adores you.

Ever your faithful  
MARY."

The meeting so long delayed, so long pined for was painful to both—both felt the changes time had made, and the past, and past feelings, to one of them, at least, had vanished like a dream. It was not with the idolized Mary of his youth that Henry now held converse, but with another, different—and yet most loving and gentle being, to whom he felt himself irresistibly drawn by a new and strange tie. She, alone in all the world, knew and understood his past life. She too, like him, had suffered, and the strong bond of sympathy knit their souls together.

They were married, and Henry Lober carried his delicate wife with him across the Atlantic. He returned to his business, but every moment he could call his own was devoted to the frail, tender being, to whom his heart clung more fondly every day. To him she looked for every thing, and he came to love her with a depth and tenderness unknown to the passion of his youth. He learned to rest on her loving heart as on the one thing certain in a world of change. One last fond dream he yet indulged in—it was the picture of his Mary restored to health by his watchful care, smiling and happy. But in vain, that gentle and loving being was cherished and tended too late. Ere she left England sorrow and care had planted death in her bosom, and in a few years Henry consigned to the earth that frail, beloved form, and with her was buried the last dream of his youth.

Still faithful to the memory of that gentle,

constant spirit, as life wears on Henry Lober's heart admits no new love, and often in the evening, sitting by his solitary fireside, the old man draws forth from some secret hiding-place two locks of hair; one is a jet black, glossy curl—the other a faded tress of strait hair, streaked here

and there with grey. They are the relics of the two Marys—for him they are always two. The old man gazes at them wistfully—he knows not which is the most dear; his eyes grow dim—surely he is dreaming still—yes; but his dreams are now not hopes, but memories.

## THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

He lay within his garret,  
The roof sloped dim and low;  
Through the disjointed shingles  
Came down the sifted snow.

His watchers! had they left him  
In his pauper bed to die,  
And go shivering to his Maker,  
With no one standing by?

None listened to his groaning,  
But the scanty quilt was stirred  
By the wintry wind, whose moaning  
Was all the sound he heard.

The rafters loomed above him  
With a blackness grim and dread,  
Like dark, unstable bridges,  
That his weary soul must tread.

No father, mother, near him,  
No sister hovering round!  
No kindred love to cheer him  
In the darkness so profound.

He knew that he was dying,  
That no human help was near,  
And from his marble eyelids  
There rolled a single tear.

His breath came hard and dumbly,  
His hands were meekly pressed  
And folded—oh, how numbly—  
Upon his torpid breast.

His dying eyes were lifted,  
And through the solemn gloom,  
Where icy gusts were drifted  
In wailing through the room—

There came a single starbeam,  
A flash of holy light,  
And he knew that God was watching  
By his death-bed in the night.

Those lips were almost marble,  
But they brightened into prayer.  
When they found him in the morning  
A smile had frozen there.

## A LOVE CHAUNT.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

When again the soft-lipp'd zephyrs  
Kiss the roses sweet of June,  
And the sea is gently swelling  
'Neath the pale and loving moon;  
When the winds go chaunting sweetly  
To the fair and drooping flowers,  
 wooing them, with low complaining,  
All the still and dreaming hours;

When the streamlet's murmur'd music  
Thrills the heart with thoughts of love,  
And the stars look down like angels  
Dreaming in their homes above;  
When the fays once more are romping  
By the hill-side—in the glen—  
Bringing back each glorious vision;  
Lov'd one, I will meet thee then!

And the kiss of soft-lipp'd zephyrs  
Shall not rival that of mine,  
Nor the water's song of gladness,  
Half so sweet as tones of thine;  
Nor the star-gems, wildly gleaming  
'Midst the breathless Summer skies,  
Thrill me like the fire sleeping  
Deep within thine love-lit eyes!

With my dear and warm caressing,  
Ev'ry earth-born care will flee,  
And the rosy, "mist-hung future,"  
Seem one dream of love to thee;  
And with deep and fond devotion  
I will sue at thy pure shrine,  
Whilst the blast may gaze in envy,  
As I clasp thee, love, as mine!

## PROCRASTINATION.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

"Sure, sir, and here's little Master Charles nearly tumbled out of winder and broke his precious neck, the jewel."

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Garston, in alarm, "I told you to be particularly careful, and not to let him go near the open window."

"Sure, sir, and it was myself that watched him like a cat watching a mouse, but you see when I turned my back to him a minute, what does he do but run to the winder and climb up to it, and when I set eyes on him, whisht!—it was all, but he was out; but I took hold of him by the skirts, and saved the jewel."

"You must be more careful in future, Bridget."

"If I might make so bould, sir, I would say that if you was to get the bars that you were talking about put up——"

"Yes, yes, I recollect. I will try to think of it by-and-bye, but I have so many things to think of. I'll get them by-and-bye, Bridget, and then there will be no more danger."

Mr. Garston took his way to office, intending to call on a carpenter on his way and send him to the house. He was alarmed at the narrow escape of his only child, for since the death of his wife, a year before, he had concentrated all his affection on the little boy, and was in hourly dread of losing him.

The carpenter's shop lay a little out of his regular way to office, and when he came to the corner of the street leading to it he hesitated.

"There'll be that countryman waiting for me, and I can call on the carpenter when I go home to dinner."

So he passed on to his business and thought no more of his son's danger.

"Here's been an insurance agent," remarked the book-keeper, "and left his card."

Mr. Garston took it up, and then glanced around the warehouse.

"Yes, I shall have to get the stock insured, as most of this property will have to lie in store for some time. I'll call on this agent some time soon and see about his terms."

"Had you not better call to-day?" inquired the book-keeper. "There was a fire in Clay street, last night, and they say there are incendiaries about."

"Indeed! Well, I'll call immediately. Such things should not be neglected. What day is this—Friday? Dear me, there is a note of a thousand dollars due at the bank to-day, and I have not yet provided for it. I must gather up some funds to meet it or there will be a protest. How much money have you got there, Smith?"

"Only eighty dollars, or so, and there is Carter's bill to be paid to-day."

"True—true. Let me see—hum—let me see—ah, yes—I'll go and see."

The forenoon was passed in the endeavor to collect money enough to meet the note, but every one seemed to be short as well as himself. One had just paid a bill, another had a note to meet at bank, and a third could have done it very well yesterday, but had made some heavy purchases which had taken up all his funds. So he turned home, somewhat dispirited, to get his dinner.

"Plaze, sir, did you see the carpenter about them bars?" inquired Bridget, as she arranged his solitary dinner.

"No," he replied, rather curtly, "I have got something else to think of just now."

"But Master Charles," persisted Bridget.

"I'll see about it in the evening," interrupted he, in a tone that cut short all further conversation.

Hastily despatching his meal, he made his way to office.

"Has any money come in?" was his first inquiry.

"Jones & Green have paid in one hundred dollars on account," was the answer.

"Nothing more?"

"Not a dollar. Have you seen about the insurance yet?"

"No, have had no time for it."

"The insurance office is just in the way to the bank," persisted the book-keeper, "and they might be gone when you go by in the evening."

"I can't stay to bother about it now," was the testy answer, "I must see how to meet that note. Confound it, if I had seen about it yesterday, it would have been all right."

"I told you yesterday morning of its being due to-day," remarked the book-keeper.

"I know that; but I didn't think everybody was going to be so short to-day, and thought I

should have no trouble in collecting it: but there it is, it can't be helped now."

After another round, the money was collected, and the note taken up just before the bank closed. Tired with his exertions, he returned to his office, and flinging himself into a chair, took up a newspaper.

"Seen the insurance agent?" inquired the book-keeper.

"No, not yet. I'll go home a little earlier and drop in to see him. The insurance must be effected at once, that's a fact."

An interesting article in the paper took up his attention for some time, then a neighbor dropped in, and a discussion relative to the merits of the affair treated of in the newspaper was entered into. Suddenly Mr. Garston pulled out his watch.

"Half past five, I declare! It's no use trying to find the insurance agent to-night, but I'll call on him the first thing in the morning."

As he passed homeward, he recollected the window bars, and turned up the street to see the carpenter. The carpenter said he would call on the following day and fix the bars, and with the feeling of having done his duty he went home.

"Who's there?" exclaimed Mr. Garston, as he started from his bed that night in obedience to a loud rapping at the door, and loud calls for him.

"Get up, Mr. Garston; it's Bridget. There's a great fire down town, and they are shouting it is near your store."

Mr. Garston ran to the window and threw it up. The sky was lit up with the reflection of a great fire, and a single glance sufficed to show him that his store was involved in the conflagration.

"Ruined—lost—no insurance—not a dollar!" gasped the unfortunate man, as he staggered back. "And I might have saved it all!"

He was dressed in a few moments, and was

soon at the scene of destruction. The moment he came at the edge of the crowd he saw he was a ruined man. His large store was one body of fire.

Pushing his way through the crowd, he soon reached the inner edge of the crowd, where he encountered his book-keeper.

"Anything saved, Mr. Smith?"

"Nothing, sir. The building was all on fire before any one could get in."

The ruined merchant stared vacantly at the burning pile, until the walls fell with a heavy crash, and then with a burdened heart he turned toward home.

"Oh, Mr. Garston, oh, sir, oh—oh!" sobbed Bridget, as she opened the door to admit him.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed he, in dread of some fresh disaster.

"Oh, sir; Master Charles——"

"What—what—in the name of heaven, what has happened to my boy?" gasped Mr. Garston, clutching the arm of his domestic.

"The winder, sir; the winder was open for us to see the fire—and Master Charles came up by the sly to look out—and—and—oh, sir, oh——"

Dashing past the woman in a perfect frenzy of despair, he rushed into his parlor, and flung himself beside the couch on which was stretched the form of his boy, with his features all dabbled with blood, and his bright locks clotted together.

"Speak to me, Charles, my boy, my own boy—speak to me. Oh, God! my boy, my own darling boy!"

He felt his breast and his temples, but there was no sign of life—all was cold—yes! deathly cold.

"Oh, that I had attended to the danger before—that I had not put off what I ought to have done at once! My boy, my own bright boy, lost through my PROCRASTINATION!"

## THE YOUNG EMIGRANT GIRL.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

STAINLESS and bright, a being of light,  
She grac'd the circle that festal night,  
Then pass'd away.  
Brief was her stay,  
As the flowers they wove in her garland that day  
For the festal night.

Sadly they stand, while she parts the band,  
To seek her love in a strange land,  
And find him not.

Her's was the lot,  
Like that garland to fade ere she reach'd the spot,  
In that distant land.

Slowly they gave her form to the wave,  
To sleep unseen in its coral grave.  
She lists no more  
The wild sea's roar,  
She sleeps far away from that bright sunny shore,  
In her coral grave.

## A "THOROUGH-BRED" REVENGE.

BY KATE HARKAWAY.

"DOCTOR MORGAN," as his diploma made him, or Tom Morgan, as his friends called him, was certainly a good representative of manly beauty, as he sat in his negligent attitude that fine September morning, with his loose blouse displaying to the greatest advantage his tall, graceful figure, and his low-crowned, wide-brimmed Palmetto shading his fine bronzed face and open brow, around which the black hair curled negligently. But the charm of Tom's face, in his own opinion, was his moustache. In fact, dear reader, it was a model moustache! his white teeth gleamed out in such contrast with its silky blackness, and then it formed such a beautiful arch above the finely-cut chin, and below the aquiline nose with its mobile nostrils, that we do not wonder that Tom made such a pet of it, uneffeminate as he was.

Well, Tom Morgan was whistling away for dear life snatches of tunes, in which Yankee Doodle and a favorite hunting song bore a prominent part, examining his fishing-tackle and assorting his artificial flies with care, when his sister Lucy stepped out of the French window on the piazza.

"Oh, Tom," said she, "I'm so glad you are here. I've just had a letter from papa, and what do you think? he says he has persuaded Grace Stanley to come home with him."

"Why, I think that I had much rather she would stay away," was the ungracious reply.

"Oh, Tom! but I do want you to know Grace so much, she is so beautiful, and fascinating."

"So is a rattle-snake," was again the rejoinder, to which was added a whistle on a low key.

Lucy's fair face was clouded as she answered.

"But papa is so pleased with her, that he says he urged her to come very much, and he is quite fastidious, you know. And——" here her face brightened as she ran her eyes down the letter, "and oh, Tom, she rides beautifully, and is going to bring her own horse with her."

Tom threw down his fly with a jerk, and stared at his sister, saying,

"Lucy, I believe you're a born fool. That paragon of yours has every virtue under the blue canopy, and 'rides beautifully' besides. Pray, where does a young lady, who has lived in the city all her life, learn to ride?"

"Why in the riding-schools to be sure," said his sister.

Tom gave a more expressive whistle than any which had preceded it, and went on with his flies as if the subject admitted of no further discussion.

"But, Tom, papa has seen the horse, and says it is both gay and beautiful."

"So is a young lamb, or a calf," retorted the brother; "but I judge there would not be much difficulty in sticking on their backs, particularly if one was learned in a riding-school. I expect Miss Grace's horse is like the model one for young ladies in novels, with beautiful arched neck, long tail, gay and spirited, yet gentle and docile, &c. &c.; now I tell you a horse isn't worth his feed if he hasn't a spice of the devil in him."

"Well, but you can teach Grace," said Lucy, coaxingly, thinking that by flattering his *amour propre*, she could enlist her brother's vanity in her friend's favor.

"Teach her indeed! Yes, and I suppose that after one or two lessons she would be able to ride 'Lightning,' or papa's 'Thunderbolt,'" was the answer.

"I dare say she could," replied Lucy, quickly.

"I never saw her undertake anything at school which she did not accomplish."

"Well," said Tom, ironically, "there is a strong resemblance between mastering the French verb 'to love,' and a horse like 'Lightning.' But there is no use talking about it, Lu, and instead of staying at Mayo's for only a few days, till I'm tired of fishing, I may be gone some weeks. I can't stand fine lady airs, and otto of rose scented handkerchiefs, and all that sort of thing. I really believe that there are but two sensible women in creation; my mother and yourself."

"And Bell Hamilton," said Lucy, slyly.

"Well, yes, Bell is a fine woman; good-hearted and unaffected; and then she rides like a Camanche; and drives a four in hand as if she had been born on a stage-coach."

"But, Tom," and here Lucy placed her little hand coaxingly on his shoulder, "don't stay longer at Mr. Mayo's than you at first intended. Grace will be here now in about a week, and it will look so rude for you to be away."

"No use talking about it, Lu, I tell you I can't stand it. I think I shall take a trip to the West. You can tell your friend that the doctor has ordered a diet of bear's meat or buffalo steaks for me."

So Tom went on his fishing excursion, and Mr. Morgan and Grace Stanley arrived and found him absent.

And now these beautiful September mornings saw Grace and Lucy on horseback, galloping over fields sparkling with dew, and taking the low fences and narrow ditches in their way; Grace only practising, it is true, for though her leaping in the riding-school had tended to give her a firm seat, it had scarcely prepared her for the bars which would *not* come down if her horse's feet struck them; but he strode them like a noble fellow as he was, and after a little time she felt no fear of any fence in the county.

Tom Morgan at last grew tired of good old Izaak Walton's gentle sport and returned home, little suspecting that Grace, who had obtained a pretty accurate insight into his character from his father and sister, had prepared herself with a whole battery of mischief with which to charge him.

"By Jove, Miss Stanley, that beast of yours is a beauty," said he, after his inspection of the stables, which followed immediately upon his shaking hands with his father and mother. "Blooded too! pretty near a thorough-bred, I should say," continued Tom, "clean limbed, and as light as a deer. Make a splendid racer; I should like to put him around the course."

"I hear that you are so good a judge of horses that I feel flattered by your approval," replied Grace.

"Oh, but, Tom, you ought to see him in action, he is magnificent, I assure you," said his sister.

"Well, let's take a gallop to-morrow morning immediately after breakfast, I want so to be on Lightning's back again. I won't ride very fast, if you are timid about it, Miss Stanley," said Tom, suddenly, as he noticed Grace's elegant dress and quiet manner, which made her look as if she had never been out of a drawing-room in her life.

"No, sir, I am not *very* timid; I think I may venture to go, if you did not ride *too* fast," replied Grace, with a sly smile at Lucy, who turned away her laughing face.

"A pity that such a fine animal should be wasted on a *woman*, and one who can't appreciate him too," muttered Tom to himself. "I'd like to buy him if I dare make the offer; and, by Jove, I bet Bell Hamilton could ride him."

"Come, Grace, dear, give us some music,

we've had none to-night," said old Mr. Morgan.

Grace took her seat at the piano, and in spite of his contempt for women in general, and city women in particular, Tom could not but acknowledge that she was very beautiful. Her tall, slender, but rounded figure was so graceful in its outlines, there was so much character in her face, lighted up by her large, hazel eyes, and shaded by the abundant chestnut hair with its golden tinge, which did not curl, but waved down the side of her face. Every motion and attitude, whilst perfectly unaffected, had the unrestrained self-possession acquired by habitual intercourse with society.

"A perfect doll in appearance, with not a bit more character," soliloquized Tom, as Grace played brilliant overtures, and sung popular opera gems.

"Do you like ballads, Mr. Morgan?" asked the lady, whilst an arch smile rippled over her face, to be succeeded by a provoking demureness; and forthwith she commenced "The Lone Moore," and "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary," besides one or two others in the same key; and when she had finished them she exclaimed,

"Really as you like that kind of music so much, I must sing you the tender ballad of 'Lord Lovell,' it's so sentimental."

"By Jove! no, madam, if you please. I despise ballad music; I feel as if you had been singing my death song," said Tom, vehemently, his irritation getting the better of his politeness, "I must bid you good evening, as I have come so far to-day."

But he had not closed the parlor door, when Grace commenced in her clear, rich voice the famous old hunting song, "A southerly breeze and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning."

Tom stood in the hall and listened for a moment, then returned to the parlor to look for a newspaper, which he knew perfectly well was in his own coat pocket. Grace finished her song with a spirit and dash that delighted him; but immediately after commenced the beautiful little one of Bulwer's, "When stars are in the quiet sky."

Tom gave an almost audible groan, and bid the family good night for the second time, muttering "humbug" between his teeth as he went up stairs.

The next morning, with its bright sunshine and delicious air, found the horses saddled for our equestrians before the hall door.

Grace's tall, slender figure looked remarkably well in her forest green riding habit, and low-crowned black hat with its long floating plume; but it must be confessed that in despite of her

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beauty, Tom watched her approach with a slight feeling of annoyance, for he had worked himself into the belief that Miss Stanley was a mere fashionable, awkward, and timid horseman, and that his morning's ride would be spoiled in consequence.

"Bell Hamilton's scarlet dress is a great deal handsomer; she knows how to do the thing up right—the English women always follow the hounds in scarlet," soliloquized Tom, as Grace descended the steps, just raising her long skirt enough to expose the tip of a beautiful little patent leather Wellington.

Miss Stanley approached her horse, examined the saddle-girths and curb-chain, patted him on the neck, and was about placing her hand on the pommel to be mounted, when Tom called out to the groom,

"Here, you black rascal, where is Miss Stanley's martingal?"

"She not ride wid one, sar, he, he, he!" answered Sam, grinning from ear to ear, and no more minding being called a "black rascal," than if he had been termed a gentleman.

"Not ride with a martingal, Miss Stanley? Why your horse will rear, or throw up his head and run off, as sure as you mount him," said Tom, "but I might have expected some such folly from a young lady who learned the management of a horse in a riding-school, forsooth!" but this last sentence was *satis voce*.

Grace said not a word, but stood quietly with her hand still on the pommel, and Tom was about lifting her into the saddle, when he saw Sam standing a few yards off watching the operation.

"What in the name of mischief do you mean, Sam? Come here, right away, and hold the horse's head while I mount Miss Stanley."

"She no want him held, Massa Tom," answered Sam.

"Do as I tell you, you lazy dog, or I'll break my riding-whip over you," thundered Tom, now almost angry with Sam, who only laughed. He, however, took hold of the bridle at a threatening gesture from his master, but the horse plunged and reared so, that it was impossible to attempt mounting.

"Let go, Sam, if you please," said Grace, quietly. "Steady, Sultan, steady, sir," continued she to the horse, caressing him, and patting him on the shoulder, and in a moment he was obedient to her voice, and rubbing his head on her arm. Again she took the reins firmly in her right hand, placed it on the pommel, and putting her little foot in Tom's huge palm, she rose to her saddle with the lightness of a bird.

"You have your curb-rein too tight, I think, Miss Stanley," said Tom, as he was turning away to look for Lucy.

"No, sir, I always ride with it so. You see my horse is obedient to my lightest touch: look how finely his neck is arched. And what a splendid position it is in, and that too without the aid of a martingal."

Tom thought to himself, "wait till he gets into a canter or a trot, and we'll see the 'position' his head will be in," but as Sultan commenced pawing the air and ground, and throwing his head about as if in delight at having his mistress on his back, Tom could not help feeling that all these innovations on the good old style of riding, heterodox though they might be, were really wonderful.

Lucy was soon mounted, and the party started off on a brisk canter. Tom looked at Grace in astonishment. Bell Hamilton's bold horsemanship was forgotten in that of the lady by his side. Such steadiness but lightness of hand, such a firm seat, such readiness and completeness of management of one of the gayest animals he had ever seen, such unity of action in horse and rider, threw him into ecstasies of delight.

"What do you think of 'Lightning,' Miss Stanley?" asked Tom, for he now considered Grace quite competent to give an opinion on the subject.

"He is a fine horse, but I should not like to ride him," was the reply.

"He is quite gentle, and there would be no danger, for you, I think!" said Tom.

"Oh, I have no fear of him," retorted Grace, "but he is not properly trained," and though the side of the cheek which was turned toward the gentleman was exceedingly demure, her eyes sparkled, and her mouth dimpled with suppressed mischief.

"Not properly trained"—pray, Miss Stanley, can you instruct me how to train him properly?" asked Tom, ironically, whilst an incipient flash, which very much resembled the name of his horse, shot from his eyes. In truth, Grace had touched him on a most tender point; he considered himself the best breaker of horses in Maryland.

"I should really like to take lessons from you: can you teach me?" he continued, with a mocking smile.

"Oh, very easily, if you have any capacity for learning; but some persons are so stupid about horses," replied Grace, with provoking gravity.

Tom bit his lip, put his spurs into Lightning's side, deeper than they had gone since he was a colt being broken, and rushed off in a gallop.



Grace gave a little, merry laugh, ohirruped to Sultan, and followed.

They rode on for half a mile, side by side, without drawing rein, till Tom suddenly recollected his sister, who on her little mare Gipsey, was coming along at a more moderate pace.

"I think," said Grace, as they turned to meet Lucy, "that you gentlemen who take riding as children do the meassels, ought to be brought under proper treatment. Now there are the spurs, which should be used only to gather a horse with properly, I see you use just to irritate him. Lightning would not have run off just now, if he had not been improperly spurred."

Lightning run off! shade of Nimrod! didst thou desert Tom Morgan, of hunting memory, in that dilemma.

In truth, Tom was angry enough to have put the spurs deeper still in Lightning's side; but he remembered that Miss Stanley was his father's guest, so he said as calmly as possible,

"I was not aware that my horse *did* run off, till you informed me."

"Oh, excuse me, sir," replied Grace, "I thought he did; he pulled so, that I wonder your arm is not drawn from the socket. But then I ride Sultan with so easy a curb that perhaps I am no judge. It's a pity though that Lightning is not properly trained," and placing her whip for a moment on her horse's neck, she put him into a trot, and started off.

Tom Morgan rode home moodily enough. Grace and Lucy had all the conversation to themselves, and their gay sallies and merry laugh irritated that miserable gentleman only the more.

"Oh, there is Bell Hamilton's horse. She's come to call on you, Grace," said Lucy, as they approached the house. "She's been on a visit in Delaware, or I suspect she would have been to see you before."

And there she was, sure enough, striding up and down the drawing-room, in the famous scarlet habit which Tom admired so vastly, with a couple of large dogs following her, very much in the same manner as the Danish coach-dogs, which we see running between carriage wheels.

Tom greeted the young amazon with unusual *empressment*; it was quite refreshing to find some one who admired his riding and his horse unconditionally, after the severe criticisms of Grace; and Bell and himself had always preserved inviolate, a mutual admiration on that subject.

"She's deucedly handsome," said Tom, inwardly, as if to convince himself of the fact, if he had had any misgivings, and then he turned

his eyes to the centre-table, by which Miss Stanley was leaning in a graceful attitude, drawing off her Swedish leather gauntlets. But after all her face seemed to bewitch him, as gay or grave thoughts passed across it like sunshine and shadows, while she sat now with one white hand on the table toying with her little whip.

Bell's loud laugh struck his ear a little unpleasantly just then, as she was describing with great glee to her listeners, her adventures with a pair of almost unbroken colts which she had been endeavoring to drive tandem.

She was unquestionably though, a fine-looking woman, with her large, well-developed figure, and handsome, though somewhat bold face. She was sitting now in a negligent attitude on one end of the sofa, with her right limb stretched out to its full length, tapping her boot with her heavy riding-whip, whilst her two dogs crouched at her feet. Grace with her artist eyes could not help admiring her; and she felt some curiosity to see the greatest horsewoman in Maryland in the saddle.

"By Diana, Miss Stanley, that's a splendid animal of yours," said Bell, looking out of the window; "most too light though, I should think, for much service, especially such service as our horses get here in fox-hunting, he'd be used up in no time;" and then she went into so knowing a disquisition upon the stock and pedigree of her own horse, that it astonished Grace.

An appointment was made by Miss Hamilton to meet them for a ride on the following morning; and then whistling to her dogs, who in the meanwhile had gone into the hall on an exploring expedition, she rose to take leave.

"I wonder you don't fall in love with her, Mr. Morgan," said Grace, to the gentleman, as he returned to the room from mounting Bell, "she'd make a splendid picture of the hunter's goddess, by whom she's so fond of ejaculating. Diana herself was never handsomer. Probably she objects though to the honor of your hand—she seems to have a good deal of common sense," and Grace, who turned to pick up her gloves and whip, did not see the expression of Tom's face as he replied,

"I never saw a woman yet I would have for a wife, though Miss Hamilton comes nearer to it than any one I know."

"Oh, you *could* get her then if you wanted her? Well, she is really a fine creature, I'd advise you to think better of it," and with a smile Grace left the room.

Tom Morgan walked up and down the parlor almost stamping with anger; his irritation which had been accumulating all the morning, now

nearly approached a climax, for every single man's self-love is touched when a woman resigns so coolly all title to his admiration or love as Grace had done.

But alas for the equestrians! the next day, and the next, and the next, they awoke to find the rain beating drearily against their window panes, and to hear the wind in fitful gusts moan around the chimney-tops. The roads were almost hock deep in mud, and consequently impassable.

And yet Tom Morgan was not as near being *ennuied* to death as usual. He scarcely yawned once an hour, and did not above a dozen times a day, go to the window to gaze out with his hands in his pockets, whistling a melancholy tune. Grace and Lucy employed themselves as ladies usually do at such times, in fancy work, chatting, reading, music and singing, and now and then practising the last new waltz.

The fourth day of their imprisonment dawned as drearily as the rest. It seemed to be the advent of a second deluge, without—but within, all was as cheerful as a good-sized, comfortably furnished room, a blazing hickory fire, just giving out enough warmth for a chilly day, books, work-tables, and musical instruments could make it. Grace was at the piano, now rattling off a gay, dashing waltz, now playing a spirited march, then again gliding into something so sad and melancholy, that the ivory keys seemed to sob under her fingers. Old Mr. Morgan was seated in his comfortable arm-chair, spectacles on nose, luxuriating in some half dozen newspapers, which Sam had just brought from the post-office, and would have done well to have sit as a stereotype picture of a man who enjoyed the good things of this life, and took the world easily. Lucy was near the window, with her work-table by her side, engaged upon one of those mysterious pieces of worsted work which women so delight in, and which never appear finished; and Tom was lounging nearly at full length upon the sofa, leaning upon one elbow, and busy in entangling and disarranging his sister's zephyrs.

"Tom," said Lucy, "do give me that skein of green worsted, see how you have broken it. Why don't you find something to do. You'll make a pretty doctor, you never read a book; and none of the slaves even get sick for you to practice upon."

"A doctor," said Grace, who had wheeled around on the piano stool, with one hand still on the keys, and her large, hazle eyes open as if in astonishment, "a doctor! what an idea," and a merry laugh completed the sentence, and she again turned to the piano.

"Yes, madam! a doctor! Is there anything so improbable in that? I can show you my diploma."

"Can you? not worth much, I suspect, for I don't doubt but you felt much more interest in the result of a horse-race than you did in that of your examination."

"Nevertheless," answered he, as calmly as he could, "I *did* pass, and have a legal right to kill any one."

"Lucy dear," said Grace, "if I should be taken ill, please don't let your brother administer any thing to me; he looks now as if he would like to kill me, and he won't hesitate when he has a 'legal right' to do so. Oh, I wouldn't let him extract a splinter from my finger."

"So you doubt my skill as a physician, do you, Miss Grace?" asked Tom.

"Oh, you might make a second or third-rate veterinary surgeon," was the reply; "but I suspect the only medicine you know how to give is Glauber's."

The gentleman looked completely discomfited; Lucy laughed; old Mr. Morgan's loud, hoarse ha, ha! could be heard half over the house; and Grace commenced singing, "Doctor Calomel."

Tom heard the song to the end, affecting to play with his sister's pet spaniel, but the poor dog got a kick or two more than he was in the habit of receiving, for not performing his tricks correctly, and then his tormentor got up and left the room.

He returned in about an hour, and found Grace and Lucy practising a new waltz.

"Oh, Mr. Morgan, beg pardon, *Doctor* Morgan, don't you want to learn this beautiful waltz? I'll teach you," said Grace.

"Thank you, madam," Tom always emphasized the madam to Grace when he was particularly annoyed—"thank you, madam, I've no ambition to make a humming-top of myself."

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't find dancing easy—one, two—you seem rather stiff and awkward. Really you ought to be supplied—one, two, three—as they do the horses under the Baucher system."

Tom looked on with a lowering brow, and at last exclaimed,

"If the women had—any sense, it would be inconceivable how they could make such fools of themselves. As it is, I don't see how the deuce they can spend their time hopping around like peas on a hot shovel."

"Oh, we glide into the men's hearts that way—one, two—and at last whirl ourselves into matrimony," replied Grace.

"Well, a man who'd be caught by such a

tee-totum would deserve his fate. It wouldn't be me."

"No," was the answer. "A woman would have to ride into your heart on horseback, or drive in with a four in hand. One, two—Lu slide a little more, if you please."

"Tom, just whistle for us, it puts Grace almost out of breath to dance and count the steps at the same time," said Lucy, "this is it, la, la, la!"

But her brother flatly refused.

"How beautifully Cousin Charles used to whistle," said Grace, "when we waltzed together. Oh, he danced divinely," and here her great hazel eyes were rolled up in ecstasy. "You never saw him, did you, Lucy? He's in the Navy, you know, and is somewhere up the Mediterranean now. He promised me a beautiful Spanish mantilla when he returns—they can't be bought in this country."

"Take care, Gracie, that he don't bring you home a Spanish cousin, as well," said Lucy.

"Oh, there's no danger of that; he's called me his little wife ever since I can remember," replied the gipsy, glancing out of the corner of her eye at Tom; but keeping secret the fact that he was engaged to her elder sister.

"Is he very handsome, Grace?" queried Lucy.

"Oh, remarkably; those blue coats with metal buttons are so becoming; and then his imperial! Lucy you never saw *such* an imperial! he don't wear moustaches, they are decidedly vulgar, you know; nobody, scarcely wears them now, but tobaccoists and tailors."

Tom had refused to whistle for the girls to waltz by, but he was doing it now for his own amusement, and drumming time vigorously against the window pane with one hand, whilst with the other he fondly stroked his own hirsute pet, which he had thought such an addition to his face in its glossy blackness.

Really this confirmed bachelor of twenty-five, this contemptuous derider of women, was to be pitied. Grace seemed to have taken it upon herself to revenge her whole sex. His own words, uttered before her arrival, almost seemed like a prophecy. Lucy had said she was both beautiful and fascinating, and he had replied that so was a rattle-snake: and very much such a fascination did she now exercise over him. He tried to despise or hate her heartily, but he found himself constantly in her way without power to withdraw. He would leave the room in which she was, twenty times a day, with the determination to avoid her, and as often find himself back again after a very short absence, sometimes with but a frivolous pretext for returning, sometimes with none at all.

At the end of the week the rain had ceased, the sun came out, the roads dried up finely, and our party, with Bell Hamilton, was once more in the saddle.

"Can you take a fence or a ditch?" asked Tom of Grace, as they cantered slowly along.

"Not a very high fence, nor a very wide ditch I'm afraid," was the answer.

"Miss Hamilton thinks *nothing* of one of our jagged worm fences," said Tom.

They were now approaching the place where the girls had practised leaping, during Tom's absence; and as Grace had her head turned partially back speaking to Lucy, Sultan, recollecting his old lessons, suddenly left the road and took the fence.

His mistress was unprepared for the movement, but she never swerved in her saddle. Tom Morgan was breathless with astonishment; and Bell cried out, "bravo, bravo," at the top of her lungs.

Grace had checked her horse the instant he touched the ground, and he now stood pawing the earth, and tossing his head as if he had really done something worthy of praise.

"Wait a moment, Miss Stanley, and I'll let down the bars for you," said Mr. Morgan.

"No, thank you, sir, Sultan came over for his own pleasure, and now he must go back for mine," and cantering a short distance across the field, she turned and put his head at the fence. The horse took it beautifully, and this time Tom Morgan cried, "bravo," as well as Bell Hamilton.

"You're a perfect centaur, I declare, Miss Stanley, you look like a part of your horse," said Bell. Bell was not classical nor mythological, dear reader, but she had some knowledge of the centaurs, of Pegasus, and by the steeds of the sun.

"Now, Miss Stanley, draw your horse up a little," said Tom, as they entered a large field, "there is the widest ditch in Maryland, I verily believe, at the other side. We must go at it in a gallop. Sultan took that fence so kindly that I think he can stride it; if not," and here he laughed maliciously, "you will come out rather muddy. No danger to bones though, it is very soft, I assure you."

Grace knew her horse and herself both too well to feel much doubt about clearing the ditch, but as she approached it at a gallop she felt a moment's hesitation—it looked to her almost as wide as a small creek. The doubt was fatal, for in her unwonted nervousness she drew up her horse's head and spurred him too soon, and he was ready for the leap three feet too far from

the ditch. He gathered himself beautifully, however, and sprang like a deer, but instead of clearing the opposite bank, Sultan's feet stuck in the mud, about half way up the further side, and only recovered himself from a complete stumble by Grace's firm hand, though he had nearly unseated her.

"Splendidly done by Jove," called out Tom, who was safe on *terra firma*, "that recovery showed better horsemanship than a clear leap would have done."

Bell Hamilton came over after them with as good a stride as Tom's own; but Lucy, who was not so adventurous, rode further down and took the ditch at a narrower place.

Every day now saw the party galloping over fields, taking fences and ditches in their way, sometimes through thick woods, with such low hanging branches that their heads were on their horse's manes. Miss Hamilton sometimes drove over to take Grace out for a "trot," as she termed it; carried a stop watch, and felt as much anxiety about the difference between 2-38 and 2-40, as if a large purse depended on it. In that one thing she did certainly excel Grace;—she handled the "ribbons" as dexterously as any Jehu in the state.

"Hollo! my embryo Loyo, where are you?" she called out to Grace one morning, as she mounted the steps of Mr. Morgan's piazza.

Grace made her appearance at the breakfast room window.

"Get your bonnet, child," said Bell to her, "I've come to give you a splendid ride, such a pair of horses you never were behind yet. Really it's a pleasure to drive one who appreciates it as you do; but as to that chicken-hearted Luce," continued she, laughingly, "I always expect a fit of hysterics before I get her back."

"Grace, I warn you not to go," said Lucy, "Bell is naturally a reckless driver, and she's determined to break your neck from sheer jealousy of your horsemanship."

Bell's whip was raised threateningly at the speaker, but Grace making her appearance just then, bonnet in hand, they sprang into the stanhope and were off.

"Isn't that leader a beauty?" queried Bell, for she was driving tandem, "whew! what a time I had with him the first day I tried him, but I drove him till he was pretty well mastered, and he has been on his good behavior ever since."

"Are those the colts I heard you speaking of?" asked Grace, who now began to think that Lucy's remark about Bell's recklessness nearly true.

"Yes, to be sure, but *ain't* they beauties?" and touching the leader with her whip, they started off into a fine trot.

The splendid animals seemed really to merit their mistress' encomiums. They went along evenly and quickly enough till they became sufficiently warmed up to bring out their spirit. Then the signs of an incipient rebellion began to show themselves, and the leader swerved and turned restlessly. Bell's long whip was used unsparingly, but somewhat injudiciously, and the leader even jumped so high once or twice that he nearly cleared the traces. His spirit seemed contagious, for the other horse, who till now had been comparatively manageable, grew as restive as his companion. At last, in spite of Bell's self-possession and firm hand, they got entirely beyond her control, and though Grace never said a word, she expected to be dashed to pieces every moment. They were tearing along now at a terrible pace, but Bell was beginning to hope that as nothing impeded their way, they would soon tire themselves down, and with steady eye and hand she was preparing to guide them so as to avoid a huge oak tree which stood in the middle of the road, when a gun-shot close by them, made the horses spring and dash forward; the stanhope struck the tree, and the girls were thrown to the ground. The infuriated animals never slackened their pace, but kept on with part of the carriage at their heels, whilst Bell, but momentarily stunned, crept out from beneath Grace who had been thrown upon her.

Just then the sportsman, whose gun had caused the misfortune, came hurrying to the spot, with his game-bag and powder-horn slung across his shoulder. It was Mr. Morgan.

"Oh! my God, what have I done?" he cried.

"Is she dead?" asked Bell, pointing to Grace, who lay perfectly insensible.

"I think not, but terribly stunned; run to the brook down yonder and wet these handkerchiefs; we've nothing to carry water in."

Bell started off, making as much haste as the long grass would permit her, whilst Tom raised Grace's insensible form in his arms, and whispered strange words over her; which brought the rosy light flashing across her face, like the Aurora Borealis, on a clear night. To this day we know not what the magic sentence might have been, but Grace vows it was only the ordinary pow-wow of a medicine man, and seemed satisfied with its efficacy.

A wagon was procured from a farm house near, and Grace was lifted in, a sprained wrist and a few bruises the worse, for her drive with Bell Hamilton.

"I will send Sam for Doctor Murray immediately," said Tom, as he placed Grace upon a sofa.

"Surely that's unnecessary; you know what should be done for such a sprain," was the reply.

"Yes, but then you would not trust it with only 'a second rate veterinary surgeon,' would you?"

Grace laughed merrily in spite of the pain, which her wrist caused her, and Tom proceeded to bathe and bind it up with much dexterity, though the lady declared a better physician would have done it in half the time.

"So he might, if he had not been so deucedly in love as I am," thought Tom; and like all young doctors with but little practice, he seemed inclined to make the most of his patient.

The time at length arrived when Grace's wrist was relieved from baths and bandages, though Tom carefully held it as if not quite assured of its strength, whilst the Aurora Borealis light was again flashing across the lady's face, as she laughingly catechised her physician.

"You'll never say again, that there are no sensible women in the world, except Lucy and your mother, will you?"

"No, no, I promise you."

"You'll let me, sometimes, sing sentimental ballads?" Grace continued, archly.

"Yes, nothing will be too doleful."

"You'll acknowledge that a lady from the city can ride?"

"Yes, better than myself."

"You'll learn to waltz?"

"Yes, I'll go on my head, like a Chinese juggler, if you wish it."

"Well, then, if you will do all that, you may keep your moustache, for it is much handsomer than an imperial, and before you are as old as Methuselah I may consent to—*marry* you," but the two last words were said in a whisper, and Grace hurried from the room.

On a bright autumn morning, Tom Morgan was walking up and down the piazza, his head erect and chest thrown back, with all happy emotions lighting up his fine face. His sister joined him, and placing her arm within his, she said,

"But, Tom, how could you give me a woman like a rattle-snake for a sister—a lady full of fine airs and otter of roses?"

"Luce, have mercy, if you please! I do believe she has fascinated me, though. She is such a thorough-bred lady, as well as a thorough-bred horseman."

"Yes," said Lucy, and it was the only time she was guilty of a pun in her life, "and, Tom, she has had a THOROUGH-BRED REVENGE."

## REMEMBRANCES.

BY WILLIAM H. EGLE.

I REMEMBER how glorious it was,

When we wander'd together at night,  
And counted the stars, which merrily gleam'd  
Far up in the azure height;  
And how we chose from the shining host,  
That glitter'd in bright array,  
A favorite star, which should guide us on  
Upon life's gloomiest way.

I remember, too, in after years,  
When we were sundered afar,  
How pleasant it was, in the sweet night-tide,  
To gaze on that beaming star;  
For I knew that other and dearer eyes  
Were watching it in that hour,  
And the sweet thought came to my weary heart  
With wondrous and kindly pow'r.

I remember how often I've lain awake,  
'Till mine eyes with tears grew dim,  
And I thought I heard the eve-stars chaunt  
A wild and wierd-like hymn;

And the loving one we chose in youth,  
As it joined in the symphonies,  
Smiled sweetly down from its azure home  
Far away in the glowing skies.

I remember, too, when its ray grew dim,  
And its light burn'd faint and low,  
That pleasure gave place to the heart's deep pain,  
And joy to sorrow and woe.  
Then, too, when it sparkled bright and gay,  
I was happy and glad some again,  
And glorious visions from golden-hued clouds  
Fell sweetly like April rain.

There must be something true in what  
The astrologers say of Mars,  
When fiery it glows, and brightly too,  
Gleam Jupiter's radiant bars—  
That it ever forbodes the strife of men—  
Contentions and angry wars;  
For by experience have we not learn'd  
That there's truth in the lore of stars?

## HOW I FELL IN LOVE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY PAUL PERIWINKLE.

THE first time I saw Mrs. Periwinkle, was when she was "sweet sixteen." It was at a party my sister gave to her schoolmates, and Amelia Ann, for that was the dear creature's name, was the divinity of the evening. She wore a blue dress—I shall never forget that dress—which was cut low on the neck, showing a pair of the whitest, roundest and most polished shoulders in the world: and she had long, golden ringlets that flowed down her back:—in short, I thought I had never seen anything half so angelic.

Perhaps she was as much impressed by my appearance; she has often since told me she was; for she allowed me to dance with her almost every set; said "yes" to everything I proposed; and drank a glass of champagne at supper, at my urgent request, though insisting that she had never done such a wicked thing in her life before. When Harry Hanson spoke to her, and asked her to eat a philopena with him, I felt as if I could have knocked him down. Dear creature, I heard her afterward refuse to let him see her home, and shall never forget how chop-fallen he looked, when she said, with a toss of the head, "no, thank you, I'm engaged."

It was I that escorted her to her father's door, and when she asked me in, I didn't know, for a minute, whether I stood on my head or my feet. But I declined, pleading the late hour. On my way home I whistled, sung, and occasionally danced; never had I felt so happy: it seemed as if I could almost fly. "Oh! Amelia Ann," I kept repeating, thinking what a pretty name it was: and then I would break out into "Zip Coon," or perhaps "Dan Tucker:" till at last a watchman tapping me on the shoulder, told me not to "cut them shines," or he'd take me up for being tipsy. Frightened half out of my wits, I gave him a dollar, and had the satisfaction of hearing him growl out, in return, that he saw I was a gentleman, "vich saved my bacon."

I reached home, and began to undress, but had to stop, with a stocking half way off, to try and recall how Amelia Ann had looked. I shut my eyes, and leaned back dreamingly in my chair, to call up satisfactorily the image of her plump shoulders and round white arm. It was a bitter cold night, but in spite of it, I paused in

turning down the sheets, and when one foot was already raised to get into bed, for it suddenly struck me that, perhaps, Amelia Ann was thinking of me at that very moment: yes! sitting abstractedly before her chamber fire, all in virgin white, blushing and ruminating. "Ah! dear Amelia Ann," I ejaculated, clasping the air, and dropping the coverlid; and in that ecstasy I stood till the cold bit me like a pair of nippers in ten thousand places at once; and then I popped into bed, and curling up like a whip-lash, repeated "lovely Amelia Ann," till, falling asleep, I dreamed of her all night.

I called three times that week to see her. She played on the piano divinely, and sang like a St. Cecilia. Her "Last Rose of Summer," was enchanting, better than Jenny Lind's, I thought. I have never forgiven her two boisterous brothers, who used to talk aloud while she sang, and who, even when silent, never listened to her. The rude boors!

The second week I knew Amelia Ann, I spent every evening but one with her; and then she had a headache, and could see nobody. How I walked up and down, on the other side of the way, looking up at the window which I knew to be her's, and where a light was burning! Once or twice a shadow was reflected on the curtain; and that was almost as good as seeing her. "Dearest Amelia Ann," I said, "if I could only have your headache for you."

The next Sunday I proposed. Everybody but we two had gone to church, and we remained at home to read "Lallah Rookh." I can still point out the exact spot, on the back parlor sofa, where she sat when she promised to be mine.

We have been married five years, but, somehow or other, she don't care for dress any more; and, as for poetry, she declares its "trash." Her hair is worn plain, and often looks frowsy; but she says its impossible, with all her family, to be fixing it forever. In truth, our three darlings occupy so much of her attention that she has time for nothing. She never opens the piano; "she does not know the new pieces," she says, "and is tired of the old ones."

She often tells me it is a wonder she looks as well as she does, considering the troubles of housekeeping, especially the perversity of

children and the difficulty of keeping servants. Her cares, she declares, "are wearing out her life," so that I consider it a miracle she survives at all. It is true I endeavor to lighten the load for her by nursing the baby all the evening, and getting up, at night, to carry it if it cries. I allow her, too, unlimited credit at the milliners; for she vows she could not be happy without four new bonnets a year.

I used to think, before we were married, that she lived on air, perhaps like a chameleon, or without eating. But she has an excellent appetite now. If it wasn't for that, she says, she would long since have sunk under her troubles.

She was very fond of porter, till she joined the temperance society, since which time she has found great benefit in drinking the strongest black tea. She has certain dishes, which are quite favorites with her, for it was but yesterday she said: "Be sure you come home to dinner, love, for we are going to have what I like above all things, beefsteak smothered in onions."

And thus I fell in love with a blue dress and white shoulders, that beefsteak and onions might come of it.

Good Mr. Editor, do all sentimental young ladies turn out slovens?

## A MOTHER'S MIDNIGHT PRAYER.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

EARTH is darkness; and all sounds of laughter  
Now are buried in the midnight deep;  
Stars in yonder firmament are glowing—  
Others slumber—Love is not asleep.

Mother's love awakes in earthly dimness—  
Finds in Heaven above a fairer lot;  
Rest fond heart, though thou oft mayest slumber,  
There's another knoweth slumbering not.

He is bending o'er my life's fair flowers—  
Little children softly laid to sleep;  
Oh, not vainly come his holy angels  
Silent watchers by the couch to keep.

'Tis a Bethel. On a Heavenly ladder,  
Messengers seem going down and up.  
Here my Lord himself seems often near us,  
Bearing in His hand life's sparkling cup.

I seem to feel the white wings gentle motion  
Waving all about the room so still,  
While low praying calms all wild commotion,  
Bringing peace, from Heaven, my thought to fill.

Come, oh, come, with all unspoken blessing,  
Thou who listenest to the mother's prayer!  
Thou who from the earth, with sweet caressing,  
Little hands and hearts draw'st to Thee there!

These are thine. To me thou hast them given,  
Thus I lay them on thy heart again!  
Thou hast set Thy seal upon their foreheads,  
Oh, let nothing make the impress vain!

Wert Thou not the strengthener of the way,  
Trembling I must fall these cares among;  
Tears alone I'd offer to my children,  
But Thou livest—giving life and song!

## TO ELVA.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

ONE who thinks the violet's hue  
Lovelier than the flaunting rose;  
Loves the bright ethereal blue,  
Loves the pleasant evening's close.  
Though fortune to him fickle be,  
Said'st thou, he's the one for thee?

One who loves the mountain height,  
Loves the valley green and still;  
Loves the torrent in its might,  
Loves the gently murmuring rill;  
Though fortune on him o'er did frown,  
Said'st thou he thy hand might own?

One who'd rather virtue win,  
Than fading, fickle beauty's ray;  
One who thinks it not a sin  
With Innocence to romp and play;  
Lady, said'st thou he should be  
The one who'd win a smile from thee!

One who loves each flower and tree,  
Loves all nature bright to view;  
One who loving once could be  
Ever constant, fond and true.  
Lady, could he these things prove,  
Said'st thou, he could win thy love?

## STAYS AND STAY-MAKING.

BY E. J. TILT, M. D.

PHILOSOPHERS, milliners, and medical men have given much attention to the dress of women; but the little philosophers know about the operations of the human mind does not qualify them to give an opinion upon dress; and as dress-makers have not generally given themselves the trouble to study the form of the object given them to fit, medical men are alone competent to understand and to decide upon this matter. This is our excuse for offering a few remarks upon the subject.

The stays are the basis of feminine attire. Most of the other habiliments are fastened to them, and to a great extent they govern the shape and appearance of the rest of the dress.

To point to the unirritable females of warmer climates, who are accustomed to go with very little clothing, or to the strong, hardy peasants of our own country, and say that because they wear no stays, the women of our present civilization are to do the same, seems to us unreasonable; for when once the body has taken its full set, we see no objection to women wearing rationally-constructed stays: indeed, so long as the dresses are made tight and full of bones, after the present fashion, those who do not wear stays will equally experience the evil effects attributed to them. Badly-constructed stays, however—those not made to fit the body—from the undue pressure on some parts, help to produce spinal curvature.

But to consider tight-lacing. In her natural condition, woman expands the ribs during respiration more freely than man. Tight-lacing prevents this free action of the ribs; for if by the undue pressure of the stays on the abdomen, that portion of the act of breathing which was intended to be performed by the midriff is much diminished, then the ribs are called into increased action, as it is often seen in the tumultuous heaving of the chest in singers, and in most women under the influence of emotion.

While the functions of the lungs are hereby impeded, the midriff cannot descend and influence the abdominal viscera by its perpetual upward and downward movements; the liver becomes so indented as to oppose a permanent impediment in the way of digestion of food and its assimilation; and thus a catalogue of

dyspeptic and nervous symptoms are set on foot. Can we, then, wonder that the sex suffers from shortness of breath, palpitation, indigestion, hysteria, and a host of maladies, which, though not immediately fatal to life, are incompatible with sound health?

It is generally supposed that tight-lacing tells most on the system, by accelerating the approach of consumption. Thus it has been remarked, that between the ages of fifteen and thirty, the very time that tight-lacing is most employed, the deaths of females are more by thirteen per cent. than those of males; and as eight per cent. more females die of consumption than males, the habit of tight-lacing is considered one of the causes of this excessive mortality. Dr. Hutchinson, however, to whom science is much indebted for his accurate study of respiration, informs us that many who think themselves affected with consumption, suffer only from a form of dyspepsia presenting many symptoms similar to the more severe inflection; and it is probable enough that the imperfect aëration of the blood induced by badly-formed stays, must predispose to debility and spinal curvature.

Those who seek to solve the stay-problem should bear in mind that women ought to feel as easy in their clothes as we do in ours. Stays, therefore, should not unduly press upon any part of the body, but form an anatomical fit like the cast to a statue. They should have as few bones as possible, and these should be so placed as not to press on any of the bones of the bust, and merely of sufficient strength to prevent the creasing of the stays. The busk is generally objected to on account of its weight, and lately it has been accused of "carrying off by its polarization the electricity of the body." We see no reason for objecting to the busk on such grounds; and if it be necessary for the conformation of the stay, it should not be made of too thin steel, for in that case it would press against the breast-bone every time the body bends forward; neither should it have the curve which gives rise to undue pressure on the chest. The waist should be made below the floating ribs, and not on the true ribs, as in ordinary stays; and in addition to all these requisites the stays should contain broad bands of elastic tissue in



their whole length from the armpits downward; for if they fit the bust accurately, so as to prevent the possibility of tight-lacing, it is evident that when the elastic web is warmed by the heat of the body, the stays thus made will permit of food and of exercise being taken without impeding either digestion or respiration.

One of the great objections to ordinary stays is that two inches, or even more space, was left, so that women may fit into their stays by dint of tightening in, whereas those we have described accurately fit the body, nearly meeting on each side of the spinal processes of the vertebral column, and as the vulcanized elastic tissue gives two inches, there is no possibility, as with other stays, of a young lady tight-lacing.

It must not be supposed that a perfect stay, one completely modelled to each particular figure, will ensure a lady from injudicious pressure on the vital organs. If the petticoats are made to tie tightly round the waist in front, there will be undue pressure independently of the stays. To meet this difficulty, the petticoats should be retained in front by a hook soldered to the busk, all strings should be tied behind, and the divided weight of the petticoats would be made to bear upon the hips. Here also we may remark that those who boast of wearing no stays at all, do not tell us how many additional bones the dress-

maker employs to form their corsege. The bones in the dress and the strings often mark the body with red lines, and make such ladies experience many of the evil effects of badly made stays.

These observations refer to morning dresses; but it will be evident to all who give the subject a little reflection, that evening dresses are also liable to many objections. The two or three upper inches of the body of the dress are always made much tighter than it should be: this prevents the free expansion of the chest, and as the dress is thrown off the shoulders, the arms are necessarily pinioned, and could not be raised without splitting the dress. By the pinioning of the arms, the shoulders are raised and the head is awkwardly pushed forward. This injudicious practice must be prejudicial to the carriage of those ladies who wear low dresses every evening; and is perhaps the cause of a mode of carrying the head which is far from graceful, although frequently to be met with in the wealthiest classes of society. If fashion renders it necessary to expose the shoulders, there is at least no reason for pinioning the arms. Why cannot dress-makers contrive to leave the arm completely free? They could easily cover as much of it as they liked with a fall of silk or of lace, which could be looped up with flowers or with riband.

## "I SHALL DIE IN MY NEST."

BY SARA H. BROWNE.

"I SHALL die in my nest," said a bright winged bird,  
And she soared and sang  
Till the firmament rang  
With echoes of gladness her melody stirred!

"I have chosen a spot that is safe," said she—  
"No prowling beast  
On my young shall feast,  
But here shall they flutter and sing with me.

"I have built it nice, and strong, and high—  
I have tethered it fast,  
So the stormy blast  
May pass it unharmed as it thunders by.

"I have stolen down from the royal swan  
She had torn for her nest,  
From her snow-white breast,  
To cradle my dainty brood upon.

"And more than this, I have sought and found  
The silk-worm's lair,  
And have stripped him bare  
Of the shining tissue he vainly wound!

"And it floats at my secret vestibule—  
It drapes my door,  
And carpets my floor,  
And tangles the dew-drops pure and cool.

"And here will I dwell as a queen might choose—  
My heart is light,  
And mine eye is bright,  
My plumage all stained with the rainbow's hues!"

But while she was spreading her wing to soar,  
A fibre of down  
In her eye had flown,  
Obscuring the arch of her silk-draped door!

Forward with random haste she sprang;  
When a silken thread  
Entangled her head,  
And fast in its tether she strangled and swung!

Alas for the pride of a vain young heart!  
Its treasure and boast,  
What it prizes most,  
Full often concealeth the deadly dart!

## THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 304.

### XVII.—THE PLOT.

It is necessary to go back a few hours in our story in order to explain the arrest of Julia.

She had scarcely left the parlor, after her altercation with Mrs. Elwood, when the latter lady, retiring to prepare for her morning drive, the apartment became, for a moment, deserted. During this interval the son, who had agreed to ride with her, entered. On the carpet, close by where Clara had been sitting, he saw a bracelet, which, picking up, he recognized as belonging to his betrothed.

"I will put this in my pocket, and tease her about it," he said to himself: and he had scarcely done this when the carriage was announced, and his mother entered. No sooner had he taken his seat beside his parent, than the latter, still indignant from the late interview, proceeded to describe Julia's manner and words, embellishing them not a little in the narrative. The son was still in a state of exasperation from the treatment he had received from Julia, and the knowledge that she had complained to his mother excited his rage almost beyond control. He secretly swore to be revenged in some way. The opportunity presented itself, when, on returning home, he learned that Julia had left her baggage temporarily behind her; for remembering Clara's bracelet, he knew that, if he could secrete it in one of Julia's packages, a charge of theft could easily be maintained against her. Accordingly, watching his chance when the servants were at dinner, he stole up to Julia's room, and carefully placed the bracelet among her wardrobe, saying nothing, even to his mother, of his base scheme.

As he had expected, the evening had not passed, when a note arrived from Clara, addressed to his mother, asking if a bracelet had been found in the parlor. "We called at no house but yours," wrote Clara, "and I missed the trinket as soon as I came home. I am almost sure I dropped it in the parlor. Pray search for it, and send it by bearer." But though a search was immediately instituted for the bracelet, it was not to be found; and Mrs. Elwood was about replying to that effect,

when her son asked her casually if Miss Forester had not been in the room.

"Yes," answered the mother, "and now I think of it, she was the only person that was here. Could she have taken it, do you think?"

"I don't know. I should think not. But it would be as well to search her effects, perhaps," indifferently replied the son.

"That I will," retorted Mrs. Elwood. "And I'm not so sure that she's innocent, the impudent upstart! Girls as forward as she is, are ready for anything. She could easily have secreted the bracelet, when I turned my back on her to ring the bell, especially as she stood, as I now recollect, by the end of the sofa where Clara had been sitting."

The son, aware that his mother's obstinacy would be increased by opposition, pretended still to argue against her views; and in consequence so wrought up Mrs. Elwood, that, in a little while, she started up, declaring that a search should be instituted at once. Accordingly several of the servants were called, and lights were ordered up into Julia's late chamber.

The investigation proceeded, for a while, ineffectually. At last, after locks had been broken, and dresses tumbled out in vain, the inquiry was about being abandoned, when a work-box, which no one had thought of looking into, was pointed out by Elwood.

"You haven't examined this," he said, taking it up.

"Pahaw," testily replied his mother, "you don't think the minx would leave it in so public a place—she's too deep for that."

"Excuse me, madam," answered her son, "but, just because she is deep, she would select her work-box to hide the bracelet in, for she would argue to herself that no one would think of searching it; and the proof of her shrewdness exists in the fact that you have not looked into the box, and perhaps will not."

"We'll soon see about that," angrily said Mrs. Elwood, snatching the box from her son, and emptying its contents promiscuously on the floor. As she did this, something heavier than spoons of

cotton, thread and silk fell on the carpet; and instantly the bracelet was discovered.

"Good heavens," exclaimed the son, with well affected horror.

"Well, I never," burst forth from Mrs. Elwood, after a pause, for, to do her justice, she had really not expected this.

The servants, with whom Julia had never been popular, because she was not familiar with them, began immediately to remind each other, how often they had said it would come to this: all except the footman, who looked as if there was something in the matter he could not comprehend, and who gazed at his young master with a dubious expression, partly of distrust, partly of incredulity.

There was one other person in the room who viewed Elwood in an equally strange manner. It was Gertrude, who had entered unseen, almost at the moment the bracelet was discovered. Her large eyes were distended with horror, and her countenance was deadly white, as she looked at her brother, when, after a while, he declared there was now really no doubt that Julia had stolen the bracelet. For a moment she glanced at him, half in indignation, half in sorrow, and then, covering her face with both her hands, burst into tears, and rushed from the room.

#### XVIII.—THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

WHEN Julia recovered from her swoon, and realized again her situation, her feelings of shame and horror almost overpowered her a second time. The officer, however, hurried her immediately into a carriage, and drove rapidly to the Mayor's Office.

On alighting, Julia was led, half fainting, through a long, narrow hall, into a large room, filthy and close, and redolent with the odor of tobacco juice. In a recess, opposite the entrance, was a raised platform, on which was placed the chair of the chief magistrate of the city. In front of this dignitary's seat, a space was raised off for officers and attorneys. Large docks, or more accurately speaking pens, were at the side, crowded with prisoners of every color and age, the majority being sturdy beggars in rags arrested for vagrancy, or the victims of a debauch and riot the night before, whose intoxication was not yet entirely off.

With her veil drawn closely over her face, Julia had followed the officer, but when he paused at the entrance to one of these pens, and moved aside for her to enter, she shrank back. To be herded with such loathsome objects seemed to be the last degree of insult and ignominy; and instinctively, without pausing to think, she turned

to the Mayor, clasping her hands. That functionary happened to be looking up when she entered, and had followed her graceful figure with curiosity and surprise. Her gesture immediately attracted his attention. He was a humane man, as well as a sagacious judge, and recognizing in Julia a different sort of prisoner from those usually brought before him, he called in a sharp voice to the officer having her in charge,

"Mr. Morgan, take that young woman into another room. I will hear her case directly."

The officer, somewhat abashed, bowed to the magistrate, and led Julia, with an air of more respect than he had shown before, into a small apartment on the right of the hall. Here he pointed her to a chair, and went out in silence; but, lest Julia should forget she was a prisoner, locked the door after him.

And now Julia, for the first time since she had been arrested, had an opportunity calmly to review her condition. The first paralyzing effect of the blow had passed, and beginning to recall clearly the events of the preceding day, she had no difficulty in divining that she owed her arrest to some nefarious plot. But whether Mrs. Elwood, or the son, or both, were the originators of the scheme, she knew not.

"Yet what benefit is it for me to know I am the victim of treachery," she said to herself, "if I cannot prove it. Oh! Thou, who art the friend of the orphan," she cried, raising her eyes to heaven, "send deliverance to me in this extremity."

She had scarcely spoken, when, as if in answer, the key turned, the door was opened, and Gertrude, flying in, fell weeping into her arms.

"Oh! my dear," she said, "to think of finding you here." And, in broken language she continued, sobbing and speaking by turns. "It is too cruel. That ever he should be so bad. But you're innocent, and I'll swear to it, if he don't let you free first—"

"My child," said Julia, recovering herself from her first astonishment, and thinking, from these incoherent words, that Gertrude was temporarily beside herself, "compose yourself. I know you believe me innocent; and that will be a consolation to me, come what will! But, my love, I hope your mother knows you are here. And how did you get here?"

Gertrude, at these words, ceased clinging to Julia, and withdrew at arm's length, gazing curiously on our heroine. Gradually, as she observed Julia's perplexed look, she began to smile. A child still, mirth and sorrow succeeded each other, like April sunshine and rain, in her bosom.

"Oh! I see you don't know anything about it," she cried, clapping her hands. "You think I've only come to tell you I believe you innocent. But I've come to prove you so—to free you, to free you," and she flung herself impulsively into Julia's arms, weeping afresh.

Our heroine began to tremble with joyful agitation. Could it indeed be as Gertrude said? Julia was scarcely able to control her voice, as she answered,

"What do you mean, dearest? What can you know about my arrest? Again, my child, how did you get here?"

"How did I get here?" replied Gertrude, archly looking up, smiling through her tears. "Why, I rode, with my lawyer, in a carriage——"

"Your lawyer!"

"To be sure," continued the girl, enjoying Julia's amazement. "How can one do anything at law without a lawyer? And he's such a nice lawyer too—such a young and handsome one, I mean—a great man also—and says he'll get you off as soon as he can speak a word to the Mayor."

What was it that made Julia blush, and avert her eyes from Gertrude's eager face? Was it that, in her secret heart, she believed there could be but one young, handsome and celebrated lawyer? Yet it was not possible, she thought, that he could be this one.

"But I must tell you all about it," continued Gertrude, sobering down, and tears even coming into her eyes as she went on. "When I think how wicked, wicked he has been, I don't know what to say, and I almost hate him, though he is my brother. Yes, Miss Julia, it was Elwood put the bracelet among your things. I saw him, with it in his hand, going up the staircase, long after you had left; and I know that he did it, and no one else. This I'll swear to, before the court, if he doesn't withdraw the charge."

But we will not delay the impatient reader, by giving Gertrude's story in her almost incoherent sentences. We will shorten the narrative, on the contrary, by substituting our own. What it took her nearly half an hour to rehearse to Julia, we shall be able to tell in very few sentences.

It seems that Gertrude, the day before, had been so overcome, on returning home, to find Julia discharged, that she rushed up to her room to weep alone over her misfortune. Some time after, she heard a step ascending the stairs, softly, as if that of a woman. It sounded too stealthy and slow for Julia's, but yet, in the wild hope that it might be her's, the girl had flown to the banisters and looked over. To her surprise she saw her brother coming up with a bracelet in

his hand. His cautious air aroused her curiosity. She drew back into her room, leaving the door on a crack, when to her amazement she saw Elwood enter Julia's late apartment. Later in the evening, when she heard of the search going on in Julia's chamber, and going there saw the bracelet produced and the accusation made, the whole plot had flashed upon her.

Young and inexperienced she knew not at first what to do. It was already late, moreover, and to go out was impossible. Having heard that her mother had discharged Julia, she feared to trust her parent any more than her brother: consequently she said nothing, but retiring to bed, lay awake half the night scheming what to do. The plan she finally resolved upon was to rise early the next morning, seek out Julia, and warn her of her danger. Accordingly, almost as soon as the servants were up, Gertrude arose, attired herself for a walk, and slipped out. Before she could reach the boarding-house, however, the officer had arrested our heroine. But, nothing daunted, the young girl, who had, when once aroused, a self-reliance above her years, determined not to abandon her innocent friend. She knew that, things having gone so far, the aid of a lawyer would be necessary; and accordingly she called a chaise, and ordered the driver to take her to the residence of the only lawyer she knew.

"It was Mr. Manderson, whom maybe you've seen," she said, "I'd met him, when he first came back from Europe, at our house now and then: and I knew he'd recollect me, and be kind, and tell me exactly what was wisest to do."

At the mention of this name, Julia's agitation became so great, that, to conceal it, she was compelled to bury her face on the table while Gertrude proceeded. For a while subsequently she heard nothing. The thought that Manderson, after having abandoned her, was to meet her in this degrading situation, made her, for a moment, wish the floor would open and swallow her from his sight. Yet when she reflected on her innocence, and when she recalled the noble sentiments that had fallen from his lips the night before, she took courage again. "At worst," she said, "he cannot despise me, for I have done no wrong. And high as he is, I am, in that, his equal." With these reflections she raised her head proudly, and attended again to Gertrude's story; but several questions were necessary, before she could recover the thread of the narrative, lost during the interval.

Her cheek flushed again, and her heart beat fast, as Gertrude described how she drove first to Mr. Manderson's office, and afterward to his

mother's house, and how, on hearing Julia's name, he had sprung into the carriage immediately, declaring he would listen to the facts there, as not a minute should be lost. "We came so fast," continued Gertrude, "that you had just arrived, we heard: and Mr. Manderson, leading me to the door, told me to come in and tell you all, while he spoke to the Mayor. He said it would only be necessary to say what I could swear to, in order to have you at once discharged; and that this would save Elwood from public exposure, which would be inevitable if you were tried."

Gertrude had scarcely said these words, when there was a gentle tap at the door. An instinctive feeling told Julia whose it was. She would have said, "come in," but her heart rose to her throat; and if her life had depended on it, she could not have spoken. Her companion looked at her inquiringly. Yet still Julia was unable to utter a word.

"May I come in?" now said a rich, manly voice, almost in a whisper.

"Oh! that is Mr. Manderson," cried Gertrude, jumping up. "Its all right, I know it is. I may let him in, mayn't I, Julia?"

Julia bowed her head. Do all she could, words would not come, but blushes would; and she inclined her face, as much to conceal her rising color as to signify assent. But Gertrude did not wait for an affirmative. With the bounding step of a young fawn, she sprang to the door, and opening it admitted Manderson.

He came in, with an eager, joyous look, but yet not without embarrassment. Nodding smilingly to Gertrude, he passed on immediately to our heroine, who sat, visibly trembling, with her head buried on the table, utterly unable to meet his look. With the gentle courtesy of a Bayard he stooped over her, and said, in a low, agitated voice,

"Will Miss Forester let an old friend, and one who hopes he is not forgotten, escort her home?"

There was not much in the words. But the tone in which they were uttered—oh! how eloquent was that to Julia. She felt at once that the cloud, whatever it was, which had come between her and him, and had kept him from her so long, had passed away forever: that he still loved her; that he sued tacitly for her pardon; and that he could explain everything. There are inflections of the voice, at certain crises of the heart, which are revelations in themselves; and this was one of them. All was forgiven and forgotten in that moment. The old full trust in Manderson came back, warm and gushing, to Julia at his words. She lifted her face, blushing

rosily, and gazed into his eyes, and, as their look of truth met her's boldly in return, she placed her hand in his frankly, and said,

"I will go with you."

Not another word was said. But in the mutual glances that were rapidly exchanged, a mightier question was asked and answered; it was, "will you go with me through life," and the reply, like Ruth's, was, "where thou goest, I will go." Full now of divine faith and trust, Julia could answer thus, and await the explanation of her lover at another time.

Manderson led the way to a private entrance, by which the three hastily left the Mayor's Office. Having placed Julia in the carriage, which was already awaiting them there, he begged her and Gertrude to wait a moment, while he attended to some necessary formalities. In about five minutes he returned, and having spoken a few words to the driver, which the ladies did not hear, seated himself opposite Gertrude, and gave the signal to proceed.

The ride was quite a long one, at least Gertrude thought so; and, once or twice, she was on the point of asking where they could possibly be going: but a meaning look from Manderson silenced her. At last, much to her surprise, the carriage drew up before an elegant mansion, the door of which was already wide open, with a stately, yet still handsome woman standing there as if to receive some honored guest.

#### XIX.—THE WELCOME.

Mrs. MANDERSON had not yet recovered from the excitement and triumph of the preceding evening, when the sudden departure of her son, in a strange carriage, threw her into a state of renewed agitation. He had been quietly breakfasting with her, when the servant had announced a person as wishing to speak with him: he had gone out accordingly to the front door; but, instead of returning, had taken his hat almost immediately, entered the chaise, and driven rapidly off. All that Mrs. Manderson could learn, in explanation of this strange affair, was that a young lady, a very young lady, the servant said, was in the coach.

The proud and happy mother was still wondering what all this could mean, and trying to remember if her son had ever spoken of having any young lady for a client, when a note, directed in Manderson's handwriting, was brought to her. It was dated from the Mayor's Office, and was evidently scrawled in the greatest haste. Indeed, in some parts it was almost incoherent, so hurried were the sentences; and we shall, therefore, give its substance, instead of quoting it entire.

It began by reminding Mrs. Manderson of the promise she had made, a year ago, to receive Miss Forester as her daughter, whenever the writer should have entitled himself to claim her. "There was a condition, you are aware, and a hard one for your son," continued the note, "it was that I should not seek Julia until my fortune was assured. Most faithfully, but most cruelly to her, have I kept that pledge." The writer then stated how he had, by accident, met Miss Forester that morning, just when, for the first time, he had felt again at liberty to seek her: and added that he had found her faithful still, "though, God knows, I had no reason to expect it," were his words, "considering how I had abandoned her, and without any explanation." Then, hinting at the forlorn and friendless situation of Julia, Manderson concluded as follows:—"And now, dearest mother, I claim the fulfilment of your pledge, to receive Miss Forester as your daughter, and at once. She has literally no home but your house. We have united to do her a great wrong, which she divinely forgives, and we should now unite to make the reparation. I will drive about the city, for half an hour, in order to allow time for you to receive this and make ready to welcome your daughter. Of my plan she knows nothing. If I were to suggest it, she would refuse; but, when once she is with you, you will conquer. Meet us, dear mother, at the door, and merit the gratitude of your son."

Mrs. Manderson resembled her son in one respect, she never did things by halves. By the time she had finished the note her mind was made up to enter into her son's plans, and receive Julia as if she was a princess, instead of a portionless bride. "If Miss Forester has remained true to Charles," she soliloquized, "notwithstanding his complete avoidance of her, it is a case of such unusual womanly trust, that she must be a paragon among her sex. Besides it is evidently no boyish whim for a pretty face, that has kept Charles true to her; this passion is plainly the passion of his life; and it would be but wise to yield to what I cannot prevent, even if my word had not been already passed."

It was, therefore, Mrs. Manderson whom Julia saw standing in the door.

The embarrassed girl had never before seen her lover's mother, but she recognized the house, and instinctively drew back into a corner of the chaise. Manderson, springing out, intercepted for a moment the view of his parent; but the next instant the face of Mrs. Manderson, with a kindly smile on it, looked in. Gertrude had followed the gentleman.

"Welcome, my daughter," said Mrs. Manderson, extending her hand; and, with the words, she drew Julia to her in a warm embrace. "You look fatigued. I must insist on your breakfasting with us. Charles never pleased me more than in giving me the hope of such a child."

Bewildered, overcome, touched by such kindness, yet oppressed with coy reserve, Julia did not know what to say, or do. Covered with blushes, she stood hesitating, but, while she did this, Manderson approached, handed her almost forcibly, though tenderly out of the chaise, and putting her arm within his own, while his mother retained her other, the two carried, rather than led her into the house. Here, all confusion, Julia sank down on a sofa, and was glad when her lover, taking his mother's hand, led the latter out of the room, for then, casting herself on Gertrude's bosom, she gave way to a burst of weeping.

Her tears relieved her. She could now judge more truly of her position. She saw that literally she had no home to go to, except that where she was, the home of her who was to be her future mother. Gradually the feeling of conventional shame, which had at first oppressed her, departed. Secure in the love of Manderson, and certain of the welcome of his mother, "why," she asked herself, "should false notions of delicacy make me cold to those who are so kind?" When, therefore, after a space, Mrs. Manderson appeared, and kissing her parentally, led her to the breakfast room, she returned the embrace fervently, though with still partially averted eyes, and followed, Gertrude accompanying them.

It would be easy for us to describe at length that happy meal: the tender assiduity of Manderson, and the thoughtful tact of his mother on one side; the wondering looks of Gertrude, and the coy consciousness of Julia on the other. It would not be more difficult to depict the apparently chance *tele-a-tele* which followed, when Mrs. Manderson, asking Julia to look at her conservatory, managed to leave our heroine alone with her son, by arranging to be called out, and taking Gertrude apparently accidentally with her. But it is not our habit to dwell on scenes like these. Such things should ever be sacred: the heart's deepest mysteries are not for profane eyes:—and, therefore, we must content ourselves with a succinct statement of what passed.

Yet this the reader has already partially guessed. No sooner had the door closed on his mother than Manderson began his justification. He told everything fully and frankly; everything except the pledge his mother had exacted; for he thought it wisest not to risk prejudicing Julia

against his parent. After a while, he reasoned, when his wife understood his mother better, the story could come out more judiciously. He, therefore, blamed his want of self-reliance more than was strictly just. "I had been brought up never to contemplate the idea of supporting myself; and I could not reconcile myself to ask you, dearest, to share a poor man's lot: so, after many inward struggles, I determined to stop visiting you; to surrender you, in short. It was a cowardly resolve, and I soon found I could not execute it, at least in the sense of altogether giving you up. Then, for the first time, I said to myself:—'why not carve out a way to fortune, like a true man?' I resolved at once to begin. You know the result. But ah! when I look back on the risk I ran of losing you, I cannot feel too proud and happy to hold this dear hand in mine."

On her part Julia was equally frank, for why should she conceal her love? But of her extreme poverty, and of the indignities she had suffered, she said nothing. An hour and more passed before Mrs. Manderson returned. She came in smiling, and saying,

"I have taken a great liberty, my children; but as I never expect to ask Julia to obey me again, I shall look for her to do it now; and as for Charles, I shall always insist on his being dutiful:—in a word," she continued, taking our heroine's hand, and placing it in that of her son, "as this dear girl has promised to be my daughter, I have sent for our excellent rector, that I may not be defrauded, for even another hour, of so precious a gift."

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Manderson," began Julia. But the words were not allowed to be finished. The pleading look of her lover, and the gentle peremptoriness of the mother silenced her; and the latter, tenderly taking her arm, led her into the drawing-room, where the robed priest stood awaiting them, while the smiling Gertrude prepared to act as bride's-maid.

There have been showier wedding dinners, than what took place at Mrs. Manderson's that day, but none where the bride was more beautiful, or the groom happier.

## XX.—CONCLUSION.

THE marriage of the young member of Congress was "a nine day's wonder." That the bride had been a governess; that he had chosen her for her virtues alone, and that there were understood to be many romantic circumstances attending the match, was generally whispered; but the correct details of the affair rumor failed to procure. The Elwoods, who could partially

have unravelled the mystery, were glad, for their own sakes, to keep quiet.

It was but a few months afterward that Clara gave her hand to Elwood. The two brides, moving, to some extent, in the same circle, often met; were of course introduced to each other; and were mutually civil, as etiquette required; but their acquaintance never became intimate, as it had been when they were children, though Clara made, at various times, advances to that end. For as Julia's social position was now above her own, she would have courted her, if Julia had allowed it.

Failing in this, Clara endeavored to become her rival, and by costly entertainments to eclipse her. But neither in this did she succeed. The circumstances of Manderson did not allow him to waste money on such showy feasts, and his taste as well as that of Julia was opposed to them: but the receptions they gave were so refined, select, and intellectual, that it soon came to be considered proof of the highest social position to be invited to them. When, in the second winter of their marriage, Julia accompanied her husband to Washington, Mrs. Elwood followed, hoping there to renew the struggle with some better chance of success. But she failed in the capital of the nation even more completely than she had failed in Philadelphia. The merely fashionable Clara, whom some grave Senators even dared to call silly, the wife of a mere billiard-playing, betting spendthrift, sank into insignificance, even with all her ostentation of wealth, alongside of the brilliant and beautiful Mrs. Manderson, whom everybody of mark courted, not less for herself, than on account of her husband, "the most rising young man," as the President said, "then in the House."

A career like that run by Clara and her husband never lasts long. Mr. Elwood had already become embarrassed, when a great monetary crisis came on, and, finding him engaged in certain speculations, undertaken to relieve himself, ruined him completely. In a last desperate effort to recover Clara's fortune, he forged to an immense amount on her father; was detected; and blew out his brains. The old miser, tormented between the disgrace of his child, and anxiety lest he might lose by some speculations into which he had been led by his son-in-law, took sick himself, on hearing the news, and never rose from his bed. Clara did not long survive him. She died in giving birth to a posthumous child, the heir of broken fortunes and a ruined name. Mrs. Elwood sank also under this complication of sorrows, surviving her daughter-in-law scarcely six months. But Mrs. Rawlson,

unimpressible to the last, weathered all, only saying that it was "very hard she had so much trouble, when some people had none."

Manderson and Julia took Gertrude home, as well as her little, helpless nephew. To repair their shattered fortunes was Manderson's care, and he succeeded, finally, in saving something from the wreck. Thus did Julia's indignant words, addressed to the miser on that memorable winter day, come substantially true; for his children, if not himself, became comparatively penniless, and were at her mercy. But they found at her hands charity and love, which neither she, nor her father, had found at his.

Who can paint the lily? Who can gild refined gold? We will not attempt, therefore, to describe the happiness of Julia and Manderson in their

married state. She is to him a "helpmate" in the widest sense of that good old Saxon word: and he is to her the loving husband, counsellor, and friend, though to all the world else, the great statesman.

"What would I have been without you?" he often says. "A mere drone in fashionable society! It was love for you, dearest, that roused up all that was good and strong in me."

"Nay! Charles," she replies. "I was but the instrument: it was God that worked through me."

"And is not every true woman," he invariably answers, "the angel to some one man?"

He was right. It is that which is woman's mission, and what a glorious one too!

## UPWARD.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

MORTAL being! art thou laden  
With the scenes of earth and time?  
Upward look! for Heaven has comfort  
In its pure and changeless clime!  
Wandering outcast! art thou stricken  
With a sorrow worse than death?  
Was thy heart in life's pure morning  
Blasted by the tempter's breath?  
Know thee there are sinless regions,  
Where cold treachery's arts are o'er?  
Upward look, thy God can pardon;  
Hope in Him, and err no more!  
Parents! do ye mourn the birdling  
That hath fled the cradle nest?  
Upward look! its wing is folded  
On the Saviour's gentle breast!  
Weeping sister! dost thou linger  
Long within the church-yard bound?  
Do thy tears of anguish glisten  
On a brother's grassy mound?  
Went he to the shores of Eden,  
Leaving thee all sad and lone?  
Upward look! thou drooping mourner,  
Where no tear of grief is known!  
Brother! hast thou lost a sister,  
One whose counsel gave thee joy,  
One who shared thy merry pastime  
When thou wert a happy boy?  
Dost thou miss those kindly accents?  
Dost thou miss that beaming eye?  
Upward look! the spirit waits thee  
In the blue and tranquil sky!  
Pensive maiden! art thou dreaming  
Of a dark and treacherous tongue,

That in hours of by-gone gladness  
Falsely of affection sung?  
Cheer thee! o'er a theme unworthy  
Let thy heart no longer pine!  
Upward look! a love will greet thee  
From a spirit all divine!  
Husband! vanished is the being  
Who was wont to soothe thy care?  
Upward look! she yet is waiting  
For thy soul her bliss to share!  
Widow! in thy need and sorrow,  
Dost thou yearn to hear the voice,  
That, in tones of kind affection,  
Ere while made thy heart rejoice,  
When thy little lambs are nestled  
In their fold, at twilight dim?  
Upward look! a God will gather  
Thee, and them, at last, to Him!  
Aged Pilgrim! tottering onward,  
With the furrow on thy brow,  
By each holy thread of silver,  
Know that God is calling now!  
Calling thee to scenes of rapture,  
Where no eye with age is dim—  
Upward look! a rest is for thee,  
Pilgrim! thou art near to Him!  
Homeless orphan! art thou weary  
Of the cold earth's crowded mart?  
Doth its mingled tones fall harshly  
On thy crushed and bleeding heart?  
Falter not! for God is with thee!  
Dear His image in thy breast!  
Upward look! those sacred curtains  
Soon may shield thee! there is rest!



## THE HUSBAND'S SISTER.

BY MRS. ANNIE RENDRICK.

"I DECLARE it is too bad," exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, as she entered her neat parlor on the last morning of her mother's visit.

"What is too bad?" said Mrs. Allan, looking up from the beautiful child of fifteen months, whose first irregular steps she was attempting to guide.

"Why Maria, Robert's youngest sister, you know, has sent word that she will spend the afternoon with us; and she knows that you are to leave to-morrow—and your visit has been so short, too."

"But she probably comes out of respect to me as your mother," said Mrs. Allan, in a soothing tone; "you recollect she was detained at home when her sister was here."

"Yes, but if she had the quick perceptions she would have others believe her to possess, she would know that the most delicate mark of respect would be, to leave us without the presence of a stranger. But she always spoils my pleasure in some way, so I must submit to it, I suppose, with as good a grace as possible."

"You speak strangely, my daughter," said Mrs. Allan, "I hope we shall spend an agreeable afternoon if she is here."

"No, mother, that is impossible; I am never happy when I breathe the same air with her."

"I am afraid you have allowed yourself to become prejudiced against her; I have always thought her a rather agreeable girl."

"Very likely, and so I thought before my marriage," replied Mrs. Hastings, "but since I have been in the family and have seen how utterly selfish she is, her manners are more repulsive to me than those of the most forbidding person I ever met; she is a great talker, and always manages to drag herself in, whatever the subject may be, telling of some benefit she conferred here, or some sacrifice she made there, till you would almost wonder how society moved along where she was not. She has been out of health for some time, and I have no doubt suffers much, but I think that is no excuse for exacting quite as much attention as she does; she expects her sister, who is nearly as delicate as she is, to wait upon her at any hour of the day or night—even when she requires rest and care herself—and yet Maria never seems to bestow a thought

upon the trouble she is making; and then if everything is not done in accordance with her wishes, she will go pouting for days without speaking or scarcely eating unless coaxed—oh, mother, you don't know what a trial she is to me."

Mrs. Allan was silent a few minutes before she replied, and then it was with great seriousness—

"Yes, Ellen, I know too well the unhappiness a husband's relatives can create if their nature does not assimilate with your own; and I know too that these feelings can be measurably overcome and turned into a better channel. Your father had a sister, who I should think might be the exact counterpart of this one who disturbs your peace, and she embittered the early years of my married life too much for me ever to forget the suffering I endured——"

Mrs. Allan was interrupted by the call of "da" ma, "da" ma, from the little girl at her feet, who had till now played contentedly on the carpet, but becoming tired of her toys, climbed to her grandmother's knee and reached up her tiny hands to attract attention.

Mrs. Hastings took her up, and as she folded her in a loving embrace, remarked,

"I dislike Maria so much that I cannot even bear to have her touch Lillie; my flesh shrinks back when she caresses her on my lap. Indeed a stranger to see us together, might fairly suppose that I was only the hired nurse and she the lady mother—so soothingly will she attempt to still her cries, even when the child is in my arms, or endeavor to enforce obedience if she is wilful, as though her authority was entirely paramount to mine. I fear her influence as Lillie grows up, and the more as the child seems fond of her."

"Then there must be some good in her," said the elder lady, "children, you know, are instinctive judges of character."

"Perhaps not of general character," returned Mrs. Hastings, "though they certainly are very quick at distinguishing those who are likely to prove their friends. But of course there are some good qualities in Maria. Indeed it has never been my misfortune to meet with a person who had not some redeeming traits. She has always been very kind to me in sickness, and

during our late pecuniary difficulties she showed much generosity, and that with more delicacy than is usual with her; for her kindness is too apt to become intrusion, and her generosity ostentation."

"I hope my daughter does not allow herself to be blinded by her feelings," said Mrs. Allan, earnestly, "and consider that in which is prompted by a good motive—she who is kind in sickness deserves our gratitude; however disagreeable they may otherwise be to us."

"I mean to do her justice as regards myself," said Mrs. Hastings, in reply, "and I do feel grateful for her kindness to me, but that does not prevent my feeling indignant when I see her let her own sister really suffer for the attentions she so readily bestows upon a stranger. But when I am in health she is far too ready in proffering assistance without considering whether it is needed or even desired; when she is there she seems to wish me to give up everything into her hands and lounge in the rocking-chair myself, and as I prefer to be mistress rather than guest in my own house, I cannot but feel annoyed by such a course."

"I do not doubt it—but as it seems to me that it arises from a want of a just sense of propriety rather than a bad intention, I wish you could overlook it and show her that her real kindness is justly appreciated."

"Indeed, mother, I feel an obligation toward her too heavy to rest very easily under it; and I, therefore, try to repay act for act, but where the heart is as little in it as mine is, acts are of little worth; she is very sensitive, and cannot fail to perceive my feelings toward her, at least in a measure, for I cannot talk to her with any ease, the words seem to freeze in my throat, and their chilling influence apparently effects even her propensity to talk, for when we are left alone together—which I always take especial pains to avoid if possible—there will be an almost total silence. Then too I cannot look with a clear, full glance into her face, as I always wish to when conversing with any one."

"Does Robert know how much you dislike her?"

"Not fully, I think, though he himself told me soon after we were married, that she possessed a very unhappy disposition; there was a prospect at that time of her living with us, and I suppose he thought it would shock me less to have some previous knowledge of the fact; but no man, unless in the intimacy of married life, can know the curse of such a disposition."

"Can it be, my daughter, that you feel so bitterly?" said Mrs. Allan, sadly, "you who have always been so mild too."

"I know that others have thought me mild and amiable, and I have always thought myself so till now," returned Mrs. Hastings, not without a corresponding sadness in her own voice, "but Maria seems to be my evil genius to develop the worst passions of my nature."

"Say rather, my dear Ellen, that it is a sore trial, but wisely sent by the Disposer of all human events, to reveal the secret iniquity of your own heart. If we fail to gather a lesson from the imperfections of others, by which to correct some corresponding one of our own, so surely will our faults strengthen till they deform the character as effectually as those you see so plainly in poor Maria."

"But, my dear mother, I hope you don't see those faults in me that I have been telling you of in her. I should want to fly from myself if I thought so. I know that I have many, and they occasion me much painful thought, but I should be sorry to number those in the list."

"Still they develop new ones in you, and I would have you watch and crush them in the bud—it is what you cannot do, however, with your own unassisted strength; have you ever made this a subject of prayer?"

"Not of especial prayer," replied Mrs. Hastings, in a low tone, and with less excitement in her voice than had hitherto been apparent.

"But this is a peculiar trial, and as such needs special strength—it has already fretted your temper a good deal, and if not overcome will produce a habit of irritability which will not only materially diminish your own happiness, but be the source of much misery to your family, for you know that as your face is clothed in sunshine or in darkness, so will be the reflection in the little world of which you are the centre. Go then to him, my daughter, who 'giveth liberally' to those who ask, and be assured you will be strengthened in conquering this temptation."

While Mrs. Hastings was busily engaged in her household duties the remainder of the morning, her mind earnestly pursued the train of thought that had been started by her mother at the close of their conversation; the subject had been presented in a different point of view from any in which she had ever regarded it, and she felt troubled at the reflection that such evil passions had been allowed to flourish unheeded in her heart like weeds in a neglected garden, while she had been so prompt to detect the failings of another; and for the first time she deeply felt the necessity of "plucking the beam out of her own eye," before she could even "see clearly" the imperfections of those around her; and notwithstanding her numerous engagements she

found time, in the retirement of her own room, to seek for wisdom and guidance from that divine source which promises strength equal to our day.

Meanwhile the time flew rapidly along till the dreaded visitor arrived—she came at an early hour, all smiles and graciousness for the ladies, and caresses for little Lillie. Mrs. Hastings met her with serious cheerfulness, this time, the result of the late conversation.

Maria was not in reality a loveable person, although she frequently made a favorable impression upon those who were not close observers, or who only saw her occasionally and for a short time. She belonged to that large class who consider it necessary in order to recommend themselves to favor to talk almost constantly, while inordinate vanity led her to occupy the most prominent position in every conversation in which she engaged. Then too she had the disagreeable habit of anticipating what was about to be said, taking, so to speak, the words out of a person's mouth, frequently mutilating the idea that would have been expressed, if not substituting an entire new one in its place.

The unwonted kindness of Mrs. Hastings' reception gave Maria, on this occasion, such an unusual flow of spirits as to exhibit some of her characteristics in a marked light; but when Mrs. Allan turned to her daughter to note the effect upon her, she saw that the weary recital of personal history upon which Maria had launched, was listened to with a strong effort to appear interested.

Shortly afterward, during the transient call of an acquaintance, when Maria expressed sentiments in direct opposition to what she had advanced in the previous part of the afternoon, when the same subject had been conversed upon, and that without appearing in the least conscious of her inconsistency, the scornful look that curled Mrs. Hastings' lip for a moment was changed to one of humility, as the feeling in her heart was discovered and instantly subdued. The whole afternoon was in fact a series of trials that she found it difficult entirely to overcome, but she was firmly resolved upon self-control, and the exertions she made were consequently well rewarded by an approving conscience.

When her husband came in to tea, the smile of welcome with which she met him was mingled perhaps with a sense of relief, but her eyes wore a serener light than if she had as usual given way to her natural dislike toward his sister. The disagreeable guest left early in the evening, and the remainder was spent by Mrs. Allan and her children in converse, pleasant, though tinged with sadness, such as those only know whose hearts are knit together in strong affection, and who feel upon their spirits the shadow of an approaching separation.

It was only when the mother was taking her leave on the following morning, that she found an opportunity to whisper in her daughter's ear, "you have nobly commenced, my dear Ellen, but watch and pray lest you enter into temptation."

Nearly a year after Mrs. Allan's return home, Mrs. Hastings wrote to her thus:

"You tell me how I succeed in conquering my dislike to Maria. I am glad you have not inquired earlier, for now, after a severe struggle of many months, I feel that a degree of success has rewarded my efforts. It was only by glancing into my own heart, and fixing an earnest gaze upon the many evil thoughts and feelings that stirred its depths, that I was enabled to put in practice that 'charity which covers a multitude of sins.' My nature rebelled, calling it hypocrisy to appear even tolerant of those traits of character which in themselves were so unlovely, and whispered that my standard of excellence would be materially lowered by treating the person who indulged them with any cordiality. But I find the reverse to be the case, for the more I strive to place her virtues foremost and forget her faults, so much greater watchfulness do I exercise toward myself, and I hope it may thereby purify my character from many imperfections which I entirely overlooked while capriciously picking flaws in another. I cannot easily forget what I owe to you, my dear mother, for turning my mind from the contemplation of her faults to my own. I feel, however, that only a commencement has as yet been made, and I need both 'faith and patience' to persevere while the trial remains. Pray for me, mother, that both may be given."

## ON A LOST CHILD.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

She was the sunshine of our home,  
An angel to us given!  
Just when we learned to love her most,  
God called her back to Heaven!

Oh! Death is not a valley dark,  
But the celestial portal,  
Through which, star-lit by Calvary,  
We pass to life immortal.

## ZANA.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 314.

#### CHAPTER V.

I SPENT a wakeful night, disturbed by a host of new feelings and strong thoughts, that crowded upon me like a rush of waters. All night long a review of the day's hunt went forward in my fancy—the brilliant dresses, those strange faces circled me with a sort of fascination. Sometimes they smiled wearily, then they gibbered at my torn garments—and foremost of all was the sneering, white face of Lady Catharine. Oh, how I began to hate that woman! It was the bitter antagonism of a life-time striking root deep in my heart.

Toward morning I thought of old Turner, and with a pang that was punishment enough for the sin of my first disobedience. I knew that he was not only grieved but plunged into difficulties on my account—that all the evils he had been so anxious to guard against were already brought on by my obstinate self-indulgence.

This reflection made me heart sick, and I turned away from the soft daylight as it broke through my room, ashamed to receive it on my ungrateful face. With faltering steps I went down stairs and seated myself in the little breakfast-room. Turner was in the garden, but though I had not the cowardice to shrink from encountering him in the house, I could not summon courage to seek him.

He saw me at the window looking sad enough, I dare say, and, coming up, gave me a handful of tiny white roses, which were the glory of a house plant that he had never allowed to be touched before. I felt the tears rushing to my eyes, and bounding forward toward the old man, murmured in the deepest humility,

"Oh, Mr. Turner, why don't you scold me? Why not punish my wickedness?"

"Because," said the old man, with a miserable shake of the head, "because you will be punished enough, poor thing, before night, or I am mistaken."

"I hope so—I'm sure it would be a satisfac-

tion to be soundly reprimanded. You break my heart with all this kindness."

"Here comes one," said Turner, growing red in the face, "who will not sin in that way, I can answer."

I followed his look, and saw Lady Catharine Irving coming through the garden, walking rather quickly, and brushing down the autumn flowers with the sweep of her garments. On seeing us she resumed the languor usual to her movements, and stooped now and then to gather the snowy flowers of a chrysanthemum, which she seemed to examine curiously while approaching the house.

"Ah, Turner," she said, drawing toward the window, "what a pretty little nest you have here: and what flowers! I have never seen any thing to compare with these," and forming a ring with the thumb and fore finger of her left hand, she drew the snowy tufts softly through it as Nero might have played with a kitten. "Why, you live here with your little family quite like fairies; no wonder you are so often absent from the Hall."

"I hope that none of the duties my lord left for me to perform are neglected, madam," answered Turner, with a degree of dignity that charmed me.

"No, no—I do not complain—far from it, good Turner—that I am here is a proof of it. That sweet child, I could not get her out of my head all night—I hope she was neither frightened nor hurt by the hounds."

"No, madam," I answered, leaning through the sash. "It was rather lonesome being left by myself with the poor stag; but the young gentleman—"

"Hush!" said Turner, sternly, glancing toward Lady Catharine, on whose cheek a feeble color struggled for life.

I saw the color and the glitter in her pale blue eyes, more expressive still, and even Turner's caution could not control me. I was determined she should know that her son had returned to

protect me: the remembrance that he had seemed to fear her knowledge of it only urged me on. "The young gentleman came back and put Jupiter and me into the right path: but for that I don't know what would have become of us."

"Your daughter seems a bright, and—forgive me, good Turner—rather forward little thing," said the mother, drawing the flowers softly across her lips, as she gave him a sidelong glance. "I am very glad though, that she is unharmed."

Turner looked at her, and then with a restless movement at me. The color came up among his wrinkles, and his features began to work as if some unfinished resolution had set them in motion. Before he could speak, however, the artificial softness of Lady Catharine's voice broke in again.

"And your wife—my good Turner—really I must have a sight of her and this pretty home of your's: quite a *bijou* in the grounds truly!"

Placing a richly enameled glass to her eyes, the lady took a quiet survey of the old building before Turner could find words to answer her.

Never had I seen the old man so agitated. The color came and went beneath his wrinkles; his thin lips grew pale and purple by turns; his state of irresolution was painful.

"Come, now, I will step in and see your wife!" said Lady Catharine, dropping her glass to the full length of its Venitian chain, and looking around for the door.

Now Turner became calm, every muscle and nerve settled down; he stood more firmly on the ground, and looking his tormentor steadily in the face, answered quietly,

"Some one must have been joking at my expense, my lady. I have no wife!"

"No wife!" exclaimed Lady Catharine, with a start that even I could see was premeditated. "No wife—and this child?"

"You are mistaken," said Turner, "this is not my child. Yourself saw me when I took her up from your own door-stone, or rather the door-stone of Clare Hall, eight years ago."

A cold, sneering smile curled Lady Catharine's lip. She lifted her glass again and eyed me through it. "I remember the circumstance," she said, and the hateful smile deepened—"I remember too that a child disappeared very mysteriously but a short time before from this nest—two children in fact—if my people told me aright."

"They did tell you aright, lady," said Turner, sternly—but she interrupted him.

"One, the elder, went out to service, I fancy. This one dropped, miraculously, on my door-step. Well, well, my good Turner, no one thinks of

quarreling with this fanciful way of adopting your own children; but her mother—unless you are really married to this woman she must go. I cannot answer it to society—to Lord Clare, the most particular man on earth—if she is allowed to remain on the estate a day longer."

"Madam," said Turner, "I have said but the truth: Zana there is no more my daughter than her Spanish *bonne* is my wife!"

"Who is her—her father?—who is her mother then?" asked Lady Catharine. I remarked that her voice faltered in putting this question, and she could not look steadily in Turner's face.

Turner looked at her firmly, and a faint smile stirred his lip. Lady Catharine saw it, and once more there arose a shade of color in the ice of her cheek.

"Lady, I can answer these questions no more than yourself, for you were present when I found the poor child."

"And had you never seen her before?" questioned the lady, still eyeing him askance.

Turner hesitated and seemed to reflect, but at last he answered firmly enough. "It is impossible for me to say yes or no."

The lady played with her flowers a while, and then spoke again very softly, and with a degree of persuasion in her voice.

"Well, Turner, we will not press you too hard. I cannot forget that you are my brother's favorite and oldest servant—that he trusted you."

"He did indeed," cried the old man, casting a glance full of affection at me.

"I am sure you would do nothing that could cast reproach on him," continued the lady, placing a strong emphasis on the pronoun.

"Not for the universe," ejaculated Turner.

"And yet, while you live thus—while there is a doubt left regarding this child—cannot you see, my old friend—cannot you see that even my noble brother may be condemned as—as sanctioning—you understand—this species of immorality—on his estates, and in his own personal attendant."

"But how am I to prevent this?" exclaimed Turner, after a moment of perplexed thought, during which he gazed on Lady Catharine, as if searching for some meaning in her words which they did not wholly convey.

"Let me tell you—for I have been thinking on this subject a good deal—she is a fine spirited girl that, a little wild and gipsyish: but a good many of our guests were struck with her."

"No wonder!" exclaimed Turner, with his face all in a glow. "Who could help it?"

"So they inquired a good deal about her, and when it came out that she lived here under your

protection, of course, it led to questions and old things—nonsensical gossip about by-gone times that quite made me nervous—you understand, good Turner. So I told them what I am sure is the truth even yet—that the Spanish woman here is her mother, that she is your own child—that you are married."

Turner shook his head.

"Then it must be so," persisted the lady, "or as I said before, both woman and child must leave the estate."

"You cannot be in earnest!" said Turner.

"Does it seem like earnest when you find me here at this hour in the morning?" replied the lady.

"But it was Lord Clare's desire—his command—that I have control of this house until his return," persisted Turner.

"He mentions nothing of this in his letters to us. Besides you cannot mean to say that he has made such provisions for these females."

"No, Zana was not here at the time; but I know, I am sure——"

"Be sure of nothing," exclaimed Lady Catharine, with more energy than she had yet exhibited—"be sure of nothing, if you love your master, but that you can *serve* him and his best by silencing this subject of public gossip at once. Marry the woman with whom you have been so long domesticated!"

"*Marry!*" exclaimed Turner, with a terrible twist of the face, as if the word had not really come home to his heart till then, "marry at this time of life, and a Spanish woman. Wouldn't it do as well, my lady, if they set me in the pillory for an hour or so?"

"It might not do so well for the girl, perhaps," was the quiet reply.

"For her sake I would do anything!"

"It is a great pity to keep the poor thing caged up here: and what is to become of her in the end? As your daughter she can come up to the Hall and see something of society."

"What, a servant, madam?" cried Turner, reddening fiercely.

"No, no—nothing of the kind, you are no common man, Turner; and certainly that child, with her wild, arch, nay, haughty style, might pass anywhere, she shall come to the Hall and obtain some accomplishments. I should fancy her greatly about the house—she might pick up a little education from my son's tutor, who will be down in a week or two, and become quite an ornament to the establishment."

"She would be an ornament to any place," said Turner, proudly.

"Yes," replied the lady, smiling upon me,

"any man might be proud of her for a daughter. I dare say we shall be excellent friends soon—meantime think of what I have said; this is a charming place, it would be a pity for the child to leave it. To-morrow let me have your answer, and come up to the hot-houses for some fruit for Zana: a sweet name, isn't it?"

She moved softly away, holding up her dress and winding carefully through the flower beds, as if her errand had been trivial as her manner.

I could not realize the importance of her conversation all at once. It had been carried on so quietly, so like the ordinary common-place of her patrician life, that its meaning seemed lost in sound. I could even amuse myself with the excitement of poor Turner, who, folding his arms behind him, went furiously pacing up and down the garden, treading everything down in his path, and wading knee deep through the tall autumn blossoms, jerking his feet through now and then, as if it were a relief to destroy anything that came in his way.

I had never seen the old man in this mood before, and almost thought him mad, for he muttered to himself, and seemed quite unconscious that I was a witness to the scene.

At last he came by the window with a long pendant of honeysuckle trailing from his boot.

"Mr. Turner," I said, laughing softly as he came up.

"Oh, you can be amused—easily amused—children always are!" he exclaimed, savagely. "Now can you see what mischief that ride has done? Sit and laugh, truly—but what am I to do?"

"Lady Catharine says you must get married," I answered, mischievously, for rage, instead of appalling, was invariably sure to amuse me.

"Married!" almost shrieked the old man, "and so you have brought me to *that*, you—*you!*"

The contortions of his face were absolutely too droll, I could not keep from laughing again.

"Zana," said the old man, and tears absolutely stood in his eyes, "I was good to you—I loved you—what right had you to bring this misfortune on me? I knew that evil would come of it when I found Jupiter's stall empty; but marriage, oh, I did not dream of that calamity."

"And is marriage always a calamity?" I inquired, sobered by his evident feeling.

"Yes!" He hissed forth the monosyllable as if it had been a drop of poison that burned his tongue.

"And you dislike it very much?"

"Dislike it!" There is no describing the bitterness that he crowded into these two words.

"Then do not—for my sake do not be married. Why should you? I'm sure it will do me no good. I don't care in the least for it!"

His sharp eyes brightened for an instant, and he looked at me eagerly, like a convict on whom sudden hopes of escape had dawned.

"Then you wouldn't much mind leaving this place, Zana?" he said.

My heart sunk, but I strove to answer cheerfully. "No, no, I—I don't think it would seem so hard after a little!"

"And Jupiter, and Cora?"

I burst into tears.

"There now, that is it—I'm answered—I was sure it would break her little heart," cried the old man, desperately—"I'll do it. I'll bind myself, hand and foot—I'll make an eternal old fool of myself. I'll—I'll. It's no use of struggling, I'm sold, lost—tied up, married!"

He uttered the last word ferociously, casting it down as if it had been a rock.

"Not for me, Turner—not for me," I said, losing all sense of the ludicrous in his genuine repugnance to the measure Lady Catharine had proposed. "I do not understand this—what on earth is the reason they cannot let us live in peace?"

"Because you must be cutting loose from my authority, cantering about like a little Nimrod in long skirts—fighting hounds—getting acquainted with young men whom you ought to hate, to hate, I say, Miss Zana! Because you are a little fool, and I an old one. Because, because—but it's no use talking."

I began to see my disobedience in its true light. Certainly it was impossible to comprehend why it had led to the necessity which my old benefactor so much deplored, but I felt to the bottom of my heart that this evil, whatever it was, had been brought on by myself.

"Mr. Turner," I said, "if I stay in-doors a month, nay, a whole year, will it do any good?"

"No—not the least!"

"What can I do? Indeed, indeed, Turner, I am very sorry," I persisted; "but let us go away, it will be far better to leave Cora and Jupiter, the house, and everything at the Hall." Why did I loose my voice so suddenly? Why did the thought that George Irving was at the Hall depress my heart and speech? I felt myself growing pale, and looked despairingly around the lovely garden, for the first time realizing how dear every flower had become.

Turner looked at me wistfully, and at length went away. I saw him an hour after wandering to and fro in the wilderness; I did not leave the window, though breakfast had been long waiting,

the whole conversation had bewildered me. Why should Turner dread this marriage so much?—was it not right? It seemed to me a very easy thing when so much depended on it. Yet how terribly he had been moved. I had never thought so much of marriage in my whole life as at this moment, and its very mysteriousness made me look upon Turner as the victim of some hidden evil. 'I was resolved that he should not be sacrificed. What was *bonne*, friends, Jupiter, to the comfort of an old friend like him?

I went forth into the wilderness, and found him sitting at the root of a huge chestnut, with his clasped hands drooping idly down between his knees, and gazing steadfastly on the earth.

"Zana," he said, reaching forth his hand, "sit down here, and tell me all about it. What have I been saying? have I been very cross, darling?"

His kindness went to my heart. I sat down upon a curved root of the tree, and leaned softly against him.

"Yes, a little cross, but not half so much as I deserved," I said, meekly. "But tell me now, Mr. Turner, what is this marriage, what is there so dreadful about it?"

"Nothing, child—nothing," he answered, with forced cheerfulness. "I dare say it is very pleasant—very pleasant indeed to some people. I know of persons who are very fond of weddings, quite charmed with them; but for my part a funeral seems more the thing, there is some certainty about that. It settles a man, leaves him alone, provides for him."

"I never saw a wedding," said I, thoughtfully, "and but one funeral, that was very sad, Mr. Turner; if a wedding is like that, don't be married, it is dreadful! Are weddings like that funeral ever?"

"I have seen weddings a great deal more solemn," he answered, still gazing on the ground.

"One that seemed but the mockery of a funeral, and ended in one!"

"What one was that?" I questioned, while a cold chill crept mysteriously through my veins.

"It was Lord Clare's wedding that I was thinking of," he answered, looking up, "and that happened three days before I found you on his door-step."

I looked fearfully around. It seemed as if a funeral train were creeping through the woods, the ghost of some procession that lived in my memory, yet would not give itself forth.

"And do they wish your wedding to be like that?" I whispered, creeping close to him.

"Like that!" said Turner, lifting up his eyes, "God forbid! Mine, if it must be, is but the expiation of that!"

"And would Lord Clare desire it?—would he insist like Lady Catharine?" I questioned. "Would he turn me out of doors unless you married Maria, do you think?"

"He turn you out of doors—he child? I only wish we had some way of reaching him!"

"Where is he now?"

"In Africa, the last we heard, searching for what he will never find."

"And what is that, Mr. Turner?"

"Peace, child, peace, a thing that he will never know again on this side the grave!"

"Is he a bad man then?" I persisted, strangely enthralled by the subject.

"Millions of worse men will live and revel while he has pined himself into the grave."

"Let us leave this place and seek for him," I said, filled with a sympathy so deep that my very heart trembled. "If he is unhappy you and I may do him some good."

"Oh, child, if you could but remember. If I had but some little proof," he answered, gazing at me impressively.

"Proof of what, Turner?—what can you wish to prove?"

"That in which nothing but God can help me!" was the desponding reply.

"It seemed to me," said I, pressing each hand upon my temples, for they were hot with un-availing thought—"it seemed to me as if the thing that you wish to know was beating in my brain all the time. Something there is, blank and dark in my memory—how shall I bring it forth that you may read it?"

"Wait God's own time, my child," answered the old man, gently taking the hands from my temples, "sooner or later that which we wish to learn will be made clear. Come now, let us go home!"

"But they will not let us stay there, and I am ready to go," I remonstrated.

"Yes, they will let us stay now," he answered, with a grim smile.

"Why?"

"Because I shall marry the *Spanish woman* to-morrow."

There was a lingering bitterness in the emphasis placed on the word—*Spanish woman*, that lengthened the phrase for a moment. It was the last I ever witnessed, old Turner did not sacrifice himself by halves.

"Zana," said the noble old man, as we moved slowly toward the house, "you must not tell Maria of Lady Catharine's visit, or of—of my shameful passion after it. Women have strange ideas about love, and so on, and she might take it into her head to ask awkward questions if she knew all. Do you understand?"

Yes, I understood perfectly. He was anxious to save the poor Spanish woman from a knowledge of his repugnance to the marriage. I promised the secrecy that he desired.

We entered the breakfast-room together. Maria had been waiting for us more than an hour, but she ran cheerfully for the coffee urn and muffins without a word of comment.

I saw Turner look at her with some appearance of interest once or twice during the meal. The queer old philosopher was evidently reconciling himself to the fate that an hour ago had half driven him mad. Maria certainly looked younger and more interesting than usual that morning. Unlike the Spanish women in general, she wore her years becomingly, the moist climate of England, and the quiet of her life conspiring to keep from her the haggard look of old age that marks even mid-life in her native land. The picturesque costume which she had never been induced to change, was also peculiarly becoming; the dark blue skirt and bodice of black cloth; the long braids of her hair, slightly tinged with snow, but gay with knots of scarlet riband; the healthy stoutness of her person united in rendering my faithful *bonne* anything but a repulsive person. I began to have less compassion for Turner, and with the mobility of youth amused myself with fancying Maria's astonishment when she should learn what the fates had in store for her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PREPARING FOR THE CHASE.

BY H. J. VERNON.

Up! for the sun in the Heavens is high;  
Up! for the dew is exhaling apace;  
Hounds wake the echoes with clamorous cry,  
Steeds snort impatient to be on the chase.

Up! lady fair, for the gallants are here,  
Up! cavaliers, nor be laggard of speed.  
Fast through the forest the stag flies in fear,  
Up, if to-day ye would do gallant deed.



## THE BRIDAL DRESS.

BY A. H. BOWEN.

In the centre of the city of Berlin stands a building, styled the Colosseum. It is at present entirely devoted to purposes of amusement for the less wealthy classes of that city—balls, concerts, and theatrical exhibitions being there given at a very moderate charge. During the carnival masked balls are given here. Upon such occasions, the immense dancing-saloon is crowded to excess; and the galleries, which entirely surround it, are likewise filled with the spectators of the moving panorama below.

On one of the evenings set apart for these masquerades, I accompanied two officers of the regiment of guards to this scene of merriment, we being all carefully equipped for the occasion. To my companions the concealment of their persons was essentially necessary, since their recognition as officers of the army would have compelled them to forego the pleasures of the dance. On entering, we found the music had already commenced, and the sets for the *contredanse* which was to open the ball already formed. In order more perfectly to enjoy the scene, we pressed our way through the supper-room, up stairs, and succeeded in gaining a position in the gallery which commanded a full view of the exhilarating spectacle. The young girls were generally dressed in some fancy garb, which, though far from being rich or magnificent, yet displayed much taste. The throng which pressed upon the dancers was kept back by a dapper little master of the ceremonies, who, having at length marshalled his forces to his liking, stepped into the middle of the vacant space, and, clapping his hands, gave the signal to the musicians, who at once set loose the feet of the impatient multitude. Now the scene was at its height, for the stirring music created a vivacity which it was impossible to resist.

The Polonaise, as danced in Berlin, is much more stirring and varying than what is tripped in England under that name. In one of the manoeuvres which belong to it, each lady in her turn is led to the centre, where she is danced around by the gentlemen; whilst she, holding a handkerchief in her hand, at length tosses it in the air, and she becomes the partner of him whose superior activity gains the possession of it. This had been often repeated with much

harmless mirth, when we observed a female more sumptuously dressed than her companions enclosed in the circle; and as a tall young man dressed in black caught her handkerchief, and claimed her hand, he suddenly started back, and uttered one of those piercing cries which betokened some agonizing horror. He retreated from the girl as if he had discovered in her something pestiferous, and, overcome apparently by some terrible feeling, he sank senseless into the arms of those who were standing near him.

An incident of this nature is sure to produce confusion in a ball-room; and, from the singular circumstances which attended the one in question, the dancing and music almost instantly ceased. A general rush took place toward the young man, whose mask had been removed, and exhibited features which had already assumed a death-like hue, whilst a cold perspiration stood upon his brow. As it was impossible to keep off the crowd, who, in their eagerness to observe what was passing, threatened to suffocate the unfortunate object who had caused so general an interest, he was removed into the supper-room, and laid upon one of the settees which stood about. Here a gentleman, pulling off his mask, discovered himself as the prince royal, and exercising the authority which his rank entitled him to, he requested the room to be immediately cleared, and a physician to be sent for. My companions and myself had in the meantime descended into the room where the patient lay extended; and as I had fortunately a lancet in my pocket, I suggested to the prince the necessity of instantly bleeding him. A young surgeon who was present, hearing the suggestion, offered his aid in the operation, and the preparations were in a moment completed. It was with some difficulty that a little blood was drawn, but it had the effect of bringing the young man back again to sense. Even yet, his mind seemed a prey to some horrible phantasy, for, starting up, his whole frame shook with a violent convulsion, and with marks of the most vivid terror, he ejaculated several times, "I saw her! I saw her!" He appeared to have come alone to the ball, for no one stepped forward to claim acquaintance or kinship with him; and it was judged best to remove him to a coach the moment he was

able to endure motion. Fortunately, a card in his pocket revealed his address, and with proper precautions, he was thus sent home.

On our return to the saloon, we found the masked lady who appeared to have been the immediate cause of this extraordinary event, very unconcernedly pursuing her sport, and seemingly unconscious of the speculations that were formed respecting her. She was eagerly interrogated by several persons present as to the young man, to whom her presence had apparently given such a shock, but she persisted in denying any knowledge of him, or of any circumstance which could elucidate the affair. The intensity of the feeling that had been raised now seemed gradually to subside, and the crowd returned to the pursuits of the evening. Some few there were who, feeling that something more than ordinary was involved in the mystery, indulged in numberless vain conjectures; and as the fertility of their imaginations was increased by sparkling champagne, no limit was set to the dark conjurations into which their inherent passion for romance led them. It would be idle to deny that the affair had roused my curiosity in a very considerable degree, and the gloomy versions with which I heard others regale themselves, induced in me a restless anxiety to clear up the mystery. It was, however, some time before I was able to procure a relation concerning this young man on which I could place an implicit reliance, and his history was told to me in very nearly the following terms:—

His father was a small proprietor in the neighborhood of Berlin, and cultivated his own farm. This was his only son, and he had been sent at the proper age to the university of Berlin, where he had been distinguished as much for his superior abilities as for the warmth of his feelings. He was destined to the medical profession, and the progress he had made in the various studies of that important calling, held out the brightest prospects of his future success and eminence. Whilst in his attendance on the medical classes, he had formed an intimacy in a family to which accident had gained him an introduction, that of a respectable merchant and banker. He had become deeply attached to the daughter of the merchant, and had every reason to believe that his passion was returned. She was a beautiful young girl, the graces of whose person did not surpass the beauties of her mind. Amiable and accomplished, she was formed to charm; and in the ardent eyes of the young student, she seemed more than earthly.

It was long perhaps before any absolute declaration had revealed to each other the feelings of

their hearts; and, by a thousand little incidents, their affection was increased and strengthened, until it became to each the absorbing passion of the soul. Their minds, tinged with the deep romantic feeling so prevalent amongst the young of Germany, considered the vows that had passed between them as linking their destinies, sacred and indissoluble. It was not, however, an easy task to overcome the scruples of the lady's father as to the prospects of his future son-in-law; and though the reputation of the young student was spotless, the calculating banker required more than the inclinations of his daughter, and the amiable properties of her admirer, to induce him to consent to their union. Money was a necessary possession in the eyes of a worldly-minded man, who shook his head when they talked of love and mutual happiness. How the old man became at length softened into an approbation of the match, did not clearly appear; but certain it is, that, after the student had passed his examination and obtained his degree, a day was appointed for the betrothing, with his full consent. It may be imagined with what feelings the young physician looked forward to an event which was in his eyes the most important in his life.

The great fair of Leipsic occurred a short time before the auspicious day which was to unite these two happy beings, and the physician hastened to buy his mistress a bridal dress from out the vast magazines of manufactures which are there collected. He selected one which was equally rich and engaging, being a white satin festooned with worked flowers of the most brilliant colors. His present was received with a smile of approbation, which repaid him tenfold for the labor he had undertaken, and the promise to wear it on her betrothment rendered his joy supreme.\* The ceremony was performed with every circumstance that could heighten the prospects of the parties concerned. Their parents were there consenting, and friends surrounded them whose smiles added their cheering influence. The bride wore the dress which her lover had procured for her, and in his eyes she had never appeared so attractive. The vows were at length pronounced, and the contracts signed. The marriage day was fixed for the following week. After the ceremony, a sumptuous feast was prepared, in the midst of which a feeling of indisposition compelled the young bride suddenly to seek her chamber. She threw herself on the bed, and—such are the insecurities of a

\* In Germany a betrothment precedes the marriage, and is almost as ceremonious as the nuptials themselves.

fleeting existence—rose from it no more. A virulent fever attacked her delicate frame, and carried her unresistingly and remorselessly to the tomb. The feelings of an impassioned youth, thus robbed of her who was so shortly to have become his wife, may be more easily imagined than described. To say that he wept, and raved, and tore his hair, would perhaps little express the deep intensity of his anguish. Only one request he made: it was, that she should be buried in the dress which she wore at their betrothal. He followed her to the grave, and, overpowered by his feelings, threw himself upon the coffin as it was about to be covered up, and, with a frenzied vehemence, insisted upon having one more look before the grave was closed forever. The coffin-lid was taken off, and he gazed upon the clammy features of the decaying corpse until his head grew dizzy, and he was drawn senseless from the grave.

It was not only to the bereaved lover that the view of the dead body of his mistress had been of moment: the grave-digger had perceived with emotion the magnificent habiliments which adorned the corpse, and his cupidity was excited. In the dead of night, he despoiled the body, and presented to his own daughter the flowered satin frock which had formed the bridal dress of the deceased young lady. It was long after these events that she wore this identical dress at the masked ball at the Colosseum. The girl herself

was ignorant of the mode by which her father had gained possession of it, though the richness of his gift had in some measure excited her surprise. She, therefore, adorned herself in the spoils of the grave, in perfect unconsciousness of the unhallowed violation that had been committed. It is needless to add, that it was this dress which caused the young man's sudden horror, which I have described. It was a garment so peculiar as scarcely to allow a doubt as to its identity; and when it suddenly flashed before his eyes, he thought he saw his departed mistress arisen from the grave, to upbraid him for the levity which permitted his presence at a ball. It was stated that a remarkable resemblance existed in the figures of the two females; and as the grave-digger's daughter was masked, the horrible conception of the young enthusiast will not be considered as altogether unnatural or incredible.

From the notoriety which the circumstance gained, an inquiry was instituted into the affair, and, by an inspection of the rifled tomb, the guilt of the grave-digger was made apparent, and he is now expiating his crime as a convicted felon. From the information I acquired respecting the physician, it appeared that he overcame the shock which he had received, though he had passed through many fits of delirium, and had suffered from a fever which had often threatened the extinction both of his reason and of his life.

## THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

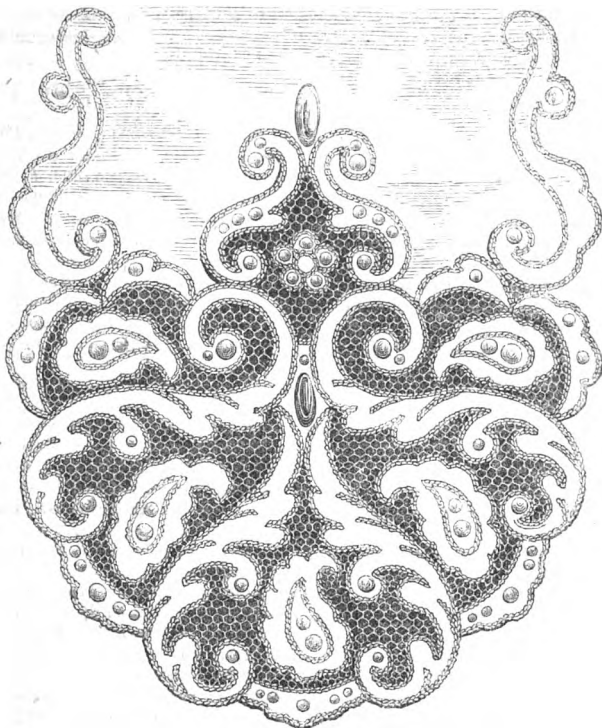
ONE by one, like rosy blossoms,  
Earthly friends around us fall—  
Oft the dearest to our bosoms  
Are the frailest of them all!  
Hearts there are of sterner fashion  
That each loss can calmly bear—  
Others swayed by softer passion  
Keenly feel each sorrow there.  
Why was not a sterner nature  
Made my portion here below?  
Wise, I know, is our Creator,  
Tho' His will we may not know—  
I have lived to see life's beauty  
Stricken from its fragile tree!  
Spirit! aid me in my duty,  
Let me bow and trust to Thee.

Many a bosom friend departed  
Make my days seem desolate:  
Lovely ones and faithful hearted  
Died beneath the blast of fate!  
May I learn this truthful lesson,  
Earthly joys are born to die—  
Seek my soul a deathless blessing  
In a fadeless world on high!  
I remember some in sorrow,  
Not unmixt with tenderest love—  
They have found a brighter morrow  
In their sainted homes above:  
But I feel a lonely stranger  
As life's changing days decline,  
When in trial and in danger  
Where's the tear to answer mine?

## OUR WORK TABLE.

### LADY'S CRAVAT OR NECK-TIE, IN APPLIQUE.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.



**MATERIALS.**—Three-quarters of a yard of broad glace, or sarsenet ribbon, blue, pink, or white; a few bugle pearls, some graduated round ditto; some rather stiff white net, and sewing silk, which may be white, or to match the ribbon.

This cravat is one of the very prettiest of Parisian novelties; it has the further merit of being very easily and rapidly worked. The engraving gives the full size of one end of the neck-tie; the two, of course, correspond; and a small piece of the ribbon, near the ends, must be also worked. The cravat is worn with a simple knot and ends, without bows.

The design is to be traced on thick writing-paper, from the engraving; then all the outlines must be pricked, at regular intervals, with a

coarse needle. The ribbon is then to be marked at each end in the manner in which embroidery patterns are generally prepared. Tack the net underneath it, and work all the outlines in common chain-stitch, which is to be done rather closely, especially at the edges. Then, with fine lace-scissors, cut away the ribbon from all those parts where the net is seen in the engraving, and add the pearls.

Grey ribbon, with black net beads and bugles, worked with black silk, is extremely pretty for half mourning. Warm tints, such as rose, cerise, dark blue, are also worked with black. It is always advisable to choose a stiff net; that which is soft and silky is not strong enough to support the weight of the thick ribbon and beads.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**AMERICAN vs. ENGLISH BOOKS.**—We are glad to see that Harper & Brothers are about to publish an American edition of Layard's new work:—"Fresh Discoveries in the Ruins of Ninevah and Babylon; with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert." The volume is the result of a second expedition to the cities of Mesopotamia, undertaken at the expense of the trustees of the British Museum, and besides containing a record of many new and valuable facts respecting social life in ancient Ninevah and Babylon, verifies, from monuments lately discovered, numerous important Biblical prophecies. Every person, who read the account of Layard's expedition, will, we presume, purchase *this edition*. We say this edition, because it is a faithful reprint of the London, containing even all the maps and engravings; because also it is cheaper; and lastly, because it is the work of American mechanics. An attempt, as perhaps not every reader knows, is being made to break down the reprinting of English books. In the case of this very book, a few English copies were thrown into the American market—at a reduced price from the London one, yet still at a higher price than is asked for this American edition—with the avowed intent to prevent a republication. We are glad to notice that the attempt failed. Whatever may be the conclusion of the international copy-right question, let us, one and all, insist on having our books printed in this country. The dollar, which buys an American book, is expended here, and helps to support American workmen; but the dollar, which buys an English book, is all spent abroad, except that part which goes to the bookseller as his commission; and even this bookseller is generally the mere agent of an English house, if not the cadet of one come over to make a fortune, and return to London to spend it. Evil will be the days, if English publishers succeed in monopolizing the book-trade of America, as they are now attempting to do, through some pretended American houses. Farewell to everything national in our literature, in that event; and farewell also to cheapness, when once the monopoly gets established. Under cover of the alleged justice of copy-right protection, the most bitter assaults have been lately made on certain really American publishing houses, to whom, after all—let the envious say what they will—the country owes, in a great measure, its cheap good books. For ourselves we are for sustaining American publishers. We buy no books, in the English, if American editions can be obtained. While we support our own mechanics, we have a certainty of cheap reading, and of the gradual growth of a national literature; but if ever we make London the great manufacturing market for our books, both nationality and cheapness

will be gone. Now every English edition of a book that is bought helps to bring on this evil, and make us tributary to Great Britain. If an international copy-right is passed by Congress, one of its first provisions should be that all books, to be entitled to it, must be printed here.

**BEGIN ARIGHT.**—"Men should not marry," it is commonly said, "unless they cannot only maintain for themselves the social position to which they have been accustomed, but extend the benefits of that position to their wives and children. A woman who marries is entitled to be kept in the same rank and comfort in which she was reared." We entirely disavow these doctrines. It should be the aim of every married couple to make their own fortune. No son and daughter, who become man and wife, are entitled to rely on their patrimony, but should willingly commence life at a lower step in the social ladder than that occupied by their parents, so that they may have the merit and happiness of rising, if possible, to the top. Imagine the case of an aged couple, who by great perseverance have acquired possession of immense wealth, and are living in a style of ease and splendor which is no more than the reward of their long life of industry. Will anybody say that the children of such "old folks" should live in the same grandeur as their parents? The idea is preposterous. They have no right to such luxury, they have done nothing to deserve it, and if their parents are honest in dividing their property among them, they can have no means of supporting it. Yet marriages are contracted on the principle that the married couple shall be able to keep up the rank to which they have been accustomed under the paternal roof. It is such notions as this—engendered by Malthusian philosophers, and fostered by lazy pride—that are filling our country with "poor old maids," with coquettish young ladies, with nice cigar-smoking, good-for-nothing, young men.

**SUMMER RIDING HABIT.**—The new Empress of France, it is well known, is an accomplished horse-woman. The following description of an equestrian costume, just completed for her, will interest our fair readers. The dress is composed of the finest summer cloth—the waist very long and tending to a point in front; it is cut so as to come over the hips, thus forming the beginning of the lappet, which is from six to six and a half inches deep, very little separated in front and slightly rounded. The top of the corsage is high behind, open half way down in front, and accompanied by a roll collar of black silk, the sleeves reach to the waist and are half wide, like those of a gentleman's coat, the cuff is from three to four inches deep and bordered, as is like-

wise the body, by a very narrow silk ribbon; the wristband of the shirt appears below the cloth sleeve, and is fastened by two jet buttons. The waistcoat, which is high to the throat, is made of yellow embroidered *Valencias*, terminated by a little collar, not quite half an inch deep, covering the lower part of the blue watered silk cravat which supports a small white cambrie collar. The skirt of the habit is plaited all around, and sewed to a flat piece, thereby avoiding any thickness at the wrist. A man's black beaver hat, with a low crown and a black ostrich feather, retained in front by a ribbon bow, and falling to the side, completes the costume.

THE EVENING BULLETIN.—We publish, on our cover, an engraving of the celebrated "Bulletin Buildings," occupied by the "Evening Bulletin," one of the most popular of our Philadelphia dailies. In the same building is published also "The Saturday Gazette," a well known and spirited weekly, formerly "Neal's Gazette." Of both these journals, Alexander Cummings, Esq., is proprietor. Mr. C. is an able, far-sighted, energetic man, and always up with the times; as the "Bulletin Buildings" show both by their beauty outside and by their completeness within. Their location is on Third street, just below Chesnut, in the very centre of business, and next door to the handsome edifice formerly occupied by the first United States Bank, but now leased by the Girard Bank. Perhaps no daily newspaper, in the entire country, has as handsome quarters as the "Evening Bulletin."

# REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays. From Early Manuscript Corrections in a Copy of the Folio, 1632, in the Possession of J. Payne Collier. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—It is well known that the plays of Shakespeare, when originally published, were printed, not from the author's manuscript, but from copies furnished by short-hand writers, who took down the several dramas as they heard them on the stage. The great poet seems never to have interested himself about the publication at all, appearing to have thought that the plays belonged exclusively to the theatres, to which they had been sold, and that it would be dishonorable in him to assist in destroying this monopoly. The result was, however, that the published copies were full of blunders, the short-hand writer often mistaking the meaning. In vain have commentators labored since to restore the original text. Moreover, in two centuries, many errors of printing and punctuation have crept in. The end has been that everybody who has read Shakespeare, has often been puzzled to tell what the great bard means, and sometimes has been forced to pronounce passages sheer nonsense. All have felt the necessity of corrections, but no one knew how to make them. Accident at last has done more to

amend Shakespeare's text than the commentators in a hundred and fifty years.

About four years ago, a copy of the folio of 1632 was purchased, by Mr. Collier, who, some time before, had edited an edition of Shakespeare. The book lay unnoticed on his shelves for a considerable time, when, happening to open it one day, he discovered that it was full of manuscript corrections. Some of these striking him as particularly happy, he was induced to give the volume a full examination. He was rewarded by finding nearly twenty thousand emendations, scattered over the nine hundred pages of the folio, many of them of incalculable value, and most of them proving themselves. The book had evidently either been in use in some theatre, where its blunders had been corrected, or had belonged to some play-goer, thoroughly conversant with Shakespeare's text, as spoken by the actors. The great value of this waif from the past induced Mr. Collier to issue the most important of the corrections, in a supplemental volume to his edition of Shakespeare: and this is the book now republished by Mr. Redfield.

Our narrative of the causes of the defects in Shakespeare's text, and of the origin of these emendations is sufficient, we know, to induce all, who have a copy of the great English dramatist, to purchase this book as a necessary adjunct. Nevertheless we cannot resist giving a few of the corrections. Here are some where the short-hand writer has mistaken the words. In *Cymbeline*, where Imogen is speaking of an Italian courtesan whom she supposes to have seduced Posthumus, the common editions make her say:—

"Some jay of Italy,

Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him."

This arrant nonsense is corrected in Mr. Collier's folio, as follows:—

"Some jay of Italy,

Who smother her with painting, hath betray'd him."

Again, in *Coriolanus*, Marcus says, in the ordinary editions:—

"You shames of Rome! you herd of — Bolls and plagues  
Plaster you o'er, &c."

This the corrected folio makes to read thus sensibly:—

"You shames of Rome! *Unheard of boils and plagues*  
Plaster you o'er, &c."

In *Macbeth* the following ridiculous passage occurs. It is where Lady Macbeth is reproaching her husband for not being ready to murder Duncan, though he had previously vaunted his determination to do it.

"What beast was't then,

That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man."

None of the commentators could suggest the real meaning. Yet the misprint of a single letter causes all this nonsense. The real reading is as follows:—

"What boast wast't then,  
That made, &c."

Another example of a misprint, making a whole passage absurd, occurs in Falstaff's description of Mrs. Ford in the *Merry Wives*, Act I., Scene III. The common reading is: "She discourses, she *carves*, she gives the leer of invitation." By the simple transposition of two letters in the word "*carves*," turning it into "*craves*," the annotator makes the passage intelligible.

The reader is now able to judge for himself or herself of the great value of this volume. It has been published in a handsome, yet cheap style. A fac-simile of one of the pages of the original folio, containing corrections and all, makes an appropriate frontispiece.

*Yusef*. By J. Ross Browne. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is almost as fresh a book as "Eothen," and is decidedly better, in many respects, than "The Crescent and the Cross." The author is a young American, whom we remember, years ago, before he thought of travel, and when he first began to have an ambition to appear in print. Subsequently he went on a whaling voyage, wrote a capital book on the subject when he came home, and has since travelled through much of the East, and written this other book; while, all the while, we have been quietly sitting at home, here in Philadelphia, living as methodically as a vane on top of a meeting-house. So goes the world! We are glad to see an old contributor turn out such a popular writer, not only because we predicted it, but because he really deserved success. We advise all who wish an agreeable book, the best thing published on the Orient for many a day, to purchase this spicy volume.

*The Mother and Her Offspring*. By Stephen Tracy, M. D. Formerly a Missionary Physician of the A. B. C. F. M. to the Chinese. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—For young married females this is an excellent book. It is, indeed, the only one of the kind we have ever seen, which we can recommend. Much valuable information, indispensable to health, is contained in it, all imparted in a decorous manner, and with great clearness.

*Carlolina and the Sanfadesi; or, A Night With the Jesuits at Rome*. By Edmund Farrane. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Taylor.—This is a story of Italy, during the revolution of 1848. Its purpose, as may be seen from the title, is polemical as well as political. Parts of its display much power. But other parts appear to us in very bad taste.

*Woman's Life; or, The Trials of Caprice*. By Emilie Carlan. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A spirited story, by a Swedish author, who is regarded, in her country, as superior in many respects to Miss Bremer.

*The History of the Crusades*. By Joseph Francois Michaud. Translated from the French, by W. Robson. 3 vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—Of the many histories of the Crusades this is the most complete. For a long period it has enjoyed a European reputation of the highest character, so that we are surprised it has never before been translated into our tongue. Though an elaborate work, it is yet not a dull one, but, on the contrary, is often as absorbing as a romance. The more intelligent portion of the reading public owe their thanks to Mr. Redfield, for having placed these volumes before them, in so elegant a style, yet at so comparatively low a price. No other history of the Crusades will be read, in America, after this. Maps of Syria, and other places mentioned in the volume, depicting the boundaries of states in the time of the Crusades, accompany the work.

*Vinet's Pastoral Theology*. Translated and Edited by the Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D. D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Whatever Dr. Skinner undertakes he does well, whether it is preaching a sermon, lecturing from the chair professorial, or translating a book. We need only say, therefore, that this famous work, on the theory of the evangelical ministry, will never, it is probable, find a better dress in our English tongue, and that consequently, all who are interested in the subject, should add it as a standard book, to their collection.

*Three Tales*. Translated from the French of the Countess D'Arboursville. By M. B. Field. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Three charming stories, not only moral in the strictest sense, but told with a wonderful delicacy and beauty. Their titles are "The Village Doctor," "Resignation," and "Christian Van Amberg." The translation is not only faithful, but what is rare in such cases, idiomatic.

*The Catanese*. By Ella Rodman. 1 vol. New York: Bunnell & Price.—This is a literary effort, by our popular contributor, in a new field. Leaving, for the time, stories of modern life, she enters the world of mediæval romance, choosing for her theme the life of Joanna of Naples. The tale is deeply interesting, and should have a large sale. It is neatly published.

#### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*To Wash White Silk Stockings*.—Wash in lukewarm water to get out the rough dirt, then boil in soap and water ten minutes; rinse in clean water and wash again with white soap if necessary. For flesh color, a little saucer pink may be used in the rinsing water; for pale lilac, cudbear, tied in a bit of muslin and squeezed in cold water in which a bit of washing soda has been dissolved. Dry and put them face to face on a leg tree, then polish them with a glass rubber, or send them to be calendered or mangled. Care must be taken not to give too deep a shade of color.

*To make an Omelette Soufflee.*—Separate as they are broken the whites from the yolks of six eggs; beat the yolks thoroughly, first by themselves, and then with four tablespoonfuls of dry sifted white sugar, and the rind of a lemon, finely rasped. Whisk the whites to a solid froth, and just before the omelet is poured into the pan, mix them well but lightly with the yolks. Put four ounces of fresh butter into an omelet or small frying-pan, and as soon as it is all dissolved, add the eggs, and stir them round, that they may absorb it entirely. When the under side is just set, turn the omelet into a well buttered dish, and put it in a tolerably brisk oven. From five to ten minutes will bake it, and it must be served the instant it is taken out. It will have risen to a great height, but will sink and become heavy in a very short space of time. Sugar may be sifted over it, but must be done very quickly.

*To Prevent Rust.*—Add to a quart of cold water half a pound of quick lime; let this stand until the top is quite clear; pour off the clear liquid, and stir up with it a quantity of sweet oil, until the mixture becomes a thick cream, or rather of the consistence of butter which has been melted for the table, and become cold. Rub the iron or steel which is to be put by with this mixture, and then wrap it in paper. Knives, &c., treated in this way will not acquire the least rust. If the nature of the articles will not admit of their being wrapped in paper, they will still remain free from rust, by covering them more thickly with the mixture.

*To Pickle Tomatoes.*—Select those which are mature, but not dead ripe. Short stalks may be left upon them, as they will be ornamented rather than otherwise. Wipe them dry with a soft cloth, put them in a jar, and mix them with a few eschalots and silver onions already pickled and fit for eating; cover the whole with cold vinegar in which the usual spices have been boiled, close the jar, and in three weeks its contents will be ready for use.

*To Preserve Eggs.*—Put them in a jar with bran, to prevent their breaking; cork and hermetically seal the jar; put into a vessel of water heated to two hundred degrees Fahr., or twelve degrees under boiling. The vessel with water being taken from the fire, the water must cool till the finger may be borne in it; remove the jar. The eggs may then be taken out and will keep for six months.

*To Wash Blonde.*—Wind it singly on a bottle, then cover this fold with two or three of muslin. Soak in clean strong soap suds and rub and press through the muslin till all dirt is removed. Rinse well without removing and apply to it a weak solution of gum arabic. Dry it nearly by applying cloths, and as it is unrolled pass an iron over it.

*Cream may be Preserved for several weeks by dissolving in water an equal quantity of white sugar to the cream you wish to keep. Use only as much water as will dissolve the sugar, and make a rich syrup. Boil this, and while hot add the cream, stirring them well together. When cold, put in a bottle and well cork.*

*To Clean a Gold Chain.*—Dissolve three ounces of sal ammoniac in six ounces of water, and boil the article in it; then boil for a few minutes in a quart of water, with two ounces of soft soap; wash afterward in cold water, rub dry, and shake the chain for some time in a bag with dry bran.

*Sugar and Bread* should be very sparingly given to canaries; but they suffer more from sudden changes in temperature than most people are aware of, and should be shaded from the intense heat of the sun, as well as never be hung in a current of air.

*To wash a Feather.*—Pass through a strong and hot solution of white soap; rinse in tepid, then in cold water; then bleach with sulphur vapor, and placing it near the fire, pick out every part with a bodkin, frequently shaking it.

*Strawberry-Runners* should be pegged down for planting in new beds in June, and in August or September be planted in a rich soil well manured; all runners and blossoms should be cut off the plants the first year.

*Animal Food* is rendered harder and less digestible by being salted. Meat may be preserved fresh for months, by being immersed in molasses.

## FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

We give, this month, a fashion plate engraved on steel, representing the most graceful costumes of the season for children: also a walking dress, and patterns for a berthe and canezon, inserted below.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS OLD.—Skirt, chemisette and sleeves of fine white lawn, and a bodice a la Raphael of dark blue silk, or black velvet. Pantalettes of cambric, with a deep hem. Gaiters of dove colored cashmere.

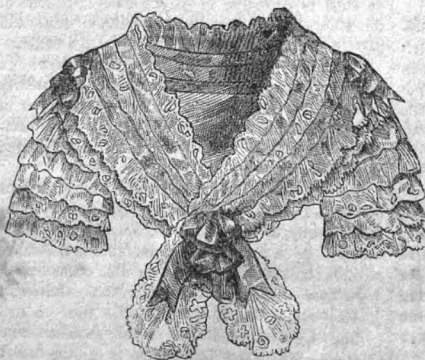
FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A BOY EIGHT OR NINE YEARS OF AGE.—Pantaloon of dark blue cashmarette, gathered slightly at the waist. Jacket of white linen, nearly plain on the shoulders, and fuller at the waist; medium sized shirt sleeves, and a wide collar turned down over a gay plaided handkerchief. Gaiters of drab colored cloth, with patent leather tips.

FIG. III.—VISITING DRESS OF CINNAMON COLORED CHALAIS.—The skirt is trimmed in a very novel style: a bias piece of silk, cut out in large vandykes, is placed quite at the edge, the points turning upward, and surrounded by about a dozen rows of black velvet of graduated widths, following the outline of the vandykes. A jacket corsage with square basquines trimmed with three rows of velvet set on in Chinese points. The sleeves, which are demi-long, are open in front of the arm, and the open edges are cut out in vandykes and edged with three rows of narrow black velvet. The points of these vandykes, meeting together, form slashings, through which the muslin undersleeves are seen in full puffings. About the middle of the lower arm the fullness of the under-sleeve is

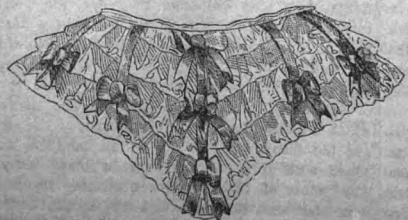




III.



IV.



V.

gathered on a band of needle-work insertion, to the lower end of which are attached two ruffles of muslin ornamented with needle-work, falling as low as the wrist. Bonnet of white silk, with a white ostrich feather on each side. Under-trimming, flowers and loops of ribbon, and a plait of hair passed across the upper part of the forehead. We give this dress chiefly to show our readers a new style of sleeve.

FIG. IV.—CANEZOU.—This very elegant canezou is composed of rows of lace and puffings of tulle, with runnings of pink ribbon within the latter. The ends of the canezou cross one over the other in front of the waist, where they are fastened with a bow of pink satin ribbon. Bows of the same on the shoulders. The sleeves are formed of puffings of tulle, edged with rows of lace.

FIG. V.—BERTHE.—The form is half high, and the foundation of tulle is covered with rows of lace set on in easy fulness. The trimming in our pattern is blue satin ribbon, but the color of the trimming should harmonize with the dress with which it is intended to be worn.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The dress-makers have confirmed our prophecy of "low necked" dresses for the warm weather, and for this reason we have given the cut of the beautiful and becoming *canezou* in our present number. Embroidery, lace, and tulle illusion will be plentifully levied upon for this graceful addition to the toilet. Some of the low corsages which we have seen have fronts like that of the *canezou*, except that the ends instead of hanging loose are fastened back nearly under the arms. The open space in front is filled with rows of lace.

For summer Bonnets, a favorite trimming is very light creeping branches, that is to say they do not simply hang down at the side, but run along the bonnet; the inside is trimmed in the same manner. The branches are made of lilacs, bindweed, periwinkles, or simply of verdure. A good many straw flowers of extraordinary delicacy will also be worn, which are inferior only to the feather clematis, the most graceful thing in the world.

Some new Talmas, which have just been imported, are made very small, very much like the old-fashioned "fireman's" or circular cape, reaching just to the waist, and trimmed with three rows of black lace with deep-pointed edge, set on with a very slight fulness to a black net foundation. Black silk is not so much worn as formerly for mantillas, the fancy colors predominating, as apple green, lilac, and the different shades of drab, and dove. These two latter colors are more universally worn, as they most readily harmonize with any dress or bonnet. Black is also good for this season.



*Blum & Sons*

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

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THE SHIPWRECKED  
CAPTAIN'S VOICE

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1853.

No. 1.

## BUNYAN AND HIS WORKS.

BY REV. JAMES STEVENS.

"BUNYAN," says Macaulay, "is as decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakspeare the first of dramatists." In this eulogy all the great critics of English literature concur, whatever their creed, their social rank, or the taste of their generation. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is, indeed, alike the wonder of the learned and the delight of the people. It reads like a narrative of actual occurrences, rather than a fiction, much less like an allegory. We seem to know Christian as well almost as if we had fallen into the Slough of Despond with him; as if we had felt the weight of that awful load on our own shoulders; as if we had started back in terror at the lions in the path; as if we had fallen, foot-sore, at the gate of the palace Beautiful; as if we had traversed the Valley of the Shadow of Death, seen the smoke ascending from the pit, heard the wailings, beheld Apollyon darken the air, and fought at the pilgrim's side with the arch fiend. To us the Castle of Despair, and its grim giant, are no ideal creations, but substantial facts, at the mere memory of which our blood runs cold. We have, it were, ourselves seen the Delectable Mountain.

VOL. XXIV.—1



*J. Bunyan*

tains; beheld the pilgrims go down into the water; and heard, though faint and far, the very harps with which the angels welcome the redeemed up into the shining city.

John Bunyan was a tinker's son, and himself, for years, a tinker. He was born at Elstow,



about four miles from Bedford, England, in 1628. His sole education, as a child, consisted in having been taught to read and write. He never, even when a man, acquired the knowledge of any language but his own; and he understood that only in the form in which the people spoke it, rarely and idiomatically indeed, but neither grammatically nor elegantly. His library, in his best days, had but few books, of which the Bible was the chief. For what he wrote, he was not indebted to human learning, to skill acquired in the schools, or to any subtle eloquence of style. That such a book as the "Pilgrim's Progress" should have been composed, under the disadvantages it was, will always be a stumbling block to

the infidel, and can be realized only by those who know and believe that God designedly selects, at fitting periods, "the weak things of this world to confound the mighty."

In early life Bunyan was idle, profane, a Sabbath-breaker, and perhaps worse. He has left on record that he was a ringleader in all vice, and a monster in iniquity; but these terms are too severe probably to be taken in their ordinary sense; for Bunyan felt everything vividly, and doubtless, in his remorse, unconsciously exaggerated his guilt. At eighteen he married, chiefly through the advice of his friends, who hoped that domestic life would lead to his reform. He did, in fact, improve a little. But no radical change



Exact View of Bunyan's House. (From a rare print.)

of character happened for many years. At last, when about twenty-five years old, he overheard, one day, two poor, pious women conversing. Remorse inexpressible, according to his own account, suddenly seized him. The preaching of Gifford, a Baptist dissenter, was the means of confirming these serious impressions. He resolved to abandon his old courses, and accordingly, in 1652, was baptized into the church at Bedford.

It was no light cross he had undertaken to bear. Evil days were coming, when persecution was to scourge the land; when an unspotted life was to be no protection; when men were to rot in dungeons for conscience sake, at the will of intolerant prelates and a licentious court. But the Almighty was preparing martyrs to bear testimony, and among them, foremost of all, was to

be John Bunyan. The new convert, by slow degrees, acquired confidence to pray and exhort in public, until, in 1655, he was encouraged by his church publicly to preach the gospel. Crowds of listeners soon gathered wherever he was announced. Learned men, benefited men, men of fashion, condescended to turn aside and hear the wonderful tinker. At London, where he sometimes preached, the chapel would not hold half of those who thronged to listen. A fine voice, a commanding figure, vivid language, a contagious seriousness, and an imagination that brought the scenes he painted visibly, as it were, before the audience, rendered Bunyan the most powerful pulpit orator, for the common people, that his age, perhaps, afforded. As such he became marked for proscription among the very first. In 1660, but a few months after the

Restoration, he was arrested, and committed to Bedford jail, till he should engage to abandon public exhortation. This was the beginning of an imprisonment which lasted twelve years. For though Bunyan was often offered his liberty, by the judges, if he would cease preaching, and go to the regular church, he answered stoutly to the last, as he had answered at first:—"If I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God."

In this long incarceration, his wife was, next to his religion, his great stay and support. She was his second partner, and a woman of unusual character. She cheered him with her society, besieged the judges for his relief, and even went up to the House of Lords with a petition in his behalf. Bunyan's chief additional solace was the presence of his blind daughter, one of his offspring by his first wife, a child whom he seems to have loved with an intensity proportioned to her misfortune. His time was occupied in weaving baskets for the support of his family, and in talking to her, or, when alone, in studying his Bible, and writing the "Pilgrim's Progress." Gradually his mild deportment won on the heart of his jailor, who finally allowed him to leave the prison when he pleased, in order to preach at midnight, or even to remain occasionally with his family. Once, when absent, Bunyan felt as if he ought to return, and did so, waking up the unwilling jailor to admit him. That very night a messenger, from the authorities in London, called at the prison, purposely to see Bunyan, having heard of the license allowed to him. When the spy was gone, the jailor turned to Bunyan, saying, "you may go out now when you please, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

At last, in 1672, Bunyan was released, through the intercession of George Whitehead, a leading Quaker, who had great personal influence with the king. In the preceding year, Bunyan had



Bunyan before the Judges

been chosen pastor of Gifford's old church, and he now openly assumed its charge, taking out a license to preach. For sixteen years subsequently he labored in Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and neighboring counties, always with the most marked success, founding everywhere flourishing churches, many of which exist to this day. At last, in 1688, leaving home on a mission of charity, he became exposed to a drenching rain between Reading and London, was seized with a violent fever, and died, at the end of ten days, in the house of a friend, in the metropolis. He was buried at Bonhill Fields, where his tomb may still be seen.

Besides the "Pilgrim's Progress," Bunyan wrote "Grace Abounding," "The Holy War," and other works of merit. But the transcendent genius, displayed in his great allegory, has thrown these into comparative shade, so that they are now but little read.

## WHAT IS LIFE?

SAY! what is life? A vision brief;  
The sunshine on a quiv'ring leaf;

A fountain's spray; a passing wave;  
A breath, a step, and then the grave! E. H. M.

## A GOSSIP ABOUT LADIES SHOES.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.



THE making of shoes was one of the earliest arts practised. Paintings on the oldest tombs of Egypt represent cobblers at work, as seen in the initial letter to this article. Originally a rude sandal

protected the foot, but gradually the shoe increased in convenience and beauty, until, in the days of imperial Rome, shoes were made of the most elaborate designs, and ornamented with the rarest gems. With the irruption of the Goths the art declined. In modern times the elegance of the shoe has been fully restored, though the barbaric pomp, which adorned it with precious stones, has been avoided by the purer taste of the day.

It is only, however, among highly civilized nations, that the shoe has attained to perfection. The French and American shoes rank first; next to these come the English; while those of other peoples become ruder and ruder as we advance outward from these great centres. Even in France and England the peasantry still wear shoes of the most clumsy character. The wooden shoe is common everywhere in the first country, and the rough, mis-shapen brogan in the last. In Italy, the brigands of the Abruzzi wear identically the same shoe, which the rustics of ancient Rome wore two thousand years ago.

In all ages, however, ladies shoes have been lighter and more elegant than those of the men. The Hebrew women covered their shoes with gems, as the Turkish beauties do theirs to this day. In the times of the Plantagenets, the ladies of England wore shoes, in which the greatest variety of pattern, and richness of color, were aimed at: some of these shoes, coteremporary with the reign of Edward the Third, recall the gorgeous taste which originated the rose windows of stained glass belonging to the same period. The ladies shoe of the middle ages generally covered the ankle, like a Wellington boot does now, and had a pointed toe. In the reign of William the Third, the high heel, copied from that monarch's favorite, the jack-boot, came into

fashion, and continued the rage until the close of the last century. In many families ladies shoes of this description are still preserved. How our grandmothers walked, in such stiff and stilted affairs, is almost incredible.

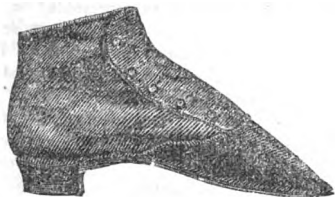
A small foot, in all times, and among all nations, has been one of the greatest charms of woman. The Chinese caricature it, by reducing the female foot to a mere stump; and some American ladies are almost as foolish, by cramping it in ill-fitting shoes. The true beauty of the foot consists in height of instep, plumpness, and absence of all distortions. A properly made shoe, which leaves the foot to play, with comparative freedom, and thus retains the symmetry of that member, will always make the foot look smaller than a tight shoe. It was no pinched, painful foot, destined to distortion and bunions, whose beauty and agility Sir John Suckling celebrated in his delicious ballad on the Wedding.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they feared the light;  
But oh, she dances such a way,  
No sun upon an Eastern day  
Is half so fine a sight."

The best ladies shoes made in the United States, are manufactured at Philadelphia. More capital is invested in this particular branch, in that city, than in any other in the nation. There are fifteen hundred shops there, in which shoes are sold, at either wholesale, or retail, or both. Twelve thousand persons earn a livelihood, and sixty thousand are supported, by this manufacture: of these five thousand are binders, who are always women, earning six dollars a week on the average; and seven thousand are males, cutters, and other workmen, earning twelve dollars a week. It is estimated that at least a million of dollars is invested, in Philadelphia, in the making of ladies shoes alone. When to this is added the enormous sums embarked in the collateral branches of the business, as in the preparation of sole leather, morocco, kid, &c., in all which that city excels, the entire capital involved, directly and indirectly, in the manufacture of ladies shoes, becomes almost incredible. One of the first firms is that of J. W. McCurdy & Son, which has a reputation of more than thirty

years' standing. Believing that a chapter on ladies shoes would be interesting to the sex, we lately visited their establishment, observed the entire process of making a shoe, obtained their choicest patterns, which we caused to be engraved, and now lay the result before our readers.

Ladies shoes are made of all kinds of leather. But fine patent leather, calf, kid, and morocco, both black and mode colored, are the staples. French, English and Italian lastings are used also for gaiters: and sometimes silks, white and black French kids, &c. The Wellington boot is

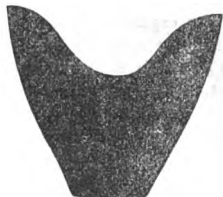


the most popular kind of shoe generally. It is composed of English kid, and French patent leather, the quarters being made of the former, and the vamp of the latter. The cutter first takes a piece of kid, and with wonderful rapidity cuts out an apparently mis-shapen bit, which he tells you is to form the quarters of the boot. We give an engraving, Fig. 1, of it: but who would believe it the quarters? He next carves out another bit, Fig. 2, which he informs you is



the lap for the button-holes. The letters A, A, show where this lap and the quarters fit together, as well as which is the button side of the boot. Then he slices off a fragment, Fig. 3, which he says is the stay, on the inside of the quarter, for the buttons, indispensable, he adds, to make them more durable, as well as to prevent the eye of the button from injuring the foot. Finally he cuts two narrow strips, which he places, as shown in the cut, telling you that they are stays, the one for the outside of the boot, the other for the back and front of the lap, and that, in making

up the boot, they will be fastened to the parts next to which he has laid them. Having done this, he leaves the kid, and taking a piece of patent leather produces the vamp, with but four or five dexterous movements of his knife, throwing it down before you, exactly as it is represented in the accompanying engraving. He



concludes the manufacture of his shoe by cutting out of heavy sheeting a lining, of the form of the entire boot.

The articles are now taken to the binder, who completes the upper part of the shoe, which comes from her finished in all material respects except the sole. The sole is cut out of thick leather, generally fine cowhide. The two parts, the uppers and sole, are carried to the workman, who sews them together, using an awl to perforate the leather, a waxed string for thread, and a bristle for his needle. In some places the soles and uppers are pegged together, but no elegant shoes, for either gentlemen or ladies, are made in this way. On the finer kind of ladies shoes, especially the summer boot, such as seen in the annexed illustration, made entirely of lasting,



generally of light colors, very neat workmen are required, who command commensurately high wages. The boot, after leaving the workman, goes to the trimmer, whose duty it is to sew on the buttons, &c. Dismissed from her hands, it is fit for the shop. In a month or two, at furthest, it is twinkling, in and out, under the skirt of a belle, perhaps on Chesnut street, perhaps in some city or village South or West.

The Child's Wellington Boot, of which we present next an engraving, is similar to the ladies, with the exception that the kid is not so fine, and that there is no heel, the latter being omitted



partly to save expense, partly because children find a difficulty in wearing a heel. A charming article for little girls, or even boys, is the Child's Opera Boot, of which we annex a cut: the bottom



and facing are of patent leather; and the tops of black, bronze, blue, or light mode colored morocco: it is durable as well as beautiful.

Formerly, as we have seen, the heel was all the rage. But after gradually declining from its disproportionate height, it finally died out about the year 1832. It has lately come into favor again, but will never, we hope, attain its old exaggerated size. A neat heel, such as is seen in the accompanying engraving of the

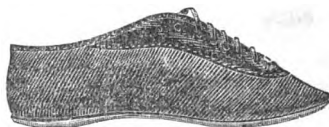


Heeled Gaiter, is useful in elevating the foot above a damp pavement. Where the instep is

low, the heel may be increased a little in height, as this adds to the apparent beauty of the instep. Few workmen, as yet, have learned to make good heels. The Heeled Gaiter is the most popular shoe for walking, at present, being considered the dress boot *par excellence*. It is generally made of fine French lasting, with patent leather tips, or toe pieces.



The Ladies Slipper, as represented in the above cut, is only worn in the house, or at evening parties, or in the summer season. It is usually made of morocco, but when intended for a dress shoe should be of satin, or else of the finest kid. Few manufacturers can turn out so elegant a slipper as this of McCurdy and Son.



The latest novelty is the Sontag Tie, which we here present. It is composed of either morocco, or kid, with patent leather tops. It was introduced, for the first time, during last winter. Manufacturers, to suit the taste of the fair public, are obliged continually to get up new styles.

A word, in conclusion, about stockings. These should be neither too large, nor too small; it is as indispensable they should fit exactly as that the shoe should. Silk stockings, where little exercise is taken, are the most comfortable; and if the best silk is considered too expensive, a thick spun silk is a good substitute. Where much walking is required lamb's wool is the best material.

## LILLY MERE.

Out on the morning air joy-bells are ringing;  
Down in the valley the blue birds are singing;  
The sun seems to smile from the light clouds above me,  
As if, on my bridal morn, he too could love me.

The flowers are sweet  
That kiss my feet,  
As my bonny bride I hasten to meet,  
But no flower is here,  
So fair and dear,  
As my loving, dark-eyed Lilly Mere!

In the still evening the church bells are tolling,  
Solemnly, sadly, the echoes are rolling,  
Over the hill-top, and down by the fountain,  
To meet the procession ascending the mountain.

How still and fair  
The light there!  
Her pall waves slow in the mountain air!  
Oh, God! how dear!  
I leave thee here—  
Thou art an angel Lilly Mere!

w. w.

## THE SHIPWRECK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &C.

It was past midnight, yet the young lord of Craigholme still sat in his chamber, nor thought of repose. A letter lying open on the table before him, and which he frequently picked up, gazed tenderly at, and reread, might, perhaps, account for this wakefulness; for it was from the Lady Edith Mountjoy, his betrothed bride, who had been absent with her parents in Italy, for many a year, but who now wrote to announce their speedy return. "We are coming by way of the Alps, Strasbourg, and Paris," it said, "and I rely on your meeting us at the latter place. Much as I know your tenantry require your personal aid and oversight, and heartily as I join in your plans of reform, I think you can surely spare a fortnight."

It was partly the decision of this question, partly the joy of knowing the Lady Edith would soon return, which had driven sleep from Craigholme's pillow. He was an Irish proprietor of rank, who, on coming into property and title, had resolved to do all he could to ameliorate the condition of his tenants, most of them lineal descendants of the ancient clan of which his ancestors had been the chiefs. To this purpose he had steadily adhered. The result had been that thrift, good agriculture and plenty, had succeeded to waste, poor tillage and penury. The Lady Edith, whom he had met, and to whom he had become engaged, during one of his few necessary absences in London, entered enthusiastically into his plans; and did not make a remonstrance, or even breathe an audible sigh, when, on her mother's health requiring a winter in Italy, he had plead duty as his reason for not accompanying her, as her parents desired. On the present occasion, his personal inspection was indispensable to some changes going on, and again duty stepped in to prevent his gratifying the wishes of the Mountjoys.

"It cannot be," he said, at last. "I will write to Edith to-night: and when she knows the reason, I know she will forgive me." But he did not arrive at this conclusion without a sigh; and, as if for relief, he rose and walked to the window, before commencing his letter.

Craigholme Castle stood on the landward slope of a hill, close to the rocky coast, and with the broad Atlantic stretching away, apparently illimi-

tably, in the distance. The house was partially sheltered from the gales that so often swept the ocean; but one wing of it, in order to command a view of the sea, was more exposed. In this wing Craigholme himself had his apartments, for he loved the sight of the great deep, alike in tempest and in calm.

On the present occasion the wind blew and howled around the wing, as if angry spirits were raging for the mastery. The casements shook, bricks were heard clattering to the earth, and the thunder of the surf on the iron-bound coast shook the whole house. Dark clouds almost entirely obscured the firmament, though the moon occasionally broke through for a moment, throwing a ghastly light on the white breakers, and on the square tower of the former, but now ruined, castle, which stood like a sullen sentinel, keeping watch on a rock that directly overhung the deep.

"What a hurricane it has been," said the young lord. "God help the sailors, if there are any, to-night, on this lee shore! But hark! what was that?" For, as if in answer to his pious exclamation, a gun boomed, at that instant, solemnly and slow, across the waste of darkness. Again and again the sound was heard. At the third repetition, Craigholme, exclaiming, "it is a ship in distress," left his room, and hurried toward the beach.

The wind, on his emerging into the open air, blew so that he could scarcely stand; but resolutely facing it, he made his way to the little landing place. This was a comparatively sheltered spot embayed between the high headlands, on one of which Craigholme castle stood: and it was the only spot where, at any time, a debarkation could be effected in safety. As he had partially hoped, the young lord found most of the village fishermen already collected, listening to the signal guns, and endeavoring, through the gloom, to see where the ill-fated ship was.

"Can't you make her out, Pat, my boy?" said Craigholme, to a bold young fisherman of about his own age.

"Not yet, my lord," was the answer, "its as thick as a stone wall, you persave."

At that instant the moon struggled into sight, and for a while sailed majestically on, calm and

beautifully as on the stillest summer evening, when smiling down on lovers walking beneath hawthorn hedges. By the aid of the temporary light, thus poured on the black waters, a fore-top-sail schooner was seen in the very act of striking on a ledge of rocks, known along the whole coast, for their fatal character, as the Crag of Death. The instant after, the moon was again obscured; and the vessel disappeared from sight: but a cry of agony, it seemed to the excited listeners, reached them even over the uproar of the gale.

"Who will venture out?" said the young lord, after a short, but terrible silence. "The schooner can't hold together long, and what is done must be done quickly."

There was no answer for a while. At last one of the oldest fishermen, seeing that no one else replied, spoke for the rest. "It would be tempting heaven, my lord: no boat could hope to reach them in such a sea."

"I don't know, O'Connor," returned Craigholme. "But, whether one can or not, I'm going to make the attempt, if I can get a crew. Do you think my lads, I'll stand here, and see human souls, almost within cable length, perish, without making at least an effort to save them? Who's for the trial? You, Connel, my foster-brother," he said, turning to one who had just come up, "you'll go with me, won't you? I want only single men, like myself and you; and, please God, we'll save that crew, or die in the attempt."

At this heroic behavior, on the part of their young and beloved master, a dozen stalwart fishermen stepped forward; a boat was launched; and the picked crew was preparing to start, when the priest appeared rushing down to the beach.

"For the love of God," said the holy man, excitedly, crossing himself at the august name, "stop, stop. What are you doing, my lord? Where was your courage, ye cowards," he exclaimed turning half angrily to the fishermen, "that ye held back till he offered to go himself? Indeed, my lord," he continued, addressing Craigholme again, "you must come back, and let these children go alone. Your life is too precious to be risked. Think," he added, drawing close to the young man, and holding him back from the boat, "think of, the Lady Edith."

Though of different faiths, Craigholme and the priest had a warm esteem and even affection for each other, the result of mutual co-operation in many a scheme of Christian charity. The father regarded the young lord almost as his own child; and the latter looked up with something of a son's deference to the former. He hesitated, therefore,

at this expostulation. But, with the Lady Edith's name this hesitation passed away.

"My father," he said, "you make my path of duty clear. If I were to hold back now, I should know it was a selfish motive that prompted me; and was the crew of the wreck to be lost, I should feel as if, in part, accountable for their deaths. No, not a word more; I am resolved. Your blessing before we go, however."

He bared his head and knelt, the spectators all following his example. The aged priest, raising his hands, blessed him in a faltering voice. Oh! would that there were more such instances, where men, differing in faiths, unite in doing God's work of mercy and succor.

The blessing over, the volunteers took their seats; the oars fell; and the boat shot out into the raging sea. The moon had now reappeared, and the schooner was distinctly visible on the rocks, though both masts were gone, and the waves were boiling around her at such a rate, that the fishermen expected momentarily to see her go to pieces. With intense anxiety they watched the boat slowly struggling seaward. Now the light toy, for it seemed no more comparatively, rose on the wave, and now sunk wholly out of sight, nor did it appear, even to the most brave-hearted, that it was possible for her to achieve her errand. Every little while, some huge roller, twice as gigantic as even the enormous billows which had preceded it, was seen coming down toward the frail boat, mounting higher, and higher, and higher above it, as if first to overtop and then bury the venturesome adventurers; but, at such times, it fairly made the spectators cheer, to see how steadily the crew pulled, and with what eye and nerve the young lord steered up the wall, as it were, of waters. Suddenly, as the anxious crowd gazed, the crest of the wave was reached; the boat hung suspended for a second, her stern high in air; and, then with a rush, as if an abyss had opened before her, down she went, disappearing from sight. How every breath was held, after that, till she emerged again to sight, breasting a new wave, but only to vanish again, on surmounting it, and bring back a return of suspense. For half an hour nearly the excited group at the landing waited the end of this heroic strife, often losing sight entirely of the boat when the moon became obscured.

Torches had, meantime, been brought, and their lurid glare, lighting up the black rocks, the foaming surf, the bits of wreck coming ashore, and the grim tower in the back-ground, made the scene picturesque even to horror. Added to this was the unceasing roar of the breakers, like

ten thousand batteries, and the howl of the gale, which sometimes rose even above this tremendous thunder.

"God help him, God have pity on them," said the priest, unconsciously giving expression to his thoughts, "I can't see them any more, they must be lost."

The moon had, that instant, come forth again; and, as the priest said, no boat was in sight. But one of the fishermen, celebrated for his keen sight, hastened to say that, just as the moon emerged, he thought he had seen the boat disappear behind the Crags of Death.

"I'm not certain. For I saw it, if I saw it all, like the flash of a sea-bird's wing, low on the horizon, gone in a moment. But there's this in its favor. They'll have to go round the Crags, and lie under their lee, to get at the wreck at all. If the crew of the schooner have managed to get to the rock, Craigholme will bring 'em back, that is if he hasn't gone down. All we can do is to wait for the next half hour, and pray the Lord to have mercy on 'em all."

But how long that half hour seemed! Often the old priest looked at his watch, to be assured that the specified time had not expired, and thus to recall the hope that had almost died out. At last the full period had passed. Still no boat appeared. Five minutes, ten minutes elapsed, and now the most sanguine began to despair. The wreck, within the last few moments, had gone bodily to pieces, and the waters were churning white over the spot where it had struck. Even the Crags, though not yet quite covered with the rising tide, were hidden from view by the driving spray that hung continually, like a thick mist, above them.

"They are lost," said the priest at last, in a broken voice, "they who would have saved, as well as they who were in peril first. God have mercy on their souls." And tears chased each other down his aged cheeks.

But, at that instant, the keen-sighted fisherman, who had never taken his eyes from the spot where the boat had disappeared, broke forth rapturously, "I see them, I see them, the boat is full, they are coming back, hurrah, hurrah!" And he too, overcome, though in a different way, shed tears, waving his cap frantically around his head.

Every eye was fixed immediately on the spot to which he pointed. The clouds were now rapidly dissipating, and the moon shone with undimmed splendor, so that even those with the weakest sight could discern the boat. On she came, her bow pointed directly toward the landing, riding the surges as buoyantly as a wild-

duck itself. As she drew nearer, a white dress was seen among her crowded freight, proving that one female at least had been saved; and, on beholding this, the prayers of the spectators, and their anxiety, for the safe return of the adventurers, grew, if possible, more ardent than ever. Oh! how intensely the little crowd watched the struggle, which, for nearly half an hour, the light craft maintained against the angry billows, which waved around it, as if determined not to be cheated of their prey.

At last the boat shot into the comparatively smooth space in front of the landing; and the moment after, was disembarking her living freight. Two females were borne ashore, one in the arms of Craigholme himself, the other by a military-looking man, with grey hair, but still in the prime of his strength.

"Run to the castle, for life and death," were the young lord's words, "and have chambers prepared for these ladies. My good father," he added quickly, in a whisper, as he caught the eye of the priest, "only think of God's mercy, in instigating me to go out to that wreck. The schooner was a yacht, lent to my Lord Mountjoy, to bring him home, which induced him to change his plan of returning by the Rhine. They would have been lost, Edith and all, if I had not gone out. See that my lord and lady, the last of whom like Edith is senseless almost from exhaustion, are brought up to the castle; and have Dr. Morgan sent for immediately."

As he spoke these words, Craigholme had hurried on, the priest following by his side, and the fair burden in his arms lying so still that he might have thought her dead, but for the almost imperceptible pressure, with which, from time to time, she clasped his neck. He knew that the castle was the nearest place where any comforts could be found for the drenched and almost dead females, and therefore he was hurrying forward, without pause, to that destination, the emergency of the case giving him strength to carry the Lady Edith as if she had been but a child. The other rescued persons followed after, or were borne along by eager volunteers; while four or five of the fleetest villagers darted onward to announce their approach.

Three days from that memorable night, a carriage and four bore away the now recovered lord and countess of Mountjoy, with their fair daughter. Three months subsequently, a carriage and four, decked with white favors, drove into the castle gates, amid the ringing of the village bells, and the shouts of the villagers, while a procession of young girls, dressed in white, waited in front of the hall door to



strew flowers before their young mistress as she alighted. And such was the second welcome of the Lady Edith to her future house.

"Ah! never," she said, as she turned to her husband, "would I have entered here, either as rescued from shipwreck or as happy bride, if you, dearest, had not placed duty before even

me, on that terrible night. God enable me to be worthy of you."

There were tears in her eyes as she spoke, which her young bridegroom kissed tenderly away, saying, "God strengthen us both, my love, always, and under all temptations, to do our duty, for therein lies the true path to happiness.

## LINES.

BY S. E. JUDSON.

Irs pleasant change the Spring has wrought  
Our homestead about once more;  
Fresh buds and roses June has brought,  
As sweet and bright as before.

The rugged boughs of the apple tree  
Are enwreathed with blossoms again;  
There sweetly the robins warble to me  
A blithe and a cheering strain;

And the little brook o'er its pebbles sings  
To the wild flowers on its bank,  
Gurgling along where the tall grass springs  
In the meadow so green and rank.

The early peppermint grows so near  
That it bends to the surface bright,  
Till its leaves are washed by the ripples clear  
That sparkle and flash in the light.

Ah! the tiny footpath yet I can trace  
That leads where the violets blew,  
In that green, and moist, but sunny place,  
E'er the sweetest and earliest grew.

O'er the spot I wandered a happy child,  
Those tiny wild flowers to cull:  
I remember how sweetly my mother smiled  
When I brought her an apron full.

But, alas! their faintly perfumed breath  
My spirit no longer cheers,  
For her eyes are closed in the sleep of death,  
And mine are dim with tears.

Away in the valley, peaceful and lone,  
Where the head-stones thickly rise,  
A new-made grave they have marked with a stone,  
And 'tis there my mother lies.

Oh! sadly her love and care we miss,  
And never again shall find,  
In a world that is cold and false like this  
A friend so faithful and kind.

But though pleasant the change the gentle hand  
Of Spring has wrought round our home;  
Yet my mother has gone to a brighter land,  
Where the blight of no Winter may come.

## THE STARS.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

Ye twinkling sparks in yonder skies,  
Ye watchmen of the weary night,  
That pierce the gloom like angel's eyes,  
And make the Heav'n's a sea of light:

Why do ye nightly range above  
In thick array, in calmness deep,  
And shower down your smiles of love  
Upon the earth all lost in sleep?

List! list! a voice upon the breeze  
Comes gently with the twilight's flight:  
"The great Creator made all these  
To glorify Him in the night!

"The many songsters of the air,  
Repeat His praises as they fly;

The flowers on the weeds declare  
The skill of Him who dwells on high;

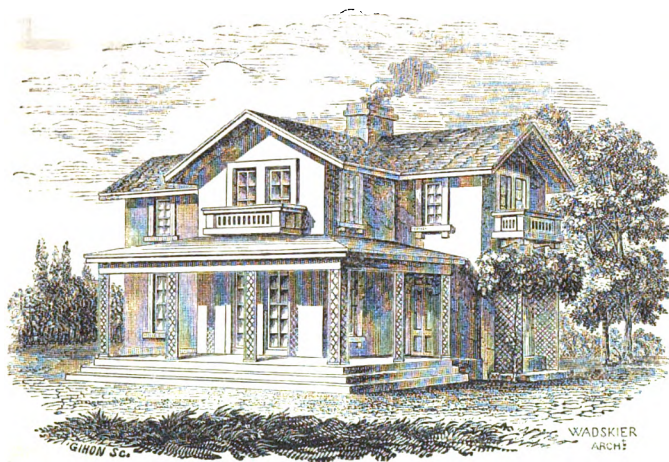
"The brooklet, rippling o'er the plain,  
Murmurs His name at ev'ry bend;  
And on the waving fields of grain  
His love in words of gold is penn'd!

"But when the sun's last setting ray  
Has parted from the Western hill;  
When calm succeeds the bustling day,  
And ev'ry earthly voice is still:

"Then do the Heavens, in their turn,  
To His dominion testify,  
And mutely sing, as bright they burn,  
'There is a God who rules on high!'"

# COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

## AN ITALIAN COTTAGE.



A COTTAGE is of course understood to mean a dwelling of limited accommodation, intended for the occupation of a family of moderate size and means, either wholly managing the household cares itself, or with the assistance at most of one or two domestics. It is, then, evident, that a cottage should be arranged with a different view, both as regards utility and style of beauty, from a villa; as the family which is satisfied by living in a comfortable and economical little dwelling has very different wants from the family of wealth which occupies a villa, and which is as often built as much for display, as for the gratification of taste.

The highest principle, therefore, to be followed in the designing and building of a cottage, is to arrange and construct everything according to its utility; which, when done, will give it the true character of a cottage, that of simplicity: a character most expressive of the tastes and wants of cottage life, and which ought, therefore, to pervade every portion of Cottage Architecture in arrangement, construction and decoration.

The predominant character of this cottage is simplicity, both in its external and internal arrangement. The vestibule is eleven by sixteen feet, and contains the staircase leading to

the second story. This vestibule is rather large for a dwelling of this size; but it may be used as a room, in connexion with the parlor and living-room, by opening the two communicating doors. The parlor is quite a spacious apartment for a cottage, being sixteen by twenty-two feet, and when fitted up in a tasty and simple manner, will make a very pleasant and comfortable room. The living-room is sixteen by sixteen feet.

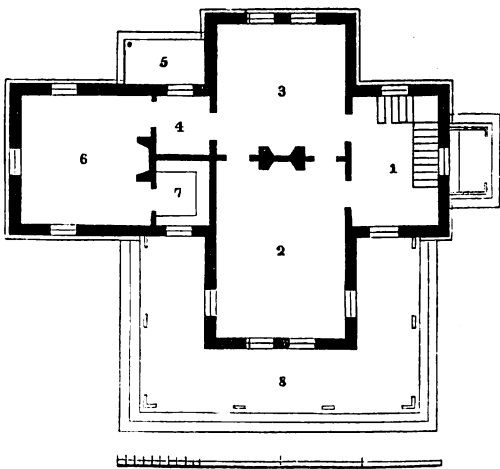
Between the living-room and kitchen is a small entry. This entry will be found of great use. It interrupts the passage of all sounds and odors from the kitchen, and forms also a very agreeable communication for the kitchen and living-room with the yard. There is a small porch, six by ten feet, on the outside of the entry, constructed of lattice-work, and which may be suitably decorated with vines. The kitchen is sixteen feet square, with a good pantry connected, and supplied with an abundance of light and fresh air.

The veranda is eight feet in width, and forms a prominent feature in the design. The supports are formed of trellis-work. The little arbor, or covered seat, is constructed of trellis-work, and, covered with vines, and forms a very

handsome appendage to the gable, conveying at the first glance an impression of refinement and taste.

The height of the first story is ten feet, and the second eight feet, in the clear.

This cottage should be built of brick and stucco, with sixteen inch hollow walls; or with smooth brick, painted of some pleasing neutral tint. The window-dressings, where dressed stone is scarce or costly, should be built of brick and stuccoed, except the sills, which should be of dressed stone. The balconies may be of wood, painted and sanded to harmonize with the walls. All the inside woodwork, except steps and floors, to be painted of a dark color, and grained to represent oak or walnut.



GROUND PLAN.

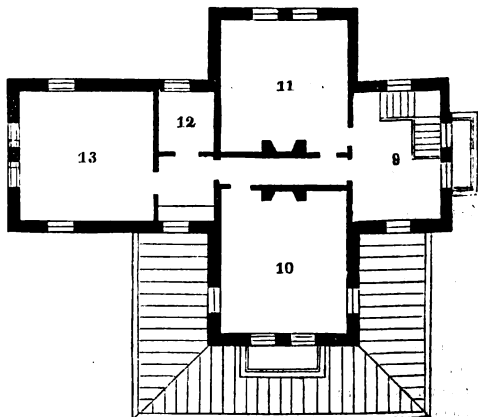
## DIMENSIONS.

## PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

- |                   | FEET.       |
|-------------------|-------------|
| 1. Vestibule, - - | 11 × 16     |
| 2. Parlor, - - -  | 16 × 22     |
| 3. Living-room, - | 16 × 16     |
| 4. Entry, - - -   | 7 × 7½      |
| 5. Porch, - - -   | 6 × 10      |
| 6. Porch, - - -   | 16 × 16     |
| 7. Pantry, - - -  | 7 × 8       |
| 8. Veranda, - - - | 8 ft. wide. |

## SECOND FLOOR.

- |                    |         |
|--------------------|---------|
| 9. Staircase, - -  | 11 × 16 |
| 10. Bed-room, - -  | 16 × 18 |
| 11. Bed-room, - -  | 16 × 16 |
| 12. Linen-press, - | 7 × 7   |
| 13. Bed-room, - -  | 16 × 16 |



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

## LINES.

BY G. L. PARSONS.

THE Summer days have come again,  
And all seems bright and gay;  
But a sadness rests upon my heart,  
That I cannot banish away.

I think of one, so pure and good,  
Who fades with the Summer flowers!  
Yet why lament? Oh! she has gone  
To a better home than ours!

## COUSIN MARTHA.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

### PART I.

It was the first of June, and we all sat down in family council to determine upon the important question of our summer arrangements. Where should we go first? The election was a puzzling one, for all pulled different ways, and no candidate received more than one vote. Papa was fond of travelling, and exhausted his eloquence in favor of Niagara; mamma loved quiet, and suggested a country farm house; (she had surely forgotten the roosters, and all those dreadful crowings and cacklings that rudely drag one from the land of dreams,) Sophia was given to "purling streams" and "shady bowers," and *her* choice had already taken firm root in Geneva; Tom, precociously seized with a fancy for going about and seeking what he could devour—in other words, being very fond of gunning and fishing, held out against a three hours' siege of his sisters' tongues in favor of some little, hum-drum village in Connecticut; and your humble servant, like an amiable weather-cock, stood ready to go with the victor.

We made such a din and confusion of tongues, that papa insisted upon it we quite put to shame the voters at election time; and Cousin Martha, who had come to spend the day, looked mildly up from her sewing, and smiled, half sadly, at our eagerness. "Perhaps," thought I, "it is selfish in us thus to discuss our plans of pleasure before one to whom such enjoyments are forbidden treats"—for Cousin Martha was a "poor relation," and quite unlikely ever to be anything else. Poor thing! she had known better days; but an unfortunate marriage reduced her from her once proud station, and she was now a childless widow, with very slender means.

"It reminds me so of old times," said she, as I seated myself beside her, "how well I recollect one summer, many years ago, when I, a giddy girl of seventeen, imagined that the life which lay before me was an uninterrupted pathway of roses. And how they all laughed at me that season! But I will tell you about it.

"My father, one evening, asked us where we were to go that summer; and, before the others could answer, I had seized a newspaper, and expatiated most enthusiastically upon the attractive allurements of Opossum Lake. There was the

man's advertisement; did he did not say that it was 'an uncommonly healthy place'—'within five minutes' walk of everything'—'finest fishing and shooting in the United States'—'comforts of a home and pleasures of a visit, &c.?' Surely, he ought to know the merits of his own possessions!

"Opossum Lake?" repeated my father, 'why, I never heard of the place! Where is it? Half a day's journey from the city—humbug!'

"I hope there are no misquitoses there," observed Aunt Cornelia, who, during our summer migrations, made a regular practice of spending the nights, towel in hand, slaughtering her musical enemies.

"Depend upon it, Aunt Cornelia," exclaimed my brother George, 'that, when you *do* get a bite, you will lose more than you gain!'

"My father joined heartily in the laugh at his sister's expense, and they seemed to have forgotten all about Opossum Lake; but I was resolved that, if eloquence could win the day, it should be mine, and, at a fitting season, I again broached the subject.

"Still harping upon that?" said my father, with a smile, 'what, in the name of all that's wonderful, ever put Opossum Lake into your head? It offers very few inducements to a young lady.'

"I went over the advertisement to see what I could find. I knew it all by heart—from the very beginning, to the 'apply by note, post-paid, to Zachary Grinder, at the Opossum Lake House.'"

"But why *did* you care so much about it?" I very naturally inquired.

"I expected to meet a friend there," replied Cousin Martha, in manifest confusion, "and I said that it must be so pleasant living near the water—and I should like to learn how to fish—and—"

"Gammon!" exclaimed my eldest brother, 'you didn't think it so pleasant to live near the water last summer, when we went to Clam-Pasture—and as to fishing, why, you'd never have patience enough to catch anything!'

"The family were against me; but I replied mildly to all, and talked so reasonably that they began to think there might be something in it. My father was almost conquered.

"'And you are sure,' said George, 'that there is plenty of shooting, and all that sort of thing?'"

"What would I not have said 'yes' to? I made Opossum Lake all things to all men; until each member of the family almost recognized, in my description, his or her own particular *beautideal* of an earthly Eden.

"The first step toward reaching the summit of our wishes was to inform Zachary Grinder of our coming, 'by note, *post-paid*,' as I impressed upon my father, while I stood leaning over his shoulder. 'But perhaps Mr. Grinder could not accommodate so many?'"

"'Nonsense!' said my father, bluntly, 'I'll warrant you that he takes in all he can get—I only hope that we may not find it a take in in earnest!'"

"The wish was heartily responded to by the others; and I could plainly read, in the eyes of those around me, that did the reality fall short of their expectations, why, *my* position would not be exactly an enviable one. But I was young and hopeful; I forgot that there would not be the same sun to gild Opossum Lake for them as for me; and, under my instructions, everything was prepared for a long sojourn.

"At length, we were fairly en route—feeling somewhat like travellers going to seek our fortune. George had his cherished gun—my eldest brother his fishing implements—and the rest of us some little bag, basket, or band-box, which is always detached from the main-land of baggage as too precious to be entrusted to common hands.

"The whole distance was to be 'half a day's journey.' At seven in the morning we entered the cars, and there were kept 'in durance vile' until twelve; we then found ourselves stranded upon a miserable hotel, where we stopped to dine; and, after various delays, we were packed, like so many bundles, in a ricketty stage-coach, that bore on its side the magical letters 'Opossum Lake.' This vehicle must, at some former period of existence, have done penance as a snail; for crawling was evidently the only pace with which it was at all acquainted. When remonstrated with, the driver always replied that 'we were going up hill'—had the height of that undulation been at all in proportion to its length, it would have caused Mont Blanc and Chimborazo to tremble in their shoes. And yet, in spite of this cautious manner of proceeding, we were jolted about at a fearful rate; until, as my father observed, 'it was impossible to know whether we were in our place or not.'

"'Half a day's journey!' The hills were red with the fading sunset, when our ark came to a stand-still before a low, dilapidated house, with

a piazza around it; and, in my innocence, I at first imagined that this was only a sort of by-place to change horses. The countenances of the others were firm, and plainly said, 'don't tell me that *this* is Opossum Lake House—I will not believe it.' There was a stupid-looking man in shirt-sleeves on the piazza, who went in and shut the door, as though he expected to be robbed if he staid outside.

"We wondered that the driver did not go on; but he had now reached the coach-door, and looked smilingly inviting, as he said, 'Opossum Lake House, ladies and gentlemen.' True enough! there was blue water close to the house; and if we acted up to what was expected of us, our next movement was to get out.

"'I don't know,' said Aunt Cornelia, as she shivered at the cold breeze from the water, 'where the *healthiness* of the place is!'"

"'Mattie! where are the snipes and partidges?' called out George.

"'You can scarcely expect,' said my father, kindly, as he noticed my embarrassed face, 'to find them hopping about the door, or sending forth stentorian invitations of come and kill us! Now, Mattie,' he whispered, 'you must introduce me to your friend, Mr. Grinder.'

"It would sound rather foolish to say that I was unacquainted with him, for had I not been extolling his merits for the last two weeks? Had I not represented him as the most disinterested host that ever presided at an inn, until it seemed almost an insult to offer any remuneration to so noble a character? All of which my father treasured up against me, and reminded me of it, in his quizzical way, much oftener than was agreeable.

"We opened the front door, and found ourselves, without the least warning, in an apartment that seemed already occupied by a stout, sun-browned man—a thin, freckled woman—the bashful individual in shirt-sleeves—and two overgrown girls—all drawn up in battle-ray against us.

"We felt like intruders, and were about to take our departure; when the sun-browned man introduced himself as Zachary Grinder, and signified that we could remain. We were their first boarders—they were not, therefore, exactly *au fait* at receptions. One by one the family vanished, and we were left alone with Zachary Grinder. My father made all necessary arrangements; and in a short time we found ourselves seated at a supper-table, where fish, of all shapes and sizes, seemed the only sort of food to be procured at Opossum Lake. We soon found that this was a peculiarity of the place. Every knife had a fishy

taste; the potatoes were all consumed for fish-cakes; and every man that we met was always going a fishing.

"Aunt Cornelia and I were domiciled in a room with a single window, that boasted neither shutter, blind, or shade of any description; and we were obliged to erect temporary screens of towels, dresses, or anything that came handy. Opossum Lake was destined to be a failure. As to its name, not a single opossum had ever been heard of within a hundred miles.

"I began to feel weary and lonely. The Misses Grinder, during the whole period of their residence upon this terrestrial planet, had never crossed the limits of the turnpike-gate—a distance of two miles—and they looked with considerable horror upon any farther excursions. My father and brothers had become interested in the fishing, which was the chief end and aim of an Opossum Lake existence, and determined to stay some time; but Aunt Cornelia absolutely refused to forgive me for bringing her there. Besides myriads of mosquitoes, there were perfect shoals of little gnats, who did even more execution, in their small way, than their larger brethren; and between them both we bid fair to be eaten up alive.

"Didn't I watch and wait for a letter? At last it came—Gerard would be there to-morrow. But I see that you look inquiring: I must go back a little.

"If ever there was perfection in man, it was to be found in Gerard Linfield. He was handsome, generous, and good-tempered to a fault; he was everything but—rich. My father did not encourage his visits, because of his poverty; and when we were at home, there was old Grandmother Corning, who always peeped through the blinds at every beau that came to see me."

"Did they not think such conduct very strange?" I asked.

"I don't know what they thought," replied Cousin Martha, "but they never said so. I had no mother; and grandmother appeared to consider it her duty to torment my life out in consequence. When we left, in the summer, she always went to some other relations; and right glad was I when the time came around.

"We lived in an old-fashioned house, that then had a large garden attached to it; and at one side of the house was a lane leading to an apple orchard, and there was our trysting-tree. Many a summer evening have I gone up to the old apple orchard, with my apron full of strawberries or peaches, and sat on the fence beside Gerard, while we regaled ourselves on the spoils. The beautiful moonbeams shone down on our faces,

and silvered the gnarled trunks of the apple trees, as we sat there undisturbed in our quiet retreat. Oh! those were beautiful days! To get away from the eagle eyes of Grandmother Corning, and stroll with Gerard around the orchard was all that I asked of happiness.

"In the rich, full light of the harvest moon, I came home, one night, with a strange, new feeling of responsibility and concealment. I had stood with Gerard under our favorite tree; and he had taken both my hands, and fixed his eyes upon mine, while I gave him a solemn promise that I would live for him and him only. Then, raising his eyes to heaven, he repeated the same promise to me; and we spoke not again until we parted at the lane.

"Oh, that well-remembered August night! Its events seem as those of yesterday. I can see it all: the orchard, and the old fence on which we sat—the rich moonlight, that bathed everything in a flood of silver—the tall figure, and noble face of Gerard Linfield—and the snowy folds of my white dress, as I stood leaning against the tree where I had sunk from intense emotion.

"I did not tell my father of our engagement—I *dared not*; I told no one; and our only chance of meeting was by stealth. Gerard was going to Opossum Lake—he had been sent there by his father to attend an old uncle; and I was now established there, waiting for his coming.

"How bright grew the prospect around at our first meeting! How delightful the faces of Zachary Grinder and his family! How charming our finy diet! My ennui had departed; I wandered by the shores of Opossum Lake, and thought the earth beautiful. There was *one* Gerard, and *I* was his beloved.

"I wonder that my father or brothers did not discover our secret. Aunt Cornelia never *was* very sharp, and now obstinately persisted in playing the hermit in her own room; but the others appeared to notice us no more than she did. It was well for us that they did not. How suddenly would everything have grown dull and cheerless without those evening walks! Gerard's old uncle would, doubtless, have been left 'alone in his glory;' and I should have exerted myself as much for our return home as I had previously done for our going.

"But we were betrayed at last, and in a most unexpected quarter. One of the Misses Grinder was detected, by her respectable father, walking in company with a gentleman of her own stamp, after the rest had retired. In answer to his reproach, she replied quite innocently, 'why, father, I thought it was all the fashion! The young lady from the city walks here with *her* beau.'

'The young lady from the city' was then handed over to condign punishment at the hands of *her* father.

"I shall never forget that evening. My father cross-questioned me until he had drawn from me an acknowledgment of our engagement, and then he expressly forbid any farther communication with Gerard Linfield. 'He had,' he said, 'higher views for me,' and was in the nearest approach to a rage that I had ever seen him exhibit.

"The summer passed over, and we returned home; Gerard Linfield was an officer, and he had been ordered off to Florida. We parted with tears and promises on both sides—I never saw him again."

"*Never saw him again!*" we exclaimed, "and yet you married?"

"Yes," replied Cousin Martha, with a sigh, "my father lost his property—and 'auld Robin Gray he cam' a-courtin' me.' Would that I had then refused the gold? for too late I found that I had accepted the dross?"

"What became of Gerard Linfield?" we asked.

"Oh, he is now a great man," said she, "he married a rich girl, and lives in a beautiful place up the North River. I wonder if he is happy?"

"Gerard Linfield?" repeated papa, who had just caught the name, "why, he is an old friend of mine—I see him frequently."

"How does he look?" asked Cousin Martha, in a tremulous voice, "does he seem old?"

"About fifty-five, I should say," replied papa, "he is a fine, hale, aristocratic-looking gentleman, and has one of the sunniest faces I have ever seen. Poor fellow! it was cloudy enough the other day—he has just lost his wife."

"Has he any family?" asked Cousin Martha, in a still lower tone.

"One only daughter—an elegant-looking girl, who has been reared in the very lap of luxury."

Cousin Martha sighed; and we felt deeply for her desolate condition.

## PART II.

COUSIN MARTHA was again on a visit.

"I saw Gerard Linfield to-day," said papa, as he came in for the evening, "and he asked me if I knew of any one whom I could recommend as housekeeper and companion to his daughter."

The color rose brightly in Cousin Martha's usually pale cheek, as she looked eagerly up from her sewing.

"Would he have me, do you think?" she asked, in an almost inaudible tone.

We were quite provoked at papa. Instead of jumping instantly to the conclusion, as we had

done, he actually took time to consider before venturing a reply; and then answered slowly,

"I think that you would answer as well as any one I know of—but I would advise you to go as a perfect stranger."

That was just what she had intended; and we rejoiced not a little in the prospect of romance that was opening before us. What could be more natural than for two long-parted lovers to recognize each other through the lapse of thirty years, and renew the very feelings that had prompted their last farewell?

"Now," said papa, when we were alone, "don't fall to building any preposterous castles in the air; it is my private opinion that Cousin Martha will return exactly as she goes—you don't know Gerard Linfield as I do. He must be a remarkably easy man, indeed, who could fall in love with an old sweetheart of forty-seven, who had jilted him at seventeen."

"Oh, but she was obliged to do that," we replied, with a happy stroke of policy, "she could not disobey her father!"

Papa was somewhat staggered.

"Then she should not have married any one else," said he, with an effort at rallying.

"What, and left them all to starve?"

Papa abruptly left the circle, and soon after we heard the library door closed with a bang.

How suddenly we all became interested in Cousin Martha! That love passage of her youth proved the "open sesame" to our hearts; and we canvassed over the probable effect of her intended proceeding as though it were fraught with the greatest importance. The interval before her departure was spent with us; papa had spoken to Mr. Linfield about it, and the widower had agreed to the proposal without a suspicion that he was admitting beneath his roof no less a person than his first love.

Cousin Martha had been a very pretty girl; she still had large, blue eyes, and a fair skin, and her manner was particularly gentle—in whatever situation she might be placed, it was impossible not to recognize the lady. Papa was to conduct her to Blomettsville, Mr. Linfield's place—so named after his wife's family; and on the afternoon of her departure it was easy to see that she had taken unusual pains with her appearance. Who could blame her? Not we, surely, for we were as much interested in the denouement as he herself could be; and we noticed with pleasure the improvement which excitement had made in the usually quiet face of our protégée. The soft lace trimming that rested on her cheek set off its delicate glow; and there was a lustre in her eyes that few of us

had ever seen there before. We watched their departure from the windows; and then sat down to talk over Cousin Martha's prospects.

The travellers reached Albany in the morning, and then took the cars for Blemetsville. A princely-looking residence, with its white marble front in beautiful contrast with the dark trees around, was pointed out as the mansion of Mr. Linfield; and with trembling steps Cousin Martha advanced up the avenue. A flood of emotions almost overpowered her; and she kept her veil closely over her face, as though fearing a discovery. She had forgotten the mask which thirty years never fail to supply.

Up a flight of broad, marble steps—through the open door and immense hall—past the elegant drawing-rooms and oaken staircase—and the visitors are seated in the library. The thick veil is at length thrown back from a face nearly as white as the marble statuettes; and the trembling form in widow's weeds seems almost incapable of self-support.

A step sounds in the hall; not indeed the same that caused her girlish heart to bound with hope and love—but firmer, more deliberate. A tall, noble-looking man, whose appearance has all the perfection of early autumn, enters the room, and welcomes his friend with a warmth and courtesy that leave no doubt of his sincerity. He turns to Cousin Martha.

As that piercing eye rested upon her for a moment, it seemed reproaching her for the broken engagement; but other thoughts than these occupied the mind of Gerard Linfield. He saw in his first love, not the idol of his youth, but a lady-like, middle-aged woman, who had come to superintend his household, and enliven his daughter's solitude. Poor Cousin Martha! She saw the Gerard Linfield of other days adorned with all the graces of mature manhood; and again her heart fluttered under the spell of his presence.

How it sunk at his first words! cold—indifferent—the same that he would have given to any other stranger. The name, Mrs. Nesbitt, aroused no slumbering memories of the olden time; and Cousin Martha entered upon her duties in the house of Gerard Linfield without his in the least suspecting that in the far-off past they too had been so near to each other.

Clara Linfield was a slight, gentle-looking girl, whose petite style of beauty seemed only fit to be arrayed in robes of gossamer and cobweb texture; but she received Cousin Martha with a graceful kindness that won the widow's heart. Her housekeeping duties were but nominal ones; her time was spent in Clara's boudoir; and the

motherless girl leaned upon her new companion with all the confidence of a daughter.

Gerard Linfield loved his daughter with an affection little short of idolatry; his marriage had not proved a very happy one, and on the child was lavished all the affection that had been repulsed by the mother. Attracted at first by Mrs. Nesbitt's lady-like manner and gentle mien, he felt still more kindly disposed toward her on witnessing his daughter's evident partiality; and to Cousin Martha the days glided on at Blemetsville in a round of quiet happiness. She was under the same roof with Gerard Linfield; and vividly returned the memory of those days when the enjoyment of this privilege was all that she asked of the future. The lively, pleasure-loving youth was transformed into the quiet, intellectual man; and sometimes, in passing through the house, as she caught a glimpse of him in his library, busily at work with some heavy folio or learned manuscript, how she longed to place her hand on his shoulder and tell him all! But what could she say? "Behold the weak-minded girl who 'her vows forgot, her faith forswore'—who clouded your early youth with her falseness?" Would he not spurn such an acknowledgment? So Cousin Martha passed on with a sigh, and dwelt sadly on the picture of that proud, calm face, so absorbed with the books and scrolls.

Gerard Linfield sometimes remembered his early love—but the recollection was not a pleasant one. The anniversary of that night in the old apple orchard had been preserved through thirty long years; and as the day came around, he spent it in solitude and thoughts of the past.

"I wish," said Clara, one evening, when the two were seated in her pleasant dressing-room, "that I dared to ask a great favor of you."

Cousin Martha smiled. She wondered what "great favor" the young heiress desired of her.

"I cannot say, like Herod, 'to the half of my kingdom, it is thine'—but whatever lies in my power to do shall be most willingly done."

"Papa is very strange," said Clara, in a hurried, nervous manner, "you would suppose from his careless, off-hand way, that he never thought of wealth and such distinctions, and would as soon admit to his table a poor artist as a wealthy nobleman. But few know him as he really is; and I tremble to tell him that I love one whom he would consider in every way unworthy of me."

Cousin Martha was thinking of her own youth; and there was a softened tone in her voice, as she said,

"But how came you to lose your heart, ma petite?"



"I do not know," replied Clara, with downcast face, "unless it was because we see so little company here, and I became fond of rambling in the woods. Oh, but," she continued, as she looked up with a bright smile, "you have never seen Edward Clarence, or you would not ask that question."

Just so *she* had thought of Gerard.

"I am perfectly willing to be poor," continued Clara, enthusiastically, "I have no regretful feelings at the idea of leaving this grand house for an humble cottage, except that papa would not go with me; I shrink not at the thought of waiting upon myself—for shall I not have *him* to wait upon also? I *know* that we could be 'passing rich with forty pounds a year'—why, then, will not papa let me be happy in my own way? I am afraid, though," she added, with a merry laugh, "that he will consider me some foundling unworthy of the noble blood of Linfield—else why do I have such plebeian thoughts?"

It was strange to hear the young mistress of that splendid establishment talk of the grim tyrant, poverty, as though it were some plaything to make merry with; but poor, innocent-minded Clara had no more idea of its true meaning than had Marie Antoinette and her companions, when they threw off the cares of state, and disguised themselves as humble villagers. It was a something that would compel her to wear a fascinating little straw bonnet and white dress, and look a perfect divinity while presiding at the meal of strawberries and cream—nothing more.

She sat smiling to herself at the pleasant visions she had conjured up; and her companion could not help thinking it a pity that so lovely a creature should select a life of toil and mortification. But how had it been with herself? Was she not rightly punished by finding the gold she had grasped, like that in the fairy tale, turned to withered leaves in her hand? And would it not now have been better, even in a worldly sense, had she married Gerard Linfield? These thoughts prevented her from remonstrating with the young heiress, and she listened to her confession in silence.

"I think," said Clara, timidly, "that papa likes you very much; he says that you are *soothing*, because you are so gentle and lady-like; and if you do not mind it at all, I thought that he would not be so angry to hear it from you, first, as he might be from me—at any rate, he would not scold you."

Cousin Martha had expected this from the first; Clara was a timid, nervous little creature, and it was quite amusing to witness her embar-

rasment and equivocations. It was rather an awkward affair to plead his daughter's cause with her first love; it might arouse memories of the time when *he* stood in the position of Edward Clarence; and was she quite sure that she could trust herself? Could she refrain from falling at his feet, and suing for his forgiveness? But she had promised Clara, and she now collected all her firmness for the interview.

"I shall stay up waiting for you," said the trembling girl, "and on the first glance at your face, I can tell whether you have succeeded."

She covered her face with her hands, and sank down in the farthest depths of the great arm-chair, as the door closed after her companion.

Gerard Linfield was in his library thinking of the August moon that, thirty years ago, had shone down upon those early vows—when, in answer to his permission to enter, Mrs. Nesbitt stood before him. He rose politely and handed her a chair, into which she sank, scarcely able to speak. He was surprised at her emotion; and, fearful that something had happened to Clara, begged her to put an end to his suspense as quickly as possible.

"It is of her that I would speak," said Cousin Martha, in a tremulous tone, "she is perfectly well, but she requested me to speak to you upon a subject that she dared not mention herself."

She then repeated all that Clara had told her; and as she proceeded, Gerard Linfield's brow contracted, and his lips were compressed ominously. How had he himself been treated when he stood in the place of this young adventurer? Was *he* now to reap the benefit of those years of toil that had followed his own disappointment, and revel in the wealth which had failed to console *him* for the loss of his early love? He turned almost fiercely to the trembling visitor; but as she stood there, with bowed head and clasped hands, he thought of the young, Madonna-like figure radiant in the pale moonlight. Just so had *she* stood on that summer evening—and a fancied likeness between the two rose suddenly to his mind. Had he gazed thus much longer he would have known all; for it was only by the greatest self-control that the erring one refrained.

He judged his daughter by his own feelings in early days, and his voice was softened as he said,

"You tell me that he is poor, and unknown?"

Cousin Martha bowed assent.

"An artist?" he repeated, with a half smile, "perhaps his only work is Clara's portrait traced upon his heart, and 'warranted not to fade.'"

Mrs. Nesbitt turned to go. She had pleaded the cause of the lovers to the best of her ability, and she felt that it was dangerous to remain longer.

"Will you have the kindness to send my daughter to me?" asked Mr. Linfield.

With a glad heart she hastened back, for she felt sure that all would go right.

"I know that you have succeeded!" exclaimed Clara, joyfully, as she threw her arms around her friend's neck, "how can I ever thank you?"

She entered her father's presence with a wildly beating heart, and it was a long time before she reappeared; but when she returned to the dressing-room, there was a bright smile on her face that seemed struggling with the tears in her eyes.

The father, indeed, had not quite told her that they might marry as soon as they pleased, for he had never seen the young gentleman; but he *had* said that, if, upon acquaintance, he proved to be the paragon that Clara had represented him, why—"then he would think about it." Was not this just as encouraging as though he had given his consent at once? Clara rattled on in the wildest spirits; and Cousin Martha was made acquainted with the exact color of Edward Clarence's hair and eyes, and also knew that he had a dimple in his chin.

The very next day saw the lover installed at the dinner-table; and having borne, with the most stoical fortitude, an immense quantity of eye-shot from the anxious father, he was admitted at once to his good graces; and from thenceforth until the marriage Edward Clarence was the privileged *Tamé de la maison*.

The lovers were impatient—Mrs. Nesbitt interceded—and Gerard Linfield acknowledged, with a sigh, that it was the destiny of daughters to get married. On the wedding day, he placed in Clara's hands a paper which must have sadly annoyed her, for it effectually destroyed her pleasant little visions of love in a cottage. They must go to Italy; the artist to study—Clara to watch him; and soon in that great house there were only left the lovers of olden time, and the servants.

Gerard was beginning to feel very lonely; his evenings were now spent entirely with Mrs. Nesbitt, and her gentle ease of manner acted upon him like a soothing spell. He sat looking at her, one evening, and made the discovery that she must once have been remarkably beautiful. Then he thought that she had not lost those charms, even now; and the large, dreamy eyes reminded him of his first love.

He had been working himself up to it for some time; and at last it came.

"I have been thinking," said he, as he suddenly leaned across the table, and seized Cousin Martha's hand, "that Blemetsville has seemed

more attractive, more *home-like* since your sojourn among us, and your kindness to Clara has made a deep impression upon me. To this has lately been added a warmer feeling—prompted entirely by my own heart. We are both of us too old for lovers' raptures and kneeling vows—but if you will consent *always* to cheer my loneliness, I shall feel that no earthly happiness is left for me to wish."

Before he could prevent her she was kneeling at his feet.

"It is not too late for *me* to kneel," she exclaimed, with tearful eyes, "oh, Gerard! how deeply do I feel my utter unworthiness of that heart which I have now twice won! And when I confess that I am that false one who plighted to you her early love, there will be no need of my declining what you will then withdraw in contempt."

Gerard was fearfully agitated.

"Is it possible," said he, "that, after the lapse of thirty years, we meet thus! *Mattie!* I had resolved *never* to forgive you—the sting of the deep wrong you did me, years ago, rankles here yet."

"I do not extenuate my offence," she replied, with a meek sadness, "I do not deserve your forgiveness. Perhaps, if you knew *all*, you would not judge me so severely—but it is best as it is. I will never trouble you again with a sight that must be hateful to you."

Gerard Linfield held her hand, and gazed half dreamily upon her still fair face.

"I should never have known you," said he, "you do not look at all as you did then; even your manner is altered—subdued. We are both very lonely, and I now woo you as 'Mrs. Nesbitt'—leaving that naughty *Mattie* to the punishment of her own conscience. After all, it is only the fulfilment of those vows made in the old apple orchard."

"Let me go, Gerard!" said Cousin Martha, faintly, "I could never forgive myself for thus taking advantage of your present feelings—feelings that *must* change to indifference or contempt. You will say," said she, with a still warmer flush upon her face, "that I came here for this result—I knew that you were Gerard Linfield."

"*Mattie*," said he, as he bent those deep, earnest eyes upon her excited face, "I freely forgive your offence, for I believe that you have suffered more than I have. And did I believe that you had indeed come here for the express purpose of making this confession, and renewing the old love, *that*, of itself, would be sufficient atonement."

Were we not right, then, after all? And did we not triumph over papa on account of our superior wisdom and foresight? Until, aggravated beyond all endurance by the din we raised about his ears, he actually wished us, one and all, the fate of Cousin Martha!

## SPRING-TIME RAIN.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

ALL day long has the rain fell down,  
 Slowly fell on a lonely grave,  
 All day long, 'neath the grey sky's frown,  
 Fell like the flood of a briny wave.

Drops have beaded the meadow grass,  
 Drops have fell on the willow tree,  
 And the village children pattering pass,  
 A pleasant sight in the rain to see!

Flowers are bowing their heads at prayers,  
 Birds are ringing their vesper bell—  
 Monodies wild, and mournful airs,  
 From viewless harps of the wind-sprites swell.

Still in a grave-yard lone, and old,  
 Rises a tomb-stone fair and white—  
 Pillar that sculptured seraphs fold,  
 Cloud by day, and fire by night!

There, where the grave-mound groweth green,  
 Flowerets spring in the Summer sun—

Roses, and myrtle, and eglantine,  
 Weave a wreath round the old head-stone.

Settling down upon a shining hair,  
 Lieth the grave-dust dark, and dim,  
 Down on the brow that was once so fair,  
 Mouldering round each snowy limb!

Never a flock of the sunshine steals  
 Into the grave they have dug so deep—  
 Never a ray of the moon reveals,  
 The spot where an angel went to sleep—

But when the rain of the Spring falls down,  
 She comes from the world of living streams,  
 Lighting the earth-life bare, and brown  
 With rosy hues from the land of dreams!

By-and-bye, when the days grow long,  
 I will lay me down by her side,  
 Hushed to sleep by the wild-bird's song,  
 Floating out on the even-tide!

## “I AM THINE.”

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

I'm thine in thy gladness,  
 I'm thine in thy woe—  
 My spirit is with you  
 Wherever you go—  
 No matter how distant  
 Thy form is from me,  
 Should you dwell with the stranger  
 Far over the sea!

In poverty's hamlet,  
 Or garlanded halls,  
 Your sweetness and beauty  
 My spirit recalls!

When Summer is gay,  
 By the hill-side and tree,  
 All nature will whisper,  
 My dearest, of thee.

My heart bears the image  
 Forever impressed,  
 Like the beautiful bow  
 On the thunder-cloud's breast;

The flowers I sent thee  
 I know thou wilt prize,  
 They should bloom on for aye  
 In the light of thine eyes!

Were a dungeon thy dwelling,  
 I yet would be there  
 To soothe thee, and bless thee,  
 And lessen thy care;

The throne of a Monarch  
 Were worthless to me,  
 Could I never share it,  
 Sweet lady! with thee!

In the breeze there's no freshness—  
 No tints in the flower,  
 Unless thy bright presence  
 Give light to each hour!

I'm thine in thy gladness,  
 I'm thine in thy woe—  
 My spirit is with you  
 Wherever you go!

## A CHAPTER ON HUMAN HAIR.

BY L. N. MORTON.

THE ancient Assyrians, according to Layard, the explorer of Ninevah, were as fastidious in the arrangement of their hair and beard, as a fashionable lady or gentleman of the nineteenth century. Homer continually refers to the hair in a way to show that dressing it carefully was common in his time. The world manifestly has not changed, either for better or worse, in this matter of the hair, since the earliest ages. Railroads and magnetic telegraphs cannot put down hair. The hair-dresser is as great a man as ever.

What is hair? A smooth cylindrical tube like a quill? No such thing. It is a pile of horny thimbles, infinitesimally small, growing at the root like a hyacinth: a new thimble coming out at the bottom, every day or so. In substance the hair of a belle, and the hide of a rhinoceros are substantially the same. How is hair colored? By a pigment, derived from the blood, and circulating within this pile of horny thimbles. Black hair owes its jetty appearance to an excess of carbon; golden hair to a superfluity of oxygen and sulphur. To call red hair brimstone is, it thus appears, no exaggeration. The color of hair, strange to say, affects its texture. Red hair is the coarsest, black next, brown stands third in the list, blonde is finest of all: to sum up, two red hairs are as thick as three golden ones, and twenty times uglier.

In fact it is the silkiness, that is fineness, that blonde hairs owe much of their popularity. This color has always been the favorite with poets and painters. Homer goes into raptures, when he speaks of golden hair. Shakespeare connects light colored hair invariably with soft and delicate women. It is said that there is not, in the numerous *chef d'ouvres* in the British National Gallery, a single female head, from Corregio down to Rubens, that has dark hair. Men of science assert that poets and painters have, in this preference for blonde hair, hit upon a great truth in Nature; for that such hair is proof of a finer nervous organization than common. Perhaps they are right; but perhaps also they are wrong. It is certain that golden hair is not always the sign of a terrestrial angel. Lucrezia Borgia had blonde hair; and neither history, nor opera extols her particularly. Jenny Lind has

light colored hair; but gossip says her temper is not light by any means. However, on points like these, we must not be positive.

It is scarcely necessary, we suppose, to tell our fair readers, that as all which glitters is not gold, neither is all which seems hair the wearer's natural hair. False fronts to ladies' heads are almost as common, they say, as false fronts to Broadway shops. But this, we suppose, is a libel. Most of the false hair, sold in cities, is brought from Europe. France particularly exports large quantities of this "raw material." The average price for a head of hair, in Brittany, is about twenty sous. A dealer in hair can, it is said, detect German from French hair, or even Scotch from English, by the smell. Hair is a "rising" article, in every sense of the word. What costs but twenty sous at first, is resold for five dollars. What starts in life on a peasant's head, finishes on that of a fashionable lady, if not on that of a duchess or a queen.

The hair generally does not turn grey till late in life. But sometimes it becomes white in a few hours, as in cases of extreme terror, or grief, or from severe sickness. The discovery of the first grey hair is usually a sad event to a beauty. Sensible people wear their own grey hair. Men and women of the world try to cheat each other by wearing wigs, which deceive nobody but themselves. The fair sex, though they have grey hair as often as men, rarely get bald. This is because, in the female scalp, there is a larger deposit of fat, which allows of a freer circulation in the capillaries of the skin. People become bald by the destruction of the bulbs, at the root of the hair, and by the closing of the follicles, which are the tubular depressions into which the hair is inserted. The scalp of a bald man is consequently as smooth as ivory. Silk hats, japanned caps, or any other covering which is perfectly air-tight, tends to produce baldness. Wearing a hat constantly produces the same effect. Baldness is incurable, Macassar to the contrary notwithstanding; so, ladies, make your husbands, if they threaten baldness, use the brush freely; but, when once their heads, as Chaucer says, shine "like any glass," save your money and theirs, for a Pacific ocean even of oil and pomade will not bring back their hair.

To describe the modes of wearing the hair, that have prevailed in various ages, would require a chapter by itself. The almost universal fault with ladies is to wear their hair in the prevailing fashion, without reference to its suitability to their style of face. Yet different physiognomies require different arrangements of the hair. Curls suit some countenances; bands set off others; but the waved, or rippled style is, perhaps, the prettiest for most. One modification of the latter is the Greek style, such as we see it in ancient sculpture: the secret of its beauty probably consists in its repeating the facial angle. No style is equal to it where the head is well-shaped. Strong-minded women, who sweep the hair off their brow, so as to increase the apparent height of the forehead, only render themselves masculine-looking, and spoil whatever beauty of face they may happen to have. Nature is usually the best guide for the style of wearing the hair. This is particularly noticeable in gentlemen, who always spoil the harmony of the countenance, when they permit the barber's tongs to mangle the style of coiffure that was born with them.

What is true of this, is true also of color: no dye ever looks natural on whiskers, moustache, or beard.

The Caucasasian race originally, it is thought, had light hair entirely. At present blonde hair is confined to Northern latitudes. As we go South the hair becomes darker, passing through light brown and dark brown, to the blue black of the Mediterranean shores. In Africa, among the dark races, hair literally becomes wool, if we are to believe Peter A. Browne, of Philadelphia, who has studied hair, perhaps, more than any man living.

Beautiful hair is one of the best ornaments of a woman. Sir Walter Scott makes the tresses of Fenella as long as her person; and the legend of Godiva describes her hair as "rippling to her feet." Potent is its power, beyond everything else, if we are to believe the poets; for one of that race actually makes it stronger than the cable of a seventy-four.

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

## THE CHILD AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

BY IDA TREVANION.

A PALE child through a forest strayed,  
When sunny days had reached their close;  
Where he in the sweet Spring had played,  
With bounding step, and cheek of rose.

The faded bowers no fragrance lent,  
The sere leaves fast around him fell;  
Each, like a sign from Heaven sent,  
His brief life's mournful doom to tell.

The yellow leaves went rustling by,  
The chill gale would not let them stay;  
Each whispered, "Learn of us to die,  
Fair boy, we go the self-same way!"

"Nay," said the smiling child, "I go  
Unto a far and sunnier land,  
Where the green leaves no winter know,  
By Spring's soft breezes ever fann'd."

## MORNING.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

'Tis morn—dark night has fled away,  
Bright rosy morn doth herald day;  
And joyous birds in songs of praise,  
Their ever welcome voices raise.  
All things possess a beauty new,  
The tender, frail, and fragrant flower  
So fresh and sparkling with the dew,

In silence, praises this fair hour.  
The cool refreshing air of morn  
Invigorates the weary frame;  
Floating o'er hill, and vale, and lawn,  
It visits all alike the same;  
While to the weary and opprest,  
Its soothing balm is ever blest.

# MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT SCHOOL KEEPING.

BY JEREMY BOGGS.

## I.

"WHERE," said my friend, cheerfully, "is your 'skewl'ous,' as they call it in these parts? Now keep a stiff upper lip, and mind, boy, don't pay too much attention to the girls! This road turns off to C——. So good-bye, Billy"—and he grasped me warmly by the hand and laughed, and winked, and started his horse into a brisk trot homeward.

We had been playmates in our younger days, and were now at college together. It was our long vacation. He proposed to spend it pleasantly among the winter festivities of C——, while I, being less fortunately situated in life, was driven to school teaching to defray my college bills. Learning my intention, nothing would satisfy my friend but to drive me out to the "deestrick" which had been kind enough to place the tutelage of its rising youth in my inexperienced hands. He *had* driven me out, had heard me undergo an examination before the portentous "committee," (during which he adroitly telegraphed the answers to some mathematical posers, upon which elsewhere I might have blundered) had seen me installed into my boarding-house, had spent the night with me in a most tumultuous manner, and had now after carrying me half way to the "skewl'ous," bidden me farewell, and left me standing desolate—for the first time in my life without a friend or adviser. I stood still, watching his receding carriage till it was lost from view in a valley. The smile which I had conjured up at his departure had disappeared, and I felt my boasted courage, like Bob Acres', oozing out at the fingers' ends! I wrapped my cloak tighter about me and strode off through the mud and chilling sleet toward the scene of my future joys and sorrows—mainly sorrows, as a foreboding told me.

The school-house was one of those dingy, scrambling structures, which, notwithstanding the much-talked-of "march of intellect," are to be found, at this day, in the rural parts of upper New England. It was built of wood, one story high, and was possessed of a low, narrow doorway, and small windows. What rendered it more unsightly, though it must be owned more comfortable, were sundry patches among the clapboards and shingles, and a few fresh bricks in

the black and tottering chimney. These repairs, it seems, were fitfully made every year by the proper authorities, to cover up such ravages as were inflicted by time and roguish boys on the venerable edifice. To complete the promising appearance of this "popular institution of learning," (as it was playfully styled by the state superintendent in his annual report) it was perched upon a rock, upon the highest point of ground thereabouts; and, by consequence, exposed to the full sweep of our keen northern winds.

At the door of the school-house stood a group of boys and girls, staring anxiously at their future instructor as he approached. They were of various sizes and ages. Among the motley mass, one half of which was made up of little swathed morsels of humanity just escaped from their nurses, I was glad to see several young ladies between the years apparently of fourteen and eighteen, (I was just turned of the latter) but, on the other hand, I marked with feelings of decided apprehension a half dozen raw, shaggy fellows considerably my seniors, and teeming with the strength of their favorite bullocks. I had now reached the expectant theory. I gathered myself up with a good deal of dignity, (as I thought became my calling) adjusted my hat, (it was my first hat—bought to convey a semblance of maturity) bade my future pupils a benignant good morning, and walked with a most majestic air into the school-house. As I passed through the little flock, I caught the eye of one person, under whose gaze I am conscious of wincing. I was instinctively assured that my evil genius stood before me. He was six feet and some odd inches high, well proportioned across the shoulders, and obviously entitled to all the privileges and responsibilities which attach to legal manhood. His garments, though made of homespun, had a smack of the rakish about them, which ill accorded with the traditional simplicity of country life. His coat was long waisted; his trousers profuse over his cowhide boots; his vest expansive and rolling. The same passing glance which communicated these facts, further revealed a huge brass seal dependent from his fob; a bright red and yellow neckcloth, and a visorless fur cap, which he wore jauntingly.

"He is addicted to occasional trips into town," I said to myself, "and is probably the leader of *la jeunesse doree* in this region." His grey eyes just then rested on mine with a mocking leer. It brought my youth and presumption home to me with a shiver. He couldn't have expressed himself more clearly in words—indeed, it added nothing to my emotion to hear, as I was entering the door, in a voice which I knew from its roundness must be his—"pooh, he's nothing but a monkey!"

The scholars came trooping after, all but my mysterious foe, (for such I at once regarded him) whose name, I may as well inform the reader now as ever, was Zerrubabel Jones. When the scrambling for seats was over, he stalked in very leisurely, loitered by the stove, and walked to a desk which had been left vacant for him in the back part of the room, evidently out of respect to his prowess and attainments. Here he condescendingly seated himself, and surveyed from his high position (for the floor ran back at a formidable angle) the crop of heads before him, ending his inspection by another curious leer at me. He seemed to my nervous imagination to consider the pupils as his own property, and had he risen and entered a protest against my occupancy of the throne as an usurpation, I believe I should have waived it on the spot. I really felt that I was acting under his permission and patronage—which proved essentially to be the case.

I know that the idea affected me unpleasantly during the delivery of my opening speech. For I had deemed it proper to define my position in the parliamentary form, and had written out and learned a neat little address, elucidating the "vital importance of education," and so forth. Among other topics, I laid stress on the necessity of good order, and cited, by way of illustration, the case of an army which is effectual only when it is well disciplined. This I conceived to be a strong point, and, in humble imitation of more practised speakers, I paused, and swept my eye over my mimic senate, in the course of which impressive act I again met the sinister gaze of Zerrubabel, and was again abashed.

The rest of the forenoon was spent in assorting the heap of intellect before me into lots for handling. Precisely at twelve o'clock, I took down my fine silver watch, which I had hung against the wall for effect, and with a preliminary flourish of my knuckles upon the desk, (for I had a notion that rapping was part of a pedagogue's business, and couldn't come in amiss) declared the school adjourned till afternoon.

On the way home, I found myself side by side

with one of my pupils—a very tidy, sweet lass of about my own age. As it was my duty *ex officio* to know my scholars, it struck me as quite correct to draw this interesting charge into conversation. "For," I argued to myself, "my responsibilities do not end with the school-room." So I dropped a remark about the weather, which had luckily cleared up. She turned her fresh face toward me, and smiled as she answered, "yes." I felt more than ever the pride of my vocation, and went on, in a high and mighty style, to expatiate over the philosophy of clouds and storms. To all of which, when I had brought the discourse with a splendid sweep down to the mud at our feet, she responded "yes." It was a simple word—one that might naturally be expected from anybody. But from her it signified more than a passive assent. Her tone indicated that she entered sympathetically into the feelings of wonder and admiration which I confessed for those ingenious provisions of nature, the clouds and storms aforesaid. I proceeded still further in the discharge of my exalted office, and started a disquisition on the component parts of the four elements, in which I was getting along swimmingly, when my fair pupil interrupted me with, "here's our house, sir."

How sweetly she spoke it. And her light blue eyes! how they tickled my heart. Yes, my heart. For as she placed her hand upon the latch of the paternal dwelling, (a one story red) I barely checked myself in the act of touching my new hat—forgetful of our relations!

## II.

REGARDING school keeping as altogether an artificial employment, I studiously endeavored to make myself as unlike myself as possible. Being young, I strained to appear old. Holding with the poet, that "'tis well to have a merry heart, however short we stay," I deliberately stifled the rising laugh, and smiled only as kings smile upon great occasions, and even then in a melancholy, anti-mundane fashion. Some of my devices were singular enough. I affected, I remember, a heavy bass voice. I had, it is true, survived that pleasant era, when one's notes are subject to capricious oscillations through two or three octaves. Still my voice was not what is technically known as "deep," and depth being popularly accepted as an index of years, I thought best to deepen it by a forced process. I was perpetually talking in a growl. I flattered myself that this deceit was successful, till Mrs. Smart, the kind matron at my boarding-place, asked me one day why I didn't get rid of my cold, and offered to prepare an infallible poultice for it, which treatment I

declined in great confusion. As it was, the habit nearly threw me into a bronchitis. I pretended to be weak-sighted, though my eyes were the best in the world. In a hunting party, which we had at college, I shot more "*grays*," with a rifle, than any other man, and in five cases out of ten drove the ball through the head or shoulders. Yet, it is notorious, I reasoned, that all hard students are weak-sighted. What right have I to be teaching others with these tell-tale witnesses of my own incapacity about me? So I blinked and winked all day long, and wore an ugly shade across my forehead to keep out the candle-light; and condemned, in common with Grandmother Hodgkins, the oldest inhabitant of the district, the vile latter-day practice of printing in small type. My talk with the farmers was exclusively upon agriculture and kindred topics. I sustained it with a good smattering of terms; for my knowledge of which I stood indebted to the "*Fiddletown Farmer*," and an old copy of the Patent Reports. The science of pigs I delighted in, and used to stand admiringly by the pen while the monsters were being fed. As for horses, to which I had an aversion from youth, being always apprehensive of furtive kicks in the ribs; I so far mastered my prejudices as to harness a pair one day for Farmer Smart. How I ever performed the feat is a wonder, yet I got through it with only one mistake—a simple one—that of putting on the hames wrong side up. But I excused myself on the score of defective vision. Cattle, I may say, I adored. A casual observer would have pronounced cattle my *grand passion*; I have stood a half an hour at a stretch in the barn-yard, with my boots buried axle deep in its succulent strata, patting huge oxen on the back, punching their ribs, judging on their thickness of fat, and beating my brains to guess at their gross weight. I found it wise policy to guess high, it flattered the owner. My conjectures ranged, I believe, between two and three hundred pounds above. I have reason to think that, after all, Farmer Smart doubted my pretensions. One morning he brought home a bull, and I marched out highly elated to look at the animal. "Ha," I cried, as the brute went past me tossing his head, "some Devonshire in that fellow." I said it on the strength of a picture in the last year's Almanac, between which and the bull I fancied I traced signs of resemblance. "Devonshire, pooh! not a particle of Devonshire blood in him. He's half Durham," and Farmer Smart proceeded to expound the difference between the two varieties, "which was," he said, "as plain as the nose on a man's face." This, of course, meant me. I did not attempt a reply.

Among the scholars I was dignified. I never conversed with them, in or out of school, in an ordinary colloquial style. My aim was on all occasions to astound. Even to the charming Nancy Potter (whom I have already introduced) I never unbent. But I always felt like unbending though, and prattling to the pretty innocent about love—for naturally, dear reader, I was the jolliest and most romantic youngster in all C——.

How I used to hover about her in school time, of course in the discharge of some professional duty. The writing days, which to most teachers are an insufferable nuisance, were to me seasons of refined delight. Nancy had contracted a shocking scrawl from former instructors, and I took upon myself the task of making it straight. This imposed, obviously, the necessity of sitting along side of her in her little, narrow seat, and superintending the business personally. How could she be expected to make straight marks without properly holding her pen; and who so competent as I to adjust these plump little fingers upon it? And that soft, round arm—how could she write decently, holding it out at such an awkward angle—and wasn't it my bounden duty to press it gently into the proper place? And what more natural transition, than looking up from her homely "I's" to the beautiful eyes in her dear little head, and contrasting the clumsy curves of her "g's" and "q's" with the graceful flow of her soft brown hair?

But when I was thus engaged, I always found Zerrubabel staring at me more maliciously than ever—which was not at all strange, as he was suspected, in rural phrase of "shining up to Nancy." Indeed, from the beginning, just as I had expected, he proved himself my enemy. He evinced his hostility in a peculiar way. He didn't upset the stove, nor clog up the chimney, nor pile the desks in the middle of the room, and crown the pyramid with a scare-crow figure, holding a book in its dexterous hand, designed to typify myself—though I would not say that Zerrubabel strenuously opposed the commission of these flagrant offences. Still he never came into a direct collision with me. Though persisting and determined, he was sly and quiet in his malice. For example, I had not filled my position two days, before he came in with a "standing collar;" (he never wore one before) at least one inch taller than mine, which was itself an extravagant sample. This created a general tittering in the school. The collar was made of foolscap, and its cut and dimensions as well as its material betrayed an obvious design to caricature. But as Zerrubabel wore it in apparent good faith, I



really had no right to take umbrage thereat. Whether I was not deterred by a consciousness of physical inability to support my protest—deponent saith not. I was sorely vexed when, on repeated occasions, my tormentor gravely fondled and pulled up this part of his attire; or, what was worse, deliberately turned down one division of it, stretched out his neck and expectorated over it. He travestied my watch, which, I have said, I was accustomed to hang up with no little ostentation above my desk. What was my astonishment one day to see Zerrubabel pull forth an enormous turnip-shaped chronometer, and suspend it, with an important air, on a nail in the wall behind him. Yet while everybody else (me excepted) was laughing, he kept as sober as a church deacon. What could I do? Again, I had a hair ring—a gift from a pretty cousin of mine. I was proud of it, and, to pique Nancy's curiosity, used to parade the hand that bore it oftener than was actually required. Now, what should the relentless Zerrubabel do but manufacture two rings of horse hair—the braid an inch wide at least—and wear one on the middle finger of each of his great lobster hands! And, to heighten the indignity, gaze at them now and then and sigh. He further found a savage enjoyment in bringing me the toughest and most impracticable sums in arithmetic and algebra; and, with a view of puzzling me, ransacked the entire district for recondite books. It would never answer to decline the task—and an awful task it was, keeping me up half the night for weeks together. In short, never was poor pedagogue, on thirteen dollars per month and found, so punished as I with Zerrubabel. There were, to be sure, other vicious scholars. These were Tom Titcomb, Dan Arlin, and Bill Swipes, who were engaged in some of the grosser freaks I have already mentioned; but I soon quieted their insubordination by threatening an instant dismissal. In this the committee would have borne me out. But Zerrubabel was intangible, and I must needs endure him. At one time I thought of conciliating my annoy, but pride forbade. I had thus far reposed on my dignity. It would be weakness now to relent.

But Zerrubabel did not confine the exercise of his eccentric talents to the school room. He was all abroad with them as I soon learned.

In commencing my labors, I had deemed it wise policy, like most other beginners, to find fault with the reigning order of things. This mania for innovation was specially directed against "reading books," which were, as I remarked to the committee, "behind the spirit of the age." The committee coincided with my

suggestion, and procured a new set, the chief merit of which lay, as I pointed out, in instructions for developing the lungs; and I dilated upon the importance of this long-neglected branch of education, and assured the committee, that, with practice, every male ragamuffin in the district might become a Demosthenes or Cicero at least. The books were of different sizes and adapted to various classes—but, in one respect, they agreed. They all contained simple formulae—as "ba, be, bi, bo, bum"—the repetition of which, three times a day, under some modifications and restrictions, would, as the prefaces all promised, "communicate strength to the lungs, and give that tone to the voice which is the first requirement in an accomplished orator." For the sake of my own ease, tried to render the performance more agreeable to my pupils, I drilled them all together in the "ba, be, bi's," &c. In the outset, I succeeded in extorting little more than a whisper from the future Demostheneses. But by dint of encouragement and practice, they climbed from one pitch to another, till at last, when fresh-winded, it seemed as if they would tear the roof off. I plumed myself on the triumph of this experiment, and looked forward with delight to the closing day of the school; when the assembled parents should listen, in speechless joy and wonder, to the trumpet tones of their oratorical offspring.

As I was walking toward the school-house, one cold, blustering morning, I was met by a horse drawing a small sleigh, with a large man bundled up in it. This individual—that is the man—who looked preternaturally immense in a buffalo coat, reined in his steed and accosted me with,

"Hallo, mister, do yew keep skewl down thar?" jerking his whip over his shoulder toward the school-house.

"Yes, sir," I replied, trying to assume an old look.

"Well, sir, they tell me yew have some new fangled notions abesout teachin', and how yecours injurin' the childrens' health with makin' 'em yell, like all possessed. My boy Ezekiel caught a bad cold from it. And now look 'ere, mister, my names Puffer, and I 'aint agoin' to have any more such donis with my family." Upon which Mr. Puffer shook his head in the most incontrovertible manner.

"But, my dear sir," I exclaimed, somewhat alarmed at this unexpected turn of affairs, "my dear sir, I hardly think that Ezekiel contracted his cold under my instructions. I saw him, the other day, running backward and forward through a puddle of water, and called him away from it. It is most probable——"

"Do you mean to tell me I lie, sir?" broke in Mr. Puffer, glaring ferociously on me.

"By no means, sir—but——"

"But! yew cant pull the wool over old Puffer, and I want ye to know it for sartain. I've hearn tell abeabout ye; and if yew don't leave, Zeke shall—that's flat. Ge-e-et along," and Mr. Puffer cracked up his horse and abandoned me to my reflections, which were none of the pleasantest.

On the afternoon of the same day, returning from school, I was hailed by Farmer Lubbett with a similar accusation. When I attempted to explain, he fended me off with—"yew can't make me believe that screechin' all day long won't bring on a cough!"—and I left the indignant father in despair of converting him.

Others took up the cry, and the result was, that four of the most respectable families in the district withdrew their children from my control. The committee, however, having consented to purchase the odious "readers," naturally considered their own reputation at stake, and sided with me. This checked the progress of disaffection, and I continued my vocal exercises as before—but I was aware of having made a small party of enemies. So that my position was not at all to be envied.

And this misfortune I traced to the quiet suggestions of Zerrubabel!

### III.

It will be understood that I was not in love with Nancy. I merely "liked" her in an enlarged sense of the word. It is quite probable that had I not been weighed down with the panoply of a pedagogue, (I made it heavy) I should have "waited on her" after the most approved methods, and have gone into such little extravagancies of galantry, as characterize youth of a susceptible temperament. But I contented myself with nothing more than an assiduous attention to her educational advancement, (especially her chirography, which rapidly improved under my supervision) and to walk with her to and from school whenever a fair opportunity offered—on which occasions I prated not of love but of learning. Still I was generally regarded as not wholly insensible to her charms. As for Nancy herself, I doubted, latterly, whether she returned even my "liking"—indeed I had reason to suspect that she was not altogether indifferent to the Herculean attractions of Zerrubabel.

It was now the fifth week of my term, and the first set party of the season was announced to come off at Squire Cummings'—why called "Squire" I never could learn—to which party I was invited. Hitherto, in pursuance of my

dignified policy, I had not paid a single visit in the neighborhood. This invitation I could not well decline. Nancy, being the reigning belle, was of course on the list of guests. I, therefore, made an early proposal to "call" for her, and she accepted the proffer of my company.

The appointed evening came round, and, after taking the fiftieth look in the glass, to make sure that all was right even to the angle of my collar, I sallied forth on foot. The air was just keen enough to be bracing, and the moon never shone with a softer light. It rested mildly, I thought, on the roof of the "one story red," at the door of which I gave a lively, double knock. It was answered by Nancy. She was all accoutred, and looked exceedingly pretty and impudent beneath a great thick hood. The appendage was itself ugly enough; (it belonged to her grandmother) but I am persuaded that her ruddy face and laughing blue eyes would have taken the obloquy out of the most hideous creation of the mantua-makers—not excepting the antiquated "calash."

I tucked Nancy's arm under my own, ('twas indispensable—the road was so slippery) and we started for the Squire's. As we went crackling over the hard-beaten snow, I felt that my "liking" was gradually giving way before something of a less philosophic nature; and on that very short journey I discoursed of nothing more abstruse than the moon, and limited myself, even then, to its obvious beauties! In fact, I was growing pathetic about it, and don't know whither my tenderness might have led, had not Nancy called me from the region of enchantment with the simple remark, "we're at the Squire's." I summoned up my vanishing stock of dignity, and we entered.

We found a large party already convened in the hospitable parlor. Zerrubabel, I observed with satisfaction, was not present. But while Nancy and I were toasting ourselves by the huge wood fire, Zerrubabel came—and alone. This called out a vast amount of sly bantering, most of which, I was positive, was directed at me. We nodded to each other—and he bade Nancy good evening. The slightest possible smile lurked on his lip; and I am not quite sure that the little mink didn't wink at him. I know that the suspicion plagued me, and I dwelt upon it some time among the coals. Presently raising my head, I noticed that Nancy had slipped away, and was chatting briskly with a knot of school girls at the farther end of the room. Among them ominously loomed the stout form of Zerrubabel. I buried my chagrin in a conversation with Squire Cummings, who was a fine, stupid, hearty old fellow, always insisting on the

"practical." So, in deference to his hobby, I launched out upon that pre-eminently practical theme—*oxen*. I was in the midst of a description of the prize ox "Columbus," (over which the Squire was licking his lips) when somebody cried out, "forfeits! forfeits!" "Yes, forfeits, let's have a game of forfeits," answered twenty voices. After considerable rushing and tumbling, a circle was formed in the middle of the room. But no one asked me to enter it. My claims to dignity were at last fully recognized! I, who played forfeits charmingly, was doomed to sit in the chimney corner with the venerable Cummings and talk of—*oxen*!

But while I talked, my eyes were on the gay circle, and especially on an important component of it—Nancy—who was seated in an alarming contiguity to Zerrubabel. The kissing went on briskly, while my poor narrative lagged. By-and-bye the latter stopped short—what were *oxen* to the scene before me? There was Zerrubabel "measuring off tape" (a diabolical refinement in the art of osculation) with Nancy, who not only *endured* the penalty, but took it with a confoundingly keen relish! As for Zerrubabel, he performed his part of the business like one who was used to it; and as he twirled off yard after yard, looked triumphantly over Nancy's white shoulders at me in the chimney corner. One—two—three—four—five—slow and full—and so on to *fifteen*, when they ceased—reluctantly, it was plain to see. Oh, how I itched to throw my dignity to the dogs, leap into the charmed circle and run a muck at kissing like a Malay.

"And heaouw much did he give?" asked the Squire.

It was lucky that he recalled me at this crisis, or I might have done something rash!

Presently, but not till after Nancy had been again punished, oh, horrors! through the back of a chair—still by Zerrubabel—the circle was dissolved, and I breathed easier. Mrs. Squire Cummings, a fat, matronly soul, now announced a "bite of suthin' to eat in the kitchen." The party formed into pairs and marched to the repast—Zerrubabel and Nancy leading the van!

The Squire and I closed up the procession. The "bite" proved to be a sumptuous array of pumpkin pies, dough-nuts, sweet cakes, home-made apple-sauce, (the daintiest of preserves) hard cider, and hot coffee. I could eat nothing. Nancy, on the contrary, committed fearful onslaughts among the viands—Zerrubabel plying her all the while with a tenderness that was very affecting! I felt an uneasy sensation in the throat, and was glad to get back to the parlor in the chimney corner, with the Squire and his eternal *oxen*.

The company soon broke up. It was my business, of course, to return Nancy to the paternal roof. My dignity had kept me on tenter hooks all the evening, and I was determined to discard it—at least to Nancy—on the way back. I rose to seek her, when the Squire grasped me by the arm. He had a little anecdote to tell about an old steer of his. It would take but a moment. The Squire was urgent, and as I had done more than my share of the talking—how could I refuse? It turned out to be his favorite story, which he always reserved for the climax! I bore it for ten dreary, agonizing minutes—then peremptorily excused myself, and made a mad plunge for Nancy. She was missing—*Zerrubabel had gone home with her!*

The blow was too much for me. To be jilted under the mildest circumstances is awkward enough. But I was a man in authority—and had been rejected by one of my own pupils. It was insupportable, I knew it was the standing topic for discussion throughout the district. Hints and innuendoes were not to be misunderstood, and I saw no end of them. So the third day after this unhappy adventure, I was attacked by a severe headache which grew rapidly worse, and forced me to give up the school.

Next winter I tried pedagoging again in a region remote from the scene of my mishap. I pursued a different plan. I laid aside my dignity, sympathized with the sports as well as the studies of my scholars—didn't talk mightily—visited at large—and "though I say it as I shouldn't," won the reputation of being the best teacher in the whole country!

## THE LAST SMILE.

WHY, oh, why smiled the babe in its dying hour,

When its earth-weary days were done,  
It had faded away like a blighted flower,

'Neath the rays of a Summer's sun?

Love-full was the look of the innocent child,  
So peaceful, so trusting, so sweetly it smiled.

Oh, why did it smile? had angels down come

From the far-off sunny-hued land,

To bear its pure spirit away to its home,

To join a bright seraphim band?

Ah! yes, and they whispered of mansions of peace,  
Of joys and of pleasures that never will cease.

## THE HERMIT'S REVENGE.

BY R. H. BROWN.

In the middle of Hatfield Chase, many years ago, stood the remains of an ancient Hermitage, formed out of a vast rock. An altar of hewn stone appeared at the eastern extremity of the cell, and a free-stone slab covered what was designated the Hermit's Cave at the west end. From the centre of the floor a spring of clear water had its source, and flowed through a fissure in the rock-bound wall, falling with a musical sound over the shelving stone without; from thence it took a winding course over the Chase. The solitary habitant of this gloomy hermitage was called William of Lindholme, and was as remarkable for his severe monastic discipline as for his rigid adherence to seclusion. Seldom was he visited by the neighboring people. On a marriage celebration, however, a visit to the priest was deemed indispensable. The bridegroom invariably on the morning of wedlock led his fair bride to the Hermitage, to drink water from the "Well of Happiness"—as the priest was supposed to have endowed the stream with divine excellencies—and to receive the blessing of William of Lindholme.

Three miles north of Hatfield lies the rustic town of Thornes. At the time to which our legend refers, an old baronial hall stood in this vicinity, belonging to the Loveleigh family. The wars of the Roses had scattered and decreased the numbers, and leveled much of the grandeur of these possessors, and now, the only representative of the family was a young man who had been restored to part of his paternal-estates, along with the titled dignity of his ancestors.

One autumnal evening, returning from hunting, accompanied by a number of his friends and retainers, Sir Walter Loveleigh had occasion to pass by the dwelling of the priest. The measured tones of the bell had but just ceased, by which the hunting party knew that the devoted man had commenced his vesper duties. Sir Walter ordered his men to halt at the threshold of the cell, and driving his spear against the rough oaken door, demanded speech with the hermit. No attention being paid to various summons, he applied the head of his hunting-spear to the greensward, cut out a square piece of turf, which he gathered carefully into his hands, and with it filled the hole through which

the stream flowed from the interior of the cell. He waited the result with pleased complacency. Presently the waters inundated the cave, and the priest was heard inside, drawing the huge fastenings of the door with an impatient hand. Through the gloomy doorway stalked the tall figure of the monk, his face betokening a consciousness of unprovoked wrong. He fixed his large black eyes upon Sir Walter Loveleigh, uttering at the same time a malediction on his untimely sport. He then released the waters from their troubled hold, and with a look of rage re-entered his dwelling-place. As Sir Walter vaulted lightly into his saddle, he shouted aloud to the priest:

"I have heard thy much-vaunted waters designated the 'waters of happiness;' methinks they may henceforth be better recognized as the troubled waters of Hatfield Chase."

The hunters moved away, the waters flowed peaceably as before, and the priest closed the door of his dismal abode, to resume his vesper duties.

Years passed. There was revelry in the halls of Sir Walter Loveleigh, for that day he had brought a bride, to add fresh lustre to the home of his fathers. The noble friends of the happy pair were gathered in all their glittering array; knights and ladies, retainers and serving-men. Many were the sports that were to be performed in honor of the day; and every face beamed with becoming hilarity while anticipating the scene before them.

One ceremony, however, was still to be effected to make perfect the harmony of the present occasion. The usual visit to the abode of the hermit was yet to be performed. Sir Walter had forgotten his prank years before, and now he and the fair Rosa, with a gay cavalcade, proceeded without delay to the Hermitage. William of Lindholme received them in silence; proceeded to the extremity of the vaulted dwelling, and from its dark recesses produced a large drinking horn, and applying it where the stream fell into an artificial basin of the rock, he gave it into the hands of the lady, filled with water. Rosa drank freely of the contents, and then gave the drinking-cup into the hands of Sir Walter. The vessel being partially emptied, the priest commanded

them to kneel. Supposing he was about to invoke a blessing on their heads, the bridal pair immediately complied.

"The insults and injuries that we treasure never grow too old for retribution," spoke the monk, in a deep sepulchral voice. "Sir Walter Loveleigh once broke upon the devotions of an unoffending brother of St. Benedict! he desecrated the threshold of his dwelling with revilings and untimely jests; by his sacrilegious pastimes did he subject himself to the malediction of one whose curse, once pronounced, no soul can avert—no prayer retract—no penance annul! He dared to pollute our consecrated waters—to dally with virtues that do wash away the loathsome corruption of mortality; and from this hour a fearful retribution awaits him. Ye have drunk of the troubled waters of Hatfield Chase—the curse of William of Lindholme attend ye to your castle hall!"

Sir Walter, partly through rage, and partly through fear, started to his feet, and for the first time became conscious of the state of insensibility into which his young bride had been driven by the awful words and gestures of the priest. Turning from the latter, with eyes starting with passion, he raised the lady in his arms, and bore her through the rude doorway of the cell into the open air, where he laved her pale cheeks with the water flowing through the rock. As soon as animation was restored, Sir Walter lifted her into the saddle of his horse, and holding her before him, rode with haste home. The air and the ride seemed to have given reaction to her fainting system, and by the time they reached their destination, the fair Rosa declared herself well enough to join in the festivities of the day. The music began, and soon, in the gaiety of the

dance, the sinister words of the Hermit were forgotten.

The night was advanced—the tide of mirth bore the hours along—midnight was proclaimed from the turret walls. Hushed was the music and the laugh, the measured dance and the joyous song. Silence was in the hall, and soft feet moved round the couch of Rosa Loveleigh. A tremor was over her whole frame—her face was pale—her eyes were shut, or did but open at intervals, when a deathly languishment was in their expression. The frantic husband watched the intermitting breathings of his wife—he felt her tremors become more violent, until convulsions ensued—he saw her beautiful features writhing into most fearful contortions. The fever, the labored respiration, the death-pallor, the agony, struck terror into his soul; he uttered a wild exclamation, and fell senseless into the arms of his attendants. That night, bride and bridegroom lay side by side locked in the sleep of death!

Suspicions were busy in the minds of the bridal guests. No time was lost—they repaired to the Hermitage on the Chase. The door was fastened; and on admission being demanded, no reply was returned. The door was broken open. There lay the nefarious priest, in the last struggle between life and death. A drinking horn was by his side, toward which he pointed, and with his last breath he confessed having administered a poisonous drug to the bride and bridegroom, when they had visited him for the purpose of receiving his blessing; that afterward, by mistake, he had drunk of the fatal draught; and that the throes of death were already convulsing his system.

## LITTLE KATE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

To what shall I liken matchless Kate?  
The queen of flowers in all her state,  
Cannot with her compare!  
No lily drooping in valley low,  
Where only purest of lilies grow,  
Was ever half so fair.

Eyes that would shame the stars of night,  
So pure their flashing depth of light—  
Yet shy as wild gazelles;  
Lips of as rich and bright a dye,  
As crimson tints of Orient sky,  
When chime the vesper bells.

Cheeks of as rare a curve and mould  
As ever shaped by sculptor old,  
In palmiest days of art:  
And waves of silken, sunny hair,  
Shading a brow of marble fair—  
Seductive as Astarte.

All these are her's, and ah, we fear  
Such charms increasing every year,  
A dangerous dower will prove.  
"God shield our little Kate from ill,"  
Shall be our prayer, as ever, 'till  
She needeth not our love.

# THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER THE ELMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

## CHAPTER I.

You hear something on every hand of the white house under the elms, or of the owner of the house, Squire Hurlbut, or of the daughter of the house, Amy Hurlbut, if you come anywhere within three miles of Swamscott Plain. If you are at East Swamscott, and would fain be at Swamscott Bridge, by the shortest route; and if, to this end, you inquire about the way of any of the loungers at the hotel, the landlord, Jones, being there, he answers you. If he is not there, fat Squire Gilbert is, you may know; for he is always there. Half lying, half sitting, he is stretched upon a bench in the piazza; and without rising in the least from his elbow, without breaking off in the least the sluggish play with his tooth-pick, he says—"go down the hill you see there—it's steep, you see, but not long—and then turn to the right. You go on straight a while, over as pretty a road as ever you saw, sir, till you come to a large white house under the elms. You can hardly see the house for the elms. That's Squire Hurlbut's. There you've got to bear a little to the south; to the left, that is; for there are two roads, mind you, at the white house. Take the souther'most one, and it will lead you through the village called the Plain—close by the white house, almost—and to the Bridge, a mile and a half further on. You're a stranger in these parts, I see."

You bow your affirmative, thank him and go on.

You put up at the Coffee House at the bridge, for the sake of trouting in the brooks that go babbling everywhere, or of rest from your books, or your town life, in the magnificent walks that lie in all directions through the still old woods and along the brooks; in the berry hunts along the walls, or over the pastures. You stay for these; and that, when the walks are ended and the night comes on, you may sit in your arm-chair in the upper balcony, to look upon the mill-pond and dam where the branches of the great trees sweep so low, and the moon shines with a twinkling, silvery light.

The first hour that you spend there, and while you wait your dinner in sauntering back and forth in the lower balcony, the sheriff, Corning, throws his reins and springs to the ground, at

the same moment that his horse stops at the oft-frequented post; and he says to the landlord, "Peters, good morning. You! where can I get some good hay—clover?"

"Over to the white house under the elms, to Squire Hurlbut's, I guess. He's got a barn full of it; very best of hay. My horse has his living out of it, and he's as round as a pancake."

Smith, one of the village merchants, comes in with heavy steps and eyes. He seems to try to move briskly and to hold his head up firmly; but the briskness, the firmness all go the next moment after he has called them up; and it is because he has to borrow money somewhere that very day. He can put it off no longer.

He tucks Peters with his thumb, and takes him a little one side. He speaks low, but in a hissing, unpleasant sort of voice, that you hear distinctly every word; and you are reading the "Swamscott Herald," too. "Peters, the fact is—you see I'm obliged to go to Boston to-morrow to fill up." (Ah, but he isn't obliged to fill up. It isn't that he is thinking of, at all; but of satisfying his principal Boston creditor. Pity he couldn't say it honestly. 'Tis the falsehood in his soul, no doubt, that gives him the craven look. Pity that he didn't maintain an honest, uprightness, and let it speak in his face and with his tongue. This alone would recommend him to any man who is exactly fit to be in this world with money to lend to his straitened brothers.)

"And I've got to see to borrowing some money somewhere," Smith adds. "I wonder how it is with you——"

You see Peters turns a little and sets his back firmly against his money-drawer. "I tell you!" he says. "You'll get it at the white house—at Squire Hurlbut's. And I'll tell you how I know. Herrick told me to-day that he'd been up to pay him three hundred dollars that he borrowed of him last spring when he built his house, you know. You'd better try him, I guess. John! John!" to his boy, starting out of Mr. Smith's neighborhood—"call Watch out! Call him out! They're Squire Hurlbut's creatures; and his creatures are never in the road without some one near to take good care of them. They're driving them over to the other pasture, of course."

Poor Watch comes up to his master with

drooping ears and tail, as if suddenly his good opinion of himself were gone forever. Squire Hurlbat's creatures meanwhile go by, taking slow, measured steps, and always together with the look as if, of all the oxen and calves and sheep about, they are unquestionably the aristocracy, so to speak.

"There! there's a girl for you!" says Peters, starting, and laying one hand heavily on your shoulder, at the same time that he tosses the other a little toward the north. You look—indeed you had been looking some minutes already on a light buggy wagon, drawn by the sleekest of brown horses, and in which sits a stout gentleman of sixty, or thereabouts, with a fresh, good-natured face, and a little girl of sixteen perhaps, perhaps of eighteen, in a light gingham dress, and straw bonnet trimmed with blue ribands, within and without. She sits close by her father, you see; or, you are sure that he is her father, even before Peters adds—"the squire always wants her close to his elbow. The only girl they've ever had, you see; and she's made a real baby of at home—and everywhere else, for that matter. If you can get a peep at her eyes, any way, you'll see that they are bright ones; and——"

But you don't get a peep at her eyes; or, a second peep, that is. You have had one, and that is quite enough for you, perhaps. If it is not enough for you, it was enough for our hero, Ben Frank Hazeltine, who, once on a time—and it was four years ago this day; this sixth day of May—sat and sauntered by turns in the balcony of the Swamscott Coffee House, under precisely the romantic circumstances we have together imagined for you, dear bachelor friend. The mill-pond and the dam were there in plain sight; and the long, green, sweeping boughs of the old willow trees and the elms on the shore were dipping their tips in the cool waters and swinging above them, as if they were alive; as if they felt what graceful things they were doing, what a graceful life they were living there by the mill-pond and the rushing water-fall.

Amy Hurlbat was there beside her good-natured father, in the light buggy wagon. Besides bright eyes, she had a fair forehead, dimples in her cheeks and chin, and lips red as a cherry. She had a parasol too with a waving fringe; and, as she came along, she dropped it a little between herself and Ben Frank Hazeltine, as she would have done between herself and you, dear bachelor, if you had been there in Frank's place; certainly, if you are graceful and noble; if you have an air to distinguish you from all ordinary loungers in that balcony, as he had.

Moreover, the flavor of coffee and other excellent dishes was in the balcony, and John was in the door swinging the huge dinner-bell; so Frank took his eyes away from the light figure, the retreating carriage, and turned to his dinner, as you, dear sir, had better do—that is, if it is at all worth while, since you have no wife to pour your coffee, no little children to drop lumps of sugar in it, and to enliven the whole meal with its prattle.

## CHAPTER II.

BEN FRANK HAZELTINE was an earnest, thoughtful man, who often chose rather the company of a few dear books, and of the trees and brooks, than of ordinary men and women; because in men and women he saw many affectations, many insincerities, many offences of various other kinds; and in the brooks and trees he saw none. If the brooks were muddied by the storms, it was the storm's fault, not the brooks. This the brooks seemed to feel; for they went tinkling on just the same, biding their time until clearness should come again. If the trees were gnarled and twisted standing there in the midst of the erect, the perfectly regular and beautiful trees, they still, in their quiet way, did their very best; still offered the cooling shade, the musical flutter of many leaves; they nestled the singing birds close; and, whatever they did, doing it without ostentation. If they were gnarled and twisted, it was the fault of the seed from which they sprang, or of obstructions in the way of a perfect growth; like the brooks, therefore, they bothered you and spoilt themselves by no awkward apologies and self-justifications. So that, as you looked on them more and more, you loved them more and more, until it was made clear to you that the sublimest features of that forest landscape, were, after all, the gnarled, the twisted, the uncomplaining old trees.

Frank Hazeltine had been only three days at the Bridge, when our story opens; but he had explored every hill and dingle within two miles. He knew all the prettiest homes of the arbutus, all the windings and little cascades in all the brooks about, and all the darkly-shaded places, where the mossy lounges were, over which the little shy, plaintive-toned birds sang in the branches. He had passed the white house under the elms in one of these walks. It was just at night; and he went by slowly, that he might see well what a picture of thrift and comfort the whole place was. He saw nothing of the daughter of the house, Miss Amy. He heard her though, laughing, and the next moment singing,

as if she were a mocking bird. For the rest, he saw a very large white house with green blinds, spacious yard and garden, where were many trees, many shrubs, and clustering vines, and many trellises of many fashions. A boy of twelve drew water at a well in the orchard close to the back door; seemed intent on what he was doing; and whistled "Bright Alsanata" in a musical way, as if he had a great deal of pleasure in it. Two other manly little fellows played on the carriage-sweep between the yard and the road. One ran with a stick, to which the dog, Hesnut, clung; the other sat quietly on the turf repairing his kite strings. His name was Washington, Hazeltine knew, because he heard the other little fellow say to him—"Wash! shouldn't you be glad if Hesnut was as big as an elephant? bigger than an elephant? I should."

"Poh!" said Wash, half lifting his eyes a moment from his work. "If he was, he could take you on his trunk and set you up on the top of that mountain, away over there; and would, as likely as not. And then you wouldn't see father nor mother, nor Amy any more. What do you think of that, Mister Fred?"

Freddy at first seemed to think it rather a grave affair. But, in a moment, it was forgotten, and he was again springing over the turf with Hesnut.

Hazeltine sighed a little for the buoyancy of heart and limb; wondered what might be the look of the owner of the voice he had heard; wondered if troubles, great or small, came often to that house, as they are accustomed to come to other houses; wondered if the mistress of the house were a motherly sort of woman, who smiled kindly on all who came, and gave them warm, corn-meal bread and rich milk and berries; wondered—wondered, at last, if he were not almost back to his hotel; for he was hungry! he was tired! he believed he was a little impatient and cross. But good! it would be over again. He would eat his good supper. He would then sit and watch the moonlight on the trees and water, and nurse his content.

He did; but he dreamed a little of the bird-like voice, now and then; and afterward whistled a little and called it all folly.

### CHAPTER III.

THE next day Amy passed by, as has already been related. The next, he was sitting on a turf-cushioned rock on the road-side, close to the grey wall, close to a clump of lively, whispering birches, and seeing to some matter that made his fishing-tackle difficult to carry, at the same time

that he was carrying an open book and reading, when he heard the steps of a horse, lightly cantering. It was Amy, as the reader knows, beforehand. The reader knows, beforehand, how, after that, he some way had glimpses of her everywhere that he went; and some way had glimpses of nobody else; how he saw a fitting figure through an open window or door, whenever he passed the white house under the elms, (as, truth to speak, he often did, on his way to East Swamscott, where an old friend was settled in trade; or in search of a trout neighborhood; and just think of it, reader mine! think of his going, every now and then a morning, up over that far-sweeping hill searching for trout!—or to ride his host's plump horse, Pancake, as Hazeltine called him, and as we, therefore, shall call him, in want of another name.) The time had come when she must be often in the yard and garden, remodelling the beds, clearing the dead leaves out of the borders, sewing seeds and digging with her little hoe among the perennial plants and shrubs. She was often there in the early morning; oftener, still, and for a longer time in the early evening. And then the boys and Hesnut were always with her. Her mother was sometimes with her, helping her; and her father; helping her a little, but hindering her more, partly because he did not exactly understand "Amy's flagee work," as he called it, and partly for the sake of the jokes and laughter they all loved so well.

"Father don't behave so well as we do, does he, mother? does he, Amy?" Hazeltine heard the good-voiced Johnny saying one evening, in the midst of a great deal of laughter. "He steps on one bed, and then, when you tell him of it, he goes scampering right over on to another, as if he didn't know it; but I know he does, don't you? Don't you know he does it a purpose to be puny, Amy?"

"I think he does, Johnny," Amy replied in a hearty voice. "Oh, but then, how warm it is; I shant wear my bonnet!" she added, dropping her hoe to untie her bonnet. "I shall throw it into the palm tree thus! I shall put my hair back thus!"—with both hands putting her hair away from her face and ears. "I shall——"

But she did not draw off her polka, as from her action it was clear that she meant to do—if her eyes had not that moment fallen on our hero. He was passing the gate. He, in truth, did little in those days but saunter, or rock, and think about the people there at the white house; but he still carried gun and fishing-tackle with him; and his book, his Howadj's "Syria;" and always had Watch with him. He had them all with him



now, as if his life were intent on, at least, forty purposes. He was going straight forward to take the road that led to Swamscott Bridge; but his head was half turned; his eyes were wholly turned and fixed on Amy, as she saw in the quick glimpse she had of him.

"Oh, dear!" said she; in very low tones, but he heard them. He saw too the impatient action that accompanied them; saw her turn hastily away, catch up her hoe; and, with her head bent, go on with her work again.

No one else saw him, it appeared; for the jests and the laughter went on; but he heard no more of Amy's voice.

At church, on the Sabbath, Peters introduced him to Judge Humphreys; and upon a hint from Peters that his pew—the judge's pew, that is—was very soft and elegant, while his own was hard and plain, and not in altogether the "genteel quarter" of the house, the judge invited Hazeltine to take a seat with him; when services were over invited him, with many gracious inclinations, to take a seat there any Sabbath, *every* Sabbath, if he pleased, while he remained among them. Hazeltine gave many thanks; but he sighed somewhere in the midst of them; for you see Judge Humphreys' pew and Esquire Hurlbut's were side by side, with not even an aisle between them. It was something to sit there so near Amy, to see how perfectly beautiful she was, and what demure little ways she had of leaning her head on her hand, and looking on the white-haired preacher all the while. This too was something; and with this the sigh had something to do, that she had not once looked at him through the services; not once seen that he was in the house, as he believed, or taken a thought that there was such a person as himself in the world, and his heart ready to thump people over on its way to her feet, too! She had a grave air, as if her thoughts were fixed upon something holy and pure, when she came in, when she went out, and when she was in the crowd at the door, waiting for their carriage to come up. The look was a reproach to Hazeltine, who stood near her, doing his best to know what Judge Humphreys was saying to him, and what Mrs. Humphreys and Miss Humphreys, to whom the judge had introduced him; but utterly unable to know any thing beyond this, that Amy Hurlbut was an angel, with a voice and a bearing to put sin and suffering out of every one that could be near her, that could see her smile, and hear her speak, as she was speaking then to one and another who came along. They came with hands seeking her's, and with an expression upon their faces and their movements which said plainly—"I wanted

to come near you and touch your hand. You see I have trouble, in one way or another often; and am often weary with this 'march of life;' and some way it does me good to look into your eyes that are so quiet and friendly, and to hear the cheerful words, that are always the very words I need to hear. I am sure I hope somebody will bless you for the blessing you are to us all, by your good-natured and kind ways." Hazeltine understood it all, and even had tears in his eyes. He watched closer and closer for one look—just that she might know that there *was* a Ben Frank Hazeltine, and that he had been there in the same house with her, listening to the same simple words of truth, the same unpretending, but heart-touching music; and that he had stood there so near her that he could hear the softest words she spoke. But it was of no use; for now that the crowd was thinned so that no one came to speak to her, she talked with her mother, smiled on the little brothers, and watched the approaching carriage.

Esquire Hurlbut, when he came up, gave him a bow that was worth having; for it said—"I rather respect you, sir, stranger, and like the looks of you. If you want any of my trout, catch 'em; or of my birds, shoot 'em. If you want anything, any time, come to me as if I were no stranger at all; as if I were your old friend; for we are here in the same world together; and you're my brother, any way!"

Mrs. Hurlbut's eye rested on him a little on her way into the carriage. It said to him—or, he believed it did; and no doubt he was right—"you are a stranger, sir, I see. But you have a mother somewhere, who loves you. Or you had one once who loved you and gave up her rest for you. I could easily love you for her sake."

The twelve years old Webster was quite too bashful and too proud to look him fairly in the face at all. But he watched him with sidelong glances both in the church and at the door; and hoped that when he came to be a man, he would be like that man; that his hair would be as black and thick and wavy, and that it would lie about his forehead and neck in the same fine way; that his cloth would be as black and fine, his collar and cravat and waistcoat as unquestionable. He hoped that so genteel a man would just see him, and see if he did not look a little better than any of the rest of the boys. And if he would just notice their carryall and their horses, and see how they were the most stylish-looking there, that would be capital! And if he would see how pretty his sister Amy was, and what pretty ways she had about her, wouldn't that too be capital!

Washington and Johnny had their heads close together over the affair. They felt as though they knew him and liked him, they said to each other, they had seen him pass their place so many times; and had seen him stop a little and look at their play, as if he were thinking of speaking to them. They were glad that he remembered them at church; and they knew he did remember them, because he smiled in a real good way when he saw them looking at him out by the door.

Yes; all but Amy. All the rest saw him; and in one way or another felt interest in him. She had not a word to speak. She only looked away over the hills, when she heard the rest talking about him and praising him. When good-voiced Johnny said, appealing to her—"I don't care if *he* does shoot some of our birds, do you, Amy?—if he don't kill any of the robins, and sparrows, and wrens, and blue-birds, that have been gone all winter and just got back. Do you, Amy? Say, Amy! do you?" tugging at her hand to bring her face round.

"Yes, I do, Johnny. I shan't like him if he kills one of our birds."

"Then you don't like him now!" eagerly interposed Wash.

"No!" said good-voiced Johnny; "for I heard his gun go bang! up in our woods the other day; and, in a little while, it went bang! again; and then (don't you know, Wash?) pretty soon he went down by with a partridge and a grey squirrel in his hand. Didn't he, Wash?"

"Yes. Do you like him now, Amy?"

"I don't like to have him killing the birds and squirrels."

"But you like *him*, don't you? I do. Don't you, Amy?"

"Not very well. See, Wash! see, Johnny! there is a dear wood colored bird up on the tip-top of that little limb, singing. Hear him; see how he tips back his head, open his throat and pours out the beautiful sounds. What would you say if your new friend were here to raise his gun and shoot him while he sings?"

"I should be madder than any fire!" said Johnny. And even Johnny had flashing eyes.

"You needn't be mad, Johnny," said Wash, who, impetuous as a whirlwind himself, had seldom reason to lecture the placid tempered little Johnny. "He wouldn't do it. He just kills the birds that are good to eat and that don't sing anything worth hearing. And father says it's right to shoot them? Didn't you say so, father?"

"Yes, my son," watching with Amy and Johnny to see how the little brown bird went

careering hither and thither on his light wings, keeping along with their carriage.

"There!" persisted Wash. "Now don't you like him, Amy?—that man that you call our new friend, I mean?"

"Not very well."

Wash was gravely disappointed and at a loss. Besides being impetuous, or better, along with being impetuous his heart was always running over with generosity and affectionate zeal toward those who liked him, and smiled when he came along, and treated him in a delicate way, as if he were a man. His quick instincts helped him to tell that his "new friend"—as he loved to keep calling him in his thoughts—was one of these; and he would hardly have cared for taking a little piece out of his cheek, if it could have made the Amy he loved so well say that she too liked him, and was willing that *he* should kill all the birds, if that was what he wanted to do.

He did not speak again on the way home. But he kept his large, fine eyes going here and there amongst the birds. The next day, even while he ate his meals, he watched hoping to see his new friend come up the road. And, by-the-by, he had all his pockets stuffed out with the last year russets, with which he meant to make his acquaintance when once he did come.

#### CHAPTER IV.

BUT Hazeltine sat almost all day in his arm-chair in the upper balcony, snapping his knife-blade and wondering whether the jovial young Hurlbut he remembered seeing at the last year's commencement at Dartmouth, belonged in the white house under the elms; wondering whether Amy Hurlbut was a prude or a coquette; whether he would ever, under any circumstances, see the inside of the white house, see Amy in the midst of her family; and, if he would, whether the circumstances would be so and thus, or thus and so; wondering if any of those books that he had strewn about him, or morning papers, would ever again be worth anything to him. Poh! what indeed could Whittier, or Klopstock, or Lamb, or Goethe, or even the blessed, child-like-minded Howadji say in any of those books, or papers, that he did not already know? that he could not say as well, or, at any rate, well enough, if he would take the pains? Poh! He was sure he wondered how he ever had patience to spend his days and nights with them as he had done; as he did when he first came to Swamscott. As for the rambles by the brooks and through the woods, what dull old paths! let the sheep walk in them. And what were trout good for? Could

anybody tell him what they were good for, or what it was worth to catch them? Poh, indeed! Amy Hurlbut—why, let Amy Hurlbut go! Was there nobody else in the whole world for one to be thinking about but Amy Hurlbut, pray? He rather thought he would demonstrate shortly that there was. There was Miss Humphreys, for instance; not so much like a dove or a lamb, was she, as Amy Hurlbut was; (or *seemed*; perhaps only seemed; *probably* only seemed.) But she was magnificent. Her papa was magnificent. All the Humphreys were magnificent, for that matter; and he would go that afternoon, as he had been invited by each one of them, and be with the sewing circle at their house, and take tea with them. The preceptor of the Swamscott Academy, whose name was Edward Singleton, and who boarded with him there at the Swamscott Coffee House, had, in the morning, and again at noon, offered to accompany him; had assured and reassured him that all the Humphreys particularly desired his company, since the judge had some how learned that he was the nephew and *protégée* of the rich manufacturer, Hazeltine, of Boston. Yes! so Hazeltine promised to go. And so, at three o'clock, he came to his feet; *precisely* at three o'clock; for he looked at his watch every five minutes during the last half hour before the time; since he had determined that, at three o'clock he would put his knife in his pocket, be done with Amy Hurlbut and all the Hurlbuts, and turn himself over, bodily and psychologically to Edward Singleton and the Humphreys; especially to the Humphreys; especially to Miss Humphreys, who, as he had seen, was gracefully near-sighted; who wore satin dresses and embroidery, and had numberless articles of gold and precious stones about her.

Miss Humphreys and her very dear friend, Augusta Morse, assistant principal of Swamscott Academy, had their heads close together over their crochet work, when he came. Miss Humphreys had just been saying to Miss Morse—"oh, yes, *indeed!*" the Hazeltines are *all* so rich, you know! *Everybody* knows how rich the Hazeltines of Boston are. Why, this uncle of his—and he has no children, you know," lifting her eyes in a peculiar way she had, half-asorew, half-asquint, "he owns the mills, and almost the whole village at Tuberville; and has besides property at Springfield and Andover. Oh, he's immensely rich!"

"Is!"—evidently with far less self-gratulation, far less gratulation of any sort, in the matter than her friend had.

"Yes, indeed! and this Hazeltine that is here, you know, is his principal director; that is, he

just sees to his uncle's business everywhere, as the uncle himself does; or, in pretty much the same way. And has his *home* at his uncle's as if he was *really* his son, you know."

"Yes;" lifting her eyes a little from her work and bowing a little.

"Yes! and so he can go travelling off to the mountains, or the springs, or to any of the watering-places, or to a country place like this, or any where, whenever he wants to, and keep things along at the works, by just writing every day or so to the under agents and so on. And—*see* those girls! I wonder what they are looking at. It's time for *him* to be here, and the preceptor, I should think," dragging out her watch. "So he writes the greatest number of letters. And"—putting her head closer to Miss Morse's, and speaking very low—"and Hetty Crane says he never sends one to any lady, except occasionally one to *Mrs.* George W. Hazeltine; his *aunt*, you know." She looked up as if she expected to be congratulated upon this circumstance; especially upon *this*.

"Ah?" said Miss Morse, who, truth to say, by the way, was a noble, fine-looking woman, and Miss Humphreys' senior by several years.

"Yes. I was in there the other day—in at the post-office, I mean—(I guess he's coming now by the way those girls *act*.) I was in there," speaking hurriedly, and adjusting her undersleeves, handkerchief, work, and the folds of her dress at the same time, "and he brought in a *whole bundle* of letters he had been writing; a *whole bundle* of them. And I *never* saw, any *where*, such beautiful, such perfectly *beautiful* writing."

In passing, Miss Humphreys had a certain emphatic way of speaking, of which our readers will have difficulty in getting a conception, so that we must even go under-scoring all of the way, if we would represent her adequately.

Mrs. Humphreys stood in the parlor door to receive our gentlemen. She filled the door with her, by no means tall, but wide self, with her ample folds of lustrous silk. She put on airs of overteeming delight and obsequiousness, as if Frank were a king, and Singleton his prime minister, or Lord Chamberlain. She almost overthrew knots of young girls on her way with the gentlemen across the parlor to a pleasant corner, where the Misses Humphreys and Morse sat on a new *tele-a-tele*. The *tele-a-tele* was from a Boston warehouse the day before; and so was the great soft arm-chair with the rockers, in which Frank was to seat himself close by the *tele-a-tele*, according to Mrs. Humphreys' intimation; and the soft arm-chair without rockers, where Singleton was

to sit. He was to *sit there*, Miss Humphreys said, with one hand on the back of the chair, and another pointing to the seat; for Edward Singleton out of a genial heart, and without making the least noise about it, was a punctilious man, who taught his pupils expressly to give the best seats to their betters. And elderly ladies were there, his best friends, some of them, and the mothers of some of his best pupils, sitting close by in the chairs without arms, without cushions, without rockers, the kind of chairs that are always expected to keep their places stiffly by the walls. Would not they—would not Mrs. Crane, for instance, have that chair, Singleton asked. But Mrs. Humphreys interposed. She herself had asked her that question when she came, Mrs. Humphreys said; but she declined. Would Mr. Singleton take the chair now, like a good boy, and then his friend, Mr. Hazeltine would be seated quite at his ease, instead of standing, as it mortified her to see him doing in her house.

"Yes, yes, sit down, Ned!" said Mrs. Crane, who was Singleton's relative. She was a fat, laughing little woman, who never had a spark of malice, or any sort of ill-nature in her soul; and who, therefore, spoke always with a leaping, unbridled, albeit harmless tongue.

"Sit down," she added, with her round hand on the cushion. "Sit down, Mr. Hazeltine. I have no doubt the chairs took the cars and came up here, knowing all the way that they were for you two. And this *teety-a-teety*—as I used to call it when I was a young girl and read novels—came up to accommodate Judith and Miss Morse. Didn't they, Mrs. Humphreys? I will leave it to you. Didn't they hold themselves back when you offered them to us? I thought they did at the time."

Mrs. Humphreys laughed. In a hollow way, though. She always laughed with a hollow sound, and with a hollow expression on her features. She called Mrs. Crane "a lively creature," made remarks to Frank and Singleton—stereotyped remarks they were; she presented them to all who came—upon the weather, upon the forwardness of the spring. And were they not both fond of spring? Did they not think that it was the season of hope; and that autumn, on the contrary, was the season of melancholy? She had a friend once, a most intimate friend, who always connected the seasons with the mind, in that way. Her friend's name was Hazeltine; she was the daughter of a clergyman of that name, of Acton. Did Mr. Hazeltine know, was she his relative? Mrs. Humphreys bowed very low and very stiffly when she propounded the question.

No; she was not Frank's relative. Or, so he believed. Ah? she was rather sorry. She had, in a way, made up her mind that they were related. Had he never heard of her father? *Luther Hazeltine*, she believed his name was. She was not certain. She believed that that was the way her friend used to superscribe her letters. Perhaps he had heard of them?

No. Frank regretted that he could not give her another answer; but he had really never heard of the Hazeltines of Acton. Again Mrs. Humphreys was sorry. Getting over it a little, she "must ask how he liked their village;" and whether he didn't find it dull?

"Not dull in the least; far from it."

Mrs. Humphreys was glad to hear that. She had thought about it a great many times, she and her daughter had spoken of it often; they spoke of it that very morning, while they were at breakfast; they were afraid he would find it dull, where people were all so busy, such workers, that they had no time to attend to strangers.

"Or we here are lazy enough," she added, looking in her daughter's face, as indeed she did somewhere in each of her remarks. "My daughter and I don't know hardly what to do with ourselves, half of the time, for want of seeing more company than we can see here." She smiled; she smiled in fact, all the way along, smiled in her manner, that is. She said something to Frank and Singleton about leaving them in the care of the girls—meaning her daughter and Miss Morse, and then went jostling people on her way to the back parlor.

#### CHAPTER V.

LET me recollect what was the first thing said by Miss Humphreys after her mother left the room. She made great stir and ado about it, I know, not as if she were just a little lady sitting in a corner of the *tele-a-tele*, who had some good things in her soul worth finding, worth speaking in a quiet way, but actually as if she were a smart revenue cutter, with whose rigging and outfit masterly pains had been taken, so that she might be fit for that moment, when the frigate should move off and leave the whole coast to her. So she laid her head back on her shoulders, screwed her eyes, crossed her hands in a new way, cleared her throat, and said—"what ma said of spring, Mr. Hazeltine, makes me think of Mrs. Hemans' 'Voice of the Spring.' You have read that poem, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"Yes; I read it all the time lately, don't I, Miss Morse? I have a real passion for it!—a real passion! Haven't I, Miss Morse?"

"So you say," with a quiet smile.

"Yes, and I have. Which do you like best, Mr. Hazeltine, (I know which Mr. Singleton likes best; for I have asked him and he told me;) and now which do you like best, Mrs. Hemans or Elizabeth Barrett?"

"Elizabeth Barrett."

"Do?" jostled a little, one saw, in her well-drilled curvetings. "I don't know but I do. But Mrs. Hemans writes beautifully, don't she?"

"Certainly."

"Yes; I admire her."

And more she said, a great deal more, of this same character, so that Frank was ready to tear his hair.

Hu! could one stand that, two mortal hours—for two hours he calculated it would be to Mrs. Humphreys' tea-time. The room made so close by the summer heat and the large company, forty ears beside Miss Humphreys' listening for every word he would speak, forty eyes, again beside Miss Humphreys', watching to see his manner of saying it—hu! he would be stone dead there in his chair in less than two hours, if that went on. Could not Singleton talk, pray? Was he suddenly stricken dumb? He would try him. He would say something revivifying to him; something that had pepper and spice in it.

Ah, but he didn't; he couldn't. He could no more do it, than if he were a man made of lead, with leaden veins, leaden arteries and leaden nerves. Hu!

And what would Miss Humphreys say now? She was again setting her head back, again laying her hands on her soft embroidery.

"Have you seen any of Clarina Adalembert's writings?—she writes for Peterson's National."

"Clarina Adalembert's?"

"Yes. This isn't her real name. Her real name—I will tell him, Miss Morse!—her real name is Miss Morse, Augusta Morse. And here she is!"

Miss Morse laughed and blushed in rather a sensible way, as if she were too sensible to take

so foolish a name upon herself, and said—"that is nothing, Miss Humphreys."

"Oh, but you say"—laughing immoderately, as if she were about to pen Miss Morse in a corner—"you say my poor lines are something; and if mine are something, I am sure your's are a great deal—"

This was all Hazeltine heard; for, just then, somehow a cool, moist breeze seemed to go over him. He felt it as if it were a baptism, even before he caught a sound of Amy Hurlbut's voice, or a glimpse of her light figure tripping along the hall. At least, so he verily believed; and, if half the psychologists say is true, it may be that he did.

"Amy—Amy!"—and "Amy has come!" Frank heard from a dozen voices. Old voices, middle-aged voices and young voices chimed in the girl's welcome, with the same glad cadence. They claimed her in both parlors. Some young girls, who would not, any way, bear the crowded back parlor to which Mrs. Humphreys took them when they came, (and, by-the-bye, it so happened that she put all the young ladies, save her daughter and Miss Morse, into that room, together with a few advanced ladies who wore uninteresting gowns and caps) had brought their work out and taken their seats on the wide stairs. There it was pleasant; and there Amy must come as soon as she got her work. They had been keeping a place for her all the afternoon. And what made her so late? what made her so late? She was too bad, wasn't she, Cad? wasn't she, Hetty? wasn't she, Lou and May and Clarissa? For she knew they always wanted her in the first of it.

Hazeltine heard that; heard Amy's cheery replies, her soft laughter; saw the affectionate interlacing of white fingers, of white arms, the quick meeting of rosy lips; and drew himself up giving thanks that there was vivacity and feeling and natural, spontaneous expression somewhere in that great company of God-made beings, if Miss Humphreys and her mother had none of them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LINES.

The mower swept his whistling scythe  
Where green the meadow lay—  
The honey-cups and cowslips lithe,  
All faded, strew'd his way:  
So ruthless Care, in youth's despite,  
Mows down Joy's fairest flowers;  
Nor spares one tender blossom bright,  
To cheer Life's Wintry hours.

Yet shrink, oh, shrink not ye to whom  
The bitter part is given  
To mourn e'en in their first pure bloom,  
Your heart-flowers rudely riven:  
For when th' Archangel's mighty blast  
Shall winnow chaff and grain,  
The joys which fade on earth so fast  
May charm in Heaven again!

## MISS PENDYKE'S POODLE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

ONE fine spring morning, Mrs. Wickley looked through the jessamine screens that shaded the windows of her village and saw Mr. Solomon Hatch, of wheel-barrow renown, laboring toward the garden gate, with a load of band-boxes, carpet-bags and trunks.

Mr. Hatch was followed by a very large lady, and a very small dog. Suddenly the proprietor of the public wheel-barrow stopped, looking around, as if he had been spoken to. Thereupon the large lady took hold of the small dog, and lifted him carefully to the summit of the load of baggage. Having patted his neck to make him lie there, she waved her hand to Sol, who proceeded on his way.

Mrs. Wickley was as enviable, quiet, and good-natured as any pretty little wife of twenty-five you ever saw; yet she laughed behind the jessamine, till tears ran down her cheeks, at the ludicrousness of the scene I have described.

"What an odd woman that must be!" she said to herself; for the large lady was queenly dressed, and had a majestic gait, which, considered in connection with the pile of baggage, and the little dog, would have excited a smile from the village minister himself. "It is lucky for Sol's shoulders that she did not mount his vehicle, and ride, instead of the poodle. She is going to see some of my neighbors, I suppose. Dear me! how terrific! to see such a large woman coming to make a visit, with so much baggage! I am thankful she is not coming to see us—mercy!"

The laughter died on Lizzie's lips. The mirth faded from her countenance. She seemed horror-struck.

The truth is, Mr. Solomon Hatch, with his wheel-barrow, baggage, little dog and big lady, had stopped at Mrs. Wickley's gate!

Lizzie sank upon a chair in the greatest consternation, and called Polly to bring her smelling-bottle and a fan.

"Polly!" she said, inhaling the restorative essence.

"What, mum?"

"Do look out of the window, and see who that is Sol Hatch has brought here from the railroad!"

Polly thrust her red arm through the jessa-

mines, brought her vision to bear upon the stranger, and declared that she blessed her soul she didn't know!

"But I guess," said she.

"What do you guess?"

"I guess she's some of Mr. Wickley's relations!"

Dismayed by the mere supposition, Lizzie sent the domestic to admit the visitor.

While Sol Hatch, having carefully lifted the little dog into the large lady's arms, proceeded deliberately to unload his wheel-barrow, she walked majestically up the garden path, and knocked at the door. The next moment she loomed up before Mrs. Wickley, a mountain of flesh worthy of such a mountain of baggage.

"And this is my niece!" she exclaimed, smiling benevolently and kissing Lizzie over the poodle.

"Then you are—are Mr. Wickley's aunt?" faltered Lizzie, trembling.

"Aunt Lucina, my dear! You have heard him talk about his Aunt Lucina, I know! Then you are his sweet little wife. Hie! Princie—don't bark, Princie! This is Cousin Wickley."

"Gr-r-r-r-r!" said Princie, in the old lady's arms.

"Poor Princie! was he frightened?" said Aunt Lucina, smoothing his shaggy neck. "That's a naughty Princie! Come, Princie! kiss his cousin."

Lizzie, horrified at being denominated the poodle's near relation, put out her hand instinctively, as the old lady approximated his hairy face to her's; but Aunt Lucina, having set her heart upon seeing a cousinly kiss, followed up the undertaking until Princie was pacified, and Lizzie reconciled to her fate. After the affectionate poodle had licked her nose tenderly, he was caressed by his mistress, and placed carefully upon the floor; whereupon he ran savagely at Polly, who sprang backward with a scream, and fell into the pantry.

"Take him away!" she shrieked. "He'll eat me up!"

At this Lizzie could not help laughing heartily; and her good humor being perfectly restored, she was prepared to treat her husband's relative kindly. Accordingly, as soon as Aunt Lucina

had made an end of praising Prinnie for his valor, and gently reproving him for his lack of gallantry in attacking a helpless female, she was conducted by Lizzie herself to an apartment, whither Sol Hatch conveyed as much of her baggage as she desired.

Greatly relieved at seeing the dangerous poodle shut up with his mistress, the timid Polly was herself again, and went to Mr. Wickley's store to announce the important arrival, calmly as if her life had never been in danger.

Mr. Wickley proceeded at once to congratulate his wife on his aunt's condescension.

"It's a great event!" said he, in a whisper. "Only think of it! she's worth her thousands! We must treat her like a queen!"

"And her poodle like a king, I suppose!" laughed Lizzie.

"And I hate dogs, though!" suddenly muttered Alonzo, thoughtfully—"poodle dogs above all! But we'll have to endure it only a few days. We can love her and love her dog for any reasonable length of time."

"I thought more of your principles than this!" murmured Lizzie.

"My principles? eh?"

"Yes, Alonzo. I never supposed you would play the hypocrite for anybody's favor——"

"Dear Lizzie!" exclaimed Mr. Wickley, coloring, "you don't understand me. Isn't she my aunt?"

"And shouldn't any respectable aunt be treated with respect?"

"To be sure. But Prinnie is not my cousin," said Lizzie, laughing, "and I don't know as I owe him either respect or love. Seriously, however, Alonzo—I know we shan't like your Aunt Lucina, and although I think we ought to treat her kindly while she stays with us, I don't think we ought to profess a great deal more affection than we feel."

"No, certainly—but then—bless you, Lizzie! you are too scrupulous! Think of our children, for whom a few thousand dollars would come so beautifully in play, some of these days! No, we must not be hypocrites—but it won't do to neglect the interest of our children, you know!"

The allusion to her children, whom she dearly loved, blinded Lizzie to the lameness of his arguments, and she began to think a little hypocrisy would not be very wrong, nor very difficult of accomplishment, after all.

Shortly after, Aunt Lucina came out of her apartment and embraced her nephew, who kissed her tenderly, (much against his taste) and suffered Prinnie to lick his nose.

Now although Lizzie had succeeded in quieting

her conscience in respect to the use of a reasonable degree of hypocrisy, she could not help feeling shocked at her husband's extravagant expressions of joy on meeting his aunt. Had he confined himself to mere kindness toward the old lady, it would have been otherwise; but when, in his great gladness of heart, he went so far as to caress and fondle the poodle, his wife lost all patience, and hastily escaped to the kitchen, where she labored to convince the timid Polly that there was no danger of Prinnie's eating her, and that brave as he was, a bold front would cool his thirst for blood.

At this juncture, the children—three in number, viz: Alonzo, aged two; Lizzie, aged six; and Lucina, in her fourth year—came home from school. One after the other, they endured the disagreeable old lady's caresses, looking very silly, and not knowing what to say. The youngest girl, less obedient to her father's wishes, however, struggled in the old lady's arms, and shook her bright curls all over her face, so that there appeared small chance for kissing.

"Hold up your head like a little lady!" said Mr. Wickley. "We named her after you, aunt: she is very timid."

Miss Pendyke—for that was the old maid's name—seemed highly pleased at this indication of tender respect, on the part of her nephew; while the latter silently congratulated himself on the circumstance, that, having disputed with Lizzie about a name for their third child, they had compromised the matter by calling her Lucina.

The old lady's name-sake would not be kissed, however; and soon after she further manifested her dislike to the new comers, by chastising Prinnie with a broomstick, to the terror of her father, and the horror of Miss Pendyke.

As soon as peace and good feeling were restored, and the other children had done penance for Lucina, by kissing the poodle, Polly announced dinner, and there was a funeral movement toward the table. Lizzie led little Lucina, who was sobbing because the broomstick had been taken away from her; Alonzo conducted his aunt, who—*horresco referens*!—carried the poodle!

Mrs. Wickley exchanged glances with Mr. Wickley. Mr. Wickley glanced wickedly at Prinnie, who glanced wickedly at him and said,

"Gr—r—r—r—r!"

Thereupon Mr. Wickley bit his lips; afterward smiled; made a polite flourish to his aunt, and inquired in a half jesting tone if she would have the arm-chair brought for her lap dog.

"You are very kind!" replied Miss Pendyke.

"I sometimes hold him in my lap, but as I am tired, I think he will have to content himself in the chair."

Mrs. Wickley was shocked. Mr. Wickley was well nigh thrown off his guard. But he summoned all his patience for the trial, and turned away his face—ostensibly to speak to Polly; in reality to hide his blushes, and said,

"Bring the big chair!"

Miss Pendyke sat down with Prinnie in her arms, and held him tenderly until the chair was rolled to her elbow, when he was placed comfortably upon the cushion.

It is needless to relate, minutely, the history of Miss Pendyke, and Prinnie, her poodle, at Mr. Wickley's house. Lizzie became daily more and more weary of the part she had attempted to play, and of that assumed by her husband. For only one thing did she have cause to feel thankful. Alonzo, who, after the first few months of their married life, had shown himself a somewhat fretful mortal, proved to be the most patient of men. Miss Pendyke and her poodle could do whatever they pleased in his house, and he showed no irritability in view of the liberties they took. He endured Prinnie in the parlor, at the table, in his lap, with Christian humility. When he bit Lucina, and actually brought little stars of blood, with his sharp teeth, on her fair arm, he was coaxed, and told in tones of mild reproach, that he was very naughty. When he tore little Lizzie's new bonnet to pieces, the crime was winked at; and Mr. Wickley purchased a new bonnet more cheerfully than he was wont to open his purse for his family.

On the other hand, Miss Pendyke was flattered, caressed, and instituted mistress of the house, as Prinnie was the master; and the two lived sumptuously to the great deprivation of Mrs. Wickley and the children.

Days—weeks—months rolled by, and Miss Pendyke gave no intimation of bringing her visit to a close. Every night Lizzie cried with vexation, and remonstrated with her husband, for giving up everything to his aunt and her dog.

"But she *can't* continue her visit much longer!" he would reply—"and when she is gone we shall not be sorry for having done all in our power to please her."

And at length—it was in the month of September—Miss Pendyke declared her intention to depart. Alonzo ventured timidly to urge her to spend the autumn with them, but all she could do was to promise him the pleasure of another visit the following summer.

As yet Aunt Lucina had made no presents to the family, except some trifling gifts to the children; and Mr. Wickley expected "something handsome" on the day of her departure. He had neglected his business for her; he had deprived his children to gratify her dog; he had made himself and Lizzie miserable to render her happy; and he felt that the least the rich old lady could do, would be to volunteer the expense of young Alonzo's future education.

On the morning of her departure, Mr. Wickley appeared much affected. He made all his children kiss her; and compelled Lizzie to assume an appearance of affliction. He then accompanied his aunt to the railway station, carrying the poodle in his arms, to show his love. Still not a word of any gift; no promise of property to his children. Alonzo was beginning to despair; but, on taking final leave of her, the cars, his hopes suddenly brightened.

"For all this kindness," she said, "I have been thinking what return I can make. After mature reflection," she continued, with emotion, patting Prinnie's neck, "I have resolved to make the greatest sacrifice in my power, to show my gratitude."

"Oh, I assure you, aunt——"

"Yes, I will make it. You have deserved it. You have been kind to me, and you have *loved* Prinnie! Here! he is yours! and may heaven bless you!"

What happened, until Mr. Wickley found himself standing on the platform of the station, with the dog in his arms, and the cars in the distance—he never knew; but having recovered from his stupor, he regarded Prinnie for a moment with a melancholy expression, then carried him tenderly home, chopped off his head, buried the dead, and related the story to Lizzie—with a dismal laugh and an earnest affirmation, that if he was ever caught playing the hypocrite again, he might name their next child, if she pleased, after Miss Pendyke's poodle.

## JULY.

THE Summer heats have come, and near and far,  
O'er plain and stream hovers the wavy air;  
The leaves stand still, the very birds are hushed,  
And even the wild cat seeks her forest lair.

'Tis the year's manhood, the dividing line,  
'Twixt Spring and strength, and Winter and decay.  
And here it pauses loath, as man at prime,  
But forward, both! God always leads the way. C. A.



## ZANA.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

"ZANA, child, will you see to the chrysanthemums that were trailing across the walk this morning, they will be trodden down?"

I looked in Turner's face as he said this, and felt a mischievous smile quivering on my lips. The dear old fellow grew red as a winter apple, then a grave, reliabing look followed, and I was glad to escape into the garden.

It was very wrong, I admit, but a curiosity to see how Turner would make love overpowered all sense of honor. I confess to lingering in sight of the windows, cautiously keeping myself out of view all the time. Turner and Maria still kept their seats by the breakfast-table, his look was toward me, but I could discern that one elbow was pressed on the table, and he sat sideways, looking hard at the opposite wall while speaking. But Maria was in full view, and a very picturesque portrait she made framed in by the open window. I watched her face as it changed from perplexity to wonder, from wonder to a strange sort of bashful joy. Her cheeks grew red; her great, black Spanish eyes lighted up like those of a deer: yet she seemed ashamed of the feelings speaking there, as if they were unbecoming to her years.

All at once she arose, and, coming round the table, leaned against the window-frame. This movement brought me within hearing, but I could not escape without being discovered; so after taking one wrong step, I was forced into another still more dishonorable. At first Maria spoke in her usual broken English, which I cannot attempt to give, as its peculiarity lay rather in the tone than the words.

"This is very strange, sudden, to read me your heart, Mr. Turner. Why do you speak of this thing now after so many years? What has happened that you talk to me now of marriage?"

Turner made some reply that I did not hear.

"You say it is better for the child—better for us all. But why?—why is it needful just now, more than a year ago?"

"I will make a good husband to you—at any rate do the best I can!" pleaded poor Turner, sadly out of place in his love-making.

"Perhaps you have fallen in love with me all of a sudden," said my bonne, half bitterly, half in a questioning manner, as if she faintly hoped he would assent to the idea.

"I—what I fall in love!" cried Turner, and his face writhed into a miserable smile; "it isn't in me to make a fool of myself at this age. I hope you have a better opinion of me than that."

She answered rapidly, and partly in Spanish. There was a good deal of womanly bitterness in her voice, but I could only gather a few hasty ejaculations.

"You joke, Mr. Turner—you mock—you have found a way of amusing yourself with the lone stranger. I know that you always hated us Spaniards, but you never mocked me in this way till now."

"There it is again," exclaimed the poor suitor. "I guessed how it would all turn out; never did know how to manage one of the sex—never shall! Look here, Maria, I'm in earnest—very much in earnest; ask Lady Catharine—ask Zana if I'm not determined on it."

Turner gathered himself up, moved awkwardly enough toward Maria, and taking her hand looked at it wistfully, as if quite uncertain what to do next.

"I never kissed a woman's hand in my life," he said, desperately, "but I'll kiss yours, on my soul I will, if you'll just marry me without more ado."

"You have been drinking, Mr. Turner—drinking in the morning, too!" said Maria, passionately. "Go away, I will forget all this: but do not dare to insult me again!"

Turner's troubled glance subdued the fervor of her words. She paused, leaned heavily against the window, and said more temperately,

"Say, why have you asked this of me?"

I do not know what Turner would have replied, for, obeying the impulse of the moment, I came forward, and before either of them were aware of my approach, stood in the room.

"Tell her the whole, dear Mr. Turner," I said, going up to Maria with a degree of reverence I

had never felt for her before. "She ought to know it—she must know that you are asking her to marry you that Lady Catharine may not turn us all adrift on the world; that the people may stop pointing at me because I have no father."

Maria flung her arms around me.

"There—there!" exclaimed Turner, moving toward the door, "you see I've done my best, Zana, and have got everybody crying. Tell her yourself, child: just arrange it between you; call for me when all's ready: what I say I stand to." The old man writhed himself out of the room, leaving Maria and I together.

My good *bonne* was greatly agitated, and besought me to explain the scene I had interrupted, but I could not well understand it myself. All I knew was that this marriage had been demanded by Lady Catharine as a condition of our remaining in the house. I repeated, word for word, what I had gathered of the conversation between her and Turner, omitting only those expressions of reluctance that had escaped my benefactor. She listened attentively, but, being almost a child, like myself, in English custom, could not comprehend why this necessity had arisen for any change in our condition.

"And do you hate Mr. Turner so much?" I said, breaking a fit of thoughtfulness into which she had fallen. "I thought you liked each other till now; don't, oh, my *bonne*, don't marry him if it troubles you so! You and I can get a living somehow without taking him from his place."

"Yes—two children—why, Zana, you know more of the world than I do. Where could we go?"

"I don't know, without Mr. Turner, what we should do," I answered, sadly.

"Without him, why, Zana—without him we should both die!"

"Both!" I answered, drooping with the mournful thought.

"And he—what would he do without us?" she murmured.

"Oh, how hard it will be for him to live!" I rejoined.

She looked around at all the familiar things in the room. It seemed to me that she was taking farewell of them in her mind. My heart swelled at the thought.

"Oh, Maria, my *bonne*, if you could but like Mr. Turner, only a little, just enough to marry him, you know!" I exclaimed, amid my tears.

"Like him, Zana, I have had nothing but him and you in the world for years," she said, weeping.

"Then you do like him—you will marry him!" I exclaimed, full of joy.

She wept more bitterly than before.

"Why do you weep, my *bonne*?" I cried.

"He does not like me. Mr. Turner hates my nation. He would not marry me if he could help it," she said, gazing earnestly in my face, hoping, I do believe, for a contradiction.

My head drooped; I remembered his words that morning. For my life I could not have uttered the falsehood that might have appeased her; for, with all my faults, there was pure truth at the bottom of my nature. But her eager look was so appealing that it awoke arguments in my brain, that were both effective and sincere.

"He does like you very much, I am sure of that, Maria," I said. "When did he ever speak a harsh word to you; or say anything to offend about your country? Not in years and years!"

"No, but the feeling is there. He hates Spain and everything in it!"

"But you are half English now."

She smiled.

"But this marriage. It is Lady Catharine's plan, he is forced to it. No, Zana, let us go; beg I would rather than marry him when he hates the thought!"

"It seems to me," I said, with the dawn of a mischievous conviction in my brain—"it seems to me that he rather begins to like the idea of it. You looked so very nicely this morning, Maria, I really believe he wanted to kiss your hand, only didn't know how."

She blushed up to her temples.

"Besides," said I, pleased with this dawn of feeling, "you don't care about much liking at this age."

She shook her head.

"When a woman is so old that love is of no value, she is too old for marriage or life, Zana."

I had no argument to offer here, my soul answered to the womanliness of her's. I felt that a woman's heart must be lost in depravity, or cease to beat altogether before it can quench the desire to be loved, inherent in its first pulsations.

"But he is kind, and so are you—he will love you, he must!" I cried, feeling how impossible it was for that tough old heart to withstand the goodness of her's.

Her face lighted up as if my words had been a prophecy. I took advantage of the expression.

"You will not let them turn us out of doors?" I said, flinging my arms about her.

She strained me to her bosom and kissed me in her old passionate way. I sprang from her arms the moment they were loosened, and ran off in search of Mr. Turner.

He was working in the garden, stamping the earth around a young laburnum tree, which he

had just planted, with a sort of ferocious vehemence, as if striving to work away some lingering irritation.

"Go in and speak with her now!" I said, pulling his arm.

"No, I've made a fool of myself once, and that is enough for one day!" he answered, shaking me off. "I didn't think any woman living could have driven me to it—especially one that hates me as if every drop of blood in my veins were poison."

I saw Maria coming from the house, and ran off quite satisfied with the part I had taken. In good faith I kept out of sight, among the fruit thickets, determined not to break in upon their conversation again; but in turning an angle of the wall I could not resist the temptation to look back. They were standing together. Turner had her hand in his, and—I cannot keep from laughing at my own astonishment while I record it—his lips were pressed down upon the plump little hand with a vehemence quite commensurate with his assault on the poor laburnum tree. I laughed aloud, and, rushing into the wilderness, set up a merry song with the birds that haunted it.

That evening Mr. Turner was absent both from our cottage and the Hall. He came back the next day with a portentous-looking paper, which he and Maria scanned over with great interest. When I asked regarding it, they told me, with a good deal of smiling awkwardness, that it was a marriage license.

Two or three mornings after this I was sent over to the parsonage to spend the day with Cora. Maria took more than usual care in dressing me. I went forth in a white muslin dress fluttering with rose colored ribands, quite too fairy-like for my usual morning visits to this my second home. But Cora was also floating about in clouds of white muslin, with glimpses of azure here and there about her arms and bosom, as if arrayed for some festival. How beautiful she was!—angelic, flower-like was the style of her loveliness! Those ringlets of glossy gold; the violet eyes so full of softness, downcast, and yet so brilliant when she smiled; the rounded arms, the neck and shoulders, white and satiny as when I first saw them by the spring in her infancy; the little foot and hand, slender and rosy: all these points of beauty are before me this instant vividly as if painted on canvass. There is a reason why they should have sunk deep into my heart—a cruel reason which the hereafter will disclose.

Her father was in his clerical robes walking up and down the little parlor, gently, as he always moved, and with a soft smile on his lips as if amusing himself with some odd fancy.

"Come in, my child," he said, with a change of expression, brought on, I felt, by a more serious current of thought which my appearance suggested. "Come in—you will find Cora in her room."

I paused, as was my habit, to kiss his hand in passing, but he detained me a moment, pressing his lips upon my forehead. "God bless you," he said, "and make you worthy of all that your friends are so willing to suffer in your behalf."

I knew what he meant, but the remembrance of dear old Turner kissing Maria's hand destroyed all the seriousness of the allusion. My heart laughed within me at his idea of sacrifice. I was well assured that it would have broken both their old hearts had anything separated them that very moment. So with a gleeful laugh I darted away to Cora's room. I have told you how very lovely she appeared in her pretty dress, but it is impossible to describe the graceful undulations of each movement, the bewitching softness of her smile! My own olive complexion and deep bloom seemed coarse and rude beside her.

"And so you have come to the wedding," she said, wreathing her arm around my waist, and drawing me before the little mirror at which she had been dressing. "Isn't it a droll affair altogether?"

"They are very kind, very good to me," I replied, a little hurt by her air of ridicule.

"And to me!" was her laughing reply; "this is the very first wedding I shall have seen. Isn't it charming. The people will be here from the Hall; the young heir, perhaps."

Why did that spasm shoot through my heart so suddenly? I was looking upon the reflection of Cora's beauty. It was a lovely vision, but the color went from my own cheek as I gazed on her's, and that made the contrast between us strange and darker. I remembered that George Irving would look on that lovely vision also; and the first sharp pang of jealousy known to my life tore its way through my bosom. I did not know what it was, but sickened under it as the grass withers beneath a Upas tree.

I struggled against myself, conscious that the feeling was wrong, though ignorant of its nature, but other thoughts mingled with these selfish ones. I was astonished and hurt that strangers should force themselves upon a ceremony which the parties desired to be private. It seemed rude and cruel to the last degree.

But I was called into the parlor. Turner and Maria were in sight quietly crossing the fields together without the slightest pretention. Maria looked nice and matronly in her dress of soft grey silk and cap of snowy lace; Turner wore

his ordinary suit of black, for he had long since flung off livery, and bore his usual business-like appearance. It was impossible to find anything to condemn in persons so free from affectation of any kind. For my part I was proud of my benefactors, there was a respectability about them that no ridicule could reach.

We entered the little church, and found it already occupied by a large party of strangers from the Hall. I saw Turner start and change color as he went in, but pressing his thin lips together till they were almost lost among his wrinkles, he walked firmly on, holding Maria by the hand.

I saw it all, I knew that he was suffering tortures from those imperinent people, and all for my sake. It seemed as if my presence would be some support to them; and when Cora would have turned into a pew close to that occupied by Lady Catharine, I resisted and led her up to the altar.

There on the very spot where Cora's mother had rested in her death sleep, Turner and Maria were married. I thought of all this, and it made my heart swell with unshed tears; but Cora seemed to have forgotten it entirely. She drew softly toward one side of the altar, and her downcast eyes wandered sideways toward the intruders all the time. The two great mysteries of life, death and marriage, which we had witnessed, and were witnessing together by that altar stone, were driven from her mind. The ceremony was over. Turner and his wife moved toward the vestry, passing through the crowd with a serious dignity that would make itself respected. I would have followed close, but Cora held back, keeping on a range with the intruders. Lady Catharine was directly before us, leaning upon the arm of an old gentleman I had seen in the hunt.

"Ah, Lady Catharine, your benign goodness is felt everywhere," he was saying. "It must have had an angel's power in reforming this old stoic!"

"Hush," said the lady, touching his arm with her gloved finger, "his daughter is just behind us!"

"What, the little Diana!" exclaimed the gentleman, looking over his shoulder. "I would give fifty pounds to see her again."

"She will hear you!" whispered the lady, impatiently. "Come, let us get another sight at the bride."

"Here is a sight worth fifty of it," cried the old squire, whose admiration was not to be subdued, "as your son will tell you when he can once take his eyes off the little sylph. Why,

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dear lady, you have a new race of fairies and goddesses springing up about Clare Hall. Take heed that my friend George is not made captive by them."

I followed the old squire's look, and saw George Irving, with another young man, older and taller than himself, with their eyes riveted on Cora.

I remarked with Cora all night. She was full of gleeful gossip about the wedding, and more than once spoke of the young gentleman who had looked at her so steadily. She did not say so admiringly, but I knew well the glow of vanity that led her thoughts that way, and the subject caused me unaccountable pain. I listened to her, therefore, with impatience, and while her beauty seemed more fascinating than ever, its brilliancy gave me a pang for the first time. It was a precocious and wrong feeling, I confess, but there were many passionate sensations in my heart even then, which some women live from youth to age and never know.

I was reluctant to go home—to meet Turner and Maria after the sacrifice and insult of the previous day. It seemed as if they must hate me for being the cause of it all. But as the morning wore on, I put on my bonnet and prepared to return home. Cora proposed to go part way with me, and though I preferred to be alone, she persisted with laughing obstinacy, and flinging a scarf of blue silk over her head, ran after me down the garden.

I was very willing to loiter on the way, and we turned into the fields enjoying the soft autumn air, and searching for hazle-nuts along the stone fences.

We came to a thicket where the fruit was abundant, and so ripe that we had but to shake the golden husks, and the nuts came rattling in showers around us. I clambered up the wall, and seizing a heavy branch from the thicket, showered the nuts into the pretty silk apron which Cora held up with both white hands.

I think in my whole life I never saw anything so lovely as she was that moment. The blue scarf floated back upon the wind, circling her head as you see the drapery around one of Guido's angels; her eyes sparkled with merriment: and she shook back the curls from her face with a laugh, so gleeful and mellow, it seemed impossible to fancy the creature had not been fed on ripe pences all her days. "Stop, stop, you will smother me!" she shouted, gathering the apron in a heap, and holding up both hands to protect her curls from the shower of nuts that I was impetuously beating over her.

I paused, instantly, ashamed of the impetuous

action which had been unconscious as it was violent.

"Did the nuts hurt you?" I said, bending forward to address her.

"No, no; just a little when they struck my forehead: nothing more!" she said, still laughing, but with the rosy palm of her hand pressed to one temple that was slightly flushed.

That instant I heard the report of a fowling-piece close by, and a thrush fell, with a death shriek, down to the hazle thicket. It beat its wings about among the green leaves an instant, and then fell heavily through, lodging at Cora's feet. The laugh died away in a sob; the poor thing grew pale as death, and I saw with a shudder that two great drops of blood had fallen upon her neck.

She dropped the nuts from her apron, and sank down to the earth as if she herself had been shot. I sprang upright on the wall and looked around, excited and angry, for the shot had rattled against the very stones upon which I was seated.

"Great heaven! what is this? Are you hurt?" cried a voice, and I saw George Irving, with his young companion of the previous day, running toward us; while a fine pointer cleared the wall in search of the dead bird.

"I do not know, there is blood on Cora's neck, it may be only from the bird," I answered, leaping to the ground. "Cora, Cora, look up—are you hurt?"

I trembled from head to foot, and strove to lift her from the ground, for she made no answer, and it seemed to me that she might be dying. Some one cleared the wall with the leap of a deer and pushed me aside. I saw Cora lifted in the arms of a young man, and heard her begin to sob with hysterical violence.

"She is not hurt; it is not her blood!" he said, in a voice so calm, that though full of music, it grated on my ear, and with his cambric handkerchief he wiped the blood spots from her neck. "She is frightened a little, nothing more."

"Nothing more," exclaimed Irving, passionately, "why, is not that enough, brigands that we are, to terrify the sweet child into this state!"

I felt myself growing cold from head to foot, for Irving had taken the weeping girl from her supporter, and held her gently in his own arms. She opened her eyes—those beautiful violet eyes—and a smile broke through the tears that filled them.

I grew faint, a mist crept around me, and I leaned against the wall for support. No one seemed to observe it, for I made no noise, and they were busy with her.

"I am glad that it is no worse; the leaves

were so thick, and I looked only at the bird: can you stand now? The blood is all away, nothing but a rosy glow on your neck is left to reproach us." It was Irving's voice, and I could see dimly as through a mist that Cora still clung to him, and that he was looking into her eyes. Then I heard another voice calm and caustic as if feelings like my own lay at the bottom, suppressed but observant.

"In all this you overlook the real evil," it said, "don't you see, Irving, that while this child does not require so much care, the other is really suffering—nay, wounded."

I felt a sharp pain in my arm just above the elbow as he spoke, forgotten till then in the more bitter pain at my heart; and through the mistiness that still crept over my eyes I saw a slender stream of crimson trickling down and dropping from my fingers.

"She is hurt indeed—a shot has gone through her arm," exclaimed Irving, and I felt through every nerve that he had put Cora away from his support almost forcibly, and was close by me. Child as I was, the master feeling of my nature awoke then, and I started from the wall, dizzy and confused, but determined that he should not touch me.

"It is nothing," I said, winding my handkerchief around the arm, and turning haughtily away. "Come, Cora, shall we go?"

"Let me rest, Zana, I am so tired and frightened!" she said, and her beautiful eyes filled again.

Irving's face flushed crimson as I repulsed his offered support, and though the look with which he regarded me was regretful, it was proud too. When Cora spoke in her sweet pleading way, he bent his eyes upon her with a look of relief, but turned to me again.

"It is an accident; you cannot suppose I wounded you on purpose," he said, pleadingly. "Why are you so unforgiving?"

"There is nothing to forgive!" was my cold answer.

"You are wounded! Is that nothing?"

"It is nothing, and if it were, the wound was not intended for me."

He looked at me earnestly, as if pained and embarrassed by the manner with which I received his apologies; then he turned toward Cora.

"I hope my friend is not mistaken—that I have not injured you, also."

"No," replied Cora, casting her eyes to the ground and blushing. "I was terrified: the feeling of blood: fear for Zana made me tremble, but I am not hurt."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed young Irving,

and gathering up her azure scarf, he dropped it lightly over the shining gold of her hair. I watched him with burning indignation: his gentle interest in Cora, who was all unharmed, seemed a mockery to the stinging pain of my arm. I forgot how coldly I had received his sympathy, and like all impulsive but proud natures, fancied that he must read my feelings, not my actions, and judged him by the fancy.

"I must go home now, the morning is almost gone!" I said to Cora. "Are you well enough to move on?"

"No, I tremble yet," she said, sweetly, "your wound pains me more than it does yourself, Zana, it has taken away all my strength."

"Then I will go alone," was my curt rejoinder. "My arm bleeds." I started suddenly and almost ran toward home.

Directly I heard a light step following me.

"This is unkind, cruel!" said Irving, pleading, "let me help you."

The pride of my heart was subdued, I relaxed the speed with which I had moved, and listened with a thrill of grateful pleasure.

"You smile—your color comes back, thanks!" he said, gaily.

I could not answer. The sweet sensations that overwhelmed me were too luxurious for words.

"You will not speak to me," said Irving, stooping forward to look in my face. My eyes met his, I felt the lids drooping over them, and, spite of myself, began to tremble with delicious joy. Like a cup full of honey my heart overflowed with sighs, but I could neither speak nor look him in the face. Did he understand it all? Did he read in my face all that was making a heaven in my heart? All I know is that he grew silent like myself, and we moved on together through the soft atmosphere like two young creatures in a dream. At length some obstacle arose in our path—I know not how it was, but we paused and looked at each other. My eyes did not droop then, but were fascinated by the deep, earnest tenderness that filled his. I met his gaze then, and kept it forever in my soul, the most solemn and beautiful memory ever known to it.

"Zana, do you love me?"

The question fell upon my ear like a whisper of expected music. I had listened for it with hushed breath, for with the soft atmosphere of love all around me, it came naturally as lightning in a summer cloud. I think he repeated the question twice before the joy at my heart sprang with a deep, delicious breath to my lips.

"Zana, do you love me?"

"Yes!"

As the word left my soul a calm, solemn con-

tentment brooded down like a dove upon it. The feeling was too holy and sweet for blushes. It seemed to me as if I had partaken of an angel's nature while uttering it. Up to that moment had never dwelt upon the thought of love, save as a pleasant household tie. The passion of love I did not even then comprehend, notwithstanding it beat in every pulse of my warm, Southern blood.

He took my hand, holding it with a firm, gentle pressure, and thus we walked on softly and still as the summer air moves among the daisies. I can imagine Adam and Eve walking thus in Paradise, when the temptation first crept across their path. I can imagine them starting at the evil thing as we did when Irving's young tutor came suddenly upon us.

"Ha! you walk slowly," he said, in his calm, silky way; "I have seen the little girl to her father's door and back again."

Irving tightened his grasp on my hand.

"You can find the way home now," he said, dropping it and turning away with his tutor.

"Nay, this is ungallant, Irving," said that person, moving toward me; "you forget her wounded arm."

"Yes, I had forgotten it," was the reply, and he came back. "Can you forgive me?"

I too had forgotten it. "There is no pain left," was my answer. "Go away with him, he troubles me."

"And me!" was the murmured reply. They went away together, leaving me alone with my great happiness.

It is said that love gives beauty to all material things. It may be so with others, but to me nature looked faded and insignificant that day. I longed for a rainbow in the skies; for a carpet of blossoms under my feet; for the breath of roses in every gush of air. Nothing but heaven could have matched the beautiful joy of my soul.

For three days my rich contentment lasted, during that time I scarcely seemed to have a mortal feeling. When fancy could sustain itself no longer came the material want of his presence. My heart had fed upon its one memory over and over again. Now it grew hungry for fresh certainties. I began to think of the future, to speculate and doubt. Why had he kept away? Where was he now? Had I been dreaming—only dreaming?

I did not observe Turner and Maria in their new relations. At another time their awkward tenderness and shy love-making would have amused me, but now I scarcely remarked it, and in their new position they forget to notice me.

Perhaps they would have detected nothing

remarkable had they been ever so vigilant, for I was self-centred in my own happiness, and joy like mine was too deep and dreamy for easy detection.

On the third day, Lady Catharine sent for me to come up to the Hall. It seems she was resolved to carry out her plan of giving me a few snatches of education, such accomplishments as I could pick up, without expense, from her son's tutor, and her own waiting-maid.

I went, not without a pang of wounded pride, but too happy in the hope of seeing him again, for thought of much else. Lady Catharine was in her dressing-room, and several ladies, whom I afterward learned were guests from London, had joined her, it seems, curious to see the wild wood-nymph who had made a sensation at the hunt.

Lady Catharine half rose from her silken lounge as I entered, and pushing an embroidered ottoman forward with the foot that had rested on it, made a motion for me to sit down, while she caressed a little tan colored spaniel that nestled beside her on the couch. I sat down, with a burning forehead, for it was easy to see that she placed me and the dog on an equal level, if indeed the animal did not meet with higher estimation than the human pet.

"Isn't she a spirited, wild little beauty," she said, addressing a young girl some two years older than myself, perhaps, who was busy working seed pearls into the embroidery of a hand screen.

The young lady looked coldly up, and after scanning me from head to foot, dropped her eyes again, murmuring something about my being older than she had supposed. Lady Catharine drew her pale hand down the folds of my hair, exclaiming at its thickness and lustre, just as she had handled the silky ears of her King Charles a moment before. "Did you ever see anything so long and so raven black," she said, uncoiling a heavy braid from around my forehead, and holding it up at full length.

"That sort of hair is often seen in persons of mixed blood," answered the young lady, without lifting her eyes, "long, but of a coarser texture; I must confess black is not my favorite color."

"Oh, flatterer!" exclaimed Lady Catharine, putting one hand up to her own pale brown hair, and giving a twirl to one of the sparse ringlets.

A covert smile crept over the young girl's lips, but she made no reply, and Lady Catharine went on.

"You must take an interest in this poor child—indeed you must, Estelle, I have quite depended on it, she will be quick to learn: won't you,

child? Let her look over some of your drawings, Estelle, I dare say she never saw anything like them in her life!"

The young lady kept at her work, not seeming to relish the idea of amusing a creature so disagreeable as she evidently fancied me. Lady Catharine arose, for under all her languid affectation she had an unyielding will, as I had already discovered. She spoke to the young girl in a subdued voice, but not a syllable escaped me.

"Nay, now, love, you must. It will please George more than anything; besides I promised as much to her father in order to induce him to abandon that horrid way of life. It is quite a moral duty to civilize the child, now that the parents are married; George looks upon it in this light, I assure you."

"I would do anything to please him, you know," said the girl, half sullenly, "but he never sees my efforts: never cares for them."

"Who should know, dearest, but the mother who is his confidant?" was the cajoling reply. "How can you doubt what I tell you?"

"Well," replied the girl, rising, "let the child come to my dressing-room!"

"No, love," interposed Lady Catharine, returning to her dog, which began to whine over his consciousness of neglect; "bring them here, I never weary of them myself."

The young lady withdrew, and returned with a richly embroidered port-folio crowded full of drawings. She spread them out upon a table, and haughtily motioned me to approach.

The drawings were evidently copies highly finished, but variable as if more than one pencil had performed its part there. My quick intuition told me this at a glance, and I looked into the girl's face with a feeling of contempt, which probably spoke in my features. She probably held me in so much contempt that my look was unnoticed, for she continued to turn over the drawings with haughty self-possession, as if quite careless of any opinion I might form.

At last we came to a head sketched with care, and evidently an attempt at some likeness. "Do you know that?" said Estelle, "probably you have never seen Mr. Irving."

"I have seen Mr. Irving," was my answer, "but this is not in the least like him."

"Perhaps you could draw a better one!" she said, casting a sneering smile toward Lady Catharine, but with rising color, as if she were a good deal vexed.

"Perhaps," I answered, very quietly.

"Try," said the haughty girl, taking a pencil and some paper from a pocket of the port-folio. I took the pencil, dropped on one knee by the

table, and, excited by her sneers into an attempt that I should have held almost sacreligious at another time, transferred a shadow of the image that filled my soul to the paper. I felt the look of haughty astonishment with which the young patrician bent over me as I worked out the quick inspiration.

"What is she doing?" inquired Lady Catharine, gathering the dog to her bosom with her two pale hands, and gliding toward the table. "Why, Estelle, you seem entranced."

Estelle drew proudly back, and pointed toward me with a sneering lift of the upper lip, absolutely hateful.

"You have found a prodigy here, madam, nothing less," she said; "what a memory the creature must have to draw like that with only one sight of your son's face!"

Lady Catharine bent over me fondling her dog; but I felt that she breathed unequally, like one conquering an unpleasant surprise.

"What an impression that one interview must have made," persisted the young girl.

"I have seen Mr. Irving more than once, or twice," I answered, without pausing in the rapid touches of my pencil, though my heart beat loud and fast as I spoke.

"Indeed!" sneered the girl, with a glance at Lady Catharine.

"Indeed!" repeated that lady, in a tone of languid unconcern; "the child wanders among the trees like a bird, Estelle, you have no idea what a wild gipsy it is: we must civilize her between us."

"Is Mr. Irving to help? It looks like that," answered Estelle, spitefully.

"Is there anything in which I can be of service?" said a voice that made the heart leap in my bosom; but so perfect was my self-control that I finished the shadow upon which I was at work mechanically, as if every nerve in my system were not thrilling like the strings of an instrument.

"We were speaking about humanizing this strange child a little," said Lady Catharine; "she really has a good deal of originality, as we were saying, and Estelle is quite charmed with the idea of bringing it out."

My soul was full of scornful ridicule. I felt it breaking up through my eyes, and curving my lip as I looked from Estelle to George Irving. His own face caught the spirit, and he met my glance with a bright smile of intelligence, that others read as well as myself.

"Did you ever try to teach music to a wood-lark, dear mother?" he said, stooping down to look at the head I had sketched.

My heart stood still, but I would not permit myself to blush; on the contrary, there was a dry, cold feeling about my lips as if the blood were leaving them: but my gaze was fascinated. I could not turn it from his face, and when the warm crimson rushed up over his brow and temples, as the likeness struck him, my breath was absolutely stopped. I would have given the universe for the power of obliterating my own work from the paper and from his brain. There was anger, reproach, and a dash of scorn in the glance which he turned from the likeness to my face. I trembled from head to foot. The lids drooped like lead over the shame that burned in my eyes; a feeling that he thought my act indelicate scorched me like a fire.

"The likeness does not seem to please you, Mr. Irving," said Estelle, and her face brightened. "In my humility I had supposed it better than my poor attempt."

"Oh, it was only a copy then!" he cried, laughing, and the cloud left his face; "this is your first lesson, and my poor features the subject. You honor them too much; pray whose selection was it?"

"I believe my sketch gave rise to the other," answered Estelle, casting down her fine eyes, and certainly mistaking the feelings she had excited.

"I am glad of it," answered Irving, and the glow of his countenance bore proof of his sincerity.

"Now," said Lady Catharine, in her usual languid way, which with all its softness had authority in it, "let us settle things for the morning. We visit Greenhurst, Estelle has never been thoroughly over the house; of course you go, George."

He did not seem embarrassed but thoughtful, and, after a moment's consideration, replied, "yes, I will escort you on horseback—who are going?"

The guests were enumerated, most of the names I had never heard before. My own was not in the list.

"And Zana!" said Irving, with a slight rise of color when his mother paused.

"Oh, Zana, she will find amusement for herself. She has never seen the house yet—besides as your tutor remains behind, he can take the opportunity to give her a lesson or two."

His brow clouded, and his lips were set together very resolutely; but his voice was low and respectful as he replied,

"Not so, madam! Unless in your presence, a young man but a few years older than myself is not a proper person to teach a girl like that!"



"Dear me, you are really making the thing a burden. How can you expect all these formalities, George, in a case like this—and me with nerves worn down to a thread?"

"I will teach her myself," was the firm reply, though rays of crimson shot across his forehead as he spoke.

"You, George—preposterous!"

"Why preposterous, madam?"

"Your youth!"

"Is my tutor old?"

"Your position—your prospects!"

He laughed in a gay, light fashion.

"Well, should my Uncle Clare marry again, a thing not unlikely, exercise of this kind will be a useful experience, for then I shall have little but my brains to depend on."

"But he will never marry!—who thinks it?" cried the mother, impatiently.

"Men of a little more than forty do not often consider themselves out of the matrimonial market, mother."

"You talk wildly, George. Clare will never marry again—never, never!"

"And if he does not, am I his next heir?—or does my hopes of advancement and fortune rest on you, lady mother?—you who certainly will not own yourself too old for a second marriage!"

"This is nonsense, George!"

"No, sober truth; my uncle—whom heaven preserve, for he is a good man—could aid me nothing in his death. You would inherit, not your son; the ladies of our line are a privileged race."

"But are you not my only son and heir?"

"True again; and your favorite while I do not offend."

"That you will never do," answered the mother, with a glance of feeling in her voice.

"I hope not, mother," he said, lifting her hand to his lips with an expression of earnest affection. "But while fate and fortune hang on the breath of another, do not talk to me of expectations that may be dreams; and rank that may find me, when it comes, a broken-hearted old man!"

"This is strange talk, George, and in this presence. Estelle will learn to look upon your prospects with distrust."

"She, with all my friends, will do well to think of me only as I am, the dependant of a good uncle. Certain of nothing but a firm will, good health, and an honest purpose!" he answered, glancing not at the haughty patrician, but at me.

"And that is enough for any man," I exclaimed, filled with enthusiasm by his proud

frankness. "What inheritance does he require but that honest, firm will, which clears its own way in the world? Oh, how the soul must enjoy the blessings which its own strength has had the power to win. If I were a man neither gold nor rank should detract from my native strength. I would go into the world and wrestle my way through, not for the wealth or the power that might come of it—but for the strength it would give to my own nature—the development—the refining process of exertion—the sense of personal power. In that must lie all the true relish of greatness!"

The guests had one by one glided from Lady Catharine's room before her son came in, and no one listened to our conversation but her ladyship and the girl Estelle. When I ceased speaking, Lady Catharine sunk among the cushions of her couch, hugging the dog to her bosom as if she feared my rash words would poison the creature; while her young friend stood close by with both arms folded scornfully over her bosom, gazing at me from her open eyes as if there had been something wicked in my expression. For myself, the moment my rash enthusiasm gave way, all courage went with it: and before the fire had left my eyes they were full of tears.

"Is the creature mad, or a sybil?" said Lady Catharine, in a voice that went through me like a hiss.

"Mother," said her son, pale as death, but with a strange glory of expression in his face—"need you ask again whose blood spoke there?"

He addressed her in a whisper, but she turned white, and lifted her finger to check his further speech, glancing sideways at Estelle.

"Strange language this for the daughter of a servant!" exclaimed Estelle, her bosom heaving with scornful astonishment.

"I am not the daughter of a servant," was the reply that sprang to my lips, "the story is a falsehood; a proud Turner is my benefactor, my more than father: not my father; but if he were, why should my words, if right, not spring from the lips of his child? Are all gifts reserved for the patrician? Does not the great oak and the valley lily spring from exactly the same soil? Thank heaven there is no monopoly in thought!"

"In heavens' name, who taught you these things?" cried Lady Catharine, aghast with my boldness.

"Who teaches the flowers to grow, and the fruit to ripen?" I answered, almost weeping, for my words sprang from an impulse, subtle and evanescent as the perfume of a flower; and like all sensitive persons I shrunk from the remembrance of my own mental impetuosity.

"Really, your ladyship, you must excuse me, this is getting tiresome," said Estelle, sweeping from the room; "I fear with all your goodness the child will prove a troublesome pet."

Lady Catharine sat among her cushions very white, and with a glitter in her pale eyes that I had learned to shrink from. "Irving," she said, speaking to him in a low, but firm voice, "pled with me no more, she must and shall leave the estate."

"Madam, she is but a child!"

"A mischievous one, full of peril to us all, and, therefore, to be disposed of at once. Out of my own small income I will provide for her wants, but away from this place—in another land, perhaps."

I felt myself growing pale, and saw that Irving was also greatly agitated. He looked at me reproachfully, and muttered, "imprudent—imprudent." I went to a window, and leaning against the frame, stood patiently, and still as marble, waiting for my sentence. Again my rashness had periled all that I loved: the thought froze me through and through; I hated myself. Irving was talking to his mother: she had forgotten her softness, her elegance, everything in indignation against me. At last I caught some of his words, they were deep and determined, contrasting the feeble malice in her's with a force that made my heart swell again.

"No, mother, I will not consent. If our suspicions are true, and I must confess every day confirms them in my estimation—the course you propose would be impolitic as cruel. You cannot keep her existence from Lord Clare; all that we guess he will soon learn. He is just, noble—think if he would forgive this persecution of—an orphan—for she is that if nothing more!"

"But am I to be annoyed—braved, talked down by a child, and before my own guests?" said the mother. "Who knows the mischief she has already done with Estelle?"

"Mother, I beseech you, let that subject drop. It is a dream."

"One of the best matches in England, my son: a golden dream worth turning to reality."

"No, mother, in this I must be free."

"Perhaps you are not free! That child!"

They were looking in each others eyes. The mother and son reading thoughts there that each would gladly have concealed from the other. I came forward.

"Madam, let me go home, I am not fit for this place. Let me return, and I will trouble you no more."

"I wish to heaven it were possible for you to keep this promise, girl."

"Let me go home; send for me no more; I will never willingly cross your path again."

"Nor his?" said the mother, fixing her cold eyes on my face, and pointing to her son.

"Madam, I beseech you, let me go."

"But I have promised Turner to educate you."

"Lady, you cannot. The curate has taken great care of me, and in some shape I have educated myself."

"You are a strange girl."

"I feel strange here. May I go?"

She fell into thought with her eyes on my face as if it had been black marble.

"Yes," she said, at length, "go, but I feel that we have not done with each other; I may send for you again, we must not lose sight of our pet. Now, George, equip at once: we have kept our guests waiting!"

"No, mother, I cannot go to Greenhurst: make my excuses!"

He went out, leaving no time for a rejoinder; and Lady Catharine followed. I was alone in the room.

All at once a strange sensation came over me. I looked around with a vague feeling of dread, things that I had not before noticed were strangely familiar. It seemed as if I were in a dream, and like one moving in a vision, without volition, and without object, I crossed the room toward a small antique cabinet that stood in one corner. The lids were deeply carved and set heavily with jewels. It is a solemn truth, I was unconscious of the act, but unclosing the cabinet reached forth my hand, and opened a small, secret drawer that was locked with a curious spring.

Among other trinkets, two locketts of gold lay within the drawer, one shaped like a shell, and paved thickly with pearls: the other plain, and without ornament of any kind. I took up the shell, and it sprung open in my hand, revealing two faces that seemed like something that had floated in my dreams years ago. One was that of a man in the first proud bloom of youth, with a brow full of lofty thought, but fair and of a delicate whiteness that we seldom see beyond infancy. The lips and the deep blue eyes seemed smiling upon me, and with a pang of love, for it was half pain, I kissed it. The female face I could not look upon. It seemed to me like the head of an evil spirit that was to haunt my destiny, and yet it had a wonderful fascination, terrible to me.

I laid the shell down, and with a sort of mysterious awe took up the other locket. It opened with difficulty, and when I wrenched the spring apart, it seemed as if my very soul had received

a strain. It was a miniature also. I looked upon it, and the claw of some fierce bird seemed clutched upon my bosom and throat. It appeared to me as if I struggled minutes and minutes in its gripe, then the pressure gave way, and with a burst of tears I cried out, "the face!—the face!"

A thin hand was thrust over my shoulder and snatched the locket away. I turned and saw it in the grasp of Lady Catharine. With a choking cry my hands were flung upward, and I leaped madly striving to snatch it away.

"Would you steal? Are you a thief?" she cried, grasping the locket tight in her pale fingers, and holding it on high.

"Would you steal? Are you a thief?"

The words rang hissing through my ear: a hot flush of indignant shame clouded my sight, and I saw George Irving, as it were, through waves of crimson gauze, looking sternly upon me.

Then all grew black and still as death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MARY.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

Now the plaintive winds are sighing  
Through the dark trees o'er thy head;  
And a silver lake is lying  
Close beside thy silent bed!

But thy soul has passed the portal  
Of that pure and happy bourne,  
Where the good are made immortal,  
Never, never more to mourn!

Now our parents smile upon thee,  
As on spirit wings ye glide  
Through the rosy paths of Eden,  
Or by placid Jordan's tide!

And thy baby bird long vanished,  
Folds its pinions into rest  
By the music of the angels  
Lulled—upon thy happy breast!

Gentle sister, shall we sorrow  
While such joys as these are thine,

Where there comes no sad to-morrow,  
For the day has no decline!

But its sun of glory lingers  
On the ever perfumed flowers,  
Woven by the seraph fingers  
Of the dwellers in those bowers.

Where angelic harps are sounding,  
Turned to Heavenly music rare;  
Or on waves of glory bounding,  
Radiant forms are gleaming there!

May we with thee, blessed spirit,  
And the dear departed band  
Of our household—yet inherit  
Life eternal in that land!

There united—no'er to sever,  
As we view its scenes of bliss,  
May we in that world forever  
Lose the haunting cares of this!  
Lose the aching woes of this!

## TO MISS E. A. J.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

Oh! deem it not an idle thing,  
That from a leaf or flower  
A host of memories should rise  
To mark some by-gone hour.

Thou canst not know how light a thing  
May change thy destiny;  
Or that the perfume of a rose  
Should speak of love to thee.

A drooping bud, a wither'd leaf  
May cause thy pulse to thrill,  
And thou shalt feel, though years have fled,  
A magic in them still.

Then deem it not an idle thing,  
That "trifles light as air"  
Should bring to each true loving heart  
Fond mem'ries everywhere.

## "NEVER CONTENTED LONG."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I WISH we had a new carpet," said Mrs. Arnold, somewhat petulantly, to her husband.

Mr. Arnold looked up from his newspaper, glanced at the carpet, and said, "if you really think we want one, my dear, you may go and buy it to-morrow; but this seems to me quite decent yet."

"Yes! decent, I grant," said his wife, with emphasis. "But I am not contented with being decent merely. If I can't be more than decent, nice in fact, I don't want to live at all."

"Well, well, my love," replied the husband, "suit yourself." For Mr. Arnold was doing a good business, and knew he could afford a little extravagance, now and then.

The carpet was accordingly purchased, and, for a while, Mrs. Arnold was contented, or appeared to be so. As long as the novelty continued, she really was satisfied. But when she had grown tired of admiring it, and when the neighbors, having all seen it, ceased to expatiate on its beauties, she began to be dissatisfied again. It was not the carpet of course which now made her unhappy: it was the parlor chairs.

"I do think we have the shabbiest chairs," she said, one evening, "of anybody I know. I declare I'm ashamed to let the light in on the room, when anybody calls, lest they should see how mean our chairs are."

"The chairs appear to me to be good chairs enough," replied Mr. Arnold. "Perhaps they don't look quite as well as they did, before we bought the new carpet, for its freshness makes them seem a little dull by contrast. But for that you are to blame, you know, Mary."

The wife bit her lip, and made no reply. But, on other occasions, she returned to the subject, until Mr. Arnold, who hated to be "bothered," as he called it, surrendered for peace sake.

The new chairs, like the new carpet, pleased Mrs. Arnold for a while. But, in time, they ceased, like it, to make her contented; and she now began to see, for the first time, that the furniture of her best chamber was unworthy of her.

"James," she said, "your newly married sister is coming, on Tuesday week, as you know. But the bedstead, dressing-bureau, and wash-stand of our spare room are shocking, they are so out

of fashion, and so scratched. I wish you would new furnish the chamber. It's disgraceful to put a bride into such a place."

"The furniture was thought very fine," replied her husband, "when we purchased it, on setting up housekeeping, ten years ago. I am sure, Mary, you were quite proud of it."

"But we can afford better now," stoutly answered the wife, "and what was fashionable then, isn't fashionable now. Your sister will think the meanness is mine, for she'll never believe its yours, as men generally let their wives have their own way in such matters, especially if they are doing well, as everybody knows you are."

"Well, well," said Mr. Arnold, a little annoyed, "do as you like. I suppose you'll have it out of me some day, and you might as well get it now."

"And the old furniture," added the wife, by way of a concluding argument, "will answer for our chamber, while that which we now use I'll give to the children."

It was not long subsequent to this, when one of Mrs. Arnold's female friends, who was married like herself to a successful business man, set up a one horse carriage. Instantly Mrs. Arnold herself began to wish for a carriage. She had been healthy enough before, by the aid of an occasional walk, but now she discovered, all at once, that both she and the children required riding as an exercise. In short, she was discontented once more, and she gave her husband, as usual, no peace, till he gratified this new desire. Not that she stormed, or even had the sullen; but she looked discontented, sighed, and often regretted the want of a carriage; and so, finally, Mr. Arnold began to believe that her health would eventually suffer, if it had not already.

The carriage kept her contented for an unusually long time. But when she had called on all her acquaintance in it; taken all her relatives and friends by turns out in it; persuaded Mr. Arnold into letting the man who drove wear a sort of livery; and had a new harness bought, and then a lighter carriage for herself and her husband to use exclusively, she began to be discontented again. The truth was one of her set had just moved into a finer house, and Mrs.

Arnold wanted immediately a new and larger house also.

She has just succeeded in obtaining this fresh desire. But how long it will satisfy her we cannot say; certainly not until this time next year; for, before that, its novelty will be worn

off; and when once a thing ceases to be new, Mrs. Arnold ceases to be contented with it.

In truth she will never, let her get what she may, remain contented long. Who does not know a Mrs. Arnold?

## LINES TO KATE.

BY RICHARD COE.

KATY darling! Katy dear!  
Listen to my words sincere;  
As the blossom loves the gem,  
Trembling on its fragile stem;  
As the birdling loves the shade,  
By the spreading branches made;  
As the mother loves her child,  
Meekly pure and sweetly mild;  
Love I thee, my Katy dear,  
With a love intense, severe!

Gazing up into thine eyes,  
I am looking on the skies;  
For they have as sweet a hue  
As the Heavens' quite blue;  
Naught in beauty will compare  
With the color of thine hair;  
Not the raven's glossy wing  
Is so beautiful a thing;  
Not the dusky shades of night  
Fill me with so pure delight!

Katy darling! Katy dear!  
Listen to my words sincere;  
Never lover wooed a maid,  
Underneath the aspen shade,  
With a warmer, fonder kiss,

Or a soul so full of bliss;  
Never truer heart than mine  
Bowed the knee to beauty's shrine;  
Words are feeble to express  
What I feel of tenderness!

Katy darling! Katy dear!  
Lov'st thou me with love sincere?  
Doth that little heart of thine  
Beat responsive unto mine?  
Doth my warm, impassioned kiss  
Waken in thy soul such bliss  
As the angels only know  
Where the good of earth shall go!  
Katy darling! Katy dear!  
Is thy love as mine sincere?

Now the little maiden's eyes  
Fill with tears of glad surprise;  
Now she gazes on my face,  
Full of modesty and grace;  
Then she whispers in mine ear,  
"Thou to me art truly dear!"  
Then to word of doubt of mine,  
"I am thine and only thine;  
Living is such sweet unrest,  
Doubly dying we were blest!"

## THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

INSCRIBED TO PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

BY H. ELLEN WILLFORD.

WELCOME, welcome thou to us  
In this home of ours;  
With thy many tones of love,  
And thy bright-eyed flowers.  
Oh! we love to greet thee here,  
Harbinger, forever dear!

Thy monthly coming is to us  
A source of happy feeling,  
All thy tales of hope and love  
Unto us revealing;  
And thy lines of music sweet—  
Oh! we kindly, kindly greet.

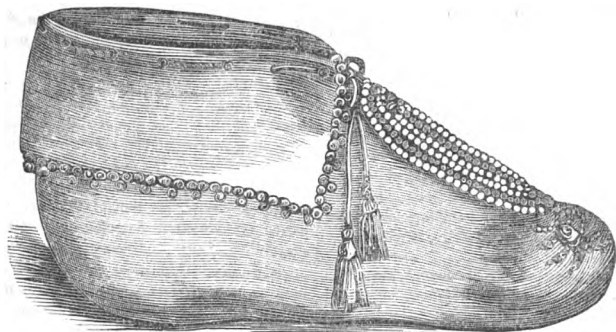
We have ever met thee kindly;  
Now to love thee we are grown:  
If one month thou fail to reach us,  
We are grieved and feel alone,  
For our hearts are 'twin'd around thee  
As the vine doth clasp the tree.

Then, oh, come each month, we pray,  
For without thou'rt here  
We should grieve and sadly sigh  
With no voice to cheer:  
Welcome to our home and hearth,  
Messenger of priceless worth!

## OUR WORK TABLE.

### INFANT'S SHOE.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.



**MATERIALS.**—A small piece of chamois leather, a little coarse crochet silk, or Russian braid, and a small quantity of beads, of various colors, the size usually called seed-beads, and a size larger. Also two short white bugles, or large beads, and a few gold ones.

We have great pleasure in presenting our friends with this elegant little novelty, which is infinitely better adapted for an infant's *first* shoe than any woollen fabric can be. Several medical men have assured us, it is quite invaluable for keeping the feet warm, and being, at the same time, so soft and plastic. We may add that it is also extremely pretty, and washes and wears well.

The shoe is cut, in one piece, out of good chamois leather. It is in the form of a boot, being about three inches deep. It is sewed up the front to the instep, and the toe gathered in; the back of the heel is also sewed up. A bugle is placed at the toe, over the close of the gathers,

with a few gold beads, forming a star round it. The seam up the front is covered by rows of beads of various bright, strongly-contrasting colors. They are laid on in the pattern in the following order:—The seam is covered by two rows of blue, these are surrounded by clear white, then a round of garnet, the next bright green, the outer row chalk white. The upper part of the leather, to the depth of an inch, falls over round the ankle, giving it additional warmth. It is trimmed with blue beads, *larger* than those on the front. The edges are not hemmed, as the turning over of the leather would make them clumsy; and the seams are made perfectly flat. The strings round the ankle are of braid, or of silk twisted into a cord, and finished with small tassels.

A shoe of about three inches and a half long will be found quite sufficiently large for the first size. It should be worn with a fine open-worked sock.

## SHE FLED WITH THE FLOWERS.

BY ABRAZEL ADAIR.

She fled from earth with autumn's flowers,  
The loved, the beautiful, the true:  
Afar in Heav'n's celestial bowers,  
She blooms a flower of deathless hue.

When standing round her open grave,  
The Wintry rain in gusts was driven.  
Thank God, we said, though winds may rave,  
They cannot reach her up in Heaven!

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**THE MISSION OF WOMAN.**—We have always been, as our readers know, foremost in advocating the rights of woman. Not that we have lent our countenance to vain and false systems of so-called reform. We belong to those who "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is true," not to those who believe whatever is new must be progress, from the mere fact of its novelty. All the greatest writers of the age are ranging themselves, or have already ranged themselves, on our side, in their opinion of what is woman's mission. An eminent New England divine, the last man to be charged with a sleepy conservatism, we mean the Rev. Theodore Parker, has expressed himself, in a late lecture, in the following terms respecting this great question:

"Hitherto, with woman, circumstances have hindered the development of intellectual power, in all its forms. She has not knowledge, has not ideas or practical skill to equal the force of man. But circumstances have favored the development of pure and lofty emotion in advance of man; she has moral feeling, affectional feeling, religious feeling, far in advance of man; her moral, affectional and religious intuitions are deeper and more trustworthy than his. Here she is eminent, as he is in knowledge, in ideas, in administrative skill.

"I think man will always lead in affairs of intellect—of reason, imagination, understanding—he has the bigger brain; but that woman will always lead in affairs of emotion—moral, affectional, religious—she has the better heart, the truer intuition of the right, the lovely, the holy. The literature of women in this century is juster, more philanthropic, more religious than that of men.

"Well, we want the excellence of man and woman both united; intellectual power, knowledge, great ideas—in literature, philosophy, theology, ethics—and practical skill; but we want something better—the moral, affectional, religious intuition, to put justice into ethics, love into theology, piety into science and letters. (Everywhere, in the family, the community, the church, and the state, we want the masculine and feminine element co-operating and conjoined. (Woman is to correct man's taste, mend his morals, excite his affections, inspire his religious faculties. Man is to quicken her intellect, to help her will, translate her sentiments to ideas, and enact them into righteous laws. Man's moral action, at best, is only a sort of general human providence, aiming at the welfare of a part, and satisfied with achieving the 'greatest good of the greatest number.' Woman's moral action is more like a special human providence, acting without general rules, but caring for each particular case. We need both of these, the general and the special, to make a total human providence."

In these noble and elevated sentiments we can most cordially concur. Between true manhood and true womanhood; between that man and that woman who are worthy of each other, and of the married state:—there can never arise difference as to what

is the right, or duty of either. Each works in a different sphere, yet both work harmoniously as one. Nor does the cultivation of a woman's intellect render her, as the old prejudice held, less fitted to be wife and mother; but, on the contrary, more competent for those dear and holy duties, if the moral faculties, are, as they should be, cultivated in proportion.

**PATCHING, A FINE ART.**—To patch—how vulgar is the term! Yet it is an operation requiring far more skill than does the making a new garment, and, when well executed, may save the purchase of many a costly one; the most expensive robe may, by accident, be torn, or spotted the first day of its wear: the piece inserted in lieu of the damaged one is a patch. If a figured material, the pattern has to be exactly matched; in all cases, the insertion must be made without pucker, and the kind of seam to be such as, though strong, will be least apparent; the corners must be turned with neatness. Is not this an art which requires teaching? So of darning, much instruction is necessary as to the number of threads to be left by the needle according to the kind of fabric; then there is the kind of thread or yarn most suitable, which requires experience to determine. Where the article is coarse, the chief attention is directed to expedition; but a costly article of embroidery on muslin can only be well darned with ravellings of a similar muslin; such particulars do not come to the girl by inspiration; they must be taught, or left to be acquired by dearly bought experience. The third mode of repair is well understood and practised by European ladies though rarely in this country. The stocking stitch is neither more difficult nor tedious than the darn, yet how many pairs of stockings are lost for want of knowing it when a hole happens to be above the shoe? Practice in lace stitches is still more desirable, particularly for repairing lace of the more costly descriptions. The deficiency of a single loop, when lace is sent to be washed, often becomes a large hole during the operation, and thus the beauty of the lace is destroyed. Indeed, lace, when duly mended, on the appearance of even the smallest crack, may, with little trouble, be made to last twice or thrice the usual term of its duration. So the shawl-stitch is not sufficiently taught, though, by employing it with ravellings from the shawl itself, the most costly cashmere can be repaired without a possibility of discovering the inserted part. It must further be observed, that without a practical knowledge of needlework, no young lady can judge whether her servant has or has not done a reasonable quantity of it in a given time; and if this be true as to the plain seam, it is still more essential in regard to mending of all kinds.

"ONE HUNDRED AND TWO."—We give, on our cover, an engraving of No. 102 Chesnut street, where T. B. Peterson, the great book-publisher, has his new store, and where we have our Magazine office, as formerly we had it at No. 98, with the same gentleman. The store is one of the "wonders of America," in many respects; and we invite strangers, visiting Philadelphia, to call and see it. From a description, in Scott's Weekly, we copy the following account of its size and arrangements.

"Having seen the handsomest and most spacious book stores in the United States, we are able to pronounce this confidently to be the largest and most elegant of all. It is built of Connecticut sand stone, in a richly ornamented style, from designs furnished by N. Le Brun, Esq. The whole front of the lower story, except that taken up by the doorway, is occupied by two large plate glass windows, a single plate to each window, costing together over two thousand dollars. On entering and looking up, you find above you a ceiling sixteen feet high, while, on gazing before, you perceive a vista of one hundred and forty-seven feet. The counters extend back for eighty feet, and, being double, afford counter room of one hundred and sixty feet. This part is devoted to the retail business, and as it is the most spacious in the country, furnishes also, perhaps, the best and largest assortment of books.

"Behind the retail store, at about ninety feet from the entrance, is the counting-room, twenty feet square, railed neatly off, and surmounted by a dome of stained glass. In the rear of this is the wholesale and packing department, extending a further distance of about forty feet. The cellar, of the entire depth of the store, is filled with printed copies of Mr. Peterson's various publications, of which he generally keeps on hand an edition of a thousand each, making a stock of over two hundred thousand volumes. The "Ladies' National Magazine," published by Charles J. Peterson, has its office in the same store, sending out monthly its tens of thousands of copies of that elegant ladies' periodical. The place, in fact, is the head-quarters of Philadelphia literature."

CARE OF THE EYES.—So many women complain of weak eyes, that we have thought it wise to give some directions as to reading and writing, by which the sight may be preserved uninjured. Observe then, that the light should never be allowed to fall full on the paper, or on the eyes of the reader or writer, but to the left side; for then the eyes are not annoyed with the shadow of the pen, as will be the case, when the light comes from the right side. That writing tries the eyes more than reading is a popular error; and, in writing, bluish paper is better for the eyes than pure white. When the eyes feel fatigued, bathing them in cold water will both strengthen and relieve them. In reading, great relief will be found, if the eyes are turned from the book to some soft and harmonious colors. Brilliant colors, therefore, in paper or paint, should not be chosen for a library or sitting-room, where either reading, writing, or sewing is going on. For sewing, that peculiarly feminine employment, is quite as trying to the eyes as study; and fine sewing at night is really very injurious, and should always be

avoided if possible. Generally the eyes should be used, in all these occupations, as much as can be in the morning. Ground glass shades, at night, are bad, as they deaden the light too much; the common paper shade, which concentrates the light downward, is better.

# REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Preacher and the King; or, Bourdaloue in the Court of Louis XIV. With an Introduction by the Rev. George Potts, D. D.* 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This is a translation, from the twelfth Paris edition, of Bungener's popular work on the pulpit eloquence of the age of Louis the Fourteenth. The period which produced a Bossuet, a Bourdaloue, and other preachers nearly as eloquent, could not but afford a fine theme for any writer. M. Bungener has, if possible, increased the interest of his subject, by the skillful manner in which he has handled it: few authors, indeed, possess his graphic power of delineating character; for his orators seem actually to live, move and speak before us. The narrative style, in which the book is written, gives it the interest of a novel; while the remarks on pulpit eloquence are of the very highest value. The interview between Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Claude, in the apartment of the former; the scene where Bousset confronts Louis XIV.; the bishop's visit to Madame de Montespan at the request of the king; and the final grouping of all the characters, in the chapel at Versailles, where Bourdaloue openly assails the monarch's sins, are finely conceived, and powerfully portrayed. The discourse of Claude on the Bible, and on what constitutes true pulpit oratory, is an elaborate and masterly piece of criticism. It would be of advantage to clergymen, we think, to study the various views on this subject, put into the mouths of the principal speakers. The introduction to the work, written by the Rev. Dr. Potts, is an appreciative bit of composition, and forms a fit prelude to the volume.

*Harry Coverdale's Courtship, and What Came of It. By the author of "Frank Farleigh."* 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brothers.—The author of this sparkling fiction always writes racy. One is sure of a good laugh, at least, when one has a new novel to read by this author. We commend the present tale as especially good, though we cannot, to be frank, praise the style in which it is published. For ourselves, we would rather pay a higher price, and have a book well printed, than endanger our eye-sight with yellow paper and bad type.

*Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. By Austin H. Layard.* 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In our last number, we spoke, in advance, of this edition of Layard's new work. It is only left to us now to record its publication, and to advise all persons, who desire a copy, to be particular in ordering this edition, alike cheap and superb.



*Clouds and Sunshine.* By the author of "*Musings of an Invalid.*" 1 vol. New York: J. S. Taylor.—We have frequently spoken of this author's former works, and always in terms of high and deserved praise. The present volume is not less pleasant reading than its predecessors; it is full of noble sentiments, a generous love for the human race, eloquence, truth and religious feeling. Its faults, in common with all the other books of this author, are want of finish in style, and want of condensation of thought. In many points, this writer reminds us of the author of "*Friends in Council.*" The volume is published in excellent style.

"*To Daimonion.*" Or *The Spiritual Medium: its nature illustrated by the history of its uniform mysterious manifestation when unduly excited.* By *Traverse Oldfield.* 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—We recommend all persons, who are interested in what are called the "*Spiritual Rappings,*" to procure, and carefully peruse, this book. The plain good sense of the writer is not less remarkable than his scholastic and Biblical learning; and his style, at once easy and popular, renders his book one that few will lay down till they have finished its perusal. We look to these familiar letters to do substantial service to the cause of scientific and religious truth.

*Marmaduke Wyvil.* By *W. H. Herbert.* 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—We hail, with pleasure, the republication of this stirring novel, in a form worthy of it. Originally issued in a most slovenly manner, it yet passed through thirteen editions; and the demand for it, we learn, continues to this day. We regard it as one of the best, if not the very best of Mr. Herbert's fictions. The events are laid in the time of the Great Rebellion, the first chapter opening immediately after the fatal battle of Worcester. The volume is published in the neat style characteristic of all Redfield's books.

*Chambers' Repository of Instructive and Amusing Papers.* With *Illustrations.* Vol. II. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—For an agreeable popular miscellany, we know not where to find the equal of this serial, whose general scope we described, at large, in our notice of the first volume. The present number contains several very instructive articles, among them "*The Struggle in the Caucasus,*" and "*Arnold and Andre,*" besides one of the best stories, "*Grace Aytoun,*" we have read for a long time. Each volume of this serial, it should be remembered, is distinct in itself.

*Cyrilla.* By the author of "*The Initials.*" 1 vol. New York: Appleton & Co.—Those who have read that capital novel, "*The Initials,*" will be eager to peruse this new fiction by the same author. They will be disappointed. It ends tragically, and unnecessarily so: it is thorough German nonsense, in fine, the book is full of improbabilities. The publishers have, moreover, issued it in anything but a creditable style; for typographical, and other more serious, mistakes, constantly disfigure its pages.

*History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France.* Vol. IV. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The closing volume of this brilliant work is now before us. Though, perhaps, not to be implicitly followed, no one can form a true idea of France, subsequent to the Restoration, and up to the death of Louis the Eighteenth, without carefully perusing this history. The work, like most of Lamartine's, is as fascinating as a romance. The volumes are issued in a form to match the History of the Girondists by the same author.

*Pleasant Pages for Young People.* By *S. Proul Newcombe.* With *Numerous Illustrations.* 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This is intended for the entertainment and home education of young people. It is written in the form of conversations between a parent and children, and contains useful information, scientific, social, moral, political, indeed of all kinds, imparted in a pleasant style, and illustrated, when necessary, with appropriate engravings. Every intelligent household, in which there are young folk, should have a copy of this volume.

*The Captive in Patagonia; or, Life Among the Giants. A Personal Narrative.* By *Benjamin Franklin Bourne.* 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—There are parts of this volume positively Crusoe-ish. The author was prisoner, for a considerable time, among a race of whom little heretofore was known, so that his pages are always fresh, and often profoundly interesting. No person will regret having purchased this fascinating book. The publishers have issued the volume quite neatly, embellishing it with several graphic illustrations.

*Father Bright hopes; or, An Old Clergyman's Vacation.* By *Paul Creyton.* 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: H. C. Baird.—Paul Creyton, better known to our readers, under his real name, as *J. T. Trowbridge*, invariably writes well, whatever his subject. The present volume, intended for youth, is an admirable work, and we cordially commend it to our eighty thousand readers. The story is alike instructive and absorbing.

*Marco Paul in Boston.* By *Jacob Abbott.* 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a capital addition to Abbott's popular series, describing the adventures of his little hero, while travelling in search of knowledge, and in Boston. It is issued in the elegant style for which this juvenile series has become distinguished.

*Bleak House.* No. XV. By *Charles Dickens.* New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here the fifteenth number of "*Bleak House,*" and one of the very best in the series. The death of poor Joe, and the scene in the Roman chamber, will rank among the highest efforts of this popular author.

*Flirtations in America.* 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a spirited novel of real life, just the book for a dull day, a railroad car, or a summer afternoon. It is published in cheap style, yet neatly, and with large, clear type.

*Memorialia; or, Phials of Amber Full of the Tears of Love. A Gift for the Beautiful.* By T. H. Chivers, M. D. 1 vol. Philada: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.—Dr. Chivers is a familiar name with the steadfast patrons of this Magazine, he having been an occasional, and always welcome, contributor, for many years. The present volume is a collection of some of his best pieces. We hope that no person will allow its quaint, and somewhat affected, title, to prejudice them against the book, which they will find full of true poetry, sometimes indeed over-strained in sentiment, but generally very beautiful. The verse of Dr. Chivers is always melodious; his ear for rhythm, indeed, is exquisite. A deep sense of the religious pervades all his poems. His idea of the poet's mission, and consequently of his duty, is lofty and grand. We regret to see so many gems, as this volume really contains, set in the coarse style which the publishers have given them: for in paper and binding this book is no credit, but a positive disgrace, to any respectable Philadelphia firm.

*The Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. With An Introductory Essay upon his Philosophical and Theological Opinions.* Edited by Professor Shedd. Vol. V. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This valuable publication draws toward a close. Of the seven volumes, in which the works of Coleridge were announced to be issued entire, five have now been printed. The present volume is devoted to the literary remains of the great poet and philosopher, as collected and edited by his son, Henry Nelson Coleridge. The whole work is indispensable to a judiciously selected library. Fragmentary as these intellectual remains of "the old man eloquent" are, they yet contain reaches of thought, and passages of surpassing eloquence, such as repay, a thousand fold, for the careful reading required to dig them out of the rough strata, so to speak. The volumes are published in fine library style, in embossed muslin, and with red edges.

*Dr. Grant and the Mountain Nestorians.* By Thomas Laurie, Surviving Associate in that Mission. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—We regret that we are unable, the present month, to give this work the extended notice it deserves. Every American Christian, without regard to denominational differences, is interested in the Nestorians: and every reader, who has perused Layard's travels, is almost equally concerned for them. In this volume is to be found the completest account of that singular people, which has, perhaps, ever been published, as well as a full narrative of the almost incalculable, and always heroic, services of Dr. Grant in their behalf. The book is handsomely printed, and profusely illustrated with maps and engravings, besides a life-like portrait on steel of Dr. Grant.

*Father Clement.* By Grace Kennedy. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new and neat edition of one of the best fictions of Miss Kennedy, better known as the author of *Dunallan*.

*Memorials of the English Martyrs.* By Rev. C. B. Taylor. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A deeply interesting volume, intended to set forth the memory of the Protestant martyrs, containing many new facts, and written in an eloquent and impressive manner. Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and even Wycliffe, live and move again, as it were, in these pages. The volume is beautifully illustrated.

## USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*Spruce Beer.*—Twelve gallons of water, four quarts of molasses, a quarter of a pound of bruised ginger, two ounces of allspice, three ounces of hops, four ounces of essence of spruce, and half a pint of good yeast. Boil the hops, ginger, and allspice together for half an hour; take the mixture from the fire and stir in the molasses and spruce; strain into a cask and stir in the yeast; when the fermentation has ceased, the cask must be bunged up; it will be fit for use in three or four days, putting it in stone bottles and tying it down. It may be made without the hops, ginger, or allspice, and by merely mixing the other ingredients first in a small quantity of lukewarm water, and then adding as much cold as will fill the cask.

*A Mustard Foot Bath* is an excellent remedy for a cold. Fill the foot-bath with water, sufficiently warm to be agreeable, but not more so, for it is a great mistake to take a hot foot-bath; the blood, instead of being drawn from the upper portions of the body and head, is rather driven toward the latter. Stir in four ounces of mustard, and keep the feet and legs in the bath for half an hour, adding warm water from time to time, so as to keep up the first temperature; then go to bed.

*Rice Cake.*—Half a pound each of pounded sugar, rice flour, and best flour; seven eggs and whites, to be well beaten apart: the rind of a lemon grated, and quarter of a pound of butter; beat all well for three-quarters of an hour; butter a pan, and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

*To Pot Butter.*—Two parts of common salt, one part of loaf sugar, and one part saltpetre; beat them well together. To sixteen ounces of butter, thoroughly cleansed from the milk, put one ounce of this composition, work it well, and pot when become firm and cold.

*Cure for Corns.*—Place the feet for half an hour two or three nights successively in a pretty strong solution of common soda. The alkali dissolves the hardened skin, and the corn falls out spontaneously.

*Crickets* may be entrapped like wasps, by placing sweetened beer in small bottles in their haunts. Scotch snuff is also said to drive them away when sprinkled where they frequent.

*Rice Water* is an excellent drink in fevers, coughs, &c. Boil two ounces of rice in one quart of water until it is reduced to one pint; strain, sweeten, and flavor with lemon-peel.

*To Stew Cabbage.*—Choose a large savory, and boil it in milk and water until half done; then let it become dry. Cut it; season with pepper and salt, and stew it with butter and cream. Onions may be added, if liked.

## FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS FOR THE SEA SIDE of a narrow plaided barege, with the skirt a *disposition*, having broad satin stripes running around it. Corsage low, with a *fichu* waistcoat of jaconet, plaited up the front, and trimmed with English embroidery. Mull under-sleeves, fastened at the wrist by a band. Bonnet of white chip, having the crown covered with a bias of taffeta silk.

FIG. II.—A DINNER DRESS OF STRIPED ORGANDY, with an *en tablier* trimming of lace and puffings of silk. Corsage nearly high, open in front, the trimming to correspond with that of the skirt. Sleeves bias, tight to the elbow, with two deep lace ruffles. Small cap of lace and flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The newest bareges are remarkable for the elegance and diversity of design and beauty of color. Flounces, half gauze and half barege, woven in the loom, are amongst the most striking novelties. We have seen a dress, just imported from Paris; the robe itself was of a bright rose color barege, and it had four flounces, each consisting of a stripe of rose color, a stripe of black lace, and a stripe of black gauze. We also see a good many dinner and evening dresses with three and five flounces, trimmed with *passementerie* insertions and tulle; a great many bows of ribbons, scattered here and there, in the shape either of butterflies or bees.

CORSAGES are made in every style. Some are low, and others are gathered and high; others plain and open; then with revers, in the *bertha* style; the variety is great, but they are all much ornamented. One of the most becoming bodies which we have seen is high, open in front all the way down; plain behind; plaited in front in three broad plaits laid flat, from the shoulder seam. A large bow of ribbon set on a cross band, ornaments the front; a second bow is placed a little lower down, and the sash forms a third bow with ends.

SLEEVES are for the most part slashed and puffed, and the under-sleeve is visible through the opening. Some are cut out in vandykes, leaving long slashes between them; the points meet in a band and form what is called the *tulip* sleeve; and very graceful it is. Others have small slashes a *la Marie Stuart*, or a deep Louis XIV. cuff. With these last there must be a good many bows of ribbon.

Black guipure lace is much worn. It is used as flounces on the skirt, on the sleeve, on the lap-pets, as revers on the body, etc. It is a Spanish fashion and has become most popular in Paris.

BONNETS.—It is decided that they shall be highly ornamented with flowers. These flowers generally

are arranged in light trails, winding round the bonnet. Some cover the crown entirely, and terminate in grape-like clusters at the side; others wind all round the brim and end in bunches of flowers. Straw color and some shades of green are very much worn this season for bonnets, but the complexion should always be consulted, without regard to fashion. Of the black lace bonnets which have recently appeared, those composed of frills or rows of lace over colored silk, have obtained the greatest share of favor. The colored silk gives effect to the lace and imparts a light and showy character to the bonnet. We have seen one of this description, which consists of violet color moire, covered with frills of black silk. The edge of the brim is trimmed with a small wreath of violets, presenting somewhat the effect of a *ruche*. The inside trimming consists of bouquets of violets, and above the cape is placed a bow of ribbon.

RIBBONS.—Some of the new ribbons, for sashes, &c., are most fanciful and beautiful. Chequered patterns, in brilliant shades of color, and designs imitating gold and straw, are those most in favor. Ribbons *lame* with gold and silver are much employed for bows in trimming ball-dresses. For sash ribbons, those scattered over with corn flowers or daisies, intermingled with wheat-ears in gold on white or green grounds. The favorite hues for chequered patterns are lilac and violet, cerise and black, lilac and rose, blue and maroon. Broad sash ribbons are occasionally different on each side in design and color: we have remarked one bordered on one side with red shading into cerise, the border on the other side being bright pomona green shading into dark green. The middle of the ribbon was filled up by a beautiful wreath in vivid colors.

CAPS.—Most of the morning caps have silk crowns thrown lightly on the head and trimmed with lace, or are ornamented with plaid ribbons.

COIFFURES.—One of the styles at present most distinguished by fashionable favor is that called the "Coiffure Eugene." We see it depicted in the portraits of the young Empress, and combing back the front hair entirely from the temples. This plan, be it observed, is not one of the most becoming when worn under a bonnet, but, on the other hand, it is charming when worn with bows of velvet or ribbon having long flowing ends placed very backward on the head. Or the ends of the back hair may be curled so as to form a mass of long ringlets, which are fastened by the comb to the back part of the head, and then, being divided, descend in thick clusters on each side of the neck. Some attempts have been made to revive the fashion of high head-dresses, that is to say, bows of hair rising one above another on the top of the head; but these attempts seem to have been attended by no other result than that of ensuring the continuance of low head-dresses. The bows and plaits of hair are frequently placed so low as to touch the nape of the neck, a style at once youthful and graceful.



FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.





**THE SUMMER NOON.**



# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

## THE MODERN LAZARUS.

BY J. THORNTON RANDOLPH.

### I.

It was a hot, breathless, August day in New York. The hour was high noon. Yet, beneath that vertical sun, a blind beggar sat asking alms by the way-side.

His worn dress, though scrupulously clean, betrayed the utmost poverty. His hand shook with palsy as he held forth his tattered straw hat for alms. On his bared head, bald on top, but with a few thin, grey hairs around the edges, the vertical sun poured down its fierce heat pitilessly. Poor old man!

Suddenly a splendid equipage drew up to the side-walk, and a portly, pompous man descended. Could the mendicant have seen that face, he would scarcely have ventured to solicit alms; and now, when he did, his extended hat was rudely rebuffed.

"Get out of the way, get out of the way, where's the police, I wonder," cried the millionaire, in a quick, testy voice, rudely pushing the old mendicant aside.

An officer, who happened to be within hearing, stepped immediately up, and was obsequiousness itself. He shook the beggar roughly.

"Come, be moving," he said. And observing that the old man hesitated, but whether from weakness, or to arouse pity he did not stop to inquire, he gave him a push, adding, "off with you at once!"

The aged mendicant resisted no longer. Feeling his way with his stick, he arose, and was soon lost to sight in the hurrying crowds, which even on that summer day, poured ceaselessly along the streets.

But, as he went, though his tongue was silent, his heart was not. He thought of his early life, when, in a distant land, he had been prosperous and happy: his hearth shared by a sympathizing wife, his board surrounded by lovely children.

Then he recalled the misfortunes which had driven him, in his old age, into exile; the fever ship where his remaining grand-children had died; and the first day of utter beggary, type of many a day since when he had landed on a foreign shore. As these things rose before him, he groaned, "how long, oh! Lord, how long."

### II.

Jostled, and often almost overthrown, the mendicant had nevertheless succeeded, at last, in advancing several squares. He had now reached a point where it became necessary to cross Broadway. For some time he hesitated, the ceaseless roll of vehicles disheartening him; but finally there was a lull, during which he thought he might venture.

He had achieved about half the distance, when a pair of proud, high stepping horses approached at a rapid rate. The liveried coachman, perceiving the beggar, drew partially in. But his imperious master, always impatient of delay, at this angrily spoke up.

"Drive on, drive on," he cried, sharply. "What business has the old rascal to be in the way. He'll jump quick enough when he hears you on top of him."

He did jump quick enough too: but it was the wrong way. Catching the sound of the horses' hoofs, he had turned his sightless eyes toward them; and then, for the first time, the coachman saw he was blind. To pull up again was the work of a moment, even though the servant knew he was disobeying orders. But it was too late. The mendicant, losing his presence of mind, had sprung the wrong way; had fallen under the horses' feet; and was run bodily over before the impetus of the carriage could be stopped.

He was not killed instantly. He had a recollection of being picked up, of hearing a crowd



around him, and of recognizing the voice of the rich man whom he had vainly implored for alms an hour before. "Humph," that voice had said, "he seems done for. A doctor would do no good. Some of you carry him to the hospital, and say that Alderman Brown sent him there."

Then the sound of carriage wheels rolling off, and of those proud horses, mixed itself with the murmured voices of the crowd, until all became a vague dream. When the mendicant was lifted on a rude, temporary litter, he was seen to be totally insensible. When his bearers stopped at the hospital he was discovered to be dead.

### III.

THE next day was Sunday. The rich man, the pompous official, had quite forgotten the incident of the preceding morning.

At ten o'clock his sumptuous equipage was at the door. For he respected the decencies of society, and went duly to church, his richly cushioned pew being in a fashionable, up-town, Gothic edifice. And while he lolled back in his corner, calculating the chances of a rise in stocks, or speculating on the complexion of poli-

tical parties, his liveried servant waited outside, with his coach and horses, that all might know how exemplary a Christian Alderman Brown was.

Punctually, at five minutes past ten, the rich man entered his carriage, which immediately moved off, the horses stepping stately, but with some restraint, as become the day.

Presently a plain hearse, containing a coffin of the commonest description, and without a solitary follower, crossed from a bye-street; and the coachman was compelled, for a moment, to draw in that it might pass. It was the poor-house hearse. Need we say who was in that coffin. And thus, for the third and last time, the millionaire and mendicant met.

Did we say for the last time? We recall the word. There is yet another meeting in store for them. But a great gulf will roll between the beggar in Abraham's bosom, and the extortioner, nay! murderer afar off.

For the Dives of the parable was not the last of his kind. Many a Lazarus still lies at rich men's gates, denied even the crumbs they seek, and with only dogs to lick their sores.

## LAY OF THE ORPHAN MINSTREL.

BY S. HERBERT LANCEY.

I CANNOT play, or sing to-day,  
My heart is lone and sad,  
I wander round, and list the sound  
Of minstrels free and glad.  
'Tis plain to see none care for me,  
Or speak in tender tone;  
While they are gay, from day to day,  
I sit and weep alone.  
Oh! how can they be always gay  
When weeps the orphan Dane?  
I ask them oft, in accents soft,  
Yet ask them all in vain.  
I will not chide, tho' they deride  
The poor lone orphan boy,  
For little they know of his heavy woe,  
Or the lightness of his joy.

I cannot play, or sing to-day,  
As I was wont to do,  
Ere I left my home and hither came  
From o'er the ocean blue:  
Then I was free as the boundless sea,  
With a heart untouched by grief,  
For if it came, 'twas all the same,  
It found a sweet relief.

In those happy days, my gentle lays  
To loving friends were sung—  
In halls of pride, by beauty's side,  
My tuneful harp I strung;  
So kind they seemed, I never dreamed  
That false they ere could be—  
Since wealth has flown, they cold have grown,  
And do not notice me.

I cannot play, or sing to-day—  
My heart is filled with pain,  
For memory brings, on noiseless wings,  
The past to life again.  
Ere my parents died, and fortune's tide  
Swept all my wealth away,  
I ever mingled, and ne'er was singled  
From out the rich and gay:  
But now they're gone, and I'm left alone  
Without one hope of joy,  
For no one cares how poorly fares  
The Orphan Minstrel Boy.  
An exile am I 'neath a foreign sky—  
From my Danish home I'm driven,  
And the only joy for the orphan boy,  
Is the hope of a home in Heaven.

## THE EMIGRANT.

BY MISS LOUISE OLIVIA HUNTER.

"Poor lady! She seems to grow weaker and thinner and paler every day," said old Bertha Esling, as she entered the sitting-room of Mrs. Clinton's cottage, after an afternoon's light and pleasant labor in the garden, the result of which had been the garnering of a basket full of ripe, red currants. The words, though spoken to herself, were uttered aloud, and quite forgetful of her mistress' presence, Bertha took a seat near a small table, and for some moments rested her head musingly against the snowy white-washed wall of the apartment.

It was a strange and new sight to see Bertha Esling idle even for a moment—to behold the hands whose tireless activity had long been a proverb, now lying listlessly in her lap, and the busy, bustling mind whose favorite axiom was, "take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves," now totally unmindful of the flight of time, and the numberless household duties yet to be performed ere the shadows of night closed in.

At any other period, this sudden dreaminess on the part of her old nurse and servant might have called a smile to the face of Mrs. Clinton, who, seated by her work-stand, gazed silently upon the unusually gloomy countenance of Bertha. But not the slightest semblance of a smile now played about the lady's mouth, and her eyes slowly filled with tears, which she strove, though vainly, to force back. At length, with an effort, she broke the silence.

"Does Mrs. Rosenberg seem any worse to-day, Bertha?" was her query, in a voice that slightly trembled.

Bertha started, as if for the first time conscious of Mrs. Clinton's close proximity—then with a deep-drawn sigh, and an ominous shake of the head, she replied, "ah, yes, ma'am—the poor thing can't last long, depend upon it. She has been walking in the garden with her little girl for near an hour this afternoon—and I watching her all the while—and her step is so feeble! more than once she was obliged, as from weakness, to rest upon the grass beneath the shade of the old cherry tree, and then as she turned her face toward me, I saw that it was very white—paler even than I had ever seen it before. And then, too, there's a bright red spot

upon her cheek, which will tell its own tale ere long."

Mrs. Clinton's countenance increased in sadness of expression, but without observing it, after a brief pause Bertha continued—

"And there's that girl, Katrine, who came with Mrs. Rosenberg from Germany—I'm sure she doesn't half do her duty by the poor lady. Why, every spare minute she can get, away she tramps to the village to gossip among folks that haven't anything better to do than to listen to her nonsense! Just so it has been with her to-day. Instead of staying at home to mind her own business and wait upon her mistress, who its quite certain wont trouble her long, she's gone off on one of her customary frolics, and there's no knowing when she'll get back again."

"I should suppose," remarked Mrs. Clinton, "that such conduct on the part of Katrine would oblige Mrs. Rosenberg, however unwilling she might be, to discharge her."

"Ah, ma'am, but that she will never do, and Katrine knows it well," rejoined Bertha, "she knows that Mrs. Rosenberg has a perfect repugnance to strangers, and that rather than part with her she will put up with all sorts of tantrums. Shame on the creature! to take advantage of a drooping, delicate lady like that—whom she ought to love and do everything in her power to serve."

"Why, Bertha!" exclaimed Mrs. Clinton, and a partial smile for an instant wreathed her lip, "this is the first time I have ever known you to trouble your brain about any of our neighbors, I am really inclined to be jealous of the place Mrs. Rosenberg occupies in your thoughts."

"No—that you're not, Miss Amy," for by this latter name—which Mrs. Clinton had received in infancy, when Bertha, then a comely young woman, had held her in her arms at the baptismal font—the old nurse now continued to address her mistress, "that you're not—for you know that your own kind heart feels as deeply for the lady as mine does. Ah! Miss Amy, dear, if you could only manage to become acquainted with Mrs. Rosenberg—I am quite sure it would do her a world of good, for she must be very lonely with no one for company but that little child, and with the thought always before her that her

death-bed may be surrounded by neither friends nor kindred."

"But you know, Bertha," replied Mrs. Clinton, in a tone of sadness, "it is quite impossible that I should again seek her friendship. Have I not already shown her every neighborly courtesy in my power, and have not all my endeavors to gain her acquaintance failed? Surely, being well aware of all this, you cannot imagine that I would intrude where my presence is not desired?"

"And you are right, Miss Amy, as you always are. But I cannot help thinking that if she knew you she would be glad to have such a friend. To be sure when I carried the grapes you sent her she *did* thank me with a cold and stately air; and when I gave your message that you would be happy to have her call upon you, she never even said that she would do so, or expressed a wish that you would break the ice. But I am convinced now that she had her own reasons for acting as she did, and that she very unjustly regards you, Miss Amy, as one of those who would become intimate with her merely for the sake of prying into her former history. But bless me! there's five o'clock striking, and I've got supper to get ready, and the kitchen to scrub, and the currants to stew for the jelly to-morrow—and ever so much more to do before bed time." And with her mind recalled at once to a sense of the awful responsibilities resting upon it, without further parley Bertha hastened away to the fulfilment of her tasks.

For half an hour afterward, Mrs. Clinton remained sitting where Bertha had left her, absorbed in deep and earnest meditation. All her womanly sympathies were strongly enlisted for the lonely invalid neighbor who was the subject of the foregoing conversation; for the sorrowing and desolate her heart ever throbbed with compassion, for her own spirit had been no stranger to heart anguish—and who so well fitted to sympathize with earth's afflicted, as the one who has known and felt the burden of similar griefs?

But a short time before Mrs. Clinton had moved as a brilliant luminary in the gay circles of fashion. She was the daughter of an opulent merchant, and her early years had passed in the full enjoyment of all the luxuries that wealth could procure, or refinement crave. Beautiful was Amy Welden in the first bloom of womanhood, and her's was loveliness of person united to that of a superior and highly cultivated mind. When in her twentieth year she became the wife of one whose fortune enabled her still to continue the star of those circles she had all her life been accustomed to frequent, and whose kindred mind

was well fitted to appreciate the treasure he had gained—the world loudly applauded her choice, and the young wife resigned herself to those bright, sweet visions of a cloudless future. Three years passed away with scarcely a shadow to darken their horizon, when, by a single cruel blow, the hitherto happy wife and affectionate daughter found herself a widow and an orphan. A few months previous Mr. Clinton had engaged largely in speculation, and imagining from previous experiments that the present ones must likewise prove successful, his father-in-law was induced to endorse notes for him to the amount of nearly all that he possessed. The unexpected and complete failure of these schemes, with their attendant visions of utter ruin to both himself and the husband of his only child, came with overwhelming force upon the proud spirit of Mr. Welden. From the moment that the intelligence reached him he sank into a stupor, from which all efforts to rouse him were ineffectual; and three days afterward he breathed his last, insensible to the wild grief of his daughter and her broken entreaties for one word of blessing from his lips. Immediately after the burial of Mr. Welden, the changes that had taken place became apparent to the eyes of the whole world. His dwelling and effects were sold that creditors might receive their due, and the splendid, tasteful mansion, where she had resided since her marriage, was no longer the abode of Mrs. Clinton—but to a secluded cottage in the outskirts of the city the once wealthy merchant and his gentle-hearted wife, removed. Had the flight of fortune been her only motive for repining, Mrs. Clinton could have borne the trial bravely; but the loss of her beloved father had wrung her soul with the bitterest anguish, and added to this she had soon another cause for grief. Beneath the combined weight of agony at the sudden prostration of his worldly hopes, and remorse at the death of his father-in-law, of whom he almost seemed to consider himself as the murderer, Mr. Clinton's spirits daily drooped—and scarcely had they become settled in their new abode when a fever seized his brain, and in a few days death put an end to his mental and bodily sufferings.

And the young and still beautiful Mrs. Clinton was now alone—the world looked coldly upon her when she no longer ministered to its brilliancies, and none cared for, or pitied her sorrows, save her old nurse, Bertha, who still clung to her midst all the darkness by which she was surrounded. Bowed to the earth as she already was with sorrow, the strange indifference of those whom she had always regarded as friends, stung the sensitive heart of Mrs. Clinton still more

deeply, and it became her earnest wish that she could retire to some small village, where she might ever be secure from meetings with those who in the time of adversity had deserted her; and she felt also that her wounded spirit needed the consolations of solitude. After an examination into her husband's affairs, it was found that from the wreck of his fortunes there was still preserved a small cottage near the distant village of Cedarville, and Providence having thus, as it were, placed in her grasp the means of gratifying her desires, Mrs. Clinton instantly prepared for a removal from the city of her birth. The cottage which was henceforth to be her home, was diminutive in size, but large enough for comfort and convenience. It was pleasantly located, with a garden abundant in fruit trees and adorned with shrubbery—being situated about a quarter of a mile from the village itself. Here, at the time when my story begins, Mrs. Clinton had resided for nearly three years, during which period she had found it requisite to employ her needle constantly, as the only means of providing her little domicile with necessaries. The good people of Cedarville were ever glad to avail themselves of the assistance of so proficient a seamstress, and she had continually on hand as much work as she could conveniently accomplish. Bertha was her only attendant, and a more useful, provident, and thoughtful one she could nowhere have selected—for she was devotedly attached to her mistress, and did everything in her power to serve her.

Though often urged to mingle with the society of the village, Mrs. Clinton restricted her intercourse with it as far as civility, and the pursuance of her daily occupation would admit. For but one of her neighbors had she ever evinced the least interest, and that neighbor was Mrs. Rosenberg, who for about six months had occupied the next cottage, the garden of which adjoined her own. The history of this lady had long been a matter of conjecture and curiosity among the inhabitants of Cedarville, for none knew whence she came, nor what were her means of support. She persisted in secluding herself entirely, never walked farther than the limits of her garden, and her sole associate was her child, a lovely little girl of three years old. During her frequent visits to the village, where she daily went to procure stores, Katrine, the servant of Mrs. Rosenberg, constantly underwent a system of quizzing as to the mystery which seemed to envelope her mistress. But either she knew nothing of Mrs. Rosenberg's former life, except that she was from Germany, and had lost her husband very recently, or was wise enough to

feign ignorance upon the subject, for from Katrine nothing farther could be elicited. The appearance of Mrs. Rosenberg had, as we have said before, deeply interested Mrs. Clinton. The lady had evidently once possessed striking beauty, but her face was now very pale, and it ever wore a shade of melancholy, and seldom beamed with a smile, save when the little girl came bounding to her parent's side, and then the mother would stoop to meet her caresses and return them with an impassioned warmth, that betrayed the existence of a tender and loving spirit. At first Mrs. Rosenberg's peculiar gracefulness and dignity of mien, attracted Mrs. Clinton's attention, for her neighbor certainly could boast that nobleness of carriage, which a queen might envy. The little one also, the beautiful and fairy-like little Mina, as she was called, soon won her notice, for Mrs. Clinton was extravagantly fond of children, and she resolved to become acquainted with both mother and child. The resolution was put in force, but as the reader may have gathered from Bertha's conservation, it was a total failure. Still despite the apparent hauteur of the stranger lady, and the repulse which her kind efforts met with, Mrs. Clinton's interest in Mrs. Rosenberg decreased not, for she felt, that it doubtless arose from motives such as the old nurse assigned. Day by day she still watched her neighbor, and as the weeks passed on, her increasing melancholy and apparent bodily weakness, the nature of which plainly betrayed itself in the painful hollow cough, that frequently racked her delicate frame, continued more than ever to call forth the sympathy and interest of Mrs. Clinton.

But Mrs. Rosenberg seemed perfectly indifferent to the circumstance, that she possessed so near a neighbor, and indeed quite averse to having the fact placed before her view. Her little girl appeared to be more sociably inclined, for one day she crept slyly through an aperture in the fence, that divided the two gardens, and softly approaching Mrs. Clinton, who was busy weeding a flower-bed, the little creature cast a shower of rose-buds in her lap, and then clapping her tiny little hands gleefully, while a sweet, ringing laugh burst from her lips, she bounded playfully and hastily away. This occurred but once, however. No effort at acquaintanceship was ever again manifested on the part of the child, which was as a matter of course attributed to the mother's counsel and influence.

Upon the day on which my story commences, Mrs. Clinton's reverie was at last interrupted in a very extraordinary and unexpected manner. She was startled from her musings by a succession of shrieks, as of some child in the most

poignant distress. Her first thought was for her little neighbor, Mina Rosenberg, and hastening to the door of her dwelling, she looked anxiously forth in the direction whence the sounds proceeded. Upon the grassy sod beneath the same cherry tree before alluded to by Bertha Esling, she now beheld Mrs. Rosenberg lying prostrate and apparently bereft of consciousness. The little Mina knelt by her side, weeping and wringing her hands, and from time to time giving utterance to those wild, piercing cries of anguish! Fearful lest the lady might be dying, and knowing that she was alone, Mrs. Clinton resolved to throw aside all prudential considerations and hasten to her aid. The next moment she stood beside Mrs. Rosenberg, endeavoring to soothe the child, and using every means in her power to restore the mother, who, she saw at a glance, had only fainted. Bertha, who had by this time discovered her mistress' absence from home, now came to her assistance, and the two managed to convey Mrs. Rosenberg into the cottage, where, after gently placing her upon a couch, Mrs. Clinton sent Bertha back again to her household duties, thinking it best to await by herself her neighbor's return to reason. Those earnest endeavors for her revival at length succeeded—and when little Mina saw the color slowly ebbing back to her mother's cheek, and heard the first faint sigh of returning consciousness, she cast her arms lovingly and thankfully around her new friend, overwhelming her with kisses and child-like exclamations of gratitude.

At first Mrs. Rosenberg seemed scarcely to comprehend her situation, but when she saw a stranger bending anxiously over her couch, the memory of her sudden illness flashed across her brain, and turning her face from the inquiring gaze, that rested upon it, in a feeble voice she called for Katrine.

"Katrine gone, Mamma," lisped Mina, in broken accents, raising herself on tiptoe to imprint a kiss upon the transparent hand of her parent, "but good lady—dear lady came to see my mamma."

It was an awkward moment for Mrs. Clinton, for she understood that simple, childish appeal to the invalid. Feeling that it was perhaps necessary to say something to justify her intrusion, in as few words as possible she related all that had passed, and at the conclusion she said, "your servant is still absent, madam, but as I know you to be averse to the society of strangers, if you think, that you can do without farther assistance, I will now leave you."

Mrs. Rosenberg had listened attentively while she uttered these words, with her dark and

strangely brilliant eyes riveted full upon the face of the speaker; and as Mrs. Clinton ceased, and turned to depart, she caught her hand, and pressing it to her lips, murmured, "do not go—stay with me!"

Surprised and affected, Mrs. Clinton again took a seat by the bedside. "Believe me, lady," she said soothingly, "I would gladly be your friend, while, at the same time, I know and appreciate your motives, in so long declining my proffered friendship——"

"Forgive me," interrupted her companion, feebly, "I now feel, that I have deeply injured you. When I first came to this village, I learned that there were many, who would fain have become acquainted with me, for the sole purpose of gleaning the history of my early days, and I wrongfully ranked you in that class. But never till to-day have I looked into your countenance, and I am now convinced that beneath that frank and noble exterior could not possibly lurk aught of those meannesses, whose atmosphere I have so dreaded. Often and evergerly have I longed for one true friend—and you—oh! tell me, will you indeed supply that longing?"

When Bertha Esling again entered Mrs. Rosenberg's cottage, to call her mistress to supper, she was somewhat surprised to find the invalid seated in an easy-chair, her hand resting affectionately in that of Mrs. Clinton, with whom she was conversing with ease and earnestness, while upon a low cushion at their feet sat little Mina.

During the brief period they had been together, each had completely won the confidence of the other, and when Mrs. Clinton related the tale of her trials, the tears of her companion flowed freely at the recital, while in return she gave her own sad history, of which it is here necessary to insert but a brief sketch.

Mrs. Rosenberg was the only daughter of the rich and influential Count Von Eigenheim, whose extensive possessions lay in the flourishing town of W——, in Germany. Her father died when she was little more than twelve years old, and his title and vast estates being without reserve inherited by his son, his daughter was left dependant entirely upon the kindness of her brother. At the time of his parents' death, Karl Von Eigenheim had entered his twenty-fifth year, and he was in every respect the opposite of his generous and noble-hearted father. Sordid, avaricious, and narrow-minded in the extreme, he seemed never to have experienced the feelings and impulses of youth. From earliest childhood he had evinced a passion for hoarding; gold was his idol, and to attain it he would have made any sacrifice that the world could justify. And to

such a spirit was entrusted the guardianship of a young and beautiful sister!

Clemence Von Eigenheim grew up and became a lovely and loveable being. Her brother ever appeared to regard her with fondness, and he certainly was proud of her dazzling beauty—but alas! his love for her was only similar to that of a merchant for the goods contained in his warehouse; for while Count Von Eigenheim gazed with delight upon the glowing loveliness of Clemence, his thoughts ever reverted to the price which that beauty would bring, and he would exult over anticipations of the time, when he should be relieved of the burden of his sister's support, and when that sister should be led from her ancestral halls as the bride of him who could deck her brow with the rarest and most costly jewels. Clemence knew not of the projects that thronged her brother's mind—and society had not been adorned by her bright presence more than three months, ere her heart was given to one fully capable of valuing the gift. But alas! Gustorf Rosenberg had little wealth of his own to offer her, save the wild, true love with which he regarded her. A small estate was all that he possessed, and yet Clemence was perfectly willing to resign all worldly honors, and live in obscurity with the one her heart had chosen. When the first intelligence of her engagement reached him, Count Von Eigenheim became perfectly furious. He caused his sister to be locked within her own chamber, and declaring his intention of never giving his consent to her union with the one she loved, he bade her prepare, within a week to marry the Baron Steinwald, a man old enough to have been her father, but whose riches, in Karl Von Eigenheim's opinion, compensated for his defects. The result was, as might be expected. Clemence eloped with Gustorf Rosenberg; and to escape the wrath of her brother, which they both felt might, at the first opportunity, be visited upon them, Rosenberg sold his little property, and emigrated to the United States, where, in one of the principal cities, he engaged in mercantile pursuits. For several years they lived very happily, but misfortunes at last overtook them. Rosenberg was seized with a lingering fever, which terminated in consumption, and he died, leaving his wife and child to struggle through the world, alone and unprotected, and devoid of the means of maintenance. The death of her husband gave a shock to both the health and the spirits of Mrs. Rosenberg, from which she felt that she should never again fully recover. Her only wish was now for retirement, so she chose a residence in the secluded village of Cedarville,

while by the sale of some valuable jewels, which had been left her by her mother, she found herself in possession of a sum sufficient for her support for several months. She knew that she had not long to live—that the same disease, which carried her husband to the grave, was now gnawing also at her vitals: and though she feared not death, the thought that, at her decease, her little one would be left dependant upon the charity of a cold and heartless world, made her still cling eagerly to life.

From the day on which she received Mrs. Clinton as her friend, Mrs. Rosenberg grew rapidly worse, and when at last she consented to the entreaties of the former, that a physician should be called in, his instant decision that, ere another month, earth would no longer be her abode, threw her into a state of the deepest distress, for she could not bear the thought of leaving her darling child with none to watch over and care for her. But He who "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," and who is the never-failing friend of the widow and the father of the fatherless, had in the time of need raised up an earthly protector for the little Mina. In that hour of anguish, when the first prediction of her early doom reached the ear of Mrs. Rosenberg, a soft hand tenderly and sympathizingly clasped her's, and she heard a sweet voice say, "you must give your little one to me. I love her as my own already, and will gladly still love and watch over her, when her parent is no more."

A gleam of indescribable joy lit up the countenance of the mother, as she listened to those soothing sentences, and gratefully pressing the hand of Mrs. Clinton, she replied, "words may not tell, dear friend, how deeply I thank you for that blessed promise. With the assurance of a protection for my child, when I am gone, I am now ready and willing to die whenever my Maker shall see fit to summon me."

That summons came ere the month had quite drawn to a close. For a week preceding the death of Mrs. Rosenberg, there were constantly intervals when her mind wandered, and then her wild fancy revelled amid the scenery of her far-distant fatherland. Once more she would seem to roam her ancestral halls, a frolicsome, thoughtless child, the pet and pride of all; then reverting to the history of her early and condemned love, she would allude pathetically to the hour of her departure from her native land—to the time when she had looked her last upon the grey massive walls and moss-grown turrets of Eigenheim Castle, the home of her joyous childhood. And tears were in the eyes of all that listened, as they contrasted her early hours

with those she had latterly passed, while as they thought of the period, when, surrounded by worldly grandeur, she had willingly forsaken it to share the humble fortunes of Gustorf Rosenberg, their hearts were filled with admiration of

that nobleness of soul which led the sufferer to set aside the temptations of wealth, and to look with coldness upon the glitter and pomp that might still have been her's.

## THE CHILD ANGEL.

BY WILLIAM H. EGLE.

I was the holy vesper-hour, in the glowing Summer time,

And the Sabbath bells were tolling with a soft melodious chime;

All around there dwelt a quiet, and a calmness in the heart,

And the joys of untold pleasure, which the smiles of home impart;

While the cottagers were gathering from near and far away,

To the Word of Life to listen, and to their God to pray.

Through the whispering trees of linden, stole the South winds soften'd breath,

And crept gently in the chamber, where lurked the angel Death;

Perfume sweet of wildwood flowers was borne upon the air—

Incense for the young and gifted, and the beautiful and fair,

Who were daily, hourly fading—passing from this weary strife

To the blissful joys of Eden, and a blest, eternal life.

There aside the open window, a lovely being lay, Who was watching the departure of the golden orb of day,

And as the last ray faded from her fond, enraptured sight,

And the first eve-stars were glist'ning on the ebon walls of night,

Here hope of life grew fainter, and her voice grew low and weak;

Yet to her drooping mother, thus, at last, she strove to speak;

"It was a weary watch, mother, I kept alone last night,

When star-gems gleam'd from off Night's brow with pure and radiant light;

The 'milky way' was brighter than I'd ever seen before,

Dimming the light of the fire-flies as they danced along the shore.

"And long, awake, I counted all the passing, restless hours,

Then, watching, wreathed the starry-gems into bright and pretty flow'rs—

A wreath of stars I twined for you, tho' you cannot have it now—

When you shall meet me far above, 'twill crown your loving brow.

"And then I saw an angel come, down from the azure skies,

Come near and sit beside me, gazing deep into mine eyes—

He caught me by the hand, bade me not to fear, and smil'd—

And stooping low he kissed me—sweetly kissed your darling child.

"And then he spoke so kindly of those golden climes away,

Where darkness never cometh, but 'tis all one glorious day;

And beseechingly he asked me, if I would not like to go

With him unto his angel-home, and see its sunny glow.

"Oh, sister, come!" the angel said, "and go with me away,

And you shall have a crown to wear, a golden harp to play;

You, too, shall have the prettiest flow'rs that in those climes are found,

For I shall search the fields of gold, and vallies fair around.

"Then come and go along with me—be always by my side,

And I shall call you, sister dear, my lovely angel-bride!

Oh! we shall live so pleasantly within our Heaven home,

And sing God's praise forevermore—now, sister, won't you come?"

"Thus spake the angel, mother dear, and kissed again my brow,

But I told him he again must come, that I could not leave you now,

For you would sadly wonder where your wayward child had gone;

And so he went away again, and I was left alone;

"He said that he once more would come, and that to-morrow's eve,  
For he knew that if I left you then, your darling heart would grieve—  
And so he's coming, mother dear, to-night, I know to-night,  
To take me far away with him up to his home of light.

"You must not weep when I shall go unto the great afar,  
Up with the holy angel in his brilliant, glowing car—  
Then I shall be an angel, too, but oh, you must not grieve,  
For I will come and visit you each holy Sabbath eve.

"Then who but father shall I see, dear sister Ellen, too,  
And little Charlie, mother dear, all in yon Heav'n—save you;  
But you'll not tarry, mother dear, on weary earth too long,  
And by and by you'll sing with me the great eternal song.

"Oh, mother dear, I'm going—life is ebbing quick and fast,

And I know that I must leave you, far I feel I'm near my last;  
Oh! I see the angel coming—he is on the other side—  
He's here to take me, mother dear, and claim me for his bride.

"Good-bye, my darling mother dear, good-bye—I'm going now,  
For earth is growing dim and faint—the cold sweat's on my brow;  
Good-bye, good-bye, dear mother, God will love you when I'm gone;  
Down upon me light is gleaming, and I see the Holy One!"

Sadly gazed the stricken mother on her dying, cherish'd one—  
Yet still on that Arm she trusted whom she'd "fixed her hopes upon"—  
Calmly watched the lonely mother, tho' with tearful, heavy eyes,  
As the spirit of her darling left the body for the skies—  
Tho' the brow and lips were livid, she yet seemed as if she smiled,  
And the mother knew her daughter was now an ANGEL-CHILD!

## THE DOOMED MONARCH.

BY J. G. CHACE.

"WHAT ho! Bring forth the choicest wines,  
The richest goblets rare,  
The King himself will sup to-night  
In richest regal fare.

"Bring forth those vessels that my sires  
Took from the Temple's shrine;  
In them my thousand lords must drink  
The sparkling, flowing wine.

"We'll drink and praise the gods of gold,  
Of silver, brass, and stone,  
We'll drink to all these gods to-night,  
No other gods we'll own."

But lo! the mighty "King of Kings,"  
Has traced thy doom and fall,  
Thy fate in fiery letters gleams  
Upon your palace wall.

"What ho! come forth my wise men,  
On ye I now must call—  
Come! solve this strange enigma  
Upon my banquet wall!"

The trembling monarch quakes in fear,  
He views the mystic hand  
No gods of silver, or of gold,  
Those fingers can command.

"Come forth, ye wise astrologers,  
Appease this wild appall,  
I shudder as those fingers write  
Upon my palace wall."

Vain man! no power on all the earth  
On whom ye now would call,  
Can ever solve those glittering words  
Upon your palace wall!

But hold—a man (not of thy gods,  
Nor worship by their power,)  
Can solve this strange enigma,  
And predict thy fated hour!

Ho, Daniel comes, he trusts in God,  
The mighty God of all,  
And solves the strange enigma  
Upon the palace wall!

"Thy kingdom's finished," king of earth;  
Thy power and strength are o'er;  
To-night thou diest! and thy slaves  
Shall crouch and quake no more.

That night Belshazzar "licked the dust,"  
And groaned in utter pain;  
A voice comes on the wailing winds,  
"That King of earth is slain!"



# THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER THE ELMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L.—'S DIARY."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50.

## CHAPTER VI.

BUT Miss Humphreys—he was quite ashamed to find that she was still talking about the poets; that she had, in all probability been talking all the while that he had been observant only of what passed out there in the neighborhood of the light and cheerful figure. He would make up for it now, he resolved. He would listen to her; yes, indeed! she should see that he could listen, and with some life in him too! He no longer had lead in the place of arterial blood! He was a new man. What was Miss Humphreys' remark?

"Oh, I was saying that——"

That was all he heard; for a bird-like voice out in the hall was saying—"Davy has come! He came at noon. It was this that made me late."

"Has Squire Hurlbut, of the Plain, a son at Hanover?" inquired Frank of Singleton. He came too in the with the question, while Miss Humphreys was yet speaking to him.

"Yes; David, his oldest boy; a fine fellow."

Singleton could speak now; partly because he liked helping Miss Morse wind her silk floss; partly because, since Amy came, there was life and stir and comfortable talking in all the rooms. People left their chairs now, standing about, or sauntering from room to room; and had ease and grace in them. They went out into the hall to see what all that renewed chirruping among the girls meant.

"It means that Davy has come—Davy Hurlbut!" said pretty Mary Morgan.

"Ain't you gladder than a kitten, Lou? gladder than a hundred kittens?" asked Clarissa Jackson. She was standing by the rest. She pretended to sew; but, in truth, she only jumped and laughed a little in the midst of everything that was said; only put her cunning little foot out, pretending that she would trip Mrs. Humphreys, as she sailed along, and rejoiced and did mischief until she stabbed a finger with her fine needle. She made great ado about that; but it was only an extension of the fun.

"When he comes to our house, I shall hide his hat so that he can't go home," said she.

"He can't get over to your house, either, Cad; and *then* what?"

Cad didn't speak. She had not spoken since Davy's arrival was broached. She had had enough to do with her sewing, and with trying to swallow quietly the untold quantities of delight that kept rising in her throat. She didn't swallow them though. They sent a beautiful, rosy light to all her features, and, it even seemed, to her whole being.

Singleton still helped Miss Morse wind floss; a skein of blue they were winding now; the other was orange. They, at the same time, chatted and laughed about the old coat and the awry cravat Singleton wore. He always wore old coats, he liked them best; he wore them with positive glee when there was a little hole in the elbow. He always wore awry cravats, too, and smashed Kossuth hats; for, besides liking them best himself, Miss Morse liked them; liked to see him wearing them. She told him so with very sincere, very friendly eyes on his face; and he believed her. Merry Clarissa Jackson liked the old hat and coat. This was not of so much consequence to Singleton; still it was something; for Clarissa was a dear sort of girl. She loved Miss Morse, too; loved to cuddle close to her, once in a great while, and be quiet, and talk of serious things; she often chose to set the smashed hat in a jaunty way on her own bright hair; to catch hold of the bows of Singleton's cravat and pull it farther aside; or to run her little finger point into the hole at his elbow; and then throw her arms around the one she loved best, Amy, for a good laugh.

"Singleton!" called she, in the midst of the floss-winding. "Singleton, come here. Come here, Miss Morse, *good* Miss Morse. I want to kiss you."

"Me? want to—want to kiss me?" asked Singleton, bustling, and throwing the floss from his hands with comical, admirably feigned haste. "I'm coming, Miss Clarissa."

"Ha! yes, and I want you to come. I've got a—I want to tell you something. Come here and stand by me and Amy."

They came, making their way amongst the

chairs and ladies that were so close. Miss Morse kissed her, Singleton twisted her fingers a little, when she would be shaking hands in a cool way.

"And now," said Clarissa, while spirited conversation and laughter went forward, "let me mend your coat. It's a shame! 'He has no wife to mend his clothes.'" She shaped her little patch of white, thin muslin, out from the end of the cap-string she had been hemming; she moved him about until he was standing right before her; holding his arm right; and then she sewed the patch on, stabbing him outrageously, of course. She never came with a needle so near him or any genuine mirth-loving body, that she did not make start and show grimaces by stabbing him.

"Hazeltime, come out here where Miss Clarissa and I are; where it is cooler," said Singleton, rubbing a smart just given by Clarissa's needle.

Good! Don't you suppose Frank gave thanks? Indeed he did. Don't you suppose he had far-off-like determinations about how he would stand by Singleton and help him out of it, if he ever saw bears worrying him? Yes, indeed, he had, some where in his brain. For Miss Humphreys had just come to fill Miss Morse's corner of the *tele-a-tete*; she was just saying—"what a lovely day, isn't it?"

It was nothing to Amy that Frank was there; that only the balustrade, on which his hand lay, was between them; that he threw himself with living force and spirit into their jollity, and had the gayest, raciest humor of all; that, without a word to her, he took her worsted work up from her lap, held it in his hand and looked the buds and flowers over, talking busily, all the while, with the rest; or that, when she spoke, if he still had his face toward another, still looked the buds and flowers over, he seemed to listen for whatever she would say, seemed indeed to listen after she had done speaking; or, in point of fact, this *was* something, that he listened to her. It brought back a degree of the old annoyance that she had already felt many times since our gentleman began to cross her way. She liked to speak and act without premeditation; to feel as if she lay the words and the deeds upon the half indifferent, half friendly air, which after tossing them and dallying with them one little moment, would let them off into space; so that it would be, afterward, much as if the words had not been spoken, or the deeds performed. Frank ought to have seen this, skilled as he was in all manner of philosophical learning. He did not, however. And hence he was at a dead loss when he saw that she turned away from him a little, then a little more; and then, soon after, a little more;

that she pouted a little with a grieved expression intermingling; and that, pretty soon, she took up her work, said something about going to find her mother, and vanished without a word to those who tried to keep her.

To Frank this was a blow, an actual, hard blow—to his self-esteem, his love of approbation, and to certain other knightly qualities, right worthy of better usage. To the rest of the group it was loss of a goodly portion of vitality, as it were. Clarissa summarily packed her "duds," as she called her sewing implements, in her basket, and went after Amy to the back parlor. Singleton put his arm through Hazeltime's, and led him out into the yard amongst the flowers. But the sun was still venomous; the sandy walks, the dried borders, the yellow flowers seemed bristling in his beams; so that they were glad to make haste back to the hall; Singleton in the good-humor he appeared always to retain; Frank discomfited; discomfited the more that Miss Humphreys, erect and stiff in her heavy green and gold silk, stood there now with her arm through Miss Morse's arm, waiting to accuse them all together of desertion. The poor girl did her best to get something facetious and agreeable out of it; she did her best to make herself agreeable. Singleton bore it well enough; since he had Miss Morse close by; and perhaps he would have borne it well enough under any circumstances; because he was a winsome gentleman, who never had anything to say of honey or patience, but who yet was always gathering them, always laying up plentiful stores. Frank, on the other hand, knew by long pains-taking all the means and appliances of a rich and beautiful life. A part had come to him by reflection, a part by studying the philosophers and Jesus Christ; and he had sought the more earnestly to win them, because with his nerves that were so easily jarred and put out of tune, with his quick blood that went from heart to brain with such high impatience, he had sore need of them to help him to uniform manifestations of "patience, long-suffering and charity." They failed him sometimes, and in what we are accustomed to call "little matters," too, as we have seen. If the mood lasted until he felt that it had given hurt to his own spirit, or to another, with close self-upbraidings he called himself a dog! a baby! who could not bear annoyances so well as a baby could bear them. One good came abundantly to him from such experiences; the good that is the sole legitimate end of whatever suffering and disquiet we feel—renewed lowliness of heart, and faith, and love; in other words a diviner life.

## CHAPTER VII.

"MR. HAZELTINE—Mr. Singleton," said Mrs. Humphreys, designating the places of those two gentlemen at table. They were near Miss Morse and Miss Humphreys' places, of course. Mrs. Humphreys' place was near, moreover; and Judge Humphreys! The Judge had come in now from the business that had kept him in court all the afternoon. The Judge! yes, indeed! and now would Mr. Hazeltine have tongue? salad? ham? Mr. Singleton—Mr. Singleton would have the goodness to make himself at home, and just help himself and Miss Morse; aye, and other ladies too who had empty plates. Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Jackson, would Mr. Singleton offer them ham, or whatever they would like? Mr. Hazeltine would certainly not refuse his wife's coffee; would certainly not refuse the salad. What did Mr. Hazeltine think of Swamscott? Which village did he think prettiest, East Swamscott, the Plain, or the Bridge? Would his daughter offer Mr. Hazeltine more cream for his coffee, or more sugar; he feared it was not agreeable.

Singleton—rare good fellow that he was—he heard all that was said with a still, good-humored relish; ate with a good relish and helped every body, even Frank. He helped him to bread, which the Judge had overlooked to the blank consternation of all the Humphreys.

"We must be a little more attentive to our guests," said the Judge, with a reproachful glance at his wife, and giving each word a place apart from its fellows.

Miss Humphreys said—"too bad!" and, as was seen by her quick looks of impatience, blamed both father and mother. Mrs. Humphreys colored, dropped her eyes and blamed herself.

Amy was at the lower end of the table, close by her mother's elbow. Afar off from Hazeltine; but he heard every sound of her voice. She knew that he did. She did not look at him; but she knew that his hands moved sluggishly, as if supper were a matter of secondary importance. It provoked her. She was glad that the Judge teased him; that all the Humphreys teased him with their devoirs. She hoped he would learn thereby to keep *his* devoirs away from others; or away from her who had no patience with them. She hoped he would, some way get entangled with the Humphreys, as if he were a green fly; that Judith Humphreys would one day, ere long, catch him and hold him, for life, as if she were a—oh, as if she were another fly; that was all. She laughed so merrily at the thought, she said such gay things to her mother, and to all who were near her, that Clarissa

Jackson said to her—"I must tell you, Amy Hurlbut, that I think you are a little crazy. Isn't she, Mrs. Hurlbut? Did you ever see her so wild before? Would she be so wild now, if she were not a little, the least in the world, crazy?" Mrs. Hurlbut knew, that, for some reason, her daughter had the nervous tumult; which, if she were alone, would find its truer expression in tears. She spoke to her in a quiet way, therefore, and said—"Amy, my child, Davy will soon come for us. He is to come early, you remember."

The mild voice, the glance of the mild eye stilled Amy. There was no longer outward laughter, or inward vexation.

Davy came. And when he came, he was surrounded, petted, and passed from hand to hand. Clarissa Jackson, who was his cousin, both on her father's and her mother's side, begged to just kiss the ends of his fingers; and she did. Miss Humphreys stepped forward, at this stage, to make a formal bow, to take his fingers and shake them a little, not with love, not with gladness; she had little genuine love, little genuine gladness in her at any time; she had this one intention, poor, vain child that she was!—to give all those young girls, and, above all, to give Hazeltine a chance to see her superior breeding, acquired during her year at Charleston Seminary, and her winter in Boston. She would show them that! She did; but Singleton said inwardly—"poor girl!" and half pitied her. Amy looked on in a still, thoughtful way, wondering why anybody in this world should take so much pains as Judith and all the Humphreys did, when there were vastly easier, vastly more becoming ways of getting along. She too half pitied Miss Humphreys; and wished that she could make herself more loveable, since she tried so hard. Amy was too young, she had looked too little upon life under its metaphysical aspects to know, in a positive way, this truth—that to try so hard was the sure method of defect. She had, however, the quick intuitions, the well-organized brain, in which the self-esteem inherited of her father, rightly counterpoised the love of approbation that came from her mother, and, above all, the sedative, the religious, the ennobling home influences, which Miss Humphreys had not, to serve her in the stead of experience and philosophy. She had had many little lessons like this from her mother; lessons which, coming in the hour of need, impressed her more than many a long sermon from the pulpit would do.

"Mother!" would Amy say, when she was a child, "I don't believe Cousin Clarissa likes me

one bit. She wouldn't sit with me to-day. She sat with Caddy Tracy, because she had on a new, pretty pink frock. I wish I had a new pink frock like Caddy's; and then Cousin Clarissa and all the girls would like me."

"My little daughter, that was a poor thought," replied Mrs. Hurlbut, drawing Amy up before her, and holding both her hands in her's. "Bright pink frocks must soon grow old. We must never depend at all upon bright pink frocks. We must never think of wearing them to make Cousin Clarissa, or any one like us. If Cousin Clarissa, or any one appears not to like us, we must not be distressed about that. We must keep quietly by ourselves, and look down into our hearts, our feelings, and see whether they are calm and right. We must see whether our hearts are so clear of everything that God dislikes, that He can dwell in them and love us dearly, and call us His children. This is all we need to do, my daughter. For if we love God and seek Him, 'all these things'—friendship, love, peace with our associates—'shall be added unto us.' But if we seek these first, forgetting God and letting Him go from us, we miss them and deserve to; for we are very weak, vain and wicked. Remember this, my daughter—love God; keep your heart so pure that it will be a fit dwelling-place for Him, all holy as He is; be gentle and loving toward everybody; and leave the rest to follow in its time."

Miss Humphreys never heard maternal advice like this; but of contrary influences she had a plenty. Mrs. Humphreys never indeed said—"do your best, Judith, dress your prettiest, speak your prettiest, to make people admire you;" but this was the covert inculcation of all her training; and we have seen how sad it was; how foolish and how little happy it had made her child.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

FRANK and Davy Hurlbut were downright glad to meet. They remembered each other at once, although they had had only a few hours together, and those nearly a year ago. But they were good hours—passed with other, congenial ones—hours filled up with sincerity and manly cheerfulness, so that they remembered them, and would remember them while they lived; would remember them with the more pleasure, the farther they went on in life, especially if they went on till they came to the down hill part, the decline.

Now Amy could bear that; could bear to stand apart and see what friendly, beaming looks went to and fro between the young men, and to hear them chatting and congratulating, as if they

would never know when to be done. She drew on her gloves quietly, as if that were her only concern, save speaking a few low words now and then to Cousin Clarissa, who held her bonnet and mantilla for her. But, in truth, it wasn't her only concern. On the contrary, her heart was leaping tumultuously, like a glad, young fawn; because she saw how well Frank liked her Brother Davy, and how well Davy liked Frank. This was all, best reader: Amy said to herself then and afterward—in her still chamber that night, when she found that the joy still clung to her—she said that it was solely on darling Davy's account; that she had certainly disliked Frank Hazeltine all along, and had had no patience with him.

"Yes, indeed! the reader knows that this was true. The reader believes, as Amy did, that the pleasure was all on Davy's account. Or perhaps the reader does not believe; and will not, without this intimation—that there was good and sufficient cause for Amy's impatience, for her so-called dislike; a cause which Amy knew, which the writer knows, but which the reader does not know; and must not, on any account, at this stage of our story; since, at this stage of the actual affairs, no one knew, Amy and one other alone excepted.

Frank and Davy, as they talked, came into that part of the room where Mrs. Hurlbut and Amy were standing. In what a glow was Davy! how proud and happy were his looks, as he turned them from Frank to his mother and sister, and from them to him! It was the ardent, the ambitious young man's gratitude and love toward the self-possessed elder, who was travelling the same road with him—the road that went up, up to the beautiful temple on the rugged hill, the temple called Knowledge—who had indeed traversed the whole way, back and forth; had taken rest in the temple more than once; and who now had the unassuming goodness to come back, and speak kindly to him and inspire him for the journey, as it were.

"You have been introduced to my mother and sister," said he to Frank; "but I wonder if you know how good they are. I wonder if you—" speaking to Mrs. Hurlbut and Amy, "know how good he is." They laughed heartily; and one could see it in every look and motion of Amy and Frank, that now the stiff barrier that had been between them was gone; gone, at least, for the time. Perhaps its secret cause, the mystery already alluded to, would again supervene; and then perhaps Amy would go to work busily, putting up a new barrier, ten times more impregnable than the old. But if that did come, it

would be tearful work for her; of that one might be sure.

"Have you been at our place?" pursued Davy.

"No."

"No? But you must come to-morrow. You see, Hazeltine, I know a path—you haven't found it, I know; no one finds it, it is so sly. But it is a wonderful path. We'll find more beauties and marvels than we would in going round the world by any other route; and, at last, we'll come to the thriftiest trout region that can be found anywhere."

Hazeltine's eye kindled.

"You will come?"

"Yes, thank you!"

"Come early. The morning is the best time. You will come early?"

"Very early; at eight."

"Thanks!"

Now Davy's eye went searching through the groups of ladies for something, or somebody. They had already started on the same search several times before, since he came. Amy knew that he was looking after Cad Tracy. She knew moreover that Cad, like a fluttering bird, had betaken herself, on Davy's arrival, to the wing of her mother, who, since supper, had kept her place near some good but unattractive women, the same that Mrs. Humphreys, as before mentioned, had bestowed in the farther corner of the back parlor, when they came. And there the dear girl should be, undisturbed, Amy thought. She should not meet Davy there in that large company, where were many already curious in her and Davy's affairs; already on the watch to see whether they would meet there; and if they

would, to see how they would meet. Amy would save her, she determined, as she herself would wish to be saved under like circumstances. She would hurry Davy away; he could far better go to Mr. Tracy's now, when the moon was shining.

"Come, Davy," said she, her hand on his arm. He was accustomed to obey Amy's least word, her least touch. He looked back a little on his way through the hall; was a little thoughtful; until he too, as is probable, thought of the moonlight meeting. For he suddenly brightened. He gave lively good-bys on the right hand and on the left; pelted Cousin Clarissa a little with a white tulip broken at the gate, after she had pelted him *not* a little, first with a red tulip, then with capsules from which the leaves had fallen. He kept Hazeltine with him along to the carriage; and thus it happened, that, when Judge Humphreys, at his daughter's birth-day, hurried to help Amy into the carriage, Frank was beforehand with him, and placed Amy on her seat, in a way, as if she were a dowry feather and he a good breeze.

For the rest, Davy talked all the way home, of Hazeltine, of the evening spent with him at Hanover the last year—it was on the occasion of a reunion at the house of one of the professor's; after he reached home, when he was left a few minutes alone with Amy, he lay his hand on her shoulder, blushed deeply, and, at first, with a husky sort of whisper, talked of Cad Tracy; and afterward, in the early moonlight, he kissed his fingers at Amy, who had accompanied him a little way, and then hurried, that he might soon come to the little brown gate of the little brown house where the Tracys lived. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## THE OCEAN.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

How loudly and fiercely the ocean waves play

That break on the beach and are gone,  
Yet scarcely the foam of one wave dies away

Ere another as swiftly speeds on;  
Forever, eternally, wave upon wave,  
In rapid succession the silver sands lave.

Rare coral and shells are cast up by the brine,

And lie on the pure crystal sand;  
With amber and pearls and bright sea-weed they shine,

All scatter'd along on the strand;  
Yet jewels more precious lie buried below,  
Whose beauty, whose value no mortal may know.

For diamonds, and rubies, and precious stones rare,  
Are buried in Ocean's deep mine,

'Mid dark coral groves they still shed a faint glare,  
Or the sea-monster's dwelling-place line;

With many a lovely and beautiful form,  
That sunk 'neath the wave, and went down with the storm.

But when the last trumpet its summons shall sound,  
Old Ocean will yield up the dead—

That ages beneath the cold waves have lain bound,  
And whose bones have bleach'd white on its bed;

With many a fair one who there found a grave,  
With sea-monsters under old Ocean's dark wave.

## A FEW WORDS ON MARRIAGE.

BY E. J. TILT, M. D.

As marriage is a most important act of woman's life, it would be common place to enter into a lengthened discussion to prove how much her happiness depends on the cast of the matrimonial die; but so long as the satisfied affections of the heart have power to stimulate the whole frame to healthy action, or so long as the disordered action of the whole system is daily brought about by some canker preying on the inmost heart of woman, medicine suggests that there should be no abatement of the prudence generally used by parents before giving their sanction to so important a step.

Marriage should be emblematic of the union of mind to mind, and heart to heart. It is well to build matrimonial happiness on physical sympathy, better still on the sympathy of heart responding to heart; but the mental adaptation, and a similarity of views relative to the grand principles of action and the events of society, should also be taken into consideration; for the bodily perfections must fade, the ardor of affection may cool or be diverted into another channel, but the mind's fixity of purpose is more to be depended upon, its energies diminishing but slowly with increasing years. A marriage founded upon this mutual understanding has little chance of being wretched. Both parties ever finding the self-same mental beauty they once admired, and constantly deriving from each other the benefit of mutual interchange of thought, they live together as monitors; their two beings become indissolubly chained by habit; and they really form but one personality, though having, it is true, a masculine and a feminine side.

But although tied by the bands of love and mutual confidence, how different is the relative position of each sex in marriage. The one gives obedience to the dominion assumed by the other, as the only principle of government capable of ensuring the peace of the family; and though the word "obey" sounds harshly in the ears of those who often marry to be their own mistresses, the actions, and even the conversation of women, when that little word escapes their memory, show how readily they admit their state of subjection. When married, a woman cares not how much she obeys, provided she really *does* obey

her husband acting for himself, and not when he is made the tool of others. A man, therefore, should not marry unless he can keep a wife in comfort, be able to give her the first place in his affections, and direct her by his own judgment and knowledge of the world; for if, while affectionately wedded to a woman, his mind remains too strongly influenced by some relation or friend, conjugal happiness is compromised, even though the wife may have nothing to object to in the principles or position of her husband's leader.

The duties of the married state spring from a complete identification of heart and soul, from a love which, prompting self-sacrifice, suggests the necessity of mutual confidence. The wife, it is true, has nothing to do with the affairs of her husband before marriage, but when once she has accepted him it is his duty to confide so much of them to her as may enable both to trace out their future plans. Secrecy would otherwise place both in a false position; and if persisted in after marriage, the wife would soon perceive that there is something hidden, which she would brood over until doubt, suspicion, and fear would take away her peace of mind. Her open disposition would soon become tinged with her husband's secrecy, and fuel would be added to the flame if she perceived that instead of consulting her upon family matters, he relied fully on the advice of a friend, and implicitly followed it out, without asking her opinion, though she may be sufficiently clear-sighted to see that the friend, though well-intentioned, is ill measuring another by his own metre. Until conjugal confidence be established, there must be an end to happiness.

The bearing of each other's infirmities of mind and body scarcely needs, in a Christian country, to be enforced: still it is well to remind men that women are constitutionally more irritable, and therefore require to be spared, as much as possible, what might give rise to manifestations of temper. The general aim of wives is practically to convince their husbands how much happier they are married than when living in bachelor solitude, or when vainly roaming after happiness; for except domestic happiness, what does man gain by marriage? A great increase of expenses, of duties, and of cares, it is true; but his experience is not augmented, nor his importance

in society. Woman, on the contrary, acquires a social importance she could not otherwise attain—it gives to youth precedence of age, a premature experience—and an *aplomb* which often creates in our minds a surprise equal to the respect it commands. But while assuming the privilege of power, women should never forget the important duties they are called upon to fulfil. In civilized nations matrons give the tone to society; for the rules of morality are placed under their safeguard. They can try delinquents at their tribunal, expel the condemned from their circle, and thus maintain the virtue and the country of which it is the foundation; or they can, as in France in the eighteenth century, laugh down morality, throw incense to those who are most deserving of infamy, and, by the total subversion of all public virtue, lead to sixty years of revolution. Matrons have likewise a peculiar duty; they alone can effectually protect young unmarried women, can guide them through the intricate mazes of society—can teach them when to fear and when to be confident—and, above all, can impress upon them that even the weakest are not left unprotected, for they can use

“That noble grace which dashes  
Brute violence with sudden adoration  
And blank awe.”

Such are the duties and the advantages of the married state; but for the happiness of many it should in some cases be delayed, in others forbidden altogether. Youth and sickness are the principal hygienic reasons for delaying marriage.

Our objections to early marriages would, it is true, often involve longer courtships; but if the health does not suffer, what harm is there in this? What harm to prolong the happiest time of life? With the heart settled on one pure object

of affection, women would have less temptation to flirt, and men would feel bound in honor to be chaste. “He who weddeth before he is wise shall die ere he thrives.” The truth of this Spanish proverb will be obvious from what has been previously stated; for a girl, though marriageable long before twenty-one years of age, should, as Plato recommended, wait until that period before entering that state; for if married at sixteen or seventeen, she brings forth children before her own constitution has acquired its full strength, and thereby imperils her own and her offspring's health.

This precept seems to admit of little limitation from climate, for although it is now customary in India to let girls marry long before they have reached their full growth, still Sushruta, an ancient writer of great authority, says:—“If a man under twenty-five marries a woman under sixteen, and have a child born alive, it will either soon die, or be imbecile and weakly so long as he lives;” and turning from India to North America we find that the extinction of the Indian tribes is principally to be ascribed to the frequency of early marriages.

But besides this degeneration of the race, the cares and duties of a family leave a young mother neither time for the proper cultivation of the intellectual faculties on which so much of her happiness depends, nor allow of her learning the domestic knowledge to be taught by a mother after the school education is finished.

Let those who object to long courtships refuse to plight their daughter's faith before twenty-one, so that she may see a little of the world, and judge for herself whether her first admirer be really worthy of a wife's devotion. This plan will try the constancy of both parties; but how much better than for a girl to wed herself to unhappiness!

## STANZAS.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

WEEP not for loved ones gone to rest,  
Their sorrows all are ended,  
And in the mansions of the blest,  
Their songs are sweetly blended;  
They roam that land of love and light,  
That land of joy pervading,  
Where gently flows life's river bright,  
Among sweet flow'rs unfading.

You could not wish them back again,  
To tread life's pathway weary,  
For sadness, sin and sorrow reign  
On earth—land lone and dreary;  
Then ever walk in wisdom's ways,  
That you, with joy supernal,  
May join with them in songs of praise,  
To God—the Great Eternal.

# JEANNE DE CLAIRMONT.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

## I.

In an apartment, in the spacious hotel of Marshal d'Estiguy, toward the close of 1851, was a lady of doubtful age. She sat before a mirror, occupied attentively in giving the last touches to her toilet, and abusing her careless maid. Madame de Brissac belonged to that class of women, who have so long practised the arts of dissimulation, that they have succeeded finally almost in deceiving themselves. To say that her heart was cold, that her whole life was an intrigue, gives but a faint idea of her selfishness and perfidy. Yet her manners, like most Parisians of her rank, were polished, and even winning; while art had effected so much, not only to conceal the approach of age, but to heighten her charms, that she looked almost young and pretty.

Madame de Brissac had been, for two years, a guest in the hotel of Marshal d'Estiguy, of whom she was a distant connexion. The marshal was rich, gouty, and renowned, three things which gave him the right to be testy; but Madame de Brissac had resolved that he should marry her, notwithstanding his ill-humor. Her design had been so skilfully concealed, and her plans so adroitly carried out, that the marshal was actually on the point of proposing, when the arrival of his niece, the Countess de Clairmont, and her daughter, had diverted his thoughts and postponed his design. Perceiving this, Madame de Brissac, with consummate art, had determined to absent herself, for a while, from his parlor, in order that he might feel the loss of her daily gossip, as well as of the accustomed hand to place the cushion for his gouty feet. It was now the second day of this voluntary seclusion.

Suddenly, and just as Madame de Brissac had given the last touch of red to her cheek, a knock was heard at the door. Rising in alarm, and hastily shaking out her dress, she advanced to meet the intruder, a thin, lynx-eyed man, with hair slightly grizzled, the Baron des Tourbieres.

"Ah! baron," she exclaimed, putting on her best smiles, "it is an age since I saw you. How have you been? And how are our dear friends, the marshal, and his guests, especially the pretty Jeanne?"

The baron glanced around the room, and smiled

grimly before he replied; but whether at the open boxes on the toilet, or at this question, we cannot say. Madame saw both glance and smile, and bit her lip; for she felt that the baron was one of the few she could not deceive.

"The marshal," replied the baron, with his usual courtly bow, "has had one of his worst fits of gout."

"Poor man!" exclaimed madame, but her face brightened, for she saw, in this, the success of her scheme.

"The countess and her daughter," continued the baron, almost imperceptibly elevating his eyebrows, as he saw this, "are with him constantly, however; and the latter especially, the pretty Jeanne, as you well call her, seems to gain rapidly in his favor."

Consummate a dissimulator as Madame de Brissac was, she could not conceal her disappointment and rage at hearing this. She broke out angrily,

"Jeanne de Clairmont is a hypocrite," she said. Then, recollecting herself, she again bit her lip, and was silent. The baron, fixing his eyes on her, as if enjoying her torture, proceeded,

"I fear your ingenious absence is less felt than you thought it would be. The first day the marshal appeared delighted with his niece, yesterday he was enchanted with her, this morning he even talks of her marriage."

"She will not be easy to marry," replied madame, her face suddenly brightening, as if that one word had been a specific to recover her.

"Why so?"

"There is a certain story current concerning her——"

"Little Jeanne! What, already calumniated!"

"Poor girl, brought up with such negligence and levity."

"Negligence! Her mother has never quitted her for a single day."

"For a single day, perhaps not! But the story does not say that it was in the daytime."

"Jeanne embarked in a nocturnal adventure! What nonsense! At her age people sleep at nights; a serenade, a charivari would not awaken them. But have a care; if that charming young girl is continually at the marshal's side nursing



and amusing him, he will think no more of marrying you."

"That alarms me but little."

"Oh! what a mistake. In two days your place may be filled. An intelligent woman should never, my dear madame, run away from a man, unless he is able to run after her. The marshal will grow peevish at your absence, and become, in revenge, all the more enchanted with Jeanne. But I am not your dupe. You do not tell me all. You have another reason for remaining here."

Madame de Brissac, at these words, showed signs of embarrassment. "Well," she said, pettishly, "you have guessed aright. Yes! I have met a person whose presence makes me uneasy. The day before yesterday, I was going early, according to my custom, to visit my poor old—"

"That sort of thing is quite thrown away upon me—mere waste of time."

"What, sir! you do not believe that I went, the day before yesterday morning—"

"Oh! I believe that you went out early—very early. But I totally disbelieve in your visits to poor old men."

"You always turn my charity and piety into ridicule. But your Madame de Clairmont, whom you so greatly admire!—she is as devout and charitable as I am."

"Yes, but after another fashion. She is devout for herself; you are devout for others."

"She goes to mass every morning, as I do."

"She goes, but she never says, 'I have been.' Whilst you always say, 'I have been,' and I am not very sure that you go."

"Sir, this is becoming intolerable," said madame, rising indignantly, and, for a moment, almost choked with rage.

The baron saw he had gone a little too far. It was not his purpose to quarrel with Madame de Brissac, as he happened to be her debtor for twenty thousand francs, and was without the means, at present, of payment. Whether, indeed, he would ever have the means, was a question. Both madame and himself tacitly acted as if he never would, and was not even to be asked; she, by using him as a genteel spy and assistant in her plans, he by aiding her whenever he could. But though the baron hated her, in secret, all the more for his slavery to her, and could not resist taking revenge by tormenting her occasionally, as he had just now done, it was no part of his plan to push things to extremity. So he said, dropping his sneering tone,

"Nay! my dear madame, I mean no offence. Come, we know the world too well to quarrel about little things. You have obliged me with

a loan of twenty thousand francs, and promised to have me made a prefect, or receiver general, as soon as you are Madame la Marechale. Accordingly, you have but to command, and I will serve you; and as for your secret, which a chance betrayed to me—I will keep it."

"My secret!" exclaimed his listener, with an incredulous toss of the head.

The baron smiled one of his grim smiles again, as he replied, looking straight at his companion, whose eyes fell before his gaze. "Once for all, let us not try to deceive each other, for it would be useless. Your secret is that you gave Arthur a *rendezvous* in the Pavilion at Redcastle; at sound of the hunters' voices, Arthur, fearful of compromising you, leapt from the window—"

"Be silent!—be silent!"

"His gun went off—he fell bathed in his blood."

"Could I help him?"

"You need not have fled from the spot and left him there to die."

"Arthur!"

"You abandoned him to death, because to call for succor would have been to denounce yourself—because you are a prude, in short, and because—to a prude, the life of a man is as nothing compared to her own good fame."

"But I mourn him! I weep for his fate!" angrily retorted his companion. "Do you not see it?"

"And therefore I pity you. But, as you know, I am not the sole possessor of this secret. The bunch of heath, forgotten by you in the pavilion, served as an indication—"

"Yes—that fatal bouquet—doubtless some one had seen me gather it—and every year, on the anniversary of Arthur's death—"

"You receive a similar one. Next week, if I recollect correctly, completes the fifth year!"

"Who sends it to me?"

"Do you suspect any one? His mother, perhaps?"

"Lady Redcastle? No, she has never left Scotland."

"A friend of Arthur's? Had he not an intimate friend, a young Frenchman?"

"Yes; I told you, just now, that I had met somebody. It was he!"

"He! who?"

But, at this instant, there was a knock at the door, and, the maid entering, announced a new visitor, in whom the baron recognized Hector de Renneville, the young man whom he had heard, in confidence, the day before, that Jeanne de Clairmont was to marry.

Handsome, graceful, intelligent, rich and well

born, Hector was, indeed, one whom any girl might be proud to win; and the baron had not been surprised to notice, that, at mention of the young man's name, Jeanne had colored with evident delight; but he was astonished, on the present occasion, to see the embarrassed flutter with which Madame de Brissac welcomed him, notwithstanding her efforts to appear composed. "Ha!" said the baron to himself, "can it be possible she loves him also?" But he dismissed the idea almost immediately. Yet, for once, the baron was deceived by his fair accomplice. Madame de Brissac loved de Renneville passionately, and all the more passionately, because she had been forced to conceal her feelings. As yet she knew nothing of his engagement to Jeanne. But a playful remark by the baron, during the interview, intended by him to sound her feelings, as the suspicion of her love recurred again, revealed it to her; and she became almost livid with suppressed rage and jealousy, so that she could, with difficulty, control herself, till de Renneville, having exhausted the limits of his formal call, departed.

"Well," said the baron, as soon as the door had closed on the young man, "you don't seem to like it. Yet they will make a pretty pair! If the marshal should forget you, in the meantime, Jeanne will be heir to his vast wealth; and this handsome dandy will have made quite a speculation in his bride. Faith! I advise you to go and see the marshal at once. You are losing more than one point in the game."

With these cutting words, conveying a double meaning, the baron rose to leave. Madame de Brissac, unable to trust herself with words, haughtily inclined her head in adieu; but her eyes fairly flashed fire, on her visitor, as he left, bowing low even to mockery.

The countenance of the lady, during the next five minutes, would have been a study for either tragedian or painter. Jealousy, rage, hate and revenge were depicted, in succession, on her face. At last a look of gratified malice supplanted all others. She had evidently formed her plan.

"I have it," she said, with a smile of triumph, "General St. Iriex will be here to-day; for it is his morning to call. He is a pompous, meddling old fool, an old comrade of the Marquis de Renneville, Hector's father. I will drop, in the course of conversation, as if accidentally, an allusion to Jeanne's nocturnal adventure. He will catch at it, I know, for he has open ears always for gossip. I will affect to hate myself for being so imprudent, will tell him it is nothing, will say I could bite off my tongue. This will

only inflame his curiosity. He will insist on hearing all, and I will, with great reluctance apparently, rehearse the whole story, begging him to keep it secret as the grave, especially from the de Renneville, since the heir is to marry Mademoiselle de Clairmont. Before to-night, the marquis will have the whole tale: and that will break off the match, which will give me a double revenge."

## II.

THERE was to be a grand dinner at Marshal d'Estigny's, and the principal guests had already assembled in the saloon. Among them were the baron, Hector, and Madame de Brissac, the latter of whom, the day before, had taken the baron's advice, and renewed her visits to the parlor of the marshal. She was in high spirits, on this occasion, for, having descended to the saloon earlier than either the countess or Jeanne, and before any of the guests had arrived, she had found her host alone, and had so adroitly played on his vanity, that he had been brought to the very verge of a proposal. The explosion, which she was satisfied was about to occur respecting Jeanne, would, she believed, bring him to the point at their next interview. She sighed as she thought of Hector, but, notwithstanding her passion for the young man, she was too much a woman of the world to sacrifice rank and wealth to him. Besides she began to suspect he really loved Jeanne, and, at this reflection, she almost hated him, for the time. The fair Jeanne herself was not present. She had left the saloon, a few minutes before, blushing, yet happy, to bring a pearl necklace, her uncle's gift to the future Countess de Renneville.

"We wait only for the marquis, your father," said the marshal, turning to Hector. "Can any thing have happened? He is not usually late."

"I can't tell what keeps him," replied the son, walking to the window. "Ha! here comes his body servant, crossing to the entrance. Something must be the matter." And, with hurried steps, the young man left the room, to inquire in person.

He returned, almost immediately, with a letter, which he tendered, in some embarrassment to the marshal, saying, "my father excuses himself. He is well. It is unaccountable."

The marshal, always irascible, puckered his shaggy brow at these words, hastily tore off the envelope, and began to read.

"What!" he exclaimed, with an oath, almost at the first word. "Begs to decline—for himself and son—all connexion even with the family. Mademoiselle de Clairmont can explain all. A

midnight rendezvous—*sacre dieu*," he burst forth, rising, and flinging down the letter, while he looked around for Jeanne, forgetting, in his rage, the errand he had sent her on, "what does all this mean? Where is this gipsy? Madame la Comtesse," and he turned stiffly to his niece, "your daughter has made pretty work of it. Read that!"

He kicked, with his foot, the open letter, which the countess, pale and trembling, stooped and picked up. It contained, as Madame de Brissac well knew, though she looked on with admirably affected surprise, the story she had herself rehearsed to General St. Iriex, and which had gone straight to the marquis.

"It is absurd," said the countess, contemptuously, when she had finished perusing the letter. "My child is innocent, I will stake my life on it."

"What is it?" cried Hector, advancing eagerly to her. "Do you speak of Jeanne? Innocent? Who dares charge her?"

His agitation, not less than his defiant assertion of Jeanne's innocence, convinced Madame de Brissac that he loved her rival. She looked away from him, meeting the glance of the baron, which said, "this is your work." Unwilling to encounter that gaze, she walked up to the marshal, who was fuming aside, and blandly and dexterously began to soothe him, though taking care not to moderate his passion at Jeanne.

Meantime Hector had taken his father's letter from the countess, and read it through. "It is false!" he said, when he concluded. The mother, who had been eagerly watching his face, clasped her hands at these words, her eyes looking the gratitude and joy she was too agitated to speak.

"False," exclaimed the marshal, with another oath, and something like a sneer, "do you think your father and me, two old fools——"

"Hush!" said Madame de Brissac, in her gentlest tones, "our dear Jeanne will soon be here. Marshal, pray avoid a scene; you know such things make your gout worse."

"Confound the gout!" growled the old soldier. "No! confound the hypocritical gipsies, that cheat one with their downcast eyes——"

"Nay! nay!" said Madame de Brissac, laying her hand playfully on his mouth. "Not a word more. Let us go to dinner in peace, and afterward, if, as Jeanne's guardian, you wish to inquire into this matter, you can do so, you know. To say nothing else, it is really, my dear marshal, as you must see, not quite the thing to agitate such an affair in my presence," and she looked down modestly, letting her lashes droop over her eyes, so that the marshal grew heartily ashamed of himself.

The countess, though she instinctively disliked Madame de Brissac, felt grateful to her for this proposal, as the idea of having Jeanne arraigned, in so public a manner, was inexpressibly shocking to her. She hurriedly protested, therefore, against a word being said to her daughter at present: and in this Hector sided with her. "Well, well," replied the marshal, thus over-ruled, "have your own way; but to-morrow I'll settle the business, and in few words, I can tell you all. Jeanne goes to a convent, and——"

But his words were cut short, by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Mademoiselle de Clairmont herself, so he finished by a glance at Madame de Brissac, which was as tender as he was capable of, and which assured her of a complete and speedy triumph.

How shall we describe the sweet girl who now entered the room! Jeanne de Clairmont was like a delicate white rose, blooming in its first purity and loveliness. One could not look at her, and believe that even the thought of guilt had ever crossed her mind. Her dove-like eyes, and the ingenuous blush upon her cheek, made even the worldly baron feel a pang of remorse that she was to be the victim of Madame de Brissac. Her dress was faultless, and admirably fitted to her perfect shape; yet it was simple in the extreme. As she tripped lightly across the room, feeling that every eye was on her, and sought refuge with her mother, she looked the very personification of modest innocence. Her lover, for one, needed nothing more to prove that she was traduced. The pearls, for which she had been sent, shone on her fair throat, and Jeanne, observing Hector's eyes fixed on her, fancied he was looking at them, and recollecting the event for which they were destined, she crimsoned with conscious love, and avoided his eye with maidenly reserve.

The dinner, in spite of the efforts of Madame de Brissac, seconded by the baron, passed off stiffly. Jeanne, who felt the uncomfortableness of all around, wondered what was the matter, and often looked inquiringly at her mother. The guests departed, almost immediately after the meal; and, simultaneously with the exit of the last, the marshal announced his intention of retiring. The young girl, left alone with her mother, longed, but dared not, ask what was the matter; and, before she could muster courage, her mother kissed her, bade her good night, and left her to her own thoughts, and to foreboding tears, in which the parent, in her distant chamber, shared.

For, prior to retiring finally, and after leaving Jeanne, the countess had sought an interview

with her uncle, hoping to persuade him that the accusation was a slander. But the marshal was inexorable. She told him she had sent for the gardener, who was said to have witnessed the midnight interview; but he only sneered at this, and repeated his resolution to send Jeanne to a convent, in order to hide the disgrace to his house. The mother, roused at this, sternly opposed the design. A stormy scene ensued. Finally the marshal angrily ordered his niece to leave the house on the following day, and, as a last taunt, informed her of his intended marriage to Madame de Brissac. "She is the only one who really cares for me," he said, "I have none left but her."

While these things were passing in one apartment of the hotel, Madame de Brissac, in another, was congratulating herself on having finally reached the goal of her ambition. The tender pressure of the hand, with which the marshal had parted from her, and the whisper in which he had solicited the honor of a private interview with her in the morning, accompanied by its meaning look, left no doubt on her mind that her victory was assured. She sat before her glass, for more than an hour, slowly preparing her toilet for the night, and smiling, in conscious triumph, at having so skilfully, at one stroke, secured the marshal, revenged herself on her rival, and punished Hector for preferring to herself, "a raw girl," as she contemptuously called Jeanne.

In another apartment, of another hotel, still another scene was going on. The baron, though worldly, was not entirely heartless; we have seen how he pitied our heroine; and, on the dinner party breaking up, he had taken a sudden resolution. "This Madame de Brissac's conduct is frightful, after all," he said to himself. "I am not quite a villain, and cannot see that poor child sacrificed. But then the twenty thousand francs? Ah! there's the difficulty." He walked on, pondering for a while; and then suddenly exclaimed, "ah! I have it. Young de Renneville would give that sum, I am sure, to see Mademoiselle de Clairmont cleared. I am sure she is innocent, for I know women, and no guilty one could look like she looks. I will propose to her lover, to produce, for that amount, evidence of her innocence. I will myself go down to Blois. The deuce is in it," the baron was a decorous rascal, and rarely swore, only indeed in the very highest excitement, "the deuce in it, if I can't win my money, ease my conscience, and exculpate that dear, injured girl all in one."

Accordingly, retracing his steps, the baron followed Hector, rapidly, in the direction of the

de Renneville Hotel, and overtook him just as he was entering the portal. The two were soon closeted together. The lover eagerly closed with the proposition of the baron, with many expressions of gratitude, in his joy and eagerness not stopping to think what a precious scam he was dealing with, who sold even his good actions for a price, and played the traitor at that.

### III.

The day following these events, the marshal made his formal proposal for the hand of Madame de Brissac. The marriage was arranged to come off within the week; the pair were to take up their abode, for a while, at a country-seat belonging to the marshal; and, in the winter, they were to return to Paris, where the bride promised herself full compensation for all she had endured in bringing her plot to a favorable issue.

On the same day, the countess left her uncle's hotel, to the increased wonder of her daughter, who knew now that something serious was the matter. Jeanne even mustered courage to inquire what it was, but the mother evaded an answer, and as Hector still continued to visit them, and it could be nothing respecting him, as the poor girl had feared at first, she gradually began to recover her spirits, and to persuade herself that some slight quarrel between her parent and uncle, soon perhaps to be adjusted, was the cause of the stiffness at the dinner, and the subsequent removal.

Hector, we have said, still continued to visit the Clairmonts, because he firmly believed in Jeanne's innocence, and was resolved not to give her up till her guilt was clearly proved. He anxiously awaited the arrival of Leonard, the gardener. Accordingly, on receiving a hasty note, one day, from the countess, announcing that he had come, the lover hurried at once to the apartments of the Clairmonts. He found the countess alone, the very picture of anxiety.

"I have sent my daughter out of the way," she said, with a nervousness she could not conceal, "and I have refrained from speaking a word to Leonard till your arrival, for it is your right, if he substantiates this horrid story," and the speaker clutched her hands unconsciously, "to know all, and not to have a perjured tale, prepared beforehand, rehearsed to you."

The gardener was then introduced. He entered with an unwillingness that could not be concealed. He avoided looking at the countess; seemed to suffer positive mental pain; and frequently glanced imploringly at Hector, as if mutely soliciting to be dismissed unquestioned. These signs struck a chill to the heart of the

lover, who knowing that Leonard had been in the Clairmont family for twenty years, and was attached to it warmly, saw, in them, unexpected confirmations of the dreadful tale.

The countess also observed this conduct. Her face became livid with terrible fears; but nevertheless she braced herself for the task before her; and, after a few preliminary questions, in which Leonard showed his evident wish to avoid confessing what he knew, forced him to speak out.

"Since you say I must tell the truth, or lose my place," he replied, at last, "why, I cannot but do as you bid me. A poor man, like me, with a family to support," he continued, glancing apologetically at Hector, "has no choice. Well then, it was in the month of August, a year ago, in the night of the twenty-seventh to the twenty-eighth; I had gone to bed early, for I was to rise before daybreak. Madame la Comtesse was then very ill, and I had a prescription to take to the apothecary at Menars, madame not having confidence in the one at Blois, who, nevertheless, is a very honest man. At about three o'clock I was startled out of my sleep; there was a noise, the great dog was barking. 'All the better,' said I to myself, 'I shall be the sooner ready to set off.' I got up, took my gun, and went to see what was the matter. I slipped behind the shrubbery—I listened—I heard nothing more; then I looked out and saw a white dress crossing a streak of moonlight on the broad walk; I soon recognized mademoiselle's pretty figure; there are none like her for that. I was quite frightened to see her in the garden at that hour; I thought some misfortune had happened, that she had lost her senses; I was going to run after her, when I observed that she was not alone, and that, instead of showing uneasiness or agitation, she was walking cautiously, mysteriously, like a person who had all her reason, and did not wish to be seen. I stood still and tried to make out who was with her. It was difficult, on account of the clumps of dahlias, and of the tall asters, which prevented my getting a good view of him. I made out that it was a young man. At first I had thought, I had hoped, it was the doctor, 'what a fool I am!' said I to myself. 'It is M. Lhomond, who has passed the night beside madame's sick bed, and Madame Jeanne is letting him out by the little garden-gate, so as not to awaken the whole house by opening the large window of the ante-chamber, which is so hard to shut.' So I hurried after them, to ask the doctor himself how his patient was getting on, and if I was still to take the prescription to Menars. But, dear me, when I got near it was

not the doctor at all. M. Lhomond is a short, thick-set man, and this was a tall young man—impossible to mistake one for the other. Still, I had such difficulty in believing what I saw, that I hit upon another invention; I said to myself—it is a pupil of the doctor's, whom he has left to watch madame, for fear of accidents, and mademoiselle is letting him out. But—but—it is not in that manner that one walks with a stranger—a young girl does not treat in that manner a young man whom she sees for the first time—does not.' Madame la Comtesse, do not ask me anything more."

"Leonard, speak," cried the mother, in agony, "I must know everything."

"But, madame—*mon Dieu!* it blisters my tongue to denounce the poor child whom I have seen playing in the garden since she was such a little thing, and whom I loved, craving your pardon, Madame la Comtesse, as if she had been my own daughter. Oh! I love her still—I cannot help loving her; but since that day she does not seem to me like the same—"

"Leonard, my dear Leonard!" exclaimed the countess, whose distress was shown by the great drops of perspiration on her face, "you see what anguish is mine—speak—"

"Ah! madame will suffer still more when I tell her all—and to give her pain, to cause her so much sorrow, when she has always been so good to me, when I owe her everything—it cuts me to the heart."

The countess, at these words, rose irritated from her seat. "Think not of me," she said, "Leonard—I must avert new dangers. Speak, I have courage."

"Ah, Madame la Comtesse, a mother has never courage enough for these things."

"But—perhaps you were in the right, perhaps a pupil of Dr. Lhomond's watched beside me that night, and Jeanne, in the effusion of her gratitude, pressed his hands as she might do those of a friend—"

"Oh! that—I should have understood that! But she was not only affectionate, she was—familiar, tender—caressing; she leaned upon his shoulder, she fondled him—how shall I say—just as my wife does when I go home, or when she bids me good-bye. Ah! I make no mistake, one must love people very much indeed to fondle them in that way."

Suffocating with emotion, she cried, "but—he—"

"From the place where I was I could not see him well. Wishing to get a nearer sight of him, when I heard Mademoiselle Jeanne open the garden-wicket, I jumped over the wall to catch

my man as he passed through the meadow. There, accordingly, I found him, and on recognizing M. Charles Valleray, our prefect's son, I understood everything. I knew that Madame la Marquise had never received him at her house, on account of his political opinions; and I perfectly understood that if the young people loved each other they could meet only in secret, since their parents would not allow them to love each other otherwise. What made me most uneasy was the thought that perhaps I was not the only person who had seen them, and I hastened back into the garden. At the same moment I heard the noise of a window shut. It was in the direction of the Hotel de France, to the left, near the great poplar. That window shut, at such an hour, has always made me uneasy. And so, thinking that this adventure would sooner or later be known and talked of, I asked madame to allow me to leave her service, so as to be out of the way when the thing should be brought up. I don't know how to lie, and that secret weighed heavy on my mind. Nothing less than the orders and entreaties of Madame la Comtesse should have induced me to speak against mademoiselle. I have obeyed with great regret; but—in short, you know all the truth. I hope Madame la Comtesse will forgive me."

He wiped his eyes as he concluded. The mother, sunk in her seat, her face buried in her hands, could not dismiss him. This was left for Hector, who, with a waive of his hand, bade the gardener go. The noise of the closing door in part roused the countess, who burst into a passion of grief. After a while she looked up.

"Oh!" she cried, sobbing between almost every word, "pity me. Leonard has spoken truth. Jeanne is lost, lost forever, how can I call her daughter any more. She is the victim of an unprincipled villain—he has been humbled by my proud mother—and he has thus sought to avenge himself. Go, de Renneville, forget—forget—"

The almost heart-broken mother could say no more. Again sobs choked her. Again she buried her face, shuddering, in her hands, as if even she dared not look on the injured Hector.

But the young man, tenderly approaching her, gently removed the hands from her face. Though startled by the straight-forward, and evidently honest story of the gardener, his confidence in Jeanne was not shaken, for a moment. He felt assured that there was some inexplicable mistake in the affair, which she only could clear up; and he now said this, refusing to surrender his engagement, and entreating that Mademoiselle de Clairmont might be sent for.

The mother's face brightened at his words. Confidence returned, in part, to her also. She looked up through her tears, stifled her sobs, and asked earnestly,

"Do you believe what you say? Do you really think her innocent?"

"I do, I do!" earnestly replied Hector. "Only send for her, and she will clear all up."

The countess, as if a new life had been given to her, rose up at these words, crossed the room, and rang the bell for her daughter.

#### IV.

"But how can I question her?" suddenly said the countess, turning deadly pale. "I would not—I know not—what questions to put to her," she continued, falteringly, "I fear to enlighten her."

In spite of his confidence, a vague doubt had, nevertheless, lurked at the bottom of Hector's heart. Reason had whispered to him that if the mother believed in the daughter's guilt, he was infatuated to discredit it. But these words showed that, in reality, the countess secretly had faith in her daughter's purity, and had only said otherwise, in consequence of a high sense of honor, and to give Hector entire freedom to withdraw, if he wished.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, joyfully, every shadow of a suspicion now removed, "you don't think her guilty yourself. Thank God!"

He had scarcely spoken, when the door opened, and the innocent girl herself glided in. Jeanne, at the first glance, saw that both her lover and mother had been agitated; the joyous smile, which had lit up her face, died away: she looked anxiously from one to the other, and finally took her place silently, with downcast eyes, at her parent's side.

The countess knew not how to begin the conversation. But she felt that every moment only increased the mutual embarrassment of all parties, and, therefore, in a few words, she led the way directly to the subject. At the name of Charles Valleray Jeanne started in evident embarrassment. Hector, for the first time, now began seriously to credit the tale. His look of agony was indescribable, and the countess, fearfully glancing toward him, and perceiving it, had her own returning fears strengthened, and could scarcely restrain a burst of sorrow. As the cross-questioning went on, for it now became that, the mother suffered too much agony to employ her former tact, and the admissions, reserve, and confession of Jeanne, destroyed, answer by answer, the lingering hopes of her listeners. Mademoiselle de Clairmont did not deny that

she had been in the garden with M. Valleray. She had not told her mother of it, she said, because that would have been wrong: she had promised to keep the secret. She confessed, in reply to a direct question, that he had lavished caresses on her hand, and kissed it, but nothing more: and this she acknowledged hesitatingly, with many blushes, in a whisper almost inaudible. Hector heard all this with feelings indescribable. He walked to the window; then hastily returned; and, perceiving that the countess could scarcely control herself, he approached her, and whispered, mastering his own emotion, as he pointed to Jeanne, who stood apart, trembling, and leaning against a table, pale as death.

"Restrain yourself, look at her. See how sure of herself she is." Then, observing the quick, eager glance, which the poor girl, like a frightened fawn, shot at him, he attempted to smile, and continued, addressing Jeanne, "come, mademoiselle, tell us how it was you treated that handsome young man so well."

These words seemed to flash suddenly a new light on the hitherto puzzled, alarmed, and trembling girl. She looked up, with a bright sparkle in her eye, and said earnestly,

"Ah! the jealous man. Mamma, I will explain it all to you; it is very simple. I wanted to prevent—but, no, I will tell you the story from the beginning. I have already told you it was on the twenty-eighth of August; for three weeks my mother had been dangerously ill—oh! very ill indeed—and for two days she had been delirious, and knew none of us. She had great glittering eyes, which fixed on nothing; and, when I went near her, 'begone, begone!' she cried, with a frantic air, 'your presence is hateful to me!' She said that to me—to me! Only think how ill she must have been! All about her despaired of her life. I saw them lifting their hands to heaven and speaking in whispers, when I was there; and then they looked at me, and 'poor child!' I heard them say. Oh! it was dreadful. At last, toward the evening of that day, she grew a little calmer, and the doctor—who saved her—told us, that if that calm lasted—if the patient could but sleep for three or four hours, he answered for her life. After so many days of despair, this word of hope restored to us all our courage. M. Lhomond went away, and soon after his departure mamma sank into a sweet sleep. Then, without speaking, almost without daring to breathe we three—old Theresa, Fanny, and I—prepared to pass the night. Theresa established herself in a comfortable easy-chair; Fanny, who had already sat up with mamma for a whole fortnight, and who has never recovered

from the fatigue, as soon as mamma got better, she fell ill, and was obliged to leave us. She came to see us the other day; she is going to—"

"Never mind Fanny!" cried her mother. "Go on, and quickly."

"Fanny lay down upon her bed, and I knelt down to pray. Oh! how I prayed that night! I was not inattentive, as sometimes at mass; there was no fear of that! The silence was so profound that one heard nothing but the ticking of the clock; then it occurred to me that the hour would soon strike, and that the sudden sound, in that great stillness, might awaken the patient. I got up, and, walking on tiptoe, I went to the chimney-piece and stopped the clock. I had hardly done this, when I heard Cæsar, the great watch-dog, barking like a mad creature at the bottom of the garden. The noise was still distant, but I heard it coming nearer—coming nearer. Oh, good heavens! I thought, he will come and bark under mamma's windows—she will awake, and all this good sleep will be lost. Without reflecting on what I did, I took a little lamp that was on the table—I looked at Theresa—she had heard nothing; besides, Cæsar does not like her, and would not have listened to her—and I ran down stairs. It did occur to me that thieves might perhaps be there; but I did not feel afraid. Oh! I am not at all a coward! I opened the door, and what did I see upon the terrace? That wicked Cæsar, with a tall young man fast in his gripe! As long as he kept his hold there was no danger, he did not bark; but the young man had a thick cane, and beat him hard, and I saw that Cæsar was likely to let go. It is then he would have howled and awakened the whole house. There was not a minute to lose. So I went up to M. Valleray—it was he—and I said to him, 'take my hand, sir; quick, and be very friendly with me.' M. Valleray at once understood that I came to help him; he seized my hand, and then I spoke to him very kindly—caressing him like this—(with a quick movement she took Hector's hand, and leaned upon his shoulder, then became confused, and went away from him.) With you, I do not dare; how strange! You, mamma—(she placed her hand on her mother's shoulder, and caressed her.) Like this, saying: 'This good M. Charles Valleray, I know him; he is a friend of ours—we like him very much—you must not hurt him, or bark at him. Cæsar, don't be angry—you see very well it is a friend.' In short, all manner of nonsense, which must have made a great impression upon Cæsar's mind, for at last he quietly released the poor young man. I fetched the key of the little

garden-gate, to which I accompanied M. Valléray, holding his hand all the way very affectionately, because that naughty Cæsar still looked excessively out of humor, and I distrusted him. Then I hastened back to the house. Oh! how uneasy I was as I went up stairs! I trembled lest I should hear your voice, and find you awakened. I went very gently into your room! I approached your bed—oh, mamma! what a happy moment was that! God had had compassion upon me—you were still asleep."

The joy of the listeners, at these words, could be no longer restrained. Hector seized both the hands of the countess, who burst into tears, and fell on his neck; while the amazed, and artless girl, pausing in her narration, gazed at them, and said to herself, "well, what is the matter with them."

"Nothing, nothing," said Hector, overhearing her, and embarrassed, seeking a pretext, "only Charles Valléray is an old school-fellow of mine—you saved him."

"He told me I had. He—the prefect's son—had been at the meeting of a secret society. If he had been caught, he was lost."

"But how had he come into our garden?" cried the mother.

"He had jumped out of the window of the Hotel de France."

"Yes, yes; everything explains itself! That window that they shut," cried Hector, "there is no longer a doubt."

"Dear child," cried the countess, snatching Jeanne to her arms, and, without another word, clasping the sweet girl as if she would never let go, and weeping in a perfect ecstasy of joy, gratitude, and maternal love.

#### V.

MADAME DE BRISSAC was already in the marshal's saloon, attired as a bride, and waiting only for the civil marriage to be completed, by the arrival of the notary, when a carriage drove up, and Hector, accompanied by the countess, his father, and General St. Iriex, entered. The sudden appearance of these guests, whom he had not invited to the ceremony, surprised the marshal, who looked from them to his bride elect, and from her to them, silently seeking an explanation.

Hector, though not entirely ignorant of Madame de Brissac's character, had never suspected her connexion with the slander upon Jeanne, until after the latter's artless confession. All at once, however, the truth flashed upon him. He left the countess immediately and hurried to his father. For the first time, he now demanded the authority of the latter, for the story respecting

Mademoiselle de Clairmont. Since the dinner at the marshal's, the son had avoided conversation with his parent, on the subject of Jeanne, Hector wishing to wait until her guilt or innocence was established. But now he recounted all which he had heard, and succeeded in convincing the marquis, as he had himself been convinced. The two then went to General St. Iriex, who, after some hesitation, admitted that Hector's suspicion was correct, and that Madame de Brissac had put the tale into circulation, evidently, as it now appeared, to disinherit Jeanne, and secure the marshal's fortune, as well as hand, for herself. The three gentlemen had subsequently returned for the countess, before driving to the Hotel d'Estigny, in order that all the witnesses might be present at the exposure of Madame de Brissac. Their astonishment at finding the marriage ceremony all but completed, was not less than that of the marshal at their unsolicited, and inopportune presence.

Hector was the first to speak. Producing a bouquet of heath, which, to the perplexity of his companions, he had purchased on the way, he walked directly up to Madame de Brissac, and tendered it to her, with a low bow. To the amazement of all, this self-collected woman started, uttered a half scream, and letting the bouquet drop, as if it was poison, stared on the giver, with ashy cheeks and eyes of horror.

"It is the fifth time I have had the honor to present you a bunch of heath," said Hector, pitilessly. "Four times I sent it: now I bring it in person. Madame, your best cards are all played," he added, ironically. "Will you give up the game, and retire, or brave it out?"

But though Madame de Brissac had recognized, by the bouquet, that Hector was cognizant of the death of Arthur; that he possessed the secret, which she had believed no one, in France, but the baron knew; and that she was in his power; and though, in consequence, she had lost her self-possession;—yet it was not long before her consummate hardihood, and the remembrance of the stake for which she was playing, brought her back to herself. She answered the speaker, therefore, with haughty scorn.

"If monsieur means, as I presume, to insult me, he doubtless remembers that, as I am a lady, he can do it without fear of being called to account." But she looked to the marshal as she spoke.

"Gentlemen," said the latter, thus appealed to, his astonishment rising to wrath, "I don't know what gives me the honor of your company. But this lady is about to become my wife, and any slight to her is an insult to me—"



"Your pardon, marshal," interrupted Hector, who still continued spokesman. "We have no desire to insult madame, but only wish her to retract a false tale, which she has put in circulation, respecting Mademoiselle de Clairmont." And, without waiting to ask for permission, Hector proceeded to rehearse the vindication of Jeanne, and to state Madame de Brissac's connexion with the slander.

"I would have spared you this," he said, in conclusion, turning to the bride elect, "but you would not accept mercy, madame. I will spare you what is worse, if you will even now confess."

For a moment Madame de Brissac looked at the marshal, but perceiving that he was still, notwithstanding Hector's story, and the corroboration of General St. Iriex, irresolute, she resolved to continue to confront her foes, hoping yet to triumph, and believing the last words of Hector but a threat.

Her only answer, therefore, was a contemptuous smile, and a movement toward the marshal, as if to claim his protection from further insult.

"Well then," said Hector, looking at his father, who stepped to the door, "let me introduce a gentleman, who arrived from Blois only an hour ago, and who knows more of this matter, the Baron des Tourbieres."

As he spoke the baron entered. Madame de Brissac looked thunder-struck, but evidently was still ignorant of what was coming. Hector continued,

"The baron brings proof what window it was, in the hotel, which the gardener heard shut on the night of the twenty-seventh of August. That window, it seems, is in convenient proximity to the branches of a lofty tree in the Countess de Clairmont's garden. The register of the hotel, of which we have here an attested copy," and taking the document from the baron, he unfolded it at length, "shows that, on the night in question, that room was occupied by Madame de Brissac. She then, it seems, is the really guilty party:—and hence too her knowledge of the midnight interview."

As he finished, he turned to the bride elect. But the latter, from the first mention of the window, had known what was coming, and, with the pride and hardihood of a fallen angel, had braced herself to brave it out. One glance at the marshal showed that her case was hopeless. Yet she resolved, since she must abandon the stage, to leave on his mind, if possible, a lurking doubt of her innocence. She said, haughtily, therefore, drawing her scarf around her,

"I will not reply; appearances are against me. I forgive you your suspicions. Madame

de Clairmont," and she turned to the countess, "knows that a woman may be compromised without being guilty; yesterday her daughter was accused—to-day she is justified. Patience! the moment will come when I shall be justified in my turn. M. Charles Vallery announces his approaching arrival; until then I accept, Monsieur le Marechal, the accusation which purifies your niece. Tell those who have heard that sad adventure spoken of, that everything has been revealed, that my intrigues have been discovered—say, in short, whatever is necessary to justify this young girl. Hasten to destroy my reputation; it is your interest, it is perhaps mine! Every signal injustice is followed, sooner or later, by signal reparation; and this reparation, which shall be a glorious one, I await it calmly and trustfully. Farewell, Monsieur le Marechal; I would have given you my existence, but I do more, I give you my honor!"

The countess, at this assurance, was stung into speaking at last.

"Your honor," she sneered.

Madame de Brissac was already on her way to the door; but she turned, and said, with a hiss like a serpent.

"Less pride, madame! The world will say of me: She has a lover. It says the same of you—who have none." Thus, true to her character to the last, slandering by an ironical doubt, where she dare not slander more openly, she left the room. She did not depart wholly unconsoled either, for as she closed the door, she heard the marshal, still not entirely cured of his infatuation, though convinced that she had deceived him, say, with the weakness of old age, "poor woman! they all accuse her!"

It was his last regret after her, however, for the repetition of Hector's evidence, and the perusal of the transcript, gradually woke the rage of the marshal, who now first realized how nearly he had come to being duped. He would not rest satisfied till the countess and her daughter had returned to his hotel. There, a few days after, the fair Jeanne became the bride of Hector de Renneville.

A lady, said to resemble Madame de Brissac, has been seen, lately, at the German Baths. She is not in Paris, at any rate, having vanished from that capital, simultaneously with her departure from the Hotel d'Estigny.

NOTE.—The characters, and most of the incidents of this tale, are taken from a new French comedy, by Madame Girardin, which has created a vast sensation in Paris. The story is known there as "Lady Tartuffe." Rachel appears in it as Madame de Brissac.

## THE WANDERING JEW.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE Rev. Mr. Croly's romance of "Salathiel," and Sue's "Juif Errant," have reawakened interest in the old legend of the Wandering Jew. There is something so impressive in a man being doomed to live forever, a hopeless and homeless wanderer over the face of the earth, without family, friends, or even nation, that, in all ages since it arose, the legend has taken a deep hold of the mind of the unlettered, the credulous, and the superstitious. To fanaticism and imposture also, the fiction has held out equal temptations. At various periods since the commencement of the Christian era, individuals have assumed the character of the Wandering Jew, and have succeeded in attracting notice, and gaining credence, to a greater or less extent, from their wondering contemporaries.

It is extremely probable that this legend had its origin in the words used by Christ to the Apostle Peter, on the latter asking what would become of John, the disciple whom Jesus loved. The answer was: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" In consequence of this expression, we are told, "the saying went abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should *not die*." Although it is expressly pointed out, in the remainder of the same passage, that the language of Christ could not properly bear any such meaning; yet the conclusion of "the brethren," strangely modified and misapplied, seems to have been adopted by the primitive Christians, to have become intermingled with their traditions, and finally to have taken the form of the legend of the Wandering Jew. This, in its early or original shape, is detailed by Matthew Paris, monk of St. Albans, who flourished in the thirteenth century. The story was current before his day, in England and elsewhere, but he was probably the first who regularly chronicled all the particulars. In 1228, the monk informs us, an Armenian archbishop came to England, to visit the shrines and relics preserved in the churches. Being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, this ecclesiastical dignitary was anxiously interrogated as to the religious condition of his country, and, among other questions, a monk who sat near him inquired, "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, who was so much

talked of, and who had been present at our Lord's crucifixion, and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered, that "the circumstances were all true;" and, afterward, one of his train, interpreting the archbishop's words, told them in French that his lord knew the person they spoke of very well; that the latter had dined with his lord but a little while before they left the East; that the man had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus, who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment Hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, "go faster, Jesus; go faster: why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, "I indeed am going, but THOU SHALT TARRY TILL I COME!" Soon after this event, Cartaphilus, by his own account, was converted, and baptised by the name of Joseph. He lives forever; but at the end of every hundred years he falls into a severe illness, and ultimately into a fit or trance, on recovering from which he finds himself in the same state of youth which he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembered all the circumstances attending the crucifixion and resurrection, the composing of the apostles' creed, their preaching and dispersion, and is himself a very grave and holy person.

Such is the story of the Wandering Jew, as told by Matthew Paris, who was alive at the time of the Armenian's visit to St. Albans, and who, there can be no doubt, relates the circumstances as they came from the mouths of the strangers. The deception lay, it is probable, not with the Armenians, but with the party who had passed himself off upon them as the porter of Pontius Pilate, thereby insuring much good entertainment, doubtless, as well as unbounded reverence, from the followers of the church in the East. As Pythagoras, a very wise and clear-headed man, entertained the notion of his having personally gone through several existences on earth, so it is possible that the Wandering Jew of the Armenian archbishop may himself have labored under a delusion. But the probability is on the other side; and the same conclusion may be drawn, without much uncharitableness,

respecting the numerous persons who at later periods have personated the erratic Hebrew. There were considerable variations in the stories which these persons told of themselves. For example, one who appeared at Hamburg, about the year 1547, declared himself to have been a shoemaker in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion. Another visited Paris about 1643, who is thus described: "Here is a man come to this city, if he may be called a man, who pretends to have lived about these sixteen hundred years. He says of himself, that he was usher of the divan (the Jews call it the Court of Judgment) in Jerusalem at the time when Jesus, the Christian Messiah, was condemned by Pontius Pilate, the Roman president; that his name was *Michob-Adar*; and that, for thrusting Jesus out of the hall, with these words, 'go, why tarriest thou?' the Messiah answered him again, 'I go, but tarry thou till I come;' thereby condemning him to live till the day of judgment." Such was the account given by this personage of himself. He affected to heal diseases by a touch, and was deeply venerated both by the common people and by others. "One day," says the same writer, "I had the curiosity to discourse with him in several languages, and I found him master of all those that I could speak. He told me that there was scarce a true history to be found. He was in Rome, he said, when Nero set fire to the city, and saw him stand triumphing on the top of a hill to behold its flames. He saw Saladin's return from his conquest in the East, when he caused his shirt to be carried on the top of a spear with this proclamation, 'Saladin, lord of many rich countries, shall have no memorial left of all his glories when he dies, but only this poor shirt!' He knew Tamerlane the Scythian, and told me that he was so called because he was lame. He seemed to pity the insupportable calamity of Bajazet, whom he had seen carried about in a cage by Tamerlane's order. He knew Mohammed's father very well, and had been often in his company at Ormus. He had heard the Emperor Vespasian say, when he understood the temple of Solomon was burnt to ashes, 'he had rather all Rome had been set on fire.' Here the old man fell a-weeping himself, lamenting the ruin of that noble structure, which he described to me as familiarly as if he had seen it but yesterday." This was, the reader will admit, a goodly range of experience for any one to lay claim to. The appearance of this personator of the Wandering Jew corresponded with his assumptions. "By his looks, one would take him for a relic of the old world, or one of the long-lived fathers before the flood. To speak

modestly, he may pass for the younger brother of Time."

Another Wandering Jew, and one of equal learning, seems to have excited the wonder of the people of Venice, in the year 1687. This new one was more remarkable than the others, in as far as he is said to have made no boast of his antiquity, but to have felt hurt, on the contrary, when it was accidentally discovered. "This personage," says the author of *Hermippus Redivivus*, "went by the name of Signor Gualdi. He remained at Venice some months, and three things were remarked in his conduct. The first was, that he had a small collection of fine pictures, which he readily showed to anybody that desired it; the next, that he was perfectly versed in all arts and sciences, and spoke on every subject with such readiness and sagacity, as astonished all who heard him; and it was, in the third place, observed that he never wrote or received any letter; never desired any credit, or made use of bills of exchange, but paid for everything in ready money, and lived decently, though not in splendor." The story then goes on to tell, that a Venetian nobleman, an admirable judge of paintings, was admitted to see Gualdi's collection, and admired them exceedingly. At the close of the visit, the nobleman "cast his eye by chance over the chamber door, where hung a picture of this stranger (Gualdi.) The Venetian looked upon it, and then upon him. 'This picture was drawn for you, sir,' says he to Signor Gualdi; to which the other made no answer but by a low bow. 'You look,' continued the Venetian, 'like a man of fifty, and yet I know this picture to be of the hand of Titian, who has been dead one hundred and thirty years. How is this possible?' 'It is not easy,' said Signor Gualdi, gravely, 'to know all things that are possible; but there is certainly no crime in my being like a picture drawn by Titian.' The Venetian easily perceived, by his manner of speaking, that he had given the stranger offence, and, therefore, took his leave." The issue of the affair was, that the Venetian told the matter to all his friends. Curiosity was aroused, and various parties went to call upon Gualdi. They were disappointed, however; the stranger had left the city, and was never seen again.

Of course, the world of Venice came to the conclusion, that this personage could be none else but the Wandering Jew, or a philosopher who had been fortunate enough to discover the elixir of life. The matter is certainly capable of a much easier solution, however, and Gualdi's own words afford a ready clue to it. It was on this story, Godwin tells us, that he founded his

novel of *St. Leon*, a work of great power and beauty.

The last person, who pretended to be the Wandering Jew, was Cagliostro, the famous charlatan, who appeared in Paris in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth. He never explicitly asserted his claim to be that personage, but would often talk vaguely on the subject, and sometimes, venturing on the

credulity of his hearers, quoted conversations he pretended to have had with illustrious persons, whom he had met hundreds of years before.

The diffusion of intelligence has destroyed altogether the belief in this absurd tradition, which is now handed over, by general consent, to the novelist and romance writer.

## THE GRAVE ON THE LIDO.

### A VENETIAN LEGEND.

BY EDWARD J. HANDILVE.

WHERE the sadly moaning waters,

Surge upon the echoing shore,  
Buried they at hour of midnight  
One they dreaded, tho' no more  
On this earth his Hebrew science  
Might give life to magic lore.

In a dungeon of that palace  
Titian-hallowed and sublime,  
Browning o'er the wave whose blue depths  
Screened a woman's love and crime,  
Tortured they the Jew Almanzar,  
'Till his rent soul entered Time!

But ere Death's chill mantle wrapped him,  
Breathed his lips a fearful curse—  
"In the grave ye still shall fear me!  
For, while earth holds on its course,  
Like your shadows, will my memory,  
Haunt ye with revengeful force!

"And the malison I've uttered,  
And the prayer which I have prayed,  
Ye shall live to feel as deeply,

As my heart your trenchant blade—  
Oh—your fearful spirit groanings  
Will be music to my shade!

"Ruin throned on Devastation,  
Such, Palmyra of the sea,  
Is the bridegroom and the empire,  
In the future waiting thee!  
Ah! the doom I die invoking  
Shall enfold thee silently."

Falls the star-sheen on the Lido,  
Falls the moonlight on his grave,  
And upon the distant city  
There hath fallen the curse he gave:—  
For the gloom of desolation  
Shrouds the Cybele of the wave.

And Venetians fear to wander  
On that island dark and drear,  
Over which the moaning wind-harps  
Breathes a monody of fear:—  
To thy memory, Almanzar,  
Doth the legend still adhere!

## A SUMMER NOON.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

PLEASANT it is on a Summery day,  
Under the willow tree,  
To hear the twitter of birds at play,  
And breezes rustling free.  
And see, as plumes from a bird in the sky,  
The leaves come floating down.  
And idly watch the clouds creep by—  
And think of the dust of the town.

Pleasant it is on a sultry noon,  
To sit by a shaded stream,  
While the bees go by with a drowsy croon,  
And we seem to think in a dream.

To see the eddying waters slow,  
Silent and dark move down,  
Like a dead-march mournfully and low—  
And think of the noise of the town.

Pleasant it was in the olden time,  
From the castle glare to flee,  
And with ladye-fair, as they tell in rhyme,  
Sit under the greenwood tree.  
The belted knight and the damsel gay,  
In groups lie up and down—  
Oh! I see them all as I dream away,  
Nor think of the heat of the town.

## "THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

BY CARRY STANLEY.

POOR Ellen Lee! Her heart sunk within her while her fingers were busied placing a tuft of Parma violets, which she almost fancied gave forth a faint perfume, on a delicate straw colored *crepe* bonnet, or as she wreathed a spray of sweet-brier and apple-blossoms around the face of a pink silk, or with artistic grace hung the snowy water lily, from which she almost seemed to hear the crystal drops fall on the dark green lisse. These marvels of art, which rivaled those of nature in all save the fragrance, brought visions of green fields and running waters to that dull, ily ventilated room; and while her companions were busy discussing the characters of the ladies who would throng in to the morrow's "opening," Ellen was wondering whether the trailing arbutus was still green at the foot of the old oak tree, covered by the last year's leaves, and if the grass was *very* green along the course of the spring, or if the blood-root, and the purple, shell-tinted liverwort, and modest violets, and nodding anemones still carpeted the warm slopes below the orchard.

And again poor Ellen Lee! For the gush of fresh air which came in at the window, opened by one of the pale workers, carried her not only back to flowers, and sunshine, and waters, but to the darkened chamber of the old stone parsonage house, and her father's thin hands raised in their last prayer, and his look of peace and faith, which not even the knowledge that his wife and daughter would now be penniless, could disturb, as he murmured, "if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, oh, ye of little faith?"

Unconsciously to herself great tears were falling on her work, when one of the girls said kindly,

"Are you sick to day, Miss Lee?"

"No, I am quite well, thank you."

"Is your mother worse then?" again asked the other.

But the tears were coming too fast now to allow of a reply, except a shake of the head in the negative, when another said,

"Well, no matter then, we shall soon be over our hurry, and then you won't have to sit so close; you ain't used to it."

This sympathy was more than Ellen could bear. She tossed down the lilac spray which she held, buried her face in her hands, and gave way to a wild burst of weeping. She felt that some explanation was due to her companions for their kindness, so she said in a low voice,

"I was only thinking," and the tears came raining down again, but in a more gentle shower. The two glanced at her black dress and sorrowful face, their lips quivered, and a mist gathered over their eyes, and one placed a footstool, which she had brought for her own accommodation, under Ellen's feet, and the other gave her a little bunch of blue violets, which she had purchased for a few pennies that morning in market, on her way to her work. "Truly there is a poverty that maketh rich."

Ellen arose, the next morning, but little refreshed. An occasional cough from her mother would make her start from her sleep with a palpitating heart, to lie awake watching the dear invalid with anxious eyes; and as the grey dawn came creeping into the room, she moved noiselessly about arranging everything for her mother's comfort during the day.

It was one of those sultry mornings of early spring, which has such debilitating effects on the system after the bracing cold of the winter, that Ellen Lee walked languidly to the work-rooms. How she longed for one breath from the fragrant brown earth, which she knew was being upturned in long, straight furrows along the hill-sides around her old home, or one of the yellow daffodils, from out of its clump of lance-like leaves, which grew under the cherry tree by the big gate. Angry, rebellious feelings were rising in her heart. Why had God taken away her noble father, or so afflicted her gentle, pious mother? why had the old stone parsonage house with its ivy-bound casements, passed into other hands? and with compressed lips and tearful eyes Ellen entered Mrs. Fuller's show-rooms. Here the bonnets were to be arranged; straw colored and lilac, rose colored and green, blue and white in tempting proximity; and as Mrs. Fuller's fore-woman was sick, as she declared fore-women always would be on opening days, Ellen was obliged to take her place.

Group after group of stylish-looking women

and elegant girls, at length came trooping in, filling the large room with gay voices and musical laughter: women, whose only sorrow seemed to be the unbecomingness of a bonnet; girls, whose greatest trial was in the selection of a dress.

Ellen urged the pretty trifles, much too shyly, her employer thought, who missed the voluble flattery which her French fore-woman was accustomed to bestow on her customers; but more than one *parvenue*, with her embroidered purse clinking with gold as she laid it on the marble-topped table, envied Ellen Lee her graceful self-possession.

"I think this will suit your style," said Ellen, to a young lady who had ranged through pink, white and green without being satisfied, and she took up a blue bonnet with a wreath of eglantine.

"Permit me to judge for myself, if you please," was the haughty reply, as the beauty passed her jeweled fingers across the bands of her rich brown hair.

Ellen drew back with tears starting to her eyes, and replaced the bonnet on its stand, just in time to catch the pitying glance of a gentleman who had evidently overheard the conversation. In order to cover her mortification she snatched up a cap by her side, and said to an elderly lady standing near,

"Here is a beautiful breakfast cap, madam, would you not like it?"

"Try it on, mother, and let me see how charming you can look once more," said the gentleman, who drew toward them.

Ellen's nimble fingers soon had the cap on the lady's head, with what the son denominated a "decidedly French touch."

"Irresistible, I declare, mother. Coffee and rolls will be delicious with those ribbons fluttering on the breakfast table."

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Maylin? A beautiful assortment of bonnets this spring, is there not? Why, Mr. Maylin, is it possible you can find any thing at a fashionable milliner's to interest you? I always tell my brother that he comes only to look at the ladies; but we could not accuse *you* of that, you know," and the young lady who had so haughtily rejected Ellen's services, smiled flatteringly as she spoke.

"I certainly thought I had taste enough, Miss Rogers, to admire a pretty woman, even in a milliner's show-rooms; and it is no bad place to study your characters," and Mr. Maylin bowed gravely, and somewhat ironically as he spoke.

Miss Rogers discussed with feminine volubility Sunday schools and Dorcas societies, with the grave-looking, but agreeable young minister, for she had a fashionably religious turn of mind just

then, which evinced itself in a taste for painted church windows, wax candles, and white robed choristers to chaunt the anthems; but Mr. Maylin listened with less interest than usual, for in Miss Rogers' conduct to Ellen he saw that the "charity that suffereth long, and is kind, the charity that vaunteth not itself," was not in her creed.

Throughout the day Ellen Lee was constantly reminded of the difference between the flesh and blood, clothed in simple cotton, and the flesh and blood which the silk-worm and lace weavers had decorated; the stamp of nobility which God had placed upon the soul was not recognized among those republican ladies, for though as in the case of Mrs. Maylin and her son, some had treated her as one of themselves, most looked upon her as a mere machine placed there to minister to their tastes and wants.

Ellen returned home that night faint and dispirited with the fatigue and rebuffs of the day. With all the delicacy of love, she had heretofore concealed from her mother her weariness and disgust with her employment, but now the pent up feelings of months found vent. Mrs. Lee in vain reasoned with her. With a resignation and calm, the fruit of trials and sorrows, which astonished and sometimes almost irritated her more active-minded daughter, she could scarcely comprehend why Ellen was so annoyed by what seemed to her such trifles.

"Yes, mother," said Ellen, bitterly, "there were women there whom I felt in my inmost soul to be inferior to myself, who treated their pampered lap dogs and spaniels with more consideration than they did me. And graceful young girls, who, to look at, one would almost idolize, who measure the worth of a poor sister like myself, by the price of my dress. *These* are the lilies of the field which toil not, neither do they spin," continued she, bitterly, "but God knows that we poor weeds grow hardly enough."

Tears came to Mrs. Lee's eyes as she said, "Ellen, my child, I fear you are fast losing your faith. God help you if that goes, it is all that the poor often have——"

"No, mother," was the quick reply, "not that, for I think the Bible and religion were made for the poor. The rich have no need of them, it seems to me. Even the Lord's Prayer appears almost unnecessary for them. 'Give us this day our daily bread,' need be no cry of theirs in their plenty."

"Ellen, that prayer for 'daily bread' has a deeper meaning than you in your wilfulness give to it. Do you not know that 'man shall not live by bread alone?' that our 'daily bread' is also of

‘faith, hope, and charity,’ that every temptation overcome, every effort for better things is a part of our ‘daily bread?’ Does not, ‘Lead us not into temptation’ apply equally to the rich and poor; and to whom is it so hard to say, ‘Thy will be done,’ as to the rich man when called upon to give up all that made life valuable, after years of pampered selfishness?”

Ellen Lee bowed her head on her clasped hands as she murmured through her tears, “God forgive me, but I feel sick, body and soul;” but from that day forward, she went about her daily task more contentedly.

“I am very much in want of a seamstress, Mrs. Fuller, can you tell me where to find one?” asked Mrs. Maylin, one morning whilst in the milliner’s rooms.

Ellen was standing by arranging some misplaced bonnets, and after some hesitation, she said timidly,

“I could like some plain sewing to do, madam, if you think I would suit, as Mrs. Fuller wants me no longer, now her hurry is over.”

Mrs. Maylin, who from the first had been prepossessed in Ellen’s favor, immediately engaged her, congratulating herself that it would probably be in her power to render her life somewhat more pleasant, than she suspected it had lately been in Mrs. Fuller’s rooms.

Night after night, on her return to her mother, Ellen had some new act of kindness, or pleasing trait of character to narrate of Mrs. Maylin or her son, till one evening she bounded in breathlessly with the exclamation,

“Oh, mother, mother! can’t you go to W——, young Mr. Maylin has received a call there. Only think of his preaching in papa’s old pulpit; and Mrs. Maylin is going also for a time, and as her sewing is not nearly completed she wishes to take me too. You don’t know how surprised she was when I told her about papa, and our living at W——, and I promised to go if you would only go too and visit Aunt Maria.”

But Ellen’s anticipations were somewhat damped, when about two weeks after their arrival in W—— Mrs. Maylin was taken dangerously ill, and she was obliged to become her constant nurse. Many years of attendance upon her invalid mother greatly prepared her for this new duty; and as Mr. Maylin watched her light form flitting through the darkened room, or saw how soothing her unobtrusive but ever ready attentions were to his mother, the idea more and more strongly fixed itself upon his mind that Ellen would make as good a minister’s wife as he had been a daughter.

And then, too, things in the parish did not

seem to go on as smoothly as when he had had Ellen to consult. She from long acquaintance with them, knew more about the Sunday school, the benevolent societies, the wants and dispositions of his congregation than a year could make him familiar with; then her voice too was missed in the choir most sadly, for since his mother’s illness Ellen’s time had been devoted entirely to the sick room.

Mrs. Maylin was at length convalescent, and Ellen was in a great degree released from her confinement. Edward Maylin thought that church duties went on more smoothly, now that Ellen had time to advise; and as her voice rose rich and clear on the next Sabbath in the anthem, the young minister tried almost in vain, to shut out the visions of love and earthly happiness, which would pass before him in that holy edifice.

During Mrs. Maylin’s illness, Ellen too became conscious that she looked forward to Edward’s visit to the sick room with strange pleasure; and now that she once more associated constantly with him, a feverish unrest took possession of her, though she in vain struggled for the old calm which had made their intercourse so pleasant.

Ellen’s sewing was now resumed, and one June afternoon, when going out for her accustomed walk upon which Mrs. Maylin insisted, she took her way to the orchard which sloped down from the parsonage garden to a swampy piece of woodland at its foot. Here she had gathered violets and yellow cups in the early spring, the pink and white wild honeysuckle a few weeks later, and now a magnificent magnolia tree was the object of her search. A few of the creamy blossoms had been gathered, and Ellen seated herself upon the trunk of a fallen tree to arrange them, but unconsciously sunk into a painful reverie, in which past sorrows and future trials were darkly blended, when she heard herself addressed.

She looked up, and Edward Maylin stood beside her. She endeavored to hide the tears which had started to her eyes, by obstinately gazing at the long, glossy, green leaves which she was ruthlessly stripping from around the flowers; but as the minister took a seat by her, and whispered a few words in her ear, she half averted her face, crimsoned with blushes, and crushed the rich blossoms in her hand till their spicy fragrance filled the air.

Through tears and smiles Ellen at length spoke of the day of their first meeting.

“Well,” was the reply, “I cannot sufficiently congratulate myself for having had my eyes opened to the true merits of some of those ‘lilies

of the field,' as you called them; for though not at all in love, I had been very much pleased with Miss Rogers."

The next autumn saw Ellen Lee, who in the meantime had resided with her aunt, enter the pretty little church of W—— as a bride, and as she knelt beside her mother and Mrs. Maylin in her accustomed corner of their old pew, she prayed forgiveness for the times when her faith

had deserted her. And when she heard the text of the first sermon, preached by her husband, "Consider the lilies," as if in continuation of her prayer, she wept tears of thankfulness, and resolved, that although she now placed a different construction upon the words, that through the grace of God, she would never become one of those she had once denominated as "THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

## AI MEE.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

THERE came a sweet voice to Aimee,  
From a far-off, changeless clime,  
And as fades a star from our vision  
On its glorious path sublime—  
So the cheek of Aimee grew paler,  
And her blue eye lost its ray,  
For her soul had caught the music  
Of a bright band, far away.

I wept when I parted with Aimee,  
Low down by death's sullen sea,  
But near the dark waters she promis'd  
In dream-land to meet with me:  
Ever since she has been the rainbow,  
That spans my spirit-storm,  
As she nightly glides to my chamber,  
And I clasp her angel form.

She comes in her radiant beauty,  
To visit this aching breast,  
And lure me with visions of gladness  
Away to that land of rest—

Where the old and the young together  
Have put on immortal youth,  
And, cloth'd in their garments of brightness,  
Range over the fields of truth.

We follow the footstaps of angels,  
And walk in the shining way,  
With those who have gone before us,  
To dwell in eternal day;  
But when the grey morning dawneth,  
My vision of Heav'n is fled,  
And I wake to a life of sadness,  
For Aimee is with the dead.

Yet I welcome the night, that foldeth  
Her pall over land and wave,  
For then I am nearer to Aimee,  
And my home beyond the grave—  
While I wait for the voice to call me  
Across the dark, billowy stream,  
To find these sweet visions of Heaven,  
No longer a cherished dream.

## LINGER NOT LONG.

BY WILFRED O'NEALE.

LINGER not long! Home is not home without thee;  
Its dearest tokens only make me mourn.  
Oh! let its memory, like a chain about thee,  
Gently compel, and hasten thy return.  
Linger not long.

LINGER not long! Though crowds should woo thy  
staying,  
Bethink thee, can the mirth of friends, though dear,  
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying  
Costs the poor heart that sighs to have thee here?  
Linger not long.

LINGER not long! How shall I watch thy coming,  
As evening shadows stretch o'er moon and fell!  
When the wild bee hath ceased her weary humming,  
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!  
Linger not long.

HOW shall I watch for thee when fears grow stronger,  
As night grows dark and darker on the hill!  
How shall I weep when I can watch no longer!  
Oh! art thou absent?—art thou absent still?  
Linger not long.

YET I should grieve not though the eye that seeth  
me  
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;  
For oh! I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,  
My cup of happiness is all too full.  
Linger not long.

HASTE, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling!  
Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest!  
Haste, as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,  
Flies to its haven of securest rest.  
Linger not long.



## THE LOAF OF BREAD.

BY M. J. WHITE.

AN unfortunate Lyonesse, the father of a family, was deprived of work by the depressed state of his trade during a whole winter. It was with great difficulty that he could get a morsel of food now and then for his famished wife and children. Things grew worse and worse with him, and at length, on attempting to rise one morning, for the purpose of going out, as usual, in quest of employment, he fell back in a fainting condition, beside his wife, who had already been confined to her bed by illness for two months. The poor man felt himself ill, and his strength utterly gone. He had two boys, yet in mere childhood, and one girl, about twelve or thirteen years old. For a long time, the whole charge of the household had fallen on this girl. She had tended the sick-bed of her mother, and had watched over her little brothers with more than parental care. Now, when the father too was taken ill, there seemed to be not a vestige of hope for the family, excepting in the exertions which might be made by her, young as she was.

The first thought of the poor little girl was to seek for work proportioned to her strength. But that the family might not starve in the meantime, she resolved to go to one of the Houses of Charity, where food was given out, she had heard, to the poor and needy. The person to whom she addressed herself accordingly inscribed her name in the list of applicants, and told her to come back again in a day or two, when the case would have been *deliberated* upon. Alas, during this deliberation, her parents and brothers would starve! The girl stated this, but was informed that the formalities mentioned were indispensable. She came again to the streets, and, almost agonized by the knowledge how anxiously she was expected with bread, at home, she resolved to ask charity from the passengers in the public ways.

No one heeded the modest, unobtrusive appeal of her outstretched hand. Her heart was too full to permit her to speak. Could any one have seen the torturing anxiety that filled her breast, she must have been pitied and relieved. As the case stood, it is not perhaps surprising that some rude being menaced her with the police. She was frightened. Shivering with cold, and crying bitterly, she fled homeward. When she mounted

the stairs and opened the door, the first words that she heard were the cries of her brothers for something to eat—"bread! bread!" She saw her father soothing and supporting her fainting mother, and heard him say, "bread!—she dies for want of food."

"I have no bread!" cried the poor girl, with anguish in her tones.

The cry of disappointment and despair which came at these words from her father and brothers, caused her to recall what she had said, and conceal the truth. "I have not got it yet," she exclaimed, "but I will have it immediately. I have given the baker the money; he was serving some rich people, and he told me to wait or come back. I came to tell you that it would soon be here."

After these words, without waiting for a reply, she left the house again. A thought had entered her head, and maddened by the distress of those she loved so dearly, she had instantaneously resolved to put it in execution. She ran from one street to another, till she saw a baker's shop in which there appeared to be no person, and then, summoning all her determination, she entered, lifted a loaf, and fled? The shopkeeper saw her from behind his counter. He cried loudly, ran after her, and pointed her out to the people passing by. The girl ran on. She was pursued, and finally a man seized the loaf which she carried. The object of her desires taken away, she had no motive to proceed, and was seized at once. They conveyed her toward the office of the police; a crowd, as usual, having gathered in attendance. The poor girl threw around her despairing glances, which seemed to seek some favorable object from whom to ask mercy. At last, when she had been brought to the court of the police-office, and was in waiting for the order to enter, she saw before her a little girl of her own age, who appeared to look on her with a glance full of kindness and compassion. Under the impulse of the moment, still thinking of the condition of her family, she whispered to the stranger the cause of her act of theft.

"Father and mother, and my two brothers, are dying for want of bread!" said she.

"Where?" asked the strange girl, anxiously.

"Rue —, No. 10 —." She had only time

to add the name of her parents to this communication, when she was carried in before the commissary of police."

Meanwhile, the poor family at home suffered all the miseries of suspense. Fears for their child's safety were added to the other afflictions of the parents. At length, they heard footsteps ascending the stair. An eager cry of hope was uttered by all the four unfortunates, but, alas! a stranger appeared in place of their own little one. Yet the stranger seemed to them like an angel. Her cheeks had a beautiful bloom, and long flaxen hair fell in curls upon her shoulders. She brought to them bread, and a small basket of other provisions. "Your girl," she said, "will not come back perhaps to-day; but keep up your spirits! See what she has sent you!" After these encouraging words, the young messenger of good put into the hands of the father five francs, and then, turning round to cast a look of pity and satisfaction on the poor family, who were dumb with emotion, she disappeared.

The history of these five francs is the most remarkable part of this affair. This little benevolent fairy was, it is almost unnecessary to say, the same pitying spectator who had been addressed by the abstractor of the loaf at the police office. As soon as she had heard what was said there, she had gone away, resolved to take some meat to the poor family. But she remembered that her mamma was from home that day, and was at a loss how to procure money or food, until she bethought herself of a resource of a strange kind. She recollected that a hair-

dresser, who lived near her mother's house, and who knew her family, had often commended her beautiful hair, and had told her to come to him whenever she wished to have it cut, and he would give her a louis for it. This used to make her proud and pleased, but she now thought of it in a different way. In order to procure money for the assistance of the starving family, she went straight to the hair-dresser's, put him in mind of his promise, and offered to let him cut off all her pretty locks for what he thought them worth.

Naturally surprised by such an application, the hair-dresser, who was a kind and intelligent man, made inquiry into the cause of his young friend's visit. Her secret was easily drawn from her, and it caused the hair-dresser almost to shed tears of pleasure. He feigned to comply with the conditions proposed, and gave the bargainer fifteen francs, promising to come and claim his purchase at some future day. The little girl then got a basket, bought provisions, and set out on her errand of mercy. Before she returned, the hair-dresser had gone to her mother's, found that lady at home, and related to her the whole circumstances; so that, when the possessor of the golden tresses came back, she was gratified by being received into the open arms of her pleased and praising parent.

When the story was told at the police-office by the hair-dresser, the abstraction of the loaf was visited by no severe punishment. The singular circumstances connected with the case, raised many friends to the artisan and his family, and he was soon restored to health and comfort.

## LOOKING BACK.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

TALL shadows creep along the grassy plain,  
The silent eve succeeds the noisy day,  
The pallid moon, like a wan ghost, again  
Creeps stealthily along her upward way,  
Veiling her face at times with vapors grey.

A sadness falls upon my heart like dew—  
A pleasing sadness all unmixed with woe—  
The scene before me changes to my view,  
Thoughts of the past in a swift current flow,  
And I hear voices silenced long ago.

Faces that I had loved in boyhood's time  
Gather around and smile on me again;  
Faint, as with distance, comes the olden chime

Sounding in ears that listened long in vain,  
And well known music greets me with its strain.

I gaze and listen till my eyes grow dark,  
And tears come dropping like a Summer shower,  
For death and change have set their conquering mark  
Alike on forest tree and garden flower,  
On lowly cottage and cloud-scaling tower.

The grass grows rank above the heads of those  
Who placed my wandering feet in life's young way,  
Friends of my boyhood and my youthful foes  
Have ceased from earthly troubles many a day,  
Or dwell in other lands—far, far away.

# ZANA.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE cold dash of water on my face aroused me, and I awoke gasping for breath as if my very soul had felt the icy deluge. Only one person remained in the room, and he was so white that it seemed like awaking among the dead. A heavy weight still rested on my brain, and after a struggle or two I felt myself sinking as one falls from some precipice in a dream. All at once it appeared to me that I had been pulled back with violence: my lips burned as if a handful of thorns had been drawn across them, and again my heavy eyelids were lifted. Lady Catharine had entered the room. It was the antipathy of our natures that dragged me violently back from unconsciousness. Instantly the pang of remembrance returned, and its agony gave me strength to hear but not to move.

"Is the imp conscious yet?" said Lady Catharine, touching me with the point of her satin slipper.

"She has moved a little," answered a voice, so deep and sorrowful that my heart stood still to listen.

"Let something be done, I am sick of her! Burn feathers, bring aromatic vinegar—why, is no servant at hand?"

"You would not expose the poor child thus to our servants, mother?" was the reply.

"The poor child, indeed. George, George, this is too much! Yes, I would expose her to the lowest scullion about the place—poor child. The thief!—the——"

"Mother." My heart leaped to the stern rebuke conveyed in this single word. I broke through the leaden feeling that held me motionless and rose to my feet, reeling and half blind, but stung into life by the epithet that unwomanly lady had applied to me.

"Madam," I said, striving to sweep the mist from my eyes with one hand—"madam, you are false, body and soul. At this moment you know, as I do, that I could not steal the picture of my own mother. God gives to every child a mother,

who shall say that the shadow of mine can belong to any one else: or that if it did, I might not look at it?" She interrupted me with a bitter laugh, in sickening contrast with her usual hollow-hearted softness.

"The picture of *your* mother, and in Lord Clare's *escritoir*!" she exclaimed; "upon my word, George, her impudence is sublime."

"It was my mother!" I answered, firmly, but with a swelling heart. "George Irving you believe me."

I reached forth my hand to the young man, and he took it—held it—pressed his cold lips upon it, and thus expressed the noble trust that was in him, while she looked on.

"Mother!" and the words burst like fire through his white lips—"mother, I do believe the child innocent as God's angels!"

These words bereft me of all strength. My limbs gave way as if they had been moulded from snow, I fell at his feet, and winding my arms about his knees, gave myself up to a passion of tears.

"George Irving, undo the coil of that serpent, spurn her away, or henceforth you are no child of mine!" burst on my ears. I saw that wicked glare of her eyes, the white rage that shook her from head to foot. There was something horrid in this fiendish rage in a mother, and addressed to her only child. I took away my arms and arose.

"Madam, calm yourself," I said, gently, for his faith had filled my soul with solemn peace. "I shall touch him no more, see him probably never again. You can separate us, but I know that he believes me, it is enough!"

I left the room without another word or look, and went home.

Two days after Clare Hall was deserted. Lady Catharine and her son, with some of their guests, had departed for the Continent. He went without a word, but had I not given him up, proudly, there in the presence of his mother.

Days, weeks, months rolled on, and after this

terrible excitement my outer life became a dead calm: my intellect, for once, seemed to have lost its spring, and gave itself up to dreams. For a long time my faith in Irving remained firm: and though we never received a syllable from him, it seemed every day as if I had obtained some confirmation of his love; and I solemnly believe that no doubt would ever have arisen in my mind, but that the poison was sown there by another.

Those who know how sensibly a proud heart shrinks from the idea that even a suspicion of crime can attach to it, will not think it strange that I never mentioned the scene in Clare Hall to Turner or Maria: nor the fact that I had seen and recognized a picture of my mother.

It seemed that Lady Catharine and her son had been equally silent, for no rumor of it ever went abroad. Still one person, how I never knew, became acquainted with the humiliating secret. That person was Irving's tutor, William Morton.

There certainly do exist persons endowed with feelings so keen that they seem gifts of prophecy—intuitions that guard the soul, which but for them would be bruised and trampled under foot by the rude multitude. Are these feelings the thoughts of our guardian angels, the golden spears with which they hedge us in from harm? I know not, but it is certain no evil-minded being ever come near me that I did not feel a thrill of repulsion, certainly as light springs from flame.

True to this intuition, I never really liked this mild, self-possessed tutor. In spite of his silky manners my heart always rose against him. It certainly seemed like a prejudice, and I often tried to reason it away. No human being could be kinder than this man, there was nothing noisy or unpleasant about him; in truth, there existed persons who found his humility and deferential silence more attractive than the warm-hearted sincerity of young Irving; but I was not among them. It was for a time thought singular that this man should remain at the Hall when his friend and benefactor was away; but he sunk so quietly into the monotony of our village life, and made himself so popular, particularly with Turner and the curate, that all conjecture on the subject soon died off.

Nothing but the sensitive dislike that I felt for this man, would have enabled me to understand the stealthy and subtle advances which he made to obtain my regard. But though I could not read his motive for wishing to interest a creature isolated like myself, there was no mistaking his pertinacious endeavors. Still he never spoke out: never, to use a worldly term,

committed himself in words: thus keeping my frank nature at a disadvantage. There was no discouraging a man who expressed himself only in tones, sighs, and glances. But to a heart wholly given up to another, there is nothing so repulsive as the covert attentions that hint at love, which you never have the opportunity of receiving or crushing with a word.

At another time I might not have noticed Morton so closely, but in the listless state which follows the reaction of strong excitement, I was fit only for observation and thoughtfulness; besides, the fact that this man had been so long intimate with Irving, gave him a sort of painful fascination for me. Heart and brain I was a precocious girl, and the vigilance of my observation might have befitted an older and wiser person. Still I could not read him. Why did he wish to interest me? why was he constantly talking of me to Turner, and putting Maria under cross-questions like a lawyer? Why, above all, was he so cold toward Cora, she so strangely beautiful, so full of rustic coquetry, that a storm must have yielded to her graceful beauty?

I had the discernment to see all that suggested these questions, but lacked the power to answer them.

It seemed to me, at times, that Cora felt the evident dislike with which Morton regarded her, and was pained by it; but after the events that followed Turner's wedding, the entire confidence that had existed between us was, to a degree, broken off. I never made her my confidant in those feelings that filled my whole nature, and really regarded her as too much of a child, notwithstanding our years were nearly the same, for any curiosity regarding her girlish fancies.

At times I did remark that her eyes grew heavy as with crushed tears, and that shadows lay under them sometimes for days together; but she always burst into such passions of mocking gaiety when I grew anxious about the cause, that I was overwhelmed by it.

As the second year of Irving's absence crept on, my heart grew heavy with anxiety: I became suspicious of his faith, restless, unhappy beyond my powers of explaining. I can now trace back these feelings to looks, hints, and disjointed questions, dropped, from time to time, by Morton, with a point that stung like drops of venom, and yet with a seeming carelessness that had all the force of truth. But then I suffered greatly without knowing from what source the distrust and anguish came.

One thing is very certain. The constant presence of this man, his incessant attentions, accompanied with so much reserve, served to

keep my sweet Cora at a distance from me that was painful, but I could not force my pride to ask an explanation. No sister ever more truly loved another than I loved her. There was but one thing on earth I would not have sacrificed to her, and that was so much dearer than my own soul, I could have parted with one easily as the other.

Thus, as I have said, two years went by. Then news came that Lady Catharine and her son would soon be at the Hall. Morton gave me this intelligence one night when I was returning from the parsonage, where I had left Cora in a state of sadness that pained me, but of which she would give no explanation. "He was going that way in order to meet me," he said, and turned back in his usual quiet fashion as if to escort me home. His eyes were fixed searchingly on my face as he proclaimed his errand, and I felt that he was keenly reading my countenance.

But I had a strong will, and though the blood leaped in my heart at the thought of seeing Irving again, it did not reach my cheek or disturb a tone of my voice.

"They will be welcome," I said; "the place is but little changed."

"You are forgiving as an angel," he answered. "That last scene with Lady Catharine would have left any other heart full of bitterness."

"And who told you of that scene?" I questioned, sharply.

"Who—George Irving, of course. It sent him abroad a whole year before the time allotted to him."

"And he told you this?"

"Certainly, why not? Did you suppose me merely Irving's tutor?" he answered, with a strange smile.

"Why, what else are you?" I demanded.

"His friend—his confidant—and in some sort a connexion. The marriage of Lord Clare with the widow of my uncle, gave the property which should have been my inheritance to the Clare family. Lady Jane, in her eagerness to lavish all on her first love, forgot to be just."

"But how could you enter the family?" I inquired, amazed by what he was saying—"enter as—as—"

"As a subordinate you would say," he continued, gently. "Believe me, my reasons were good ones; Lord Clare is said to be a just man, if he proves so, Greenhurst may yet be mine."

"But I thought you were to take orders—that the Greenhurst living would be yours. Indeed I am quite certain Mr. Clark and Cora expect it."

"Do they?" he said, with a smile that struck me as sinister. "We shall see."

Something in his manner put me upon my guard that evening, and I was disinclined to continue the conversation: but he was not a man to be evaded in anything. He followed up the subject with pertinacity, and every time Irving's name was mentioned I felt his eyes penetrating to my very thoughts. As we entered the park, I was about to turn down an avenue that led to my home, but he laid one hand on my arm and gently detained me.

"Zana," he said, "listen to me—for one moment throw off this haughty reserve. It chills me—it is cruel, for you know that I love you—love you, Zana, as man never loved woman. Now before our little Eden is broken up by these haughty Clares—now while I have you all to myself, let me say it!"

I looked at him in amazement. The words he had spoken seemed like sacrilege; for, to a heart that really loves, there is a sort of profanity in expressions of passion from other than the true lips.

"Zana—Zana, you are ice—you are marble—my words freeze you—this is no answer to love like mine."

"You have said truly," I answered. "Ice, marble, anything hard and cold is all the reply that I can give—and it is feeling, for you love no more than I love you."

The man turned white and stammered forth,

"You—you wrong me. Without love why should any man seek to make you his wife?"

"True," I answered, stung by his words—"true, there is something here quite incomprehensible, but it is not love."

He broke forth into a passionate torrent of protestations, wrung my hand in his, and even attempted to throw his arms around me; but I retreated from him in dismay.

"You will not believe me," he said, standing in my path pale and breathless. "You will not even believe that I love you?"

"No, I do not believe it!"

"Who—who has poisoned your ear against me? Not that country priest; not—not—"

"No one has ever uttered a word against you in my presence," I replied.

"Perhaps not, but you are so positive—you may have been impressed with some belief of another attachment."

"No, I have never thought of the matter."

"Then you are truly indifferent?"

"I am indeed!"

"You have no regard for my feelings—no gratitude for the love that I have lavished upon

you so long. There is a cause for this, and that cause is your love for George Irving."

He looked at me with malicious scrutiny, but I had expected this, and my cheek remained cool as if he had passed an ordinary compliment.

"Inscrutable child," he muttered, "will nothing reach you?"

"You are right," I answered, without heeding his muttered comment. "It is my love for George Irving that makes me look upon all that you express as a wrong done to him; a mockery of the true feeling that lives in my heart, as rich wine fills a cup to the brim, leaving no space for a drop less pure than itself."

Oh, how my soul shrunk from the smile which he turned upon me.

"Can you, vain girl—can you for a moment think that *he* loves you?"

The blood burned in my cheeks and temples now hotly enough, but I answered proudly,

"My thoughts like my affections are my own, I refuse to share them."

He smiled again derisively.

"It is this wild dream that makes you so haughty. Dream on, I can wait!—when you awake, my homage may not seem so paltry."

He left me abruptly, and for many minutes I stood watching his dusky form as it wound slowly in and out among the chesnuts. There was something serpent-like about his progress that made me thoughtful.

Why had this man sought me, not from love, of that I was assured. Was there anything in my last scene with Lady Catharine, with which he had become acquainted, to arouse feelings of ambition or interest in a nature like his? If not, where was I to seek an explanation of his strange love-making? Now, for the first time, for hitherto my pride had kept on the outskirts of the question, I asked myself plainly why the picture of that haunting face—the face, which, without proof, I knew to be that of my mother—why it should have been found in Lord Clare's desk?

With this question came others that made my heart quail and my cheek burn; memories thronged upon me—Lady Catharine's words as she urged Turner's marriage—the half uttered sentences of George Irving—the bitter dislike which his mother evidently felt for me; all these things crowded upon my brain so close that conviction came like lightning flashes. I was Lord Clare's illegitimate child—my mother—great heavens, how the thought of that face in all its heavenly beauty burned into my brain! Amid sobs and tears, and a bitter, bitter sense of degradation my soul drew a black veil over it, and

turned away from a remembrance of its loveliness.

I could not follow up the subject. Indeed Morton was overwhelmed in the feelings that rushed upon me. I forgot to question his motives—forgot him—everything in the desolation of my shame.

I went home, but asked no questions either of Turner or his wife, they could have explained nothing that I did not fully comprehend, and my soul shrunk from the idea of speaking out its shame in words.

Now all rest forsook me. I had a craving wish to know everything—to penetrate into the centre of my parents' secret—but felt all the time that it was useless, as painful to inquire. The whole history was locked up in my own soul, I felt its weight there, but the struggle to drag it forth strained my whole being to no avail.

Then my conjectures began, as at first, to wander over that which was probable. Could George Irving continue to love a creature so disgraced—a wretched offshoot from his own proud ancestral tree? And if he did, where was the end, marriage? No, no, my own pride rose up in defence of his!—where then? Oh, how dead my heart lay as I asked the question.

In a week Lady Catharine and her son arrived, but I had no desire to see them; Turner found no difficulty now in persuading me to keep indoors. But George never sought me; I knew that the Hall rang with gaiety; that Estelle Canfield, with many other fair patricians, was filling its stately rooms with mirth and beauty, but I was forgotten. It seemed to me, at times, that my heart would break. The roundness melted from my limbs; the bloom was slowly quenching itself on my cheeks; my orphanage had never been complete till then.

But Cora was left to me—the pet and darling of my life—I was still the same to her, and she was more gentle and more lovely than ever. To my surprise the return of company to Clare Hall made little impression upon her, the girlish curiosity and excitement which had formerly annoyed me seemed extinguished in her nature. Indeed she became rather more sad than usual; and I often found her sitting alone, and so still, under the cypress tree, where her father had leaned on that funeral day.

It did not seem strange to me, this quiet sadness, thus harmonizing with the sorrow that dashed all joy from my own life. At another time I should have remarked it, but now it appeared natural as night tears do to the violet.

To Mr. Clark I sometimes opened a leaf of my

heart, but only to reveal the shadows that lay there, in abstract musings and mournful questions. At such times he soothed me with his sweet, Christian counsel, that left tears upon every blossom of my heart. Thus I become, day by day, more closely knitted to this good man and his child; and the girlish love that had been so strong merged itself into the still deeper affections of my opening womanhood. I loved them—how I loved them the reader will hereafter know!

One day, I was returning home about sunset, and alone. There was a footpath that shortened the distance across the meadows which lay between the village and Clare Park, and I threaded it wearily as one walks who has no object. The path led through the hazle thicket where my arm had been wounded. After clambering the wall I sit down among the bushes, weary, and so depressed that I longed to hide myself in their shelter even from the daylight.

I put back the lace that flowed from the short sleeves of my dress, and looked, through rushing tears, at the tiny white spot which the wound had left upon my arm. It was scarcely larger than a pearl, and to me infinitely more precious, for it came from him. It marked the reality of those love words that lay even then glowing in the bottom of my heart.

It was all over. He had gone his way in the world. I—yes, I must go mine, for to remain there in my dear old home with him so near, and yet so far away, was killing me.

I sobbed aloud, it was not often that weeping did me so much good, but everything was so still—and I grew so miserably childish that the tears fell from my eyes like dew, so profuse, but so softly that a thrush lighted on a branch close by, and, with his pretty head turned on one side, seemed regarding me with compassion. I thought of the lark's nest, where, a child, I had slept so close to death, and wished, oh, how truly, that God had taken me then.

While I sat thus lost in sorrow, a gush of wind fresh with perfume, swept through the thicket, and I heard some one wading through the tall, red clover tops, shaking off their sweetness upon the air I breathed.

I shrunk back ashamed of my tears, ashamed to be seen. But the steps approached steadily toward the wall, and I sat by the path, breathless, still hoping that the hazle branches would conceal me.

But the steps diverged a little, and the thicket was parted just before me. My breath came back in a sob, I concealed my eyes with both hands, and cowered back among the bushes.

He paused, I heard a faint exclamation, and then, then I began to sob and tremble. He was at my side half stooping, half kneeling, his arm was around me. With one hand he drew down mine and looked into my face.

"Zana—Zana!"

I looked up and smiled.

"Poor child—my poor Zana," he said, "you have suffered—you look ill—how is this? They told me that you were happy."

"Yes, so happy," I replied, yielding myself for one moment to the clasp of his arm—"so happy that it is killing me."

"Killing you," he said, laying one hand softly upon my head, and putting it back that he might see the face so changed since we met last. "In solemn truth, I believe it is: how strangely you look, Zana, how much older—how full of soul—how warm with feeling!"

I remembered why this change had been—who and where I was. What right had he, George Irving, of Clare Hall, with his arm around the illegitimate child of his uncle? No wonder his proud mother despised me—her insults were natural—but this tenderness, these looks of love—this caressing arm—what insult could she offer so burning as that?

The fire of this thought flashed through my veins. I sprang up and cast his arm away.

"You have no right—I do not belong to you—never can—never, never!" I exclaimed, "you know it, and yet do this!"

"I did not believe it before, not wholly, not entirely, the suspicion was too dreadful," he answered, turning white. "I will not think it the truth even yet, till your lips utter it in words."

"Why should I? You know that it is so, that a barrier of iron rests between your love and mine."

"It is enough!" he answered, turning still more deathly pale. "Zana, it is enough, you have stung me to the soul."

"I have not imparted to you any portion of my shame," I answered, with bitter tears.

He started as if a viper had stung him.

"Your shame, Zana—your shame. Speak out, girl—if another had said that word—"

We both started. He broke off sharply. Morten had crept, unseen, close to his elbow.

"Ha, Irving—so you have found the lady bird in her nest! Hasn't she grown to be a bird of Paradise, but sly as ever; ain't you, Zana?"

I stood, in astonishment, gazing at him, without uttering a word. This audacity took away my breath.

"I have just come from the parsonage," he continued, with a quiet smile, addressing George.

"My bird of birds had flown, but I left the beautiful Cora waiting with great impatience."

Irving gave me a look that made me almost cry out—turned, leaped the wall with a single bound, and left me alone with that reptile.

He looked after George with a smile that died coldly on his lips beneath my searching glance.

"What is this?" I questioned, "your manner has changed, sir. "It insults—it offends me!"

"What, you are angry because I have driven away that boyish profligate," he answered; "the lover of Cora, the betrothed of Estelle."

"It is false," I cried, full of indignation.

"Ask Lady Catharine!" he replied, sneering.

"I will ask himself," I answered.

"Then you have promised another meeting, it will be a good excuse. But let me warn you, a second private appointment of this kind may reach Lady Catharine, I have but to drop a hint even now, and you are driven ignominiously from the estate; while he—perhaps you have forgotten that but for the bounty of his uncle—and Lady Catharine Irving—he is a beggar."

Oh, how the wretch tortured me, I felt every word he spoke like the wrench of cold iron. "Let me pass, I would go home," I said, faint with anger and disgust.

He stepped aside smiling coldly. "But first," I said, pausing, "you spoke of Cora, my friend, my sister, and of him—this must be explained."

"I have said my say," was his cold answer.

"Then I will ask him!"

"Of course he will confess all. It is so natural to urge a suit with one lady, while you make her the confidant of your love for another; really your village beauties know how to deal with men who have learned morality in Paris, and love-making at Vienna."

"But I will tell Cora of this slander."

He smiled. "Is it slander to say that a pretty angel like Cora Clark has captivated a roving young fellow of Irving's taste?"

"But it is untrue, I will question her."

"I have a great idea of unsophisticated innocence, village simplicity, and all that, Miss Zana, but really permit me to doubt if Miss Cora Clark makes you the confidant of her little love affairs."

"She has none, she never had," I exclaimed, with jealous anger.

He laughed again. The sound stung me like an arrow, I turned away, sprang over the wall, and walked along the footpath back to the parsonage. My progress grew slower and slower as I fell into thought, for a remembrance of the change in Cora's manner oppressed me. I came in sight of the parlor window. The glow of Cora's golden hair shone through the dusky green of the ivy leaves as she leaned out, shading her eyes with one hand as if to be certain that she saw aright. She drew back, and directly after I caught a glimpse of some male figure gliding around a corner of the church rapidly as if to avoid observation. The figure was too slight for Mr. Clark, and at first I strove to convince myself that it might be Morton, himself, who had outwalked me, concealed by a hedge that ran near and parallel with the footpath; but I cast the auspicion from me on reflecting upon the coldness, even dislike which had uniformly marked his acquaintance with my beautiful girl.

I entered the little parlor, panting, but resolute. Cora rose to receive me, a good deal flushed, and with a look about the eyes as if she had been agitated and weeping. She did not ask the reason of my sudden return, but fixed her blue eyes with a look of affright on my face as if prepared for, and dreading what I was about to say.

At the time, this did not strike me, but in after days I remembered it well.

"Cora," I said, disarmed by the look of trouble on her sweet face—"Cora, my sister, tell me, who was it that just left you?"

"Why do you ask? No one—no one has left the cottage. You—you found me alone!"

"And have you been alone all the time since I went away?" I inquired.

"I—I—not quite, my father was here. But why do you ask such questions?"

Her eyes filled, and her sweet lips began to tremble, as they always did when grieved, since she was a little child. "Tell me one thing, Cora, was it George Irving whom I just saw going round the church."

"You saw him then," she said, turning pale, and sinking to her chair. "Oh, Zana."

I too sunk upon a chair, and we sat gazing into each others pale face till both burst into tears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE RISING MOON.

THE moon is rising, silver bright,

Behind the ancient mill.

Her calm, wan face, her gentle light,

Make Heav'n itself more still.

'Tis nights like these that raise our souls

With holy thoughts on high.

Oh! where yon shining planet rolls

For angel wings to fly.

F. H. S.



## ONLY A RUSTIC BEAUTY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"WHAT a lovely creature."

The speaker was one of two young men, who were sauntering along the road, not far from the little village of Woodleigh, and who, from their dress and air, were evidently city-bred, and probably rich.

"Where?" said his companion.

"Yonder, in that cottage porch, half hidden by honeysuckles. What a shape, what a face, and what an almost divine expression in those eyes."

"Pooh," replied his companion, after a contemptuous stare in the direction indicated, "she's only a rustic beauty. I thought, from the enthusiasm with which you spoke, that you had discovered some city belle, up here among the hills: and gad! I was overjoyed at the very thought. I'm tired of seeing girls that can't do anything but milk cows and weed potatoes."

"You're a puppy," bluntly said the other, "and deserve to be jilted, if ever you love, for speaking so scornfully of any portion of the sex. For my part I honor womanhood wherever I find it. And a refined female I revere, with my whole soul, whether she is town or country bred. Conventional polish is one thing; but real ladyhood another: and the latter is as often found in a cottage as in a West End mansion. I'll wager my life," continued the speaker, enthusiastically, "that the soul, which beams from yonder face, is one of heaven's finest mould. Only a rustic beauty! No, sir, she's a woman to love, to worship, to take counsel with, to share your joy and sorrow, sickness and health, poverty and fortune forever, or I know nothing of the expression of a face. I haven't seen so fresh and pure a countenance for years, if ever, though I have often dreamed of such. I'll seek her acquaintance, that I'm resolved on."

"I vow," said his companion, "you're the most romantic fellow I know. But you were always so, Hastings. Take care, however, what you do. Rant about this rustic beauty, if you will, as much as you please; but don't disgrace your name by marrying an under-bred country girl: we're cousins, remember, and I've an interest in keeping our aristocratic lineage pure."

Hastings gave the speaker a look of contempt, but was silent. Shortly after, the walk terminated

at the hotel, where the two young men were spending a fortnight; and for the rest of the day the two cousins saw no more of each other.

Our readers have an idea, from this slight sketch, of the characters of the two young men. Both were lawyers in one of our great Atlantic cities: but both, as is often the case, too wealthy to render labor necessary. They were practically, therefore, men of leisure. Their relationship, and their common social position, threw them together a good deal; but no two could have been really more dissimilar. Hastings was fond of literature, a judge of art, and accomplished generally in the highest sense. His cousin was a fop, and little better than a fool.

Several days elapsed. Hastings, who had made acquaintance, through his affable manners, with several of the best people in the village, and whose native-born stamp of gentility and honor gave all confidence in him, had no difficulty in procuring an introduction to Amy Norton, the fair girl whom he had so much admired. She was the only child of a widow, the early death of whose husband, a clergyman, had left her in comparatively straitened circumstances. The education which Amy had received had been principally imparted at home. Mrs. Norton, however, was a good musician and something of a linguist, so that her daughter was not wholly wanting in accomplishments. But it was in the solid parts of an education that Amy excelled. The thousand things, which every woman ought to know, but which no mere boarding-school education can impart, she had thoroughly mastered. She was qualified, in a word, to be a helpmate, not a costly embarrassment, to whomsoever should be fortunate enough to win her love. Thoroughly competent in household arts, an experienced nurse in sickness, an intelligent companion, a sensible adviser, few girls of her age were as competent to perform so well the practical duties of life. Her grace, her quick wit, and her great personal beauty were qualities, less directly useful, but in their way as valuable. What wonder that Hastings loved this charming girl, or that, in spite of the continued raillery of his cousin, he finally offered himself!

"I tell you, you're a born fool," angrily said that cousin, on hearing the announcement of the

engagement. "You often lecture me, as if I was a school boy; but, gad! you're twice the dunce I am. You'll disgrace the family forever with this vulgar rustic beauty."

Hastings, coloring with indignation, which, however, he suppressed, answered,

"Stay, remember you speak of her who is to be my wife, and don't anger me too far. As for Miss Norton disgracing my family, I for one, consider myself honored by her consent: I have feared, this week past, that I was not worthy of her, that this happiness was too great for me."

His cousin stroked his moustache, and replied,

"Well, I don't wish to quarrel, my good fellow. Since the thing's done, I suppose I must speak respectfully of your intended wife: but really you can't deny that she hasn't a penny, doesn't know how to polk, and was never at a fashionable ball in her life. How *will* she behave."

Hastings gave a look of withering contempt at his cousin, and, for a moment, seemed to disdain answering. At last, however, he concluded to speak.

"Once for all," were his words, "let me say that you and I have different ideas of what is desirable in a wife. You wish wealth, fashion, and empty accomplishments. I wish a loving

heart and cultivated intellect, and with these two, even though conventional accomplishments may be absent at first, I shall have, in a few years, a more elegant lady for my wife, even according to your own standard, than can ever be obtained in your way. Miss Norton has already all the solid qualifications for a life-long companion, with a good constitution in addition, no light thing in a wife. She has beauty and intellect, and will soon acquire every necessary accomplishment. You'll probably marry Miss Adams. She's an heiress, and was educated at a fashionable school. But, I challenge you, in five years, to see which of our wives will have the lead in society."

The conversation here ceased, nor was it ever renewed. The two young men married the women of their respective choice, and the five years, spoken of by Hastings, have just closed. The fashionably bred lady is an insipid valetudinarian, so peevish that her husband has no happiness, or even comfort. But the star of the first society, in the great city of —, the most intellectual, accomplished, graceful and beautiful woman there, is the wife of Hastings, she who was once called contemptuously **ONLY A RUSTIC BEAUTY.**

## HOP PICKING.

BY JANE WEAVER.

Away to the hop-field!  
The harvest has come.  
We'll bring the bright fruitage  
Rejoicingly home.  
With laughter and singing  
We'll strip the gay vines,  
Nor envy those delving  
For gold in the mines.

See! yonder they're crowning  
Our dear little Grace.  
From bright fragrant blossoms,  
Peeps out her sweet face.  
Her roguish eyes twinkle  
To see us so near.  
Oh! come to the hop-field,  
The harvest is here.

## EVA AND THE LUTE.

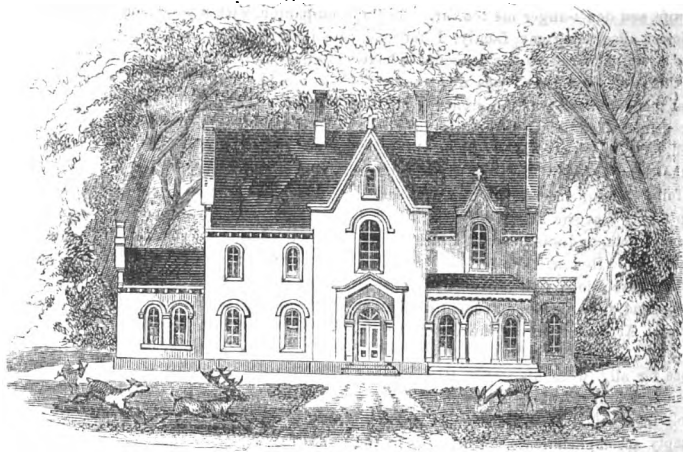
BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

SHE gently, softly touched the lute,  
It breathed a sweet and fairy sound—  
And Eva sat astonished, mute,  
As dreamily she gazed around;  
Then once again all wondering  
At the enchanting strain she heard,

She struck a sweeter, softer string,  
Which faintly warbled like a bird:  
As angel music o'er her soul,  
Its fairy cadence softly stole—  
Entranced, and wondering, and mute,  
Sat Eva—gazing at the lute.

# COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

## DESIGN FOR A VILLA IN THE BYZANTINE STYLE.



THE Byzantine style, is a mode of architecture very little practised yet in this country, and even the term may be unknown to some of our readers. In making the composition here presented, therefore, we have endeavored to show as much of the character of the style as was possible, without entering into any extravagance of construction or detail. In the arrangement of the ground plan, the designer thinks he has been very successful, the accommodation being both handsome and convenient. A fine effect will be produced on entering the hall, by the vista through to the bow-window, at the end of the drawing-room, especially if the latter be filled with stained glass of mellow and harmonious colors. The hall is designed to be used as a room in connexion with the drawing-room; and it will have a fine effect when the sliding doors are opened. The library is agreeably placed; the verandas on each side, and the bay-window on the other, will make it in the summer-time very pleasant and lively. The drawing-room is of a good size for a villa of this class, and it cannot fail, if well treated, in regard to furniture and decoration, to please a refined taste. The dining-room is placed very convenient, and has an excellent communication with the kitchen. The stairs are entirely private, and I think their arrangement in the plan better than if they were in the hall.

The part of the building where the kitchen is located, is only carried up one story: the garret above it will make a nice apartment for a domestic, or may be used as a store-room, and entered through the bath-room; or, better, by a small passage. There is a spacious and well-lighted pantry attached to the kitchen. The veranda attached to it will be of great convenience, and will decidedly add to the exterior appearance of this part of the building.

The second floor is divided into four large bed-rooms, and each furnished with a closet; the size of each of them may be seen on the annexed measurement. There will be some good garrets, well-lighted and ventilated.

There may be a cellar under the whole house, or under part of it, and reached from the first story by a flight of steps, under the principal story.

This building ought to be of stone. It does not, however, demand smooth ashlar, but will look better if laid in common quarry stone, and even if laid in random courses, it will add to the quaintness of effect.

The roof of this villa may be covered with diamond slate, as shown in the design, or the same effect may be produced by cutting large shingles in diagonal patterns.

The first story should be thirteen feet high in the clear, to give a proper proportion to the

rooms; the second story should be ten feet high.

All the rooms in the interior of this house should be finished with oak wainscot, or wood grained to resemble it; and the effect aimed at should be something between modern luxury and the quaintness of the antique Byzantine architecture. Only simple, bold, and characteristic ornaments and mouldings should be introduced in the interior of this villa, as its exterior indicates simplicity rather than variety of detail.

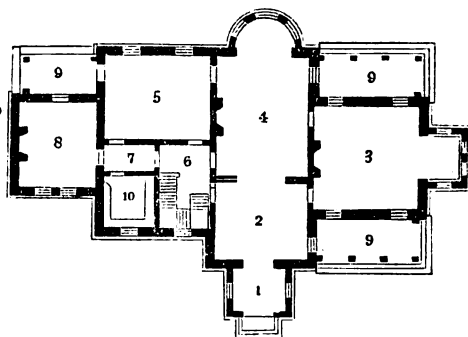
### DIMENSIONS.

#### PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

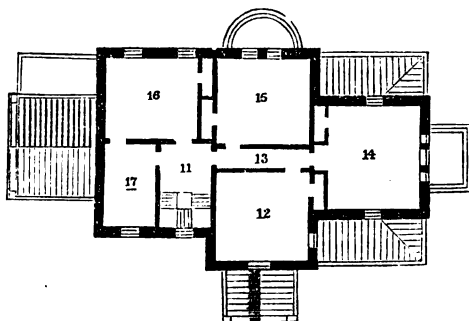
|                    | FEET.   |
|--------------------|---------|
| 1. Porch, - - -    | 8 X 10  |
| 2. Hall, - - -     | 15 X 18 |
| 3. Library, - - -  | 20 X 20 |
| 4. Drawing-room, - | 18 X 24 |
| 5. Dining-room, -  | 18 X 21 |
| 6. Staircase, - -  | 10 X 17 |
| 7. Passage, - - -  | 4 X 10  |
| 8. Kitchen, - - -  | 16 X 18 |
| 9. Veranda, - - -  | 8 X 20  |
| 10. Pantry, - - -  | 10 X 12 |

#### SECOND FLOOR.

|                    |         |
|--------------------|---------|
| 11. Staircase, - - | 10 X 17 |
| 12. Bed-room, - -  | 15 X 18 |
| 13. Passage, - - - | 4 X 18  |
| 14. Bed-room, - -  | 17 X 20 |
| 15. Bed-room, - -  | 15 X 18 |
| 16. Bed-room, - -  | 18 X 18 |
| 17. Bath-room, - - | 10 X 17 |



GROUND PLAN.



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

### STANZAS.

BY MRS. C. M. CRISWELL.

I CANNOT see thee, my beloved,  
I cannot see thee now;  
I cannot feel thy beaming glance,  
Nor gaze upon thy brow.  
Alas! what wretchedness is mine,  
To be deprived of thee—  
Thy presence, love, to me is bliss,  
Thine absence misery.

Oh, could I for one moment look  
Upon thy gentle face,  
That single glance would from my heart  
All gloom, all sadness chase.  
But no! I may not, must not hope  
Such happiness to own—  
I cannot see thee, my beloved,  
Then, let me weep—alone!

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**WASH YOUR OWN LACES.**—The difficulty of getting lace washed right, especially out of a great city, is very great. Every lady should, therefore, know how to wash her own thread laces. If any fair reader is ignorant of this art, we can teach her, in very few words. Let her first rip off the lace, carefully pick out the loose bits of thread, and roll the lace very smoothly and securely round a clean black bottle, previously covered with old white linen, sewed tightly on. Tack each end of the lace with a needle and thread, to keep it smooth; and be careful in wrapping not to crumple or fold in any of the scallops or pearlings. After it is on the bottle, take some of the *best* sweet oil, and with a clean sponge wet the lace thoroughly to the inmost folds. Have ready in a wash-kettle, a strong *cold* lather of clear water and white Castile soap. Fill the bottle with cold water, to prevent its bursting, cork it well, and stand it upright in the suds, with a string round the neck secured to the ears or handle of the kettle, to prevent its knocking about and breaking while over the fire. Let it boil in the suds for an hour or more, till the lace is clean and white all through. Drain off the suds, and dry it on the bottle in the sun. When dry, remove the lace from the bottle and roll it round a wide ribbon-block; or lay it in long folds, place it within a sheet of smooth white paper, and press it in a large book for a few days.

**NEW STYLES OF RIDING HABITS.**—Riding on horseback has become, of late years, even more fashionable in France than here. Consequently in Paris, great care and attention are bestowed by the tailors, on the make of the habits, which partake, in their decorations, of the present extravagant style of costume. "Many of the riding-habits," says a correspondent of a daily journal, "are copied from the portraits in the gallery of Versailles, of the reigns of Louis XIII and Louis XV. I have lately seen one of the last mentioned era destined for one of the ladies of the court. It is composed of green cloth trimmed with gold lace, the body fastened from the throat to the waist by gold buttons, and brandenbourgs of gold lace ornamenting the corsage. The lapets are very long, and the gold lace is sewed flat round the pockets. The tight sleeves, with escutcheon cuffs, are sufficiently short to admit of the white under-sleeves forming a puff round the waist. A ruff plated *a la Henri Quatre* stands about two inches above the collar; the costume is completed by a black beaver hat, looped at both sides with a gold band and a black feather, fastened in front, passing round the crown and drooping behind."

**BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS.**—Messrs. Pettridge & Co., Nos. 5 State, and 72 Washington, streets, Boston, advertise a wash for removing tan, pimples, and freckles from the face, under the poetical name of "The Balm of a Thousand Flowers." They offer a reward of five hundred dollars to any person, who can produce an article, equal to "The Balm," for beautifying the skin. The price is one dollar a bottle, or fifty cents a half bottle. Remittances may be made from the country, when the bottle, or bottles, will be sent by return of express. Messrs. Pettridge & Co. announce, in a card before us, that if, in such cases, the article does not prove satisfactory, the money will be returned.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Works of Shakspeare. Reprinted from the Newly-Discovered folio of 1632 in possession of J. Payne Collier. Nos. I, II, III, IV and V. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—In a former number of this Magazine, we spoke at large on the merit of these emendations. We are glad to see that Mr. Redfield has thus early begun an edition of Shakspeare, with the corrections inserted in the text: if we may venture a prediction, ten copies of this edition will hereafter be sold, to one copy of any other. In fact, every lover of Shakspeare, no matter how many other editions he may have, must possess himself of this, or want the most perfect of all the editions. The whole work is to be completed in sixteen weekly parts, each part to contain about sixty-four pages, and to be sold at twenty cents only. A portrait of Shakspeare on steel, a vignette title-page, and a *fac simile* of the old folio will be given, in future numbers, as illustrations. The type is large and clear, and set in double columns like this Magazine, so that compactness and elegance are realized. Subscriptions, either for a single number, or for the entire set, are received in Philadelphia by W. B. Zeiber, to whom they may be sent by mail, or otherwise, with a certainty of their receiving punctual attention.

*Life and Letters of Stephen Olin, D. D., LL. D. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The late Dr. Olin was a man whose reputation, disdaining the fetters of a single sect, extended through all the churches in America. The present work presents a lucid account of his life. Liberal use has been made of his correspondence, and with an excellent result. We see the Christian, the minister, the husband, and the friend, as developed by his own letters, written in the free confidence of private intercourse. It is a capital memoir. A good likeness accompanies the work.

*English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century.* By W. M. Thackeray. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here the series of lectures, which Thackeray, during last winter, delivered in the principal cities of the United States. The lecture on "Charity and Humor," which was written for a special occasion in New York, and which contains the celebrated eulogium on Dickens, is also included in the volume. The thousands, who were deprived of the pleasure of hearing these lectures, will hail the appearance of this book with delight. Even those who listened to them, remembering the rare intellectual banquet they afforded, will seek to renew their gratification, by adding the work to their library. Swift, Addison, Congreve, Pope, Steele, Sterne and Goldsmith, live again in these pages. No one can call himself, or herself, familiar with the eighteenth century, who has not read these lectures, and even studied them. The volume is published in neat style.

*The Old Forest Ranger; or, Wild Sports in India.* By Walter Campbell. 1 vol. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—The authorship of this volume is full of inspiration. One absolutely partakes of the wild excitement of the hunt, sees the glowing scenery, and looks upon the burning skies of the East, while reading it. Herbert, a sportsman heart and soul, is the editor, and the book is rich in engravings. But its crowning beauty is the typography. We really have seen nothing this year more beautiful. It is an honor, and will be a profit, to these enterprising publishers, that they are getting out books from the very best authors almost exclusively now, and getting them out in the best fashion too. Success to them! Their taste and enterprise deserve it.

*The Boyhood of Great Men.* 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The idea of this book is a capital one, and capitally has it been carried out. Nothing stimulates a lad like stories of the boyhood of men who have become great. The early lives of Scott, Gibbon, Mansfield, Canning, Johnson, Nelson, and others, are told, in these pages, in a deeply interesting style. The book has, however, one serious fault. Its subjects are too exclusively English. Not a single American is contained in its list. Yet surely the early lives of Franklin, Rittenhouse, Sherman, Jackson, and others, are both absorbing and instructive. The volume is neatly printed.

*Civil Wars and Monarchy in France.* By Leopold Ranke. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The historian of the Popes has found, in this new theme, a subject worthy of his powers. The theme has also obtained, in its chronicler, a writer adequate to its treatment. The particular period of French annals chosen by Professor Ranke is the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so that the work might, more justly, have been called the history of the religious wars of France. It is a noble work, and will become a standard one. The translation is by M. A. Garrey.

*Six Years Later; or, The Taking of the Bastille.* By Alexander Dumas. Vol. II. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The concluding portion of this thrilling romance has just been translated, and is now issued by T. B. Peterson in a style to match the former volumes of the series. It will be recollected that "Six Years Later" is the conclusion of the "Memoirs of a Physician," of which the principal personage is Cagliostro, other prominent figures being Marie Antoinette, the Cardinal de Rohan, and the Duc de Richelieu. The events of this volume, as of the preceding ones, are historical. But Dumas manages to render his historical novels more interesting than those entirely fictitious; and this without departing from the accredited narratives of the age of which he writes.

*Home Pictures.* By Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this delightful volume, we have a series of pictures of home, as if written by a lady from the country, married to a city merchant. Mrs. Denison is one of the editors of the Boston "Olive Branch," and has earned an enviable fame as a popular writer. Most of the present book has appeared in that paper already; but the sketches have been thoroughly revised, and moreover will amply repay even a second perusal.

*Carlotta and the Jesuits.* 1 vol. New York: J. S. Taylor.—We learn that this book is meeting with a rapid sale, and has gone to a second edition. With some minor faults, it has touches of real genius, and pictures that nothing but an artist, either with pen or pencil, could have drawn. The Italian scenery is natural as nature itself. For a man who does not write in his mother tongue, the style of this book is remarkably correct.

*The Old House by the River.* By the author of the "Owl Creek Letters." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The style of this volume reminds us of Washington Irving. The book is full of charming pictures of rural life; while a fine sense of the moral, and even of the religious, sentiment, pervades its pages. The scene is laid on Long Island. We commend the volume to all readers of taste.

*Wild Oats, Sown Abroad; or, On and Off Soundings.* By a Gentleman of Leisure. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This work comes to us highly recommended. We have not, however, had time yet to peruse it ourselves; but shall endeavor to do so before our next number appears. It is handsomely printed, and bound in embossed cloth.

*Vivian Grey.* By B. D'Israeli. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We are glad to see this brilliant novel republished, especially in so cheap, yet neat a style. At its original appearance it produced a sensation almost as great as *Ivanhoe*, and indeed laid the foundation of the fame to which its author has subsequently risen.

*Mary Moreton.* By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A story of American life, turning on a broken promise. It is published in cheap style.

## USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*Imitation of Preserved Ginger.*—Procure some very young carrots of a yellow color; well scrape, and cut them in halves, and then cut in the shape of the cloves of West India preserved ginger; parboil carefully, not to allow them to break or lose their shapes; drain well from water and set them on the back of a sieve all night. Next day weigh them and put them into a stewpan with their own weight of syrup of ginger, and let it simmer gently, over a slow fire, for four hours. Fill the preserve pots, taking care to distribute the vegetables and the liquor in fair proportions. Tie down with bladder, and let the jars stand on the hob for a couple of days. This preserve improves by keeping.

*To Dry Flowers.*—A great many flowers may be completely dried, with all their colors preserved, by burying them for some time in hot sand; place the flowers erect in a vessel capable of bearing heat, and pour hot sand around them so as not to disturb their shapes. Put in an oven gently heated, and keep them there till they are thoroughly dried.

*To Take Fresh Paint out of a Coat.*—Take immediately a piece of cloth, and rub the wrong side of it on the paint spot. If no other cloth is at hand, part of the inside of the coat-skirt will do. This simple application will generally remove the paint when quite fresh. Otherwise, rub some ether on the spot with your finger.

*To Iron Silk.*—Silk cannot be ironed smoothly, so as to press out all the creases, without first sprinkling it with water, and rolling it up tightly in a towel, letting it rest for an hour or two. If the iron is in the least too hot, it will injure the color, and it should first be tried on an old piece of the same silk.

*American Honey Wine.*—Honey, twenty pounds; cider, twelve gallons—ferment; then add of rum and brandy, each, half a gallon, red or white tartar dissolved, six ounces; bitter almonds and cloves, of each, quarter of an ounce.

*Chinese Cement.*—Dissolve shellac in enough rectified spirits to make it the consistence of molasses. Used to mend glass, china, or fancy wooden ornaments.

*The warmth* of the hands in working silk embroidery may be obviated by washing them in hot water with a good deal of bran in it. Use an ivory thimble.

## FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—GENTLEMAN'S SHOOTING JACKET of green and black striped cassimere. Pantaloon of dark green plaid, and white felt hat.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY OR SEA-SIDE, of foulard silk, with a white ground and blue flowers scattered over it. Skirt full and plain. Mantilla of the same material as the silk, with a deep riband quilling around it. A bonnet of brown barege, slightly drawn, and having a deep cape behind to protect the neck. A bow of brown riband with long ends is placed just above the cape.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is but little change in the way of making dresses for August. Nearly all bodies are completely open down the front. When a lady does not adopt this style, she has no alternative but to have a high body with three plaits in the side. We see very few just now that do not belong to one or other of these categories.

Dresses for out-of-doors should have the waist round, with very little tendency to form a point; they have lappets which are often trimmed with a deep lace, the scalloped edges of which reach down to the top of the first flounce on the skirt.

Bows are quite the rage at the present time; they are stuck on habit-shirts, between the opening of the body, on the sleeves, on the skirts, in fact every where. It is a fine thing for the riband weavers, for never have their beautiful productions been more lavishly employed.

The remark respecting ribbon may be applied with equal justice to all kinds of trimmings, for dress-makers now use them lavishly; ribbons, lace, galloons, fringes, embroideries, are blended to form most charming dresses. Wide ribbons for sashes are also very much worn.

PELISSES made in muslin are well adapted for the country or the sea-side. There are several of plain muslin, trimmed at the bottom with a wide flounce in deep pointed scallops descending to the knee. Above this flounce is another, half the depth. A bouillonne of muslin, with a covered ribbon run through it, is placed on the top of each flounce, and trims the front edges of the pelisse, the shoulder seams and round the throat. The sleeves, which are rather large and only reach to the elbow, are trimmed with two flounces; the bottom one falling as low as the hand, fastened upon the inside of the arm with a bow. Below the bouillonne which encircles the shoulder is a deep flounce, forming a pelerine, and reaching the trimming on the sleeves. The front trimming lessens as it approaches the throat, and is slightly gathered. There are others of embroidered batiste, trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes lace.

MANY of these pelisses have hoods, which cover the neck-piece and form a pelerine trimmed with a very deep lace, which serve as a vest when the hood is raised over the head; they are lined with pink or blue taffeta, and are exceedingly handsome; but the height of elegance is to have them lined with pink or blue gauze.

LACE is used on everything on which it is possible to place it. Were all the lace now worn at Paris sewed into one piece, it would be large enough to make a veil for the world. Ladies are covered with it: lace mantillas, lace flounces, lace sleeves, lace shawls. Some flounces are almost deep enough to pass for skirts, which is perhaps owing to the recent introduction of Cambrai lace, the prodigy of the nineteenth century. The Cambrai lace and guipure are both exceedingly cheap, though stronger than the others; they are made of the very finest materials, and by machinery.



LES MODES PARISIENNES

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1853.

No. 3.

## "MUSIC AND LOVE."

BY JAMES H. DANA.

It was a picture of more than Arcadian beauty. A lovely greenwood bank, covered with rich, thick grass, and in the back-ground a lake and silver cascade, the rustling of leaves and the murmur of water filling the air with music.

Three persons occupied this picture, reclining on the grass, as the lords and ladies did in Baccaccio's garden. They were dressed in the picturesque style of their time, which was that of the seventeenth century. The ladies were attired not very dissimilar indeed from the present fashion. But the gentleman, for there was only one, wore a deep lace collar, rosettes in his shoes, and other ornaments of the luxurious and still half poetic age, that succeeded to the steel clad era of chivalry.

The lovelier of the two females reclined in the centre of the group, while a female companion assisted her to hold a music book. But her eyes, and what magnificent eyes they were! as often strayed to the cavalier on her left, who, on his part, seemed to study her fair countenance far more earnestly than the page. At times they joined in a duet, the gentleman accompanying the lady on his guitar: and at times they chatted pleasantly together; but they were as frequently silent, looking now at the landscape, and then furtively at each other, blushing when their eyes encountered, and looking suddenly off, only to detect each other looking furtively again.

It needed no sage's eye to divine, from these signs, that they were lovers. The Lady Beatrice was, indeed, one whom it would be impossible to know without loving. Born and brought up in a distant province of the South of France, she knew nothing of the hollowness of courts, or the follies of fashion, but was all innocence, gaiety, grace, health, modesty, and beauty. Her life, until the last few weeks, had been spent in doing good among the poor on her father's estates, in

going to the chapel, in reading the ponderous old romances in the castle library, and in living among the woods and fields. But, all at once, a new world had opened upon her. One day, while about to step into the little boat, with which she and her foster-sister navigated the lake, her foot had slipped, and she had fallen in. The water was deep, and she disappeared instantly. Her companion, frightened out of all self-possession, could only scream, so that the Lady Beatrice would, perhaps, have been drowned, if the scream had not arrested the attention of a cavalier who happened to be passing, and who, rushing to the spot, rescued the beautiful girl, and bore her to a neighboring cottage.

When the Lady Beatrice, restored to consciousness by the peasant's wife; and by the exertions of her foster-sister, would have thanked her preserver, he was gone. But, a few days after, when she had entirely recovered from her accident, she revisited the scene of it; and here encountered the stranger. He bowed respectfully to her, and ventured to ask after her health. She could not but answer kindly, and even add, in a few embarrassed words, how grateful she was to him. The interview, thus begun, was protracted, and led to many others. There was such a sympathy between the mind of the Lady Beatrice and that of the cavalier; he was so respectful, yet so eloquent, so handsome, yet so courtly; the time they were together seemed so short, and the hours they were separated appeared so long, that, at last, and unconsciously almost, the interviews grew longer and more frequent, until finally the Lady Beatrice went every day to the green bank below the waterfall, and there met, every day, the cavalier, though without any formal appointment. She did this, without interference from any one. Her mother was long

dead, and her sire, occupied in affairs of his own, never visited this secluded part of his estate, and never missed his daughter if she was present at the usual twilight meal.

"You are sad, to-day," said the cavalier, after a long interval of silence.

"And you? You are sad too," she said, tenderly.

"Is it not enough to make me sad to see you so?" was the evasive reply. "Oh! Beatrice, dear Beatrice," he whispered, looking up into her face, "can you not confide in me?"

Her foster-sister, during these words, had moved away to a little distance, ostensibly to pluck flowers, but really to allow the lovers to converse, for she knew what it was that preyed on the mind of her mistress, and she thought that, perhaps, the cavalier, if he discovered it, might suggest some mode of relief.

"Oh! don't ask me," said the Lady Beatrice, at this appeal. "It will break your heart, as it is breaking mine. That is, that is," she stammered, blushing, "if what you say of loving me is true." And she burst into tears.

The cavalier made no reply, for a while, except to put his arm reverentially around his companion, and draw her head gently toward him, till it rested on his bosom. Then he soothed her with kisses and murmured words of endearment, till the tears ceased gradually, and she was in a calmer mood. After this, it required but a little persuasive tact, which he seemed to possess by nature, to win her secret from her.

It was a heart-breaking one, as she had said, and as she now often repeated, with renewed sobs, during the recital. Like many other noble maidens, the Lady Beatrice had been betrothed, in childhood, to the heir of her sire's favorite companion in arms; and now the time had come, as her father had announced to her the preceding evening, to fulfil this contract. This was the secret.

"I had utterly forgotten that I was under such an agreement," she said, weeping, in conclusion, "till my parent reminded me of it, to-night. And to-morrow the Count Regnauld is to arrive. Oh! that we had never met."

Her lover, by this time, was not less agitated than herself. But he strove to comfort her, suggesting, among other things, an appeal to her father for delay.

"It would be useless," answered his companion, despondingly. "I know my father. He would see me die at the altar before he would break his promise once given."

"Not if I was to go to him, and beseech delay, telling him that, when I had won renown, and

could bring wealth to endow you with, I would return and claim you. My lineage is good; at least as good as Count Regnauld's, and better than that of nine-tenths of our modern nobility. Come, dearest, let me try. I have said nothing heretofore of my birth, nor even of my family name, for I know you loved me for myself alone. But, as a man, who has seen the world, I should have known that this dream of happiness must come to an end; that there were others to satisfy beside yourself; and that——"

"No, no, no," interrupted his companion, "you must not, shall not go. You know not what my father is when enraged. It will only end in his challenging you——"

"I will not draw my sword on your parent. How could you think I would."

"Then this Count Regnauld will seek you out, and will insult you, so that him you will have to meet. They will kill you, I know. Oh! if you ever loved me, swear you will abandon this scheme."

"I cannot," answered her lover, after a moment's hesitation, his countenance greatly agitated. "Ask anything else, and I will grant it. But this I cannot."

The Lady Beatrice dried her tears. She was as haughty as she was loving. It was the first boon she had ever asked, and its refusal called the blood to her cheek.

"Then I bid you farewell," she said, disengaging herself, and rising.

"But my honor?" The speaker rose, agitated, and looked beseechingly at her.

"If a man cannot surrender his honor, in a case like this, when a lady asks it, he is unworthy of her." She spoke coldly, almost disdainfully, and moved away.

"But hear me, only a word," urged her lover, following her. "If I do not appear, you are lost to me forever."

But the Lady Beatrice did not even look back. She was, in truth, afraid to trust herself. Her anger was ready to give way at his appealing words. But she reflected that, perhaps, it was better to part thus: he would the sooner forget her, if he thought her unjust; and so she resolutely walked on, nor deigned even a glance, oh! how bitterly to repent it, when, at night, she found herself alone in her chamber, and thought how cruel she must have seemed to him.

"Holy mother," she said, at last, toward morning, with many a wild sob, "be with him and bless him through life. Make him happy with some one he can love."

She did not pray for herself, she could not. It seemed to her as if that would be profanation,

for she, at least, could never be happy. And with this desolate feeling at her heart she sank, about daybreak, into a stupified sleep.

Meantime the castle was all in an uproar. A courier had arrived announcing the approach of the expected guest, who was already close at hand, and would arrive in less than an hour. The marquis rose, at once, to welcome the count. He ordered a sumptuous breakfast to be prepared, and his daughter to be roused, while he himself set forward, with several attendants, to meet her suitor.

The Lady Beatrice accordingly had scarcely fallen asleep, when she was woken by her hand-maidens to hear her father's commands. Never did criminal, on the morning of his execution, feel so utterly hopeless as she did now. The very sky, that to others was brilliant almost beyond example, appeared to her as if covered with a pall. Could she have closed her eyes, never to open them again, it would have been a blessing above price. But no! there was no escape for her, even the grave would not be her friend. So she yielded passively to her tire-women, and was decked in her choicest apparel, unconscious all the while of what they were arraying her in, conscious indeed of only one thing, that her heart was breaking.

Suddenly she remembered her lover's threat to force his way into her father's presence. It was a gleam of hope, at least, or so it seemed to her now, mad as the project had appeared the day before. Oh! if he would only come, that she might see him once more, even if nothing else should result from his visit. But this he would not do. She had angered him beyond hope of pardon. He was now miles away, resolved to forget her, and upbraiding her reproachfully for her cruelty. These thoughts passed through her mind, in a sort of wild, chaotic confusion, driving her almost to the brink of insanity.

Meantime her foster-sister went about the room, with difficulty restraining her tears, for she saw how her mistress was suffering. All at once, the trumpets sounded, and the maids ran to the window, each anxious to catch a first glimpse of the bridegroom. The foster-sister, with the curiosity of the rest, had started too, but happening to catch a look of her mistress' face, her heart smote her, and returning to the chair of the Lady Beatrice, she knelt down, and began fondling and kissing the listless hand that hung there.

Soon the maids returned, outdoing each other with praises of the bridegroom's personal appearance, and of the splendor of his retinue. But their mistress heard nothing of all this. She

sat, gazing on vacancy, like one whom some great calamity had transformed to stone, so that even the most unobservant began to whisper, to wonder if she had a lover in secret, and to change their gaiety for sad and compassionate looks.

"Dear mistress," said her foster-sister, at last, "rouse yourself. Your father will soon be here to conduct you down. Bring some stimulant," she said, sharply turning to the wondering maids, "don't you see your mistress is ill. This event has been too much for her. She has slept little, and is now prostrated, that is all. Bring wine quick, strong wine, and then leave the room. But hold your gossiping tongues."

Left alone with the Lady Beatrice, the faithful foster-sister finally succeeded in arousing the poor girl, by representing to her that the interview was inevitable, and that any effort to avoid it, by leading to inquiry, and discovering the transactions of the last few weeks, would ruin them both, but especially the speaker.

"It is on me your father's anger will chiefly fall," she said, for she knew this would rouse her mistress if anything would. "You he can, at worst, only send to a convent. But he has power of life and death over me as lord of his own seignory."

So, at last, supported by her foster-sister, but looking like a livid corpse decked in bridal apparel, the Lady Beatrice suffered herself to be lead down stairs, and into the great hall, where the Count Regnauld awaited her. At the threshold she stopped, and would have fallen, had not her attendant sustained her by main strength, till her father received her on his still stalwart arm. Little accustomed to young ladies, the marquis attributed her agitation to maidenly timidity, and, therefore, gave himself no concern at her paleness, though wishing secretly she had allowed her maidens to rouge her cheek a little.

"My lord count," he said, as his guest advanced, with courtly haste, to meet them, "I must apologize for my daughter, who seems coy to-day. But as you are just from Paris, perhaps you have some recipe, brought from the court, to cure such young ladies."

The Lady Beatrice felt that she ought to look up, in order to greet their guest, but she could not. The count evidently was waiting for this act of civility, as he suffered some time to elapse before he answered his host. At last, he said,

"Will not the Lady Beatrice deign even a look to the humblest of her suitors?"

That voice, could it be? Did not her ears deceive her. She glanced up breathlessly at the speaker. No, she was not deceived, for there, in the person of the count, was her anonymous lover.

It was too much for her, after the excitement she had gone through before, and, giving a shriek as if she had been struck by a death-shot, she fell senseless on the floor.

But joy rarely kills, and long before night, the Lady Beatrice had revived sufficiently to see and to forgive her lover, whose explanation was soon made.

"Dearest," he said, "I throw myself on your mercy for this deception. But I could not endure the thought of marrying without love, and so I formed the plan of coming down here and secretly making your acquaintance——"

She pressed his hands at these words, and gave him such a look, that he had to bend down and kiss her before he could proceed.

"You know how we first met. Fortune favored me, I admit, though I had been, for two whole days, watching to make your acquaintance." And then he proceeded to tell how profound was the impression she had made on him, and how his

love had grown, day by day. Finally he concluded as follows:—

"When I found, yesterday, how you took the denouement I had prepared for our little drama, I believe I should have confessed all, had you not prevented it. Never before had I reflected how much pain my deceit might cause you, for a while, at the end. But I have your forgiveness now, have I not? You know I couldn't swear not to be here to-day. It is the only thing, rely on it, I shall ever refuse you."

The Lady Beatrice could not answer, for the glad tears choked her utterance. But she pressed his hand, and looked up into his eyes, oh! how happy.

A few days after they were married, the whole country pronouncing them the handsomest couple, that had gone to the altar, within human memory.

They never forgot their old rendezvous by the waterfall, but often, with book and guitar, renewed there the drama of "MUSIC AND LOVE."

## A SUMMER VISION.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

THE shades of eve were hast'ning on,  
The clouds of night grew pale,  
As Luna with her face so wan,  
From which the mists had slowly gone,  
Shone softly through her silver veil  
Upon a scene so beautiful and rare,  
As if her beams could ever linger there.

It was a lawn, like those we deem  
Elysian to be,  
Tall trees waved 'neath the softened gleam  
Of countless stars, that fainter seem  
'Neath Luna's placid brilliancy:  
Along the shaded walks the night breeze sigh'd,  
And with its echo, in the distance died.

Bright was the spot to mortal view—  
A silent charm was here;  
Fair were the flowers of pleasing hue,  
And sweet the scented shrubs that grew  
In all their wild luxuriance near;  
Dark, stately pines here reared their tops on high,  
As if they wished to touch the vaulted sky.

The birds of day to rest had gone,  
And those of night were still,  
Except the owl, that omened one,  
With whose shrill voice was heard the tone  
Of lonely, plaintive whip-poor-will.  
And save these sounds, no voice fell on the ear,  
Excepting one, 'twere luxury to hear.

Sweet were the notes that charmed the air!

From sweeter lips they fell—  
For, 'neath a willow drooping there  
Across the pathway, stood—how fair!

A graceful nymph—I cannot tell  
The beauty of her brow, her soft, dark eyes,  
And their long fringes, whereto Cupid lies.

And she was singing to the moon  
That brightly on her shone,  
A simple verse—and thought how soon  
Had passed away gay, happy June,  
And all its fleeting pleasures flown.  
Thus musing on the past, she breathed a sigh,  
And started—as she heard it echoed nigh.

She turned—and saw before her there,  
A stranger, proudly tall—  
The night breeze waved his rich brown hair  
Around a brow of calmness rare,  
That beamed with truth—nor was this all—  
For, in his dark-fringed eyes of blue there shone  
A magic light that dwelt in them alone.

He bent those eyes upon her brow,  
And spoke—"I know it well—  
No one hath beauty such as thou,  
To thee all hearts devoted bow—  
Sweet maid, thou art the village belle."  
The spell was broke—I wakened but to see,  
Sweet Henriette, new lovers bow to thee.

## LAVENDER AND PINKS.

BY FANNY SMITH.

Do you know, dear reader, what a bouquet of lavender and pinks is like? Can you conceive that the far-famed airs from "Araby the blest" are dull in their spicy fragrance compared with them?

One pleasant June morning, as I was tearfully watching the long willow branches sway back and forth in the light breeze, thinking how in their graceful motions they were like the loving arms which once had entwined my neck, and were now palsied and cold in death, and saying to my heart "there is no sorrow like to my sorrow"—my hostess entered with a bunch of lavender and pinks. Their perfume filled my room, and as I turned from the window by which I was leaning, to receive them, Mrs. A—— said quietly,

"Will you have these flowers? they are my favorites, and I never like to put any others with them," and I knew by a slight quivering of the mouth, and the hasty manner in which she turned away, instead of the usual few minutes chat, that there were sad memories connected with my bouquet.

The summer months passed pleasantly by in the little, low, old-fashioned cottage, with its two huge willow trees in front, and giant walnuts at the back, whose branches swayed amicably together over the roof; and always on my toilet table stood a bouquet of fragrant roses and stately lilies, or of larkspurs, lady's-slippers and coreopsis; but always in a separate bunch, as long as they were in season, were a few spears of lavender and pinks.

There was a quiet melancholy in my hostess' face which had from the first interested me. I knew by the silvery hairs which so thickly threaded her raven bands, and by the quiet kindness in her dark eyes, and by the low, unexcited tones of her voice, that the trials of life had swayed fearfully around her, and that now she was exhausted and asked only for rest.

In the course of time I learned her history.

As a girl, self-willed and high-spirited, she had married against the wishes of her friends, and after a few months of wild happiness, she awoke from her fever dream to find that he, for whom she had left friends and the luxuries of a wealthy home, was unworthy of the sacrifice. Year after year passed, and she found her idol shattered and

but clay at her feet, but with a woman's undying faith she hoped on, through poverty, and desertion, and contumely, and she curbed her high spirit to gentle words, and went meekly about to make her home attractive, but, alas! in vain—and after years of sorrow and hope, she rested his dying head upon her bosom, and listened with an appalled heart to the blasphemous ravings of his delirium. And she laid him in his grave, and stilled the moaning of her heart, that she might care for the little ones yet left to comfort her.

But a few months passed, and a new anxiety awaited her. The little babe that was just beginning to lisped "ma—ma" so lovingly, that was so winsome in its ways, so cooling and happy through all her troubles—the "man child" to whose future she was already looking, when he should be her comfort and support, sickened and died.

She laid him in his little coffin, composed his golden curls and waxen fingers, and knelt down and tried to thank God that he had been saved from the trials and temptations to come. Wild sobs at times escaped her, as she thought of putting him from her warm bosom, and tender encircling arms into the cold, unpitiful grave; but the appeal of the dear Jesus, "*Suffer* little children to come unto me and forbid them not," should it be in vain? and with a fervent "Thy will be done," she laid her baby away from her.

Time wore away to Mrs. A—— in the quiet discharge of her duties to her two remaining children. Hopes for the coming plans were again beginning to dawn faintly through the dark sorrows of the past, when a terrible accident befel her youngest child. Still the mother's heart and hand were not palsied. Day by day she lifted the little sufferer to the window, to feel the cool breeze, or to gaze on the trees, the flowers, the sunset; night by night with trembling fingers she wiped the cold dews, caused by the racking pain, from its forehead; and stilled the wild cry that was going up from her own heart, to sing it to rest with sweet lullabys.

At times indeed her strength would almost fail her. She would rush from the room, to escape the wail from the white parched lips, and the longing, imploring glance of her child's eye, to moan out, "oh, God, oh, God," the only prayer

she could utter for strength, and go back with smiles and cheerful tones to the bed-side.

At length the hour for the mortal struggle came, and in her own arms the mother held the child, repulsing with a sharp, jealous tone, all who offered to touch what had now become so fearfully precious to her, and as she struggled with the convulsed form, she turned away her head, that those looks of agony might not haunt her forever. Amid wind and rain she laid her second child away from her; and when for nights after the storm moaned sickeningly among the willow branches and around the house top, she longed to go out and throw herself upon the little grave, to protect the untroubled sleeper from its fury.

At last the poverty which had so long starved her in the face disappeared. By the death of relatives, a sum which would make her comfortable for life, was secured to her, and her whole attention now was turned to the education of her remaining child. This daughter was growing up into a gentle, delicate girl, who seemed to have imbibed her mother's sorrows in infancy, so that she appeared never to have known the careless pleasures of childhood, and the undimmed hopes of girlhood.

Day by day the mother watched this last treasure, as fair and fragile as a pale lily blossom, fearing that every rude wind would crush it to the earth—sickenings at the agonizing thought that perhaps this, her last comfort on earth, would be snatched from her too. The young girl had unconsciously become her friend, counsellor, teacher.

To the watchful eye of love, which cannot be deceived, for its instincts are so sure, the change from week to week became more perceptible. The step was more feeble; the voice lower than of old; whilst the large eyes seemed filled with a mournful radiance; and the blue veins in the thin, white hands grew larger every day.

Then the time came when the walks in the garden, which she had cultivated with so much care, had to be discontinued, and she only knew of its wealth and beauty by the fresh bouquets which were plucked daily: though the only perfume for which she cared was that of her lavender and pinks. A few sprigs of those were always on her bosom, their spiciness revived her so; and she would sit listlessly arranging the grey blue of the lavender with the white and crimson of the carnations, in the pleasant June sunshine, while visions of the far away land to which she was hastening, became more distinct the nearer she approached it.

One July morning found her too feeble to rise from her bed as usual; and when the morrow's sun arose she was shrouded for the grave with a bouquet of her favorite flowers on her bosom; seventeen years from the day on which she had been laid, a little wailing stranger, on the warm, palpitating bosom of her mother, she was laid again on the cold bosom of her mother earth, who stretched out her cold arms to receive her.

Then many talked of the wonderful resignation of the mother. They knew not that it was the apathy of despair, leading almost to unbelief, that her faith had nearly died out by reason of her many trials; and that as Job of old was advised, she was almost tempted to "curse God and die." But better feelings at last triumphed. From out among the glowing stars she saw the loving eyes of those she lost look down upon her, and she heard their voices in the night wind that murmured around the cottage, and all pleasant things which God had created drew her with loving arms to them and Him; and now wherever there are tossings on sick pillows, or weeping eyes, or breaking hearts, or immortal souls panting at the gates of the Eternal City, Mrs. A— is there to counsel and console.

I now say no more to my heart, "there is no sorrow like to my sorrow."

## SONG AT TWILIGHT.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

I LOVE the calm and gentle hour,  
When twilight, soft and pale,  
Flings her light curtain o'er the world,  
And shrouds each silent vale;  
When star-beams sleep so lovingly  
Upon the throbbing stream,  
For Mem'ry then wakes sweeter songs,  
And many a fairy dream.

The wind's low whispers 'mong the flowers,  
Comes stealing on the air,  
And music fills the hallow'd hour,  
That stirs the heart with pray'r.  
Oh, there's a charm thrown round the soul,  
On such a Summer's even,  
That breathes of more than earthly bliss—  
'Tis something linked with Heaven!

## A MID-SUMMER DAY-DREAM.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

THE shades of evening were falling around, and the last train of cars for Elm-Brook were perpetrating the dreadful explosion known as "letting off steam." The horses that had been standing quietly in the shade, undisturbed by any enemies except the flies, began to prick up their ears and pant for action; children looked resolutely into the twilight, and identified various trees and posts as "grandma," and "Aunt Sarah;" and the older portion of the community made frantic rushes at the liberated crowd, somewhat in the style of the play where all make for chairs—no matter whose they get if they are not left without one.

Rather bewildered by the noise and darkness, was a young lady, who carried a small hand-basket, and seemed undecided whether she had arrived at her destination or not. Her figure was slight and graceful; and she wore a traveling dress of brown linen, with a deep cape of the same, and a straw bonnet trimmed with white ribbon. Her gloves and gaiters were unexceptionable; and a deep collar and cuffs of the most spotless linen completes her attire. Her face, what could be seen of it, shaded, as it was, by her veil, was certainly attractive, for strangers were constantly approaching her with offers of assistance; but she declined them all, and stood like a shipwrecked mariner upon the boarded strip in front of the ladies' saloon.

It is not very exhilarating to find oneself in a strange place with no one ready to receive you; and Lilla Mornton, having undertaken a three hours' journey alone for the first time in her life, watched the receding locomotive with something in her eye, which, had there been any sunshine around, would have sparkled very much like a tear. But, before she had quite made up her mind to be miserable, a mild-looking gentleman, in a white cravat, seized both hands with a rap-turous welcome, and coolly possessed himself of the hand-basket on her arm.

"I was so afraid," said he, "that you were going to disappoint us again—but here you are at last. Now for the baggage-ticket."

The trunk was soon procured; and the traveller's spirits revived when she found herself seated beside Mrs. Willgrove in the minister's substantial carriage, en route for the parsonage.

A flock of small boys, who seemed disposed within the vehicle almost as impassably as the cherubs in pictures, stared at the stranger until their faces were prolonged notes of curiosity and admiration; while a three-year-old urchin, who, by some mental hallucination, was considered a baby and treated accordingly, reposed in his mother's arms, and was remarkably infantile for his years in everything but size.

The evening was beautiful; the sweet odor of fresh hay and clover blossoms came borne upon the air; and as the carriage rolled quietly along upon the turf-striped road, Lilla came to the conclusion that the life of a country clergyman approached nearer the *dolce far niente* of perfect happiness, than any state of existence at which she had yet obtained a glimpse. The situation of Elm-Brook was picturesque in the extreme; a pretty, Connecticut village just on the sound, while the beautiful trees from which it derived its name surrounded it like a guard of gigantic sentinels. Mr. Willgrove smiled at the raptures of his visitor, as they drove along, and Mrs. Willgrove looked exactly as she had looked before. Her's was not a face remarkable for expression.

The parsonage was now in sight—an old-fashioned country dwelling, that seemed buried in rose-vines; and the traveller alighted with a firm conviction that her somewhat adventurous visit would be productive of an endless amount of pleasure.

A romantic, thoughtless, half visionary sort of a character was Lilla Mornton. Without being remarkably pretty, she invariably attracted; and her tasteful style of dress was in itself a charm. Added to this, a complete ignorance of the ways of the world, which her admirers termed "beautiful freshness," and her aunt "lamentable greenness," always interested people as to what she would do or say next. She had been taken by a wealthy aunt and uncle from a large family of children at an early age; and Lilla's satisfactory establishment in the world was the theme now uppermost in the minds of her relatives. Her uncle, to be sure, would have missed her sadly; but it had been so often impressed upon him by his lady that the getting rid of Lilla was actually a matter of duty, that he supposed it must be. The prettiest of dresses were always



at her disposal, for the arraying of a young girl was a source of absolute pleasure to the childless Mrs. Mornton, and Lilla was quite as indispensable, on that account, as a doll to children of a smaller growth; so the petted niece enjoyed her well-filled wardrobe exceedingly, without troubling herself in the least to wonder whether such things would *always* be forthcoming.

The whole party had gone to Saratoga; and there they found some old friends of Lilla's, the Willgroves, who had actually come for the express purpose of benefiting Mrs. Willgrove's health, without a thought of being fashionable! Lilla was perfectly unmanageable; she would talk to Mrs. Willgrove by the hour, without taking the least trouble to entertain Mr. Moody, who sat on the other side of her with his hands in his pockets, wrapt up in the possession of a hundred thousand dollars, but whose bump of conversation was not very strongly developed.

The Willgroves insisted upon a visit—Lilla put forth all her powers of pleading—it was rather early in the season for people who were anybodies to be at the watering-places—so, Mrs. Mornton gave a conditional promise of acceptance; that is, they were to return home, first, and if no more eligible excursion offered, Lilla was to be sent to Elm-Brook. So matters stood, until the day in question; haunted by a dim perspective of Mr. Moody, who, until the last moment, was confidently expected to "turn up," and thus put a stop to her proposed flitting, our heroine impatiently counted the slow hours until she found herself seated in the cars, and watched her uncle's receding figure as he disappeared in the distance.

She was now at the parsonage; and she contemplated the small windows, with their narrow panes, the wooden mantles, and the mirrorless apartment with feelings of pleasure. The old-fashioned silver, the gay-colored china, and diminutive spoons, were themes of never-ceasing admiration; and Lilla found herself, where she had so often wished to be, in an old-fashioned country house.

All was so sweetly peaceful; except, indeed, when the large infant before-mentioned manifested an insane desire to scald himself and brothers with hot tea, and, in consequence of their resistance, laid violent hands upon them. The boys received his slaps as though they were used to them, and they probably were.

"Trotty!" said Mr. Willgrove, a corruption of Trotford, after a rich uncle, "Trotty!" and he looked stern as a warning angel, "stop, now! or take the consequences!"

But Trotty *didn't* stop, and he didn't take the

consequences, either—for there were none to take. Lilla tried not to laugh, but she felt very much like it, when Mr. Willgrove, after frowning immensely, resumed his seat.

Trotty displayed his independence by kicking the straw mat placed before him to receive the breakfasts, dinners, and teas, which he made a regular practice of upsetting; and his mother contented herself with saying occasionally—"don't, Trotty"—a monotonous sound which he probably attributed to the crickets, for he never deigned to notice it.

No one could conquer the redoubtable Trotty; until, at length, tired of tormenting every one, he fell asleep, and was borne from the bosom of his family without a struggle. A feeling like that experienced by Sinbad, when he found himself freed from the old man who had clung to him so tenaciously, appeared to diffuse itself through the family on the disappearance of Trotty; and Mr. Willgrove preached such a beautiful sermon on the moonlight, as they sat in the open window, that Lilla wondered more and more at his wife's perpetual calmness.

Sunday came; and the visitor found herself, for the first time, within the limits of a real country church. Through the half closed blinds came glimpses of waving foliage and blue water, and the sweet breath of summer, that played mischievous franks with the hymn-book leaves, and even dared to stir the slightly silvered locks that rested on the clergyman's brow.

Lilla had attired herself in accordance with the simplicity of the scene, and her muslin dress and black scarf looked fresh and pretty; while the only ornament inside of her straw bonnet were soft braids of brown hair that rested on a cheek of delicate fairness. Lilla's eyes, though not in themselves uncommon, had a marvelous power of being raised up and cast down effectively; and as they now travelled around the various pews, the occupants found their attention irresistibly attracted toward the stranger. They were a plain-looking set, the people of Elm-Brook; and Lilla selected more than one old woman, who, she was sure, ornamented the edge of her pies with a thimble.

Mr. Willgrove began his sermon simply and beautifully, and every eye in the community was turned reverently toward him. The visitor listened, spell-bound, to the deep voice that seemed to penetrate every quarter; but when the plate was handed around, her eyes resumed their roving propensities, and finally rested in a distant corner with every appearance of interest.

Dressed in his Sunday best, and brushed to the last degree of nicety, sat a young gentleman,

who, in height, at least, seemed a human prototype of the elm trees around. His rather handsome features wore an expression of the utmost gravity; and his eyes were furtively directed toward the minister's pew. It may have been because the greater portion of the men were evidently private property—or because she so constantly detected his eyes in the act of watching her own; but, however this was, Lilla became quite interested in observing this country youth, and fancied in him a strong resemblance to somebody who would, doubtless, have been an admirer, were it not that her aunt was so determined he should be. The elegant Lindsey Brereton would, probably, have felt but little complimented by this fancy; but as Lilla glanced at the extensive figure in that corner pew, she thought of "nature's nobleman," and of every thing else that was particularly unsuited to the character before her.

In passing out of church, she had a nearer view of her silent admirer; he looked rather coarse upon a close survey, and his clothes were none of the finest; but an earnest gaze from those dark hazel eyes brought a glowing color to Lilla's usually pale cheek, and she joined Mr. Willgrove in some confusion.

They were driving home; and respectful bows from the scattered congregation saluted the minister as they passed.

"Of what are you thinking, Lilla?" asked Mr. Willgrove, as he noticed his young guest's abstraction.

"Of your sermon," she replied, with some embarrassment, "it was beautiful."

"I feared," said Mr. Willgrove, mischievously, "that your thoughts were otherwise employed—perhaps gone to look for the eyes that wandered about so in church time."

Lilla tried to laugh off the blush occasioned by this remark, and then inquired: "Who is the young gentleman that sat in the corner pew? The very tall one, with brown hair and eyes?"

"You are almost as particular in your description as though you were making out his passport," replied Mr. Willgrove, with a smile, "the term '*young gentleman*' would have been sufficient—for such articles are, I can assure you, scarce enough at Elm-Brook. But to answer your question, Miss Lilla, he rejoices in the name of Oatson Hayfield, owns houses and lands, horses and cows, and, on week days, employs himself in tilling the ground—in other words, he is a regular farmer, and comes of a family who have pursued the same occupation from generation to generation."

"He is very rich," observed Mrs. Willgrove,

"besides his father's farm, an uncle left him a large place completely stocked with everything. People say that the stores of linen and bedding there are inexhaustible; and there are ruffled pillow-cases by the dozens."

Lilla, who was almost as much astonished at this lengthy speech from Mrs. Willgrove as was the Persian King in the Arabian Nights, when his dumb bride spoke, was now compelled to listen to a complete inventory of Mr. Hayfield's property, both personal and real estate. Mrs. Willgrove concluded by remarking that "all the girls were setting their caps for him;" and Lilla was rather disappointed to find that one whom *her* notice was to have rescued from obscurity, enjoyed all the country eclat of wealth and bachelorhood.

This rural life was really beautiful. Even the monotonous hum of the crickets and katydids was perfect music at night; and in the morning, when Lilla stood in her window, with the fresh, country breeze playing with her hair, and the song of the birds in the tall elm trees around, she was quite convinced that this was the only phase of existence to be desired upon earth.

Sometimes a sort of floating wish presented itself that Mr. Willgrove had a brother who looked exactly like himself, and preached just as he did—and that this brother should ask her to preside over just such a parsonage as that; but then Lilla's rambles in cloud-life were brought back to earth by a sight of Mrs. Willgrove seated by an enormous basket of unmended stockings, or a perfect wilderness of unmade shirts. Her ethereal nature shuddered at the idea of contact with so coarse a reality; and she felt, at such times, willing to brave the danger of "not being understood," or "appreciated" by some Mr. Moody, or Lindsey Brereton, rather than be, even to a second Mr. Willgrove what Mrs. Willgrove was.

Ministers were proverbially poor; but a farmer? *that* was the thing? She could spend her time careering around on horseback—or turning over the fresh hay for amusement—or doing any thing else that was perfectly picturesque, and not calculated to soil her hands. And, then, what pretty straw bonnets she would wear! And what snowy dresses! Her coral and turquoise ornaments were as so much dross and rubbish compared to wild flowers; and beautiful simplicity more desirable than all Madame Hanton's French style.

"Have you fallen asleep, Lilla?" called Mr. Willgrove, for the carriage was waiting for a drive, and the young lady had been all this unconscionable time tying her bonnet.

In two or three bounds, she had sprung down the flight of stairs; and the whole party, Trotty included, proceeded as rapidly as two very slow horses could carry them. The scenery was beautiful—Lilla in raptures—Mr. Willgrove amused—and Mrs. Willgrove closely cornered by Trotty, whom not even a bribe of candy could coax off of his mother's lap.

But the wants of our earthly natures are constantly obtruding themselves when their presence is least desired; and at Mrs. Willgrove's suggestion, the horses' heads were turned away from "leafy glades" and "purling streams" to rest ignominiously in front of a baker's shop. Mr. Willgrove alighted, and left the reins in charge of one of the boys; but the young gentleman, absorbed in contemplating some distant object of interest, loosened his hold until they became entangled around the horses' feet, and a sudden plunge forward aroused the inmates of the carriage to a sense of their danger.

Lilla grew pale with fright, and sank helplessly back upon the cushions; but the next moment a strong hand had seized the bridle—a herculean figure stood up before them—and the young farmer bashfully received Mr. Willgrove's expressions of gratitude. A single glance toward the farthest corner of the carriage spoke volumes; and Lilla returned from that drive decidedly in love with Oatson Hayfield.

Poor, unsuspecting Mrs. Mornton! How fortunate that she was spared the knowledge of this fearful backsliding on the part of her carefully trained niece. Mr. Willgrove watched his young guest with considerable interest; but he knew her better than she knew herself, and decided that her aunt had nothing to fear.

"What say you to a boating excursion, Lilla?" was a question which raised that excitable young lady to a pitch of enthusiasm absolutely startling.

"Not very far from here," continued Mr. Willgrove, "there is, in the sound, an island of about twelve acres, containing a solitary residence—this island is the farm left to Mr. Hatfield by his uncle. So, that you see he is quite a Robinson Crusoe, if he only lived there—but he leaves the place every evening. We shall find him there in the day time, for he is obliged to attend to the farm; and I have no doubt that he will be proud to show his visitors every hospitality."

There was not a dissenting voice in the community; Mr. Willgrove departed to secure a boat; and Lilla, half bewildered by this fresh piece of romance, arrayed herself in a rose colored muslin and gipsy flat, that called forth a perfect shower of compliments when she descended.

In the best possible humor with herself and

every one else, our heroine entered the boat, and was soon lulled by the soft, gliding motion into a dream of romantic improbability. The scene was charming beyond description; and the various little islands that dot the sound looked like fairy bowers. The rich, warm sunlight sparkled on the waves in golden streams; the sky was as clear and blue as though all storms had passed away from the earth forever; and the only drawback to perfect happiness was the heat, which is never felt in such intensity as at three o'clock on a July afternoon, in a row-boat upon the water.

But when they reached their destination, such a scene of beauty burst upon their view that all suffering was well repaid. The blue waves dashed up against the little island, that looked like an emerald set upon the bosom of the water, and foamed in miniature breakers, that washed the feet of tall trees and clustering shrubs. The house, which was a large, square edifice, with a piazza running entirely around it at the first and second stories, was placed almost exactly in the middle of the island, and approached by various paths shaded by elm trees. Never in Lilla's wildest dreams had she imagined anything to equal this.

Mr. Hayfield was not visible, and the party proceeded up stairs to the second piazza. The place was in rather a neglected state, the house bare of furniture, and wild grape-vines were entangled together over the pillars; while through this natural lattice-work came glimpses of blue water and rich sunlight.

Lilla gazed dreamily over the sound, and thought Oatson Hayfield a very happy man. But where was he? It looked rather like an invasion to be wandering about a private dwelling without a master of ceremonies; and Mr. Willgrove departed to seek him in an adjacent cornfield. Sometime elapsed without the appearance of either of the gentlemen; and the party up stairs concluded to descend.

Guided by the sound of voices, they approached a peach orchard not far from the house; and there stood Mr. Willgrove apparently engaged in conversation with one of the field hands. But the words: "Come just as you are—the ladies will excuse it," and something about "working clothes," and "not fit," caused Lilla to turn and stare most intently into the embarrassed face of Oatson Hayfield.

The more Lilla gazed, the more astonished did she become, and the more impossible she found it to identify the individual before her as the smart young farmer who had attracted her attention. A pair of feet, quite innocent of shoes or stockings, whose hue spoke eloquently of potatoe

'diggings, and whose size were doubtless a tax upon leather, forced themselves upon her sight with all the pertinacity of unwelcome objects—a shirt of crimson flannel was taking bird's eye views of the world through apertures obligingly left for it in an outer one of coarse muslin—a straw hat that looked as though Mr. Hayfield might have been lunching upon it when interrupted by the clergyman—and a generous display of hands that appeared fully competent to knock down a moderate sized horse, completed the picture.

Lilla trembled, and closed her eyes, as though to shut out some disagreeable view; while Mr. Willgrove introduced his companion with a sort of struggle between mirth and propriety quite at variance with his usual demeanor.

Mr. Hayfield pattered up stairs on hospitable thoughts intent, and Lilla took a critical survey of his entire figure; but by the time that she arrived at the sole of his foot, she felt that her dream was over. Whether she expected to discover the young farmer in a full suit of black, with patent leather boots, shining hair, and not even the stiffening taken out of his collar by a moderate use of the hoe, she never distinctly stated; but an appealing glance toward Mr. Willgrove, as though she were desirous of removing from a disagreeable neighborhood, quite upset the small stock of gravity which that gentleman found himself in possession of.

"It was really too bad," he whispered, "to come upon him so unexpectedly—but don't laugh, Lilla."

Here Mr. Willgrove leaned as far over the railing as possible, that no sound of mirth might torture the feelings of their entertainer; but Lilla was in no laughing mood. The fairy isle was fast losing its beauty. That dreadful figure kept haunting her, even when Mr. Hayfield had removed to a distant part of the grounds; and she felt as though under the disagreeable influence of some hideous dream.

"And so, Lilla, you would not like to be a farmer's wife?" whispered a voice at her elbow, "it is well that you have become so easily disgusted, for your aunt and uncle would never have listened to such a thing."

Our mortified heroine encountered the mirth-beaming eyes of Mr. Willgrove, and turned resolutely from all the romantic attractions of an island home. A mist had come over the blue water—a cloud upon the smiling sky—a change o'er the spirit of her dream. Lilla felt that henceforth she was to be a sacrifice to refined tastes and expensive habits; and resolved to meet her fate with praiseworthy philosophy.

The next morning a light, Rockaway wagon drove up to the quiet parsonage—a pair of splendid horses were reined suddenly in—and in another moment a stylish-looking young gentleman stood in the small parlor, with a letter from Mrs. Mornton. Lilla introduced him as "Mr. Brereton," and announced the necessity of her instant departure—her aunt would be put off no longer.

Her things were soon ready, and the returning Rockaway bore an additional burden. Mr. Brereton spoke of Europe and the scenes through which he had lately passed, and Lilla's expressive face kindled up with a glow of enthusiasm; he spoke of moonlight and Italian ruins, and his companion looked pensive; he spoke of moonlight and *love*, and wondered that any one should call Lilla pale.

The truant was folded to her aunt's bosom with an embrace that redoubled in vigor after a few whispered words; and Lilla laughed to think that she had ever fancied a resemblance between the country youth and Lindsey Brereton.

Some acquaintances who saw Lilla at Madame Hanton's, in the autumn, laughing and blushing over a rich lace veil, which her aunt insisted upon her trying on, glanced at each other in a significant manner, and were fully prepared for what followed—the wedding cards of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Brereton.

But Lilla didn't forget her old friends; the Willgroves received repeated invitations to return her visit; and one day, some years from that Elm-Brook chapter, Mr. Willgrove found himself in the elegantly furnished dwelling over which Lilla presided. A smile wreathed his lips involuntarily as he glanced at the luxury around him, and thought how very nearly two people had been made miserable for life. Lilla was as unfit for Oatson Hayfield as he for her.

Her light footstep made no sound upon the velvet carpet, and Mr. Willgrove started as the object of his thoughts stood before him. In the youthful face of Mrs. Brereton there were no traces of the few years that had flown since their last meeting; and she was prettier and more elegant-looking than ever. The crimson curtains, near which she stood, cast a soft glow on her cheek; and to imagine *her* the mistress of that farm house, seemed as preposterous as it would have been to place the marble statuette beside her in one of the unfurnished rooms.

"I am glad to see you!" said Lilla, after the first greeting, "I have never ceased to think of you, and those beautiful sermons that I used to hear at Elm-Brook—and, now, I am going to tell you some good news."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Willgrove, seating himself rather reluctantly upon the embroidered flowers that covered the sofa, "I am fond of hearing good news."

Lilla hesitated with the embarrassment natural to generous people, when about to divulge their own performances; but, finally, she mustered courage to say:

"The thought of your wasting such eloquence and talents upon these country clodpoles has often troubled me, and I could not rest until I had accomplished my plan. Our clergyman has left—and the minds of the congregation were for sometime distracted between rival candidates. I told them of *you*—I did not praise, I only did you justice; several of the members heard you preach, and a deputation will soon wait upon you to ask you to exchange the monotony of an Elm-Brook life for a luxurious house—a princely salary—and a wealthy and devoted congregation."

Lilla had spoken rapidly, with downcast eyes, and for some moments there was a pause. When she looked up, Mr. Willgrove stood directly before her, and had taken both of her hands in his. A bright color was burning in his cheek, and those earnest eyes seemed looking into her very soul.

"Lilla," said he, more sadly than reproachfully, "have these paintings and statues, and all these beautiful things taught you *this*? Have they indeed so wound themselves about your heart that you offer them as irresistible bribes to one who has been called as a guide to others?"

An expression of pain and sorrow passed over

Lilla's face; and seating himself beside her, Mr. Willgrove continued,

"I thank you sincerely for the kindness of your intentions, but I should indeed be unworthy of my trust did I listen to the voice of this temptation. I have not the refinements of wealth, it is true—but I have the earth, and the sky, and the beautiful things of nature; and did I possess the eloquence and talents of which you speak, I never could justify myself in making them objects of *barter*. The people of Elm-Brook may be 'clodpoles,' but I would not forfeit their good opinion for all the inducements you can offer. You had not *always* so contemptible an opinion of a country life, Lilla."

She understood this allusion, and smiled through her tears at the recollection of Oatson Hayfield.

"Forgive me," said she, "I feel that I have done very wrong." She was completely subdued into a reverent admiration of the man before her, country clergyman though he was.

"Now, Lilla," said Mr. Willgrove, smilingly, "I did not come here to make you cry, and if my presence has that effect I shall be afraid to ask you to Elm-Brook. We have each the situation for which we are best fitted; and I should be quite as much out of *my* element *here* as a certain young lady, who shall be nameless, would have found herself at that little island in the sound."

Lilla *did* go to Elm-Brook—but she never had a relapse of the MID-SUMMER DAY-DREAM.

## A VIGNETTE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

DROPPED upon the carpet,  
Darling Carribel,  
As a sea-nymph student,  
O'er some curious shell—  
Gazes in the petals  
Of a lily white,  
Slowly, surely, drooping,  
In the Summer light.

Press the tiny fingers,  
Taper leaves apart,  
Folding then their snow-robe  
O'er the golden heart;  
While an artless prattle,  
Plaintive or in mirth,  
Finishes a picture  
Unto one of worth.

"Pretty, scented blossom,  
Weary is your head,  
Shall I let you slumber  
On my little bed?  
Bud again, sweet lily,  
With no single stain,  
Do not die, my beauty,  
Bud for me again."

Never, baby Carrie!  
Vainly thou dost plead;  
Comes no second budding,  
At the floweret's need.  
And—for thou must learn it,  
With us even so;  
One, one only life-time,  
Heart embalming know.

## THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

FRANK SELDON was as fine a young fellow as ever breathed. He was gay, open, generous, full of talent, and had the kindest and best heart in the world. Yet with a character careless and uncalculating almost to a fault, he laughingly, but quite seriously, declared his determination of becoming a fortune-hunter, and he explained his views on the subject, to his friends, somewhat thus—

"Here am I," he would say, "a poor devil of an M. D., who, despite great talents and much learning, has not, and, as the world goes, cannot reasonably expect ever to get any practice, without a helping-hand from some one. My father has just failed in business, so I *can* have no help from that quarter—I have no one else to look to but myself. I am a handsome enough young fellow—my affections are entirely disengaged; I must look upon them as my stock in trade, and dispose of them so as to bring in the largest return. It's as easy to fall in love with an heiress as any other woman, and depend upon it I shall prudently contrive to make love and interest meet, some of these days."

Not long after these prudential resolutions were formed, two young ladies from Boston, came on a visit to the house of Mrs. Clemant, a lady of our fortune-hunter's acquaintance. And as though fortune favored his views, one of these ladies, Miss Mary Bancroft, was a great heiress; the other, Miss Mary Dana, was the portionless daughter of an artist.

Doubtless with a view of reducing theory to practice, our hero presented himself at Mrs. Clemant's soon after the arrival of her young guests. When he entered the drawing-room the young ladies were at the piano singing a duet together, and several gentlemen of the neighborhood, drawn, as young Seldon suspected, by the same magnet which had attracted himself, stood near the piano listening. Entering the room quietly so as not to disturb the musicians, our hero seated himself by Mrs. Clemant on the sofa, and employed himself till the song ended, in studying the countenances of the two young ladies. One was a tall blond, with regular features, and stately bearing; the other a brunette of middle size, her figure full, but very graceful, her face so varying with changing expressions

that the beholder was never at leisure to ascertain the style of the features.

Young Seldon's eyes, after scrutinizing both ladies, rested with most pleasure on the mobile face of the beautiful brunette—he hoped *she* might be the heiress. But no; when the song was ended, and he was introduced to the young ladies, the taller responded to the name of Miss Bancroft, the other to that of Miss Dana.

Young Seldon sighed, but resolved to be discreet, and accordingly addressed his conversation to the legitimate object. Still, with all his prudence, he could not prevent his eyes wandering occasionally to the bright face of Miss Dana, who remained sitting at the piano, carelessly touching the keys, and looking up with varying expressions on her brilliant face, while conversing with a young gentleman who was standing beside her.

The other gentlemen, like young Seldon, attached themselves to the heiress.

More music was requested, and our hero being no indifferent musician, soon found himself taking part in a trio. He felt that he never sang better, he saw that his companions were pleased with him, and his spirits rose high. He thought both ladies were charming; both had charming voices. He sang several duets with each. Miss Bancroft's voice was a high and pure soprano; Miss Dana's a rich contralto. Connoisseurs might prefer Miss Bancroft's, that he thought very likely; but he felt that Miss Dana's voice accorded best with his own, which was a bass.

Both ladies were very gracious to our hero, and when he left them it was with the sense of having passed a most delightful evening, and with the impression that fortune-hunting was the most agreeable employment in the world.

The following evening Frank Seldon was again a visitor at Mrs. Clemant's. He came, by agreement, to practice with the young ladies. Many times during the evening he found it necessary to remind himself that it was Miss *Bancroft*, with whom he was to fall in love; yet in spite of all his endeavors to the contrary, he found his eyes ever searching for Miss Dana's piquant face, and resting delighted on her graceful form. In vain he commanded himself to admire the classic formation of Miss Bancroft's features, and the dignity of her carriage; one bright, roguish glance

from his Miss Dana's dark eye—one pout of her budding lips, one sweet blush flying over her dark, yet brilliant face, made his heart bound with a rapture he could not repress, and which all Miss Bancroft's perfections could not call forth.

Again he sang with both young ladies; again he felt the vast difference between singing with one, whose voice, though faultlessly true, did not perfectly accord with his own, and the delight of blending his voice with another whose every tone seemed to melt into, and perfectly unite with his, forming a perfect harmony.

Many such evenings as those I have described flew delightfully by. At the close of one of them, Mrs. Clemant seated herself at the piano to play a waltz for her young guests. Quite a number of young people were assembled in her pleasant drawing-room, besides our hero, and at the first sound of her spirited touch on the piano, gay couples were whirling, as though by magic, round the room. Frank Seldon had been too late in bethinking himself of his resolutions to secure the hand of the heiress, but he repaired this misfortune, as much as possible, by soliciting the hand of Miss Dana. Never did sylph move with lighter, more ærial grace, than did the little fairy Frank held in his arms; she seemed to float on the music—to rise and fall with its cadences; not as by voluntary action, but as though her movements were swayed by the music, and were its effect. Frank felt that he had never known what waltzing was before. He stood beside his partner when she chose to sit down, fanning her, and gazing delighted into her bright, glowing face, brilliant with the color dancing had called into her cheeks, and gay with the laughing jests she addressed to him. I know not what our fortune-hunter was thinking about, but he started as though he had been doing something wrong, when a little movement behind him apprized him that Miss Bancroft wished to seat herself by her friend.

As though suddenly remembering something he had forgotten, he begged the favor of her hand for the next waltz. Soon they were moving together round the room; but how different a thing was this waltz from the last. True, Miss Bancroft's steps were perfectly correct, and her carriage not ungraceful—but spirit, and feeling were wanting. Instantly our hero's brain began to spin a theory as to the mode of determining a woman's character by her manner of waltzing.

As soon as Frank's attention was no longer required by his partner, his eyes went eagerly in search of Miss Dana. She was waltzing with Mr. —, the gentleman with whom he had

observed her talking, the first evening he had ever seen her. A pang of jealousy shot through his heart. He could not endure to think the delight which so lately had thrilled to his inmost being, should be common to others as well as himself. Even when the waltz was ended, his tortures were not over, for Mr. — still lingered near his partner, and our poor fortune-hunter envied him every smile he gained from the portionless friend of the heiress.

Still, notwithstanding the strange fascination which Miss Dana exercised over him, our hero was far from succumbing without a struggle to his impulses. He had made up his mind to be a fortune-hunter, and a fortune-hunter, he was still determined to be. After his old fashion of soliloquizing he often talked to himself thus:

"The idea of my marrying for love, is simply preposterous. I couldn't afford it; and besides, I'm not in love. Miss Mary Dana is very enchanting, I own," here he always paused, and sighed before proceeding, "but Miss Mary Bancroft is more classically beautiful, and any man might be proud to call such a woman his wife. Yes, to-night I will go to Mrs. Clemant's with my wits about me, and not let every trifling temptation divert me from my object."

Thus bravely our hero talked; but, alas! for human weakness—the first tone of Miss Dana's rich voice, the first sound of her merry laugh, the first glance of her roguish eye, made his heart bound, and fettered his every thought upon herself. The little witch seemed aware of the power she wielded, and disposed to use it tyrannically. She piqued young Seldon, she flirted with him—she repulsed him, she enticed him; she was cold, warm, teasing, alluring, quarrelsome, and tender, twenty times a day. Worst of all was it for our hero, when she made him jealous by flirting with M. —. It did not require the keen eye of a lover, to see that the latter was much interested in her. He was a man of refinement, and superior character—by no means a rival to be despised. Frank felt this, and ere long every thought of fortune-hunting was forgotten in the absorbing struggle to eclipse his rival in Miss Dana's regard. She, little coquette as she was, showed no preference for either.

One bright morning in May, a gay party of equestrians left Mrs. Clemant's door. They were to ride to a lovely spot in the country, where they were to spend the day. Servants were to follow them in wagons, bringing refreshments, and all other necessities; a collation was to be spread on the grass, and after a day of pleasure, they were to return home by moonlight.

The day was propitious, and in high spirits the party arrived at the place of destination. True, our poor fortune-hunter's spirits were a little dashed by having been too late to secure the honor of escorting Miss Dana, and his temper tried by observing the tender gallantry of Mr. —, who rode beside her; these circumstances, however, did not appear to affect the general happiness of the party, and all was smiles and sunshine.

Almost immediately after the collation, which proved a most successful affair, young Seldon observed that Miss Dana had disappeared, and as time slipped on, and she did not return, he began to feel some uneasiness on her account. No one else appeared to notice her absence, and Mr. —'s presence proved that he was not with her; a circumstance which Frank observed with satisfaction. His anxiety still increasing as it grew later, he resolved, at last, to steal away and go in search of her. Happening to pass the large tree where the horses were tied, he perceived with something like a start of horror, that Miss Dana's horse was not there.

"Where is Miss Dana's horse?" he inquired of the groom. The man, in more words than I cared to repeat, explained that Miss Dana had mounted her horse, two hours before, saying she was only going a few miles, to explore a pretty spot which had struck her fancy as she passed it in the morning, and should be back in an hour.

Scarcely knowing what he did, Seldon rushed on in the direction indicated, his brain in a perfect tumult of terror, and the most burning love. Yes, in the first moment of apprehension for Miss Dana's safety, the love which had slumbered half unconsciously in his bosom, burst forth with an intensity which left him no longer in doubt as to his feelings. He had gone but about a mile, when he descried a riderless horse galloping toward him—it was Miss Dana's. Our hero made an unsuccessful effort to catch the reins as the horse passed, and then sped, without delaying for another attempt, still more swiftly onward. About two miles further on, he saw a motionless object lying on the road. His heart sank. As he approached he perceived that his fears were realized. Miss Dana lay there totally insensible. Seldon raised her in his arms, but his agitation was so great that he could not determine if she were alive or dead; and so completely had excess of emotion destroyed his presence of mind, that not one of the many medical remedies, with which he should have been familiar, occurred to him. He could only fold her fondly in his arms, kissing her pale cheeks, and calling on her name in tones of the deepest distress. Suddenly he thought he

perceived a faint shade of pink returning to the white cheek—it deepened at the rapturous kiss of thanksgiving he pressed on her lips—it became a deep blush as he pressed her joyfully to his heart, and when he looked again in her face, the closed eyes half opened, and from under the long lashes, a sidelong glance of mischievous roguery flashed out, and a smile of peculiar meaning lurked about the mouth. That smile seemed to say, plainly as words, "you're nicely cornered, sir!" Seldon caught its meaning, and instantly jumped at the conclusion that the whole scene had been but a preconcerted trick. Hurt and indignant, he sprang from Miss Dana's side, and was about to utter some angry words, when he perceived by his companion's sinking form, and pallid face, that she was again nearly fainting.

"I believe I am somewhat hurt," she said, pointing to her arm, which hung lifeless by her side. Our hero knelt beside her with words of concern and sympathy. He saw at once that the arm was broken, and summoning his own resolution, he asked Miss Dana if she had strength and courage to have it set on the spot, telling her that by this promptness she would be saved much future pain, and promising to exert his utmost skill. Miss Dana assented, and bore the necessary pain Seldon was obliged to inflict, with such unflinching fortitude as increased still more the exalted admiration which he already entertained for her.

Carried away by the excitement of the moment, and the tender compassion called forth by the occasion, words of love escaped our hero's lips, of which he was unconscious till it was too late to recall them—nor did he wish to do so. In spite of the whispers of prudence, his heart exulted in their utterance, and he listened breathlessly for Miss Dana's reply. It was so low that he had to bend his head to catch her whisper.

"They told me you wanted to marry an heiress."

Seldon bit his lip.

"Why don't you marry Miss Bancroft?" continued his tormentor—"she's a fortune, and—they say you're a fortune-hunter."

An angry flash rose to Seldon's cheek, but mastering himself in a moment, he replied,

"Your taunt comes home to me with some truth; but surely, Mary, I had no reason to expect it from you."

How Mary replied, and how the question was settled, I know not; I only know that half an hour afterward, when found by some of their friends, who had come in search of them, having become alarmed by the return of Miss Dana's horse without a rider, they appeared to be on



the best of terms with each other, and notwithstanding Miss Dana's painful accident, *her* face, as well as that of our hero, was radiant with happiness.

Miss Dana was duly scolded for her imprudence, and pitied for her misfortune; and, as to ride home on horseback was impossible, the gentlemen contributed their overcoats, and the ladies their shawls, to form a couch for her on the bottom of one of the wagons. Thither Seldon carefully lifted her, and insisted on driving the vehicle himself.

One morning, about a week from this time, an elderly gentleman, Mr. Bancroft, arrived at Mrs. Clemant's. He had come on to escort his daughter and her friend home. Seldon was at the house at the time of his arrival, having called, as in duty bound, to visit his patient. He heard Mr. Bancroft's name announced; what was his surprise then, to see Miss Dana spring into his arms, exclaiming, "my dear father!" Mrs. Clemant's surprise was as great as his own. Her expressions of astonishment called forth an explanation, by which a romantic manoeuvre of the young ladies was brought to light.

It appeared that Miss Bancroft, (late Miss Dana) haunted by the idea that she was only sought for her fortune, prevailed on her friend, on their arrival in an entirely new place, to change names with her. Mrs. Clemant was easily imposed upon, since, though an old friend of Miss Bancroft's family, she had never seen our heroine since she was an infant, and the *real* Miss Dana was also personally a stranger to her. Thus favored by circumstances, the heiress indulged her whim of seeing how far she owed the homage she had been in the habit of receiving to her own attractions, and Miss Dana, on her part, was pleased with the eclat of passing herself off for an heiress.

Just as our heroine had finished her hurried apologies and explanations to Mrs. Clemant and her father, the former was summoned from the room by the arrival of some visitors—a circumstance at which Miss Bancroft inwardly rejoiced, as she bashfully presented her bewildered lover to her father, whispering, as she put her arms coaxingly around his neck—

"The gentleman, father, whom I wrote to you about."

"I see, I see," cried the old gentleman, deliberately putting on his spectacles, and scrutinizing our hero narrowly, "this is your fortune-hunter, eh?"

Miss Bancroft blushed for her lover's embarrassment at this ill-timed question, and replied warmly,

"No, sir—no fortune-hunter, as he has shown by his conduct, which has proved him better than his words." She paused a moment, and then with a charming blush and smile she extended her hand to Seldon, and added, still addressing her father—

"He convinced me, sir, entirely to my satisfaction, that he was sincerely in love with the portionless Miss Dana—I shall not easily be persuaded that he does not feel an equally strong attachment to Miss Bancroft."

Her eyes full of tenderness met those of her lover, who, quite overwhelmed, could only kiss the little hand he held, and remain silent.

Mr. Bancroft was a fond father—his daughter an only child—and, as the reader may imagine, under such circumstances all difficulties were smoothed away. Yet no sooner had the old gentleman given his consent to their engagement, than our hero, with that remarkable facility people have of tormenting themselves with little difficulties, when they have overcome great ones, felt himself so disturbed by the error he constantly committed of calling his betrothed Miss Dana, that he allowed her no peace till by changing her name to Mrs. Seldon, he was relieved from so annoying an embarrassment.

In justice to our hero we must say, that his first feeling on discovering the young ladies' secret, was actual and positive disappointment that all his disinterestedness had been thrown away, and that he had wooed and won an heiress after all. Still, time reconciled him to this calamity, and he could not but acknowledge that his wife's fortune stood him in good stead till he had succeeded in establishing himself in his profession.

Frank Seldon was ere long regarded as the first physician of the place, and his skill and ability are unquestioned by all except his tormenting, bewitching little wife, who sometimes gravely shakes her head, and warns her friends not to trust him in cases of dangerous fainting fits, as his practice on such occasions is peculiar, and such as she does not approve of.

I am sorry to be obliged to add that the number of the *bona fide* Miss Dana's admirers suddenly diminished when she resumed her true character of a portionless maiden. One of them, however, who had been almost too modest to advance his claims when he thought her an heiress, now stepped boldly forward and offered her his hand. Touched by his generous conduct, Miss Dana promised to consider his suit favorably, and ere long she became the wife of one of the noblest of men.

# THE CHANGING AND THE UNCHANGING.

BY ELISE GRAY.

THE sunlight of a summer morning shone over a city. There was vivid life in the ceaseless motion and sound. The glittering carriages of the wealthy rolled over the paved streets, and passed by the rough carts of the lowly men of toil.

The gay lady of high life attired in chameleon silks of beautiful, changing hues, met unheeding the widow in plain weeds of woe, or the begging child of misery and rags.

A grave philosopher walked with meditative step. He saw not the crowd, but an author's table in a little upper room. He had come to the last chapter of a work that must, Hope said, with eager voice, bring gold and a great name.

An artist was going to his studio, and with earnest gaze he studied all that could be seen of azure sky and white clouds floating above the high, dull walls. He was thinking of a sky of his own coloring, on which he would one day look with joy, and the world with praise.

In a cellar among sheaves of straw fell a spark of fire. No eye saw the tiny instrument that there began to do a great work of destruction. One slender blade gave at first a feeble light. Another and another caught the blaze, until the fierce hot flames rose high and kindled the beams above. A rush of many feet was heard, and screams of dismay. Fire—fire, was the cry—and water—bring water, was the call. Bells rang out their loud alarms, and men in crowds pressed toward the smoke and flames.

When the sun set that night the fires were subdued—so too were hope and energy in many a heart.

The author mourned the waste of years of intellectual toil. The strength of his great mind was changed to the weakness of a little child.

In the young artist's soul joy was turned to agony, as torturing fancy pictured to his eye the scorching flames blackening the glorious colors of his canvass.

The widow's woe had deeper grown. The humble rook—the scanty store of gold—last legacies of the lost, were *gone*.

The proud man of fortune and the gay lady gazed on the fallen pillars of their palace, and knew their wealth was changed to want deeper than the beggar's poverty.

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Are not such life's *real* changes?

It was moonlight on the ocean. From a vessel's deck many happy eyes looked upward toward the full-orbed light, and down upon the waters sparkling in its silvery rays.

Friend clasped to friend paced closely the deck, inhaling the summer air and the sweeter breathings of affection. A grey-haired man sported with a mirthful child, and told him strange stories of sights all over the world and storms at sea, till the boys wondering eyes grew dim with sleep, and the grandfather bore him to their cabin couch, where soon age and infancy were lulled to deep repose, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

It was past midnight, and the sleepers on the sea saw not the cloud that arose on the azure sky. They heard not the first wail of the wind, but soon the storm raged fearfully, and awoke them to wild terror.

Who hath ever told the horrors of a shipwreck on the ocean, when the "cry is help, but no help can come?"

The bark was lost.

The old man's silvery locks mingled a moment with the white foam of a wave. Then he sank down with the clinging boy.

Friend clasped to friend in life, descended together to that vast ocean sepulchre where lie the countless dead of the deep.

Changing as the sea from calm to storm, is life to death.

Hope suddenly flew to Love on fleet, bright wing, and whispered something only Love could hear—then quickly gave her pinions beauteous as her own, and they soared together and flew away. Hope drooped her wings upon a mountain height, and said to Love rest here—I will show thee thy future.

Then she touched Love's eyes with a strange wand, and Love looked and saw in the distance a land so wondrously beautiful, she turned away amazed, bewildered, and could not believe. Hope said, "fear not—it is surely thine. All that thy yearning nature desires is there—the streams of affection, and the flowers and fruits that drink their life on the borders—devotion and joy, and self-sacrifice and duty. Countless and nameless are the beauties and pleasures of thy future."

Love gazed with passionate, tender eyes, and said with earnest tone, "is this truly my earthly lot?"—then drooped her wings lower, for the burden of bliss was heavy, and wept for o'erflowing of soul. So she turned to the bosom of God to pour out its fulness there, and entreat His smile and His blessing.

Strange and beautiful deceiver art thou, oh, Hope! While Love's eyes were yet darkened with tears, the Siren flew suddenly away and was seen no more. Love turned her eyes and Hope was gone, and the glorious land of the enchantress had also vanished. Astonished, terrified she gazed—she waited, but Hope returned not again, nor the beautiful vision of her enchanted land, the future.

A wild, stern strife was in Love's soul, and she turned away from God, and could not say, "Thy will be done," for her heart cried out in

agony, "He hath no compassion." Her bright wings fell off, and her spirit was broken. Slowly came she down from the mountain of her glorious vision and temptation, and went away, wounded, to the cavern of Despair. There lay she long, till at last a white form softly entered and embraced her, and tenderly carried her out into the sunlight. A low voice said, "I am Faith, and am come to thy help." Then she drew around the child of sorrow a mantle unstained by the beautiful, changing hues of earth, but of snowy, spotless whiteness, and Faith said, "it is the robe of Resignation. Wear it ever—it shall shield thee in burning heat and wintry storm."

Then Faith lifted Love from the earth and bore her to the bosom of God, and Love raised her grief-dimmed eyes and said, "'even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.' Here will I rest, for God only is unchanging."

## THE SPIRIT SISTER.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

Soon shall my voice and step awake  
An echo in my home once more.  
Each household god will wear again  
The dear familiar look it wore;  
My books will smile a welcome back,  
Each picture hanging on the wall,  
My desk, with its half written page,  
Life's daily scenes again recall.  
And yet my brow grows dark with care,  
Thy glance will never greet me there.

Kind friends will welcome me again  
With greetings tender and sincere;  
A sister's love, a sister's care.  
From absence will appear more dear.  
The humble friend whose services  
Long years of quiet worth have told,  
Will gladly dream of my return,  
And clasp my hand in kindly fold;  
Still, still my brow grows dark with care,  
Thy smile will never meet me there.

Dear ones will gather round our board,  
My vacant chair once more be filled,  
But the glad mirth that sparkled there  
By silent tears shall oft be stilled.  
Thy deep and earnest tones shall wake  
No more affection's soft reply—  
Nor thy sweet thoughts, refined and pure  
As angels, float serenely by;  
My brow is sad with heavy care,  
Thy voice will never greet me there.

Young, happy girls with joyous glance,  
Companions of my careless hours,  
In gay attire, whose artless grace  
Recalls bright dreams of Spring and flowers,  
Will meet me in the crowded street  
With all the joy of other days:  
Then start to see my mourning robes,  
And pause, and sigh, with altered gaze,  
And feel that thou wilt never share  
With me again the balmy air.

Entranced above the poet's page  
With wrapt emotion I may bend,  
But read no more the chosen line  
To thee dear sympathizing friend.  
Art's noblest works my sight may bless,  
The painter's dream, the sculptor's mould,  
But thou whose rapture met my own  
The silent dust must now enfold;  
Beauty in vain its charm may wear,  
For thee earth's beauty is not fair.

For thou art where the forms of earth  
Grow dim in splendor all undreamed,  
Diviner forms more exquisite  
Their loveliness on thee have beamed;  
God's beauty has thy spirit filled,  
A Saviour's love our own supplies,  
A father's, mother's, sister's smile  
In Heaven meets thy longing eyes;  
My brow is free from darkening care,  
Thou hast all joys united there.

# THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER THE ELMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 86.

## CHAPTER IX.

WELL, days and weeks went by, as they went, jostling our hero, Frank, and tossing him sometimes, as if he were a foot-ball. He found himself often at Amy's side, or standing before her. Then he said to himself—"now thanks be given! Now I will have some rest; and never a dog needed it more. How good it is to be here! How beautiful and sweet she is! I would know she were near me, if I could neither see nor hear. I would feel refreshed and rested. I would know that she were near, by this."

Perhaps she let the refreshment, the rest go on a while. Perhaps she sat or stood near him, listening, in a very still way to what he was saying, or reading, answering in a still way, a sensible, charming way, so that Frank forgot that he would read on, or that he would talk on; and said inwardly—in the depths of his soul—"she is a jewel! There is not on this earth another so fair, so good! I could bear anything with her at my side, in my home, as my bride, my wife, as the mother of my children. Ah, God knows what a Paradise this would be." Amy fell in with his silent mood at first. She too—but Frank could not know what she thought or felt. He only knew that the expression of her bent face gave him encouragement, pleasure. If he advanced upon this, if he tried to take her hand in his, if he said, "Amy—Amy dear"—if he was on the point of adding the thought that was so often trembling on his lips—"I love you, Amy," she recoiled from him, with a look impassioned as she could make it, still with suffering in it, as Frank saw. She moved gently away; saying in gentle, often in choked tones—"I will see where mother is. I will see why she don't come." Or she said—"I will tell father you are here. He has something in the garden he wants to show you;" or when summer vacation came, "I will go and bring Davy."

Perhaps she did not return while he stayed. Perhaps she came when the rest were there, Webster, Wash, Johnny, Hesnut and all; and when the dim twilight was into the rooms. Or perhaps she came and stood close by her mother, where they all were in the yard or garden.

Frank was not all of the time at Swamscott. He often went to his uncle's works at Tuberville; of these works he had the direct supervision; was often at Springfield, or Andover, two, three, or more days at a time; and often at his uncle's summer place in Cambridge. He had, however, his wardrobe, his rambling equipments, and the best part of his library at Swamscott. He called it "coming home," when he came to Swamscott. This gave his friends there pride and pleasure. They liked to hear him coupling those two words in that way. All but Amy. She seemed to breathe more freely when he went, and to feel oppressed when he came. Davy said to her one day, that Frank would probably leave Swamscott in September; and that evening, and many evenings, she groaned half aloud in her chamber—"oh, when will September come."

If any one could know what was in Amy's way; what took her appetite and strength; what made her kinder and kinder toward all in the house, and toward Frank, when he was there, at the same time that the sad, thoughtful look about her mouth and eyes deepened more and more; if one could only know. But there seemed no way of finding it out, as may be gathered from the following little scenes.

## SCENE I.—THE GARDEN.

Davy.—"Amy, my sister, you brush the beautiful calla."

Amy, with a languid smile. "Do I? I mustn't, must I?"

Davy.—"No. But there is one thing I must do. I must go off to old Dartmouth to-morrow. I rather hate it, on the whole; hate putting on the harness, tremendously, when I've been free a while. If you would do something but smile in that new, strange way, Amy," looking at her closely, "if you would cry a little and say as you used to—'I shall half die without you,' I could go feeling better. What is it, Amy? You are sadder than all the graves in Swamscott; what is it?"

Amy, propping up the calla she had bruised. "Nothing. You, all of you make mistakes about me. I am sure I laugh and talk as I always

have. I wish you would try and get it out of mother's head that I am sad, before you go. I will help you. I will laugh all the time."

*Davy.*—"That wont amount to anything unless you feel it; if, the next hour, one may come suddenly upon you, and see you—as I, as we all have seen you, so many times, lately! Tell me, Amy, what is the matter?"

*Amy, looking in his face and speaking earnestly.* "Not anything, Davy. At any rate, not anything worth naming. Not anything that I can or shall name. I will see to myself. I will soon look to heaven and be satisfied. And don't be troubled on my account, good, kind Davy. Don't let mother."

#### SCENE II.—THE PARLOR, AT NIGHT.

*Frank, after having sat a long time silent.*  
"Amy."

*Amy, her head bent low on her hand,* "What say, Mr. Hazeltine?"

*Frank.*—You will speak to me in this ice-cold way; will not once say 'Frank' to me as you used to, when I was a stranger. I see that you hate me; that you hate me more and more. You don't deny it," having waited for a disclaimer. "Still, how I can love you so much and you hate me, is more than I can understand. I must go from Swamscott." Still no answer. "I must go to-morrow, and not come back. You will try to like me a little better when I no longer trouble you, Amy?"

*Amy, with a calm but sad look and tone; with a look, in fact, as if she were turning to marble.* "I shall always think as I do now, that you have been very kind to me, much kinder than I have deserved. Good-bye," giving him her hand.

*Frank, fondling her hand between both his own and kissing it.* "Good-bye. God bless you for all that you have been to me; for all that you will be to me while I live."

#### SCENE III.—THE BREAKFAST ROOM.

*Mrs. Hurbut.*—"What is my daughter thinking about, all this long time?"

*Amy, starting and blushing,* "I was thinking, a part of the time, about Davy's coming next Saturday."

*Mrs. Hurbut, sighing.* "Still the thought seems to give you little pleasure. Davy will be happy to be at home with Frank here at the same time. They will go over all the old haunts. They will look almost like new ones, now that autumn has changed them so much."

*Amy.*—Yes, they will, mother."

*Mrs. Hurbut.*—"Winter is close by, once more. The rain beating on the windows, and the rose-

bushes and vines scraping the clapboards, tell a pretty loud story of its coming. Do you dread winter, Amy?" watching what answer her face gave.

*Amy.*—"I don't know. I believe I do; but I dare say I shall bear it very well when it comes. I have been thinking, mother, that I would like to go and see Cousin Mary. Her husband is coming to take Clarissa over early Saturday morning. They want me to go, and I want to."

*Mrs. Hurbut.*—"And Davy will be here; and Frank, by a late train. You mustn't go."

*Amy.*—"Oh, I must, mother!" with pleading, suffering looks and tones. "Davy will oppose me, and father. But, mother, you will help me, wont you? Let them see that you think it best for me to go—for it is best, as God knows. You will help me to go, wont you, dearest, best mother? Poor mother!" going to her, and running her arm around her neck—"poor mother! the best mother that ever a girl had! I trouble you now; I know that I do; I have known it many a week. But it will be over. Let me go to Boxford; and I will cease all my—all my follies, and stupidities, and moping propensities there. You shall see, when I come back, that two fairies came to me at Boxford; one a wicked fairy, whom I shall send off with the whole load of discomforts she has been giving me, on her own shoulders; the other, a good fairy, will come with a smile, and put all manner of new pleasures and contentments into my heart. And then I will come home."

*Mrs. Hurbut, smiling and holding her daughter's hand,* "Yes, this is fine. How long will it be? how long must you stay for all these things to be done?"

*Amy.*—"Four weeks, I think. I may go!"

*Mrs. Hurbut.*—"Yes; you shall go. Your father and Davy shan't say one word to hinder you."

*Amy.*—"The best mother! I will tell the fairies when they come, that my mother is better than theirs can possibly be."

#### CHAPTER X.

We will next show our readers parts of certain letters that, while Amy was at Boxford, passed between her and one Gustavus Spencer, a gentleman unknown, as yet, to the reader, but very well known to Amy. He was the adopted child of her parents; and was in their family, as if he were a legitimate child of the house from the age of three to nineteen. From his fourth year to his ninth, inclusive, he was Amy's little husband and she was his little wife; from his ninth to

his nineteenth he was her little brother, she his sister. Then, on the evening before the day on which he would go to meet an older brother, the only one left of his family, now in New Mexico, to try his hand at the game of fortune there, he asked her if she would be his wife when he came back—that was, if he came back rich as a Jew, and built a sort of tiny palace for her to live in.

She didn't care for his coming back as rich as a Jew, Amy said. Nor for the tiny palace he would build. She had always thought that she would like it best, living in a little brown house without any paint on it; a house like Mr. Tracy's. But she would marry him when he came back, if he still liked her and wanted her for his wife. But the whole affair was to be kept, oh, so close between them! They were to speak and look the next morning, and to the time of his starting, precisely as if they were *not* engaged. Not a line was to be sent by him or her, while he was gone, lest people should find out something. He was to write often to Davy; Davy was to write often to him; and in that way they could hear about each other, and perhaps send some little messages now and then—just remembrances and so on.

Amy was sixteen then. Now she was nineteen. Three years, and especially the last half year, had wrought great changes in the girl. She had been, for some time, in the midst of fiery trials; but now she had arisen to walk out of them. She was no longer irresolute, no longer weak; for she thought that now she saw clearly what it was her duty to do—her duty as regarded not only herself, but Gustavus, and—and one other. And she bowed her head in infinite tenderness at every thought of that “one other.” She had come to Boxford to do it. No, Cousin Clarissa; no, Cousin Mary; she could neither ride, nor walk, nor see company, that day. She must stay alone in her chamber and write a letter.

She wrote in a very candid, a very womanly way. After reviewing the years they had spent together as brother and sister, the circumstances and conditions of their early, impromptu betrothal, she said—“And now tell me, Gustavus, do you not find that it is very easy to live so long and so far from me? do you not find it easier and easier every year, every month? Could you not now find another who would be more suitable for you, with your love of splendor, and bustle, and travel, whom you could love with a much heartier love than you ever did or ever can me, your ‘chicken-hearted little sister?’ You remember that this is what you were always calling me; and I am sure you felt a little contempt sometimes for my want of pride and spirit.

“I think you can answer ‘yes’ to all these questions. If you can I shall be glad. I shall be glad to be your sister till my dying day, to welcome you when you come from your long journey, to be the bride’s-maid of your bride, (especially if she should happen to be one Clarissa Jackson) and then to go often to see you and her in your beautiful palace. Clarissa is very sprightly, very beautiful, very noble too. She always liked you—after she was over that long dislike, that is; and Davy and I have both seen that she changes color at your name.

“Don’t delay an hour answering me. Tell me all your feelings and thoughts, as I have told you all mine.

“God grant that you may be very happy, and have an abundance, of friends off there. Don’t forget Him in trying to be rich; for dark hours must come to you. They come to all. And when they come nothing is sufficient for us but His right arm,

Your loving sister,  
AMY.”

## CHAPTER XI.

GUSTAVUS SPENCER TO AMY HURLBUT.

“DEAR CHILD, you struck me ‘all in a heap,’ as old Mrs. Peters says. But I do believe I—*id est*, (I don’t forget all my Latin, you see, as you said I would) I believe you see into things pretty well. The fact is, I am bound to be rich. I will have that palace yet; and if I get a palace, I can easily enough find a mistress for it. You wouldn’t marry me for a palace, but there are enough who will. Fudge! I will none of them, though! When I get rich, I will tell you what I will do. *So!* Here, Amy, I have been to my feet to jump and clap my hands for the new thought I have. You shall hear! I will get as rich as a Jew; then I will go poking homeward with—ah, but I shan’t tell. You’ll tell Clarissa; or if you don’t tell her, she’ll find the letter and read for herself. I remember all of her rummaging old ways. This is my message to her. Tell her I remember all her rummaging old ways; and how I could never keep spruce-gum nor maple-sugar in table-drawer nor trunk-till, for her pelfish fingers. Tell her this. Tell Davy I’m thinking of California. Tell him to answer my last letter soon, or I may perhaps be off before it comes. Tell yourself to be ‘easy as an old shoe’ about me. Get married if you find anybody that is good enough for you—anybody that is *really* good enough, I mean. I never was. I never should be. I think, on my troth, that I would rather have a wife that I shan’t be quite so much afraid of. For instance, I never dared

to go near you without thinking back whether I had been swearing or lying any for the day. I must always look in my pocket mirror too, to see if my face was clean and my hair parted even. This was when I was a boy, you see.

"Good-bye. Love to all. Remember me, all of you. Don't forget this. There is nobody else to remember me and be glad when I come back, you know. And if there is nobody to do it, I shall dig a hole for my gold, put on a cowl, and go round with my head down wishing myself dead,

Your loving brother,

GUSTAVUS."

"*Post Scriptum.*—If the time comes, Amy, when you sit and hem pillow-cases and towels, send word to me. I want to send you something.

"If any one comes near Clarissa to talk about marriage, shoot him for me. Seriously, if any one does, write and tell me about it,

Thine,

Gusr."

## CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. HURLBUT believed in fairies from the day that Amy came back from Boxford. All felt the change; even Hesnut gambolled with higher glee, now that Amy often said—"Hi! Hesnut;" and snapped her fingers in the old way. To the good parents it was as if some dark clouds were swept away, and the sun and the mild moon and stars, by turns, were shining in their place.

Miss Humphreys, who, for a long time had watched Amy as if she were a barometer, saw, at the instant of meeting, the light in her face, the buoyancy in her frame. She went away tossing her head, curling her lip in an unamiable way, and saying to her mother—"they've got him at last! Anybody can see that just looking at Miss Amy. Well, they're welcome to him; they've tried hard enough, at any rate, Davy and all. I wouldn't take so much pains for a king."

It was evening, in the depths of the winter. Old snows were spread out and heaped up in smooth drifts and in graceful wreaths; and now a new snow was falling in broad, lazy flakes, darkening the sky and obstructing the way. It was windy; it was stinging cold. So that, on the whole, it was dubious without; but within—that good reader, within the white house under the elms—was a cheerful scene, made up of contented faces, of warmth, and of ruddy light falling upon crimson curtains, upon carpet, and upon scarlet and white flowers, and dark green leaves in their brown vases.

Suddenly there was a noise of fast jingling bells, of a horse's tramp and of sleigh-runners crushing the snow. Of the gate opening, of

vigorous feet coming to the door, and then, whew! of the door-bell.

"It's the preceptor!" said Wash. "It's the way he always drives up and rings. I'm glad." He was on the way to let him.

"Hallo!" said he, at the door. "I told 'em it was you, Mr. Singleton. I knew it was."

Mr. Singleton, meantime, just lay his hand on the boy's head a moment, and now he was jumping and stamping in just Mr. Singleton's own way, to get the snow off.

"Come in here; right in here, where they all are, and where it's warm as toast," entreated Wash, now hold of his hand to lead him.

Good! It was no more Ned Singleton than it was you, my bachelor friend. On the contrary, it was Ben Frank Hazeltine, as Wash and all the rest saw as soon as he came into the parlor door. He was covered with snow, he was stiffened with the cold, like a white polar bear. But they surrounded him. They clung to him one minute, Mr. and Mrs. Hurlbut to his cold hands, Wash and Johnny to his overcoat.

Amy—bless her! what high satisfaction one saw beneath the quiet manner! Even Wash saw it.

"Amy likes you as well as Johnny and I do, now; I know she does," said he, cuddling close to Frank. In passing, Mrs. Hurlbut had gone to the kitchen to see to having something hot and refreshing for Frank; Mr. Hurlbut to the stable to make his tired horse comfortable.

"Do you think she does?" said Frank, seating himself and drawing Wash and Johnny close to him.

"Yes; I know she does. I can always tell when she likes anybody."

"And when she don't?" smiling.

"Yes; and when she don't. She didn't use to like you very well last summer, when you were here."

Wash, as was evident, doubted a little whether it was right to say that; but was reassured upon finding that Frank and Amy both laughed.

"She was too bad, wasn't she, Wash?"

"Yes; I used to be almost mad with her sometimes."

"Yes, so did I too."

In short, it was clear from the free, changed way in which Frank carried himself, from the eyes seeking Amy's, lingering on her's so often without a shadow of fear or uncertainty in them, as well as from his coming there tramping, so late at night, unannounced, unexpected, that the good fairy of whom Amy spoke, had been whispering in his ear. Those who say—"poh! no, that can't be!" to this hypothesis, may believe,

if they choose, that Davy had been telling him of the long-standing engagement to Gustavus Spencer, and of her release from that engagement. There is some reason for this belief, I confess; for that day week, Davy received a letter from Spencer telling him the whole story, and sending love to Amy and Clarissa; and that day—that is, the day in which Frank appeared at the white house, he had a letter from Davy, a very long letter. Frank read half of it and then flew one way and another, that he might be ready for the last train of cars off Swamscott way. He couldn't be ready, and so he started at sunset, with his own horse and sleigh.

"One moment, Amy," said Frank, when, at a late hour, she would have left the parlor for the

night with her father and mother. "Please stay one moment."

He went over to her, took her hand, and looked into her eyes. Or, he tried to look into her eyes. But she dropped them; she dropped her head; she trembled like a leaf. And so Frank just took her into his arms and held her close; feeling, that she was now his own. He too trembled; for he had suffered much. Now he enjoyed much. He said—"dear Amy." She answered, with her arm sliding about his neck—"dear Frank—good Frank."

And this is all we have to say. Only they were married when New-Year came.

Good-bye, good readers; especially, thou good bachelor reader, who envieth Frank.

## THE TWO KINGS.

BY EMILY HERMANN.

ONCE I read a pleasant story

As I sat at home alone,  
Of King Solomon's great glory,  
And his Heaven-defended throne;

How there came, from far Arabia,  
Where the world's famed spices grow,  
One, with camel-loads of treasure,  
Humbly, at his feet, to bow.

Not as seemed a lowly suppliant,  
Bent the stranger lady there,  
For her clothes were very costly,  
Wrought with broidery most rare.

On her hand a signet glittered,  
O'er her temples shone a crown,  
With a heart that asked but wisdom  
Came that dame of old renown.

And the Abyssinian rangers  
Tell oft of the Southern Queen,  
(And, in many a fabled legend,  
All her graces may be seen.)

How her generous heart dilated  
As they told the spices o'er,  
Gold and gems—All Israel's palace  
Never saw the like before.  
And she deemed it poor, in changing  
For the wondrous Hebrew lore.

Many ages came, thereafter,  
One who spake in greater-wise  
In the self-same royal city  
Where yon buried monarch lies.

And he proved a lofty chieftain—  
"Prince of Peace" they called his name,  
Given, 'mid splendor, on his birth-night,

When the liveried servants came  
From his court, to tell the people,  
With loud trumpets, of his fame.

Then, again, from far Arabia,  
Nobles came and knelt there down,  
Bringing gold, and spice, and incense,  
To the king without a crown,  
For a star, in Heaven, had told them  
Of his very great renown.

Yet his people cared not for him,  
He was lowly in their eyes,  
As dry roots, in Autumn pastures,  
To them, was his earthly guise.

From their gates the rulers spurned him,  
So he sought the valley's shade;  
'Mid its pleasantness and quiet,  
Or on hills, whole nights, he prayed.

Strangely, while the great despised him,  
Sweet young children's heads were laid  
On his bosom; while the cunning  
Planned till they his grave had made.

And the earth, grown old and weary  
In the sins of many years,  
Even this was sanctified  
By the virtue of his tears.

Still more wonderful his story,  
As our time the riddle bares,  
For, even now, a greater glory  
Than King Solomon's, he wears.

And, though great and rich ones seek him  
Sitting on his shining throne,  
Gentle hearts, and little children,  
Best he loves and calls his own.



## CLOTHING OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY E. J. TILT, M. D.

MAN not only maintains his heat by food, but also by clothing. By superposing garments one upon the other, he surrounds himself with a corresponding number of warm atmospheres, so as to prevent the escape of heat.

There seems to be a decided determination on the part of man to mar as far as possible the Creator's intentions respecting his chief work. In the Ethnological room of the British Museum may be seen a cradle, so contrived as to flatten down the forehead of the infant, and to give it all the appearance of an idiot. In the Celestial Empire the feet are so cunningly bandaged as effectually to make a Chinese lady hobble all her life; and, until very lately, a neighboring nation, who, like the Chinese, boast of being in the van of civilization, without, however, laying claim as yet to the immutability of their institutions, used to bind up the limbs and bodies of their little ones as carefully as the Egyptians did their dead. We have fortunately no such plans to deprecate at home, but when seeing an infant dressed for the first time, we have often been struck with the idea that many of the pretty little things with which he is harnessed might be dispensed with. We are afraid we have already said enough to raise against us a whole army of mothers, grandmothers, and nurses; but having given utterance to half our opinions, it would be unmanly not to conclude, and say that, in our estimation, so long as an infant is a perfectly passive little thing, without even the power of crawling, it would be quite enough to bandage him with a roller, and dress him in a loose gown. With a flannel and a blanket the child may be made as warm as necessary. At all events, there should be nothing tight about him, and, above all, no pins by which he might be wounded.

The child should be accustomed to go bare-headed both day and night. This is generally admitted by medical men to be the best plan of warding off a tendency to determination of blood to the head, and those affections of the brain which are so fatal at that age. A thin cap, as gay as a mother wishes, can be always ready to be put on, so often as the child is brought down into the drawing-room, to be the cynosure of all eyes, and the admired of all observers.

We think it good to short-clothe a child early,

and thus to give him as soon as possible the greatest freedom of his limbs; but in this, parents must be guided by the season of the year, as it would not be well to make this change in winter. On undressing a child from two to three years of age, we frequently find the frock tied tightly round the waist, so as to give a graceful appearance to the figure; for the same reason are the under-garments similarly tightened, and sometimes so much so that red lines are marked upon the body. Now it must be apparent to all that this constant pressure must tend to prevent the full development of the chest requisite for respiration, which is repeated so many times during every minute, and that it must likewise interfere with the growth of the child. Again, the little clothes are supported by bands and tapes which are called shoulder-straps, although they are not so in reality, for they are thrown off the shoulders to make the children look pretty, and press upon the side of the arm about an inch below the head of a bone which can be easily felt, and is the *humerus* or bone of the arm. This pressure cannot be made without depriving the child of the free use of his arms, to extend which he has to overcome the weight and pressure of the clothes. Muscular action being thus impaired, the child is prompted to assume a stooping position, and thus is laid the first foundation of round shoulders, of contraction of the chest, and of flattening of the ribs.

But in this favored land there are many mothers judicious enough to consider the health of their little ones of more importance than their appearance, and will seek it by all the means which can be brought home to their understanding. Having been told that the child should be left free of his dress, they will take care that there be sufficient space for the hand to pass freely under his clothes, and then fancy that the child's health is safe, so far as dress is concerned; but the body runs almost as great a chance of deformity on account of the plan of throwing the shoulder-straps off the shoulders, so that the whole weight of the clothes presses on the side of the arm and under its joint.

Such are the defects of the present system of dressing children. By showing how they ought to be dressed, we shall at the same time show

how these defects can be avoided. The child's shirt should be roomy, but not too full, so as to make creases. The bodice should be made long-waisted, and to fit the frame, but a large piece of elastic tissue in front should permit the free expansion of the chest. The shoulder-straps should be sewn in front of the bodice, and pass over the shoulders so as to cross each other, and button under the blade-bone of the opposite side; for the weight of the soldier's knapsack should rest as much as possible on the shoulders, it stands to reason that the shoulders should bear the weight of the child's clothes. The petticoats must be buttoned to the lower part of the bodice, so that no tight strings may impede respiration. The frock ought not to be made tighter than the bodice: it must rest, like it, upon the shoulder, so that it may no more impede the raising of the arms than a man's coat. In a few words, the weight of the clothes should rest upon the shoulders by a band, which can be made of elastic tissue; and until the eighth or ninth year, when the hip in girls is sufficiently formed to sustain the petticoats, they should be buttoned to the bodice. Mothers and dressmakers may object to covering the shoulders, but by so doing, the chest will be preserved against the evil effects of a variable temperature, so often causing fatal complaints; and if the shoulders are covered in childhood, they will be better worth exhibiting at a later period in life. Fashion at this moment, however, coincides with common sense, and children are beginning to be dressed more "en cœur," as it is termed, or to show less of the shoulder; and perhaps even some of our most prejudiced fair readers will smile our forgiveness

when we tell them that the shoulder-straps can be so arranged as to be passed under the arm, completely out of sight, whenever the mother is anxious to show off her little one to the best advantage.

Flannel next the skin is unnecessary, and should be kept in reserve in case it should be required at some later period of life; but if children are delicate, or prone to chilblains, lamb's-wool socks should be worn throughout the winter.

There is nothing exaggerated in the following picture of a fashionably-dressed child, as drawn by Dr. Maunsell, in his valuable work:—"Who has not seen one of those miserable victims of parental vanity, whose appearance in our streets will sometimes, upon a March or November day, strike cold into our hearts? The cap and feathers set upon, not covering, the child's head, and probably of a color and richness contrasting mournfully with blue ears, sharpened nose, and shrunken cheeks, in which cold has assumed the features of starvation—the short kilt and Highland hose, exposing between them cracked and shivering knees—altogether require for their description more graphic power than we presume to lay claim to."

Need we say that a mother should not gratify her vanity by letting her little ones thus go bare-legged, or sometimes even bare-kneed in winter, since there are woollen leggins to be had? For if she so much wishes to see the contrast of the flesh-color on the white displayed above and below, we suggest the possibility of matching the flesh tint so well in some warm material, that children may be kept warm, while they seem to be "*sans culotte*."

## THE ALMOND BOUGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

Bough of the beautiful Almond tree,  
Type of the earthly, I gaze on thee.  
Bright are thy blossoms, but they shall fade  
Like the fair child in the tomb soon laid.  
Thus if I leave thee, or pluck thee now,  
To weave a wreath for my young love's brow,  
All is the same—thy green leaf shall fall,  
As pleasures pass from the grasp of all.

Day after day, see the bright sun rise,  
Only to set in the evening skies;  
See by the way-side the flowers in bloom—  
Zephyrs are wafting their grateful perfume,

While they are saying to each passer by,  
"Haste to enjoy us ere we shall die,"  
Haste, for the zephyr will soon be past,  
And the ripe bloom will not always last.

Garlands at morn for the fair I weave,  
Yet they shall fade ere the festal eve;  
So will the Spring-time pass with the hours,  
Beauty and pleasure leave their bowers,  
All that is earthly forgotten be  
With the frail bough of the Almond tree.  
Oh, that all bright things, when they shall fade,  
May, like this wreath, at love's shrine be laid.

# ZANA.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113.

### CHAPTER VIII.

No human-being can comprehend the desolation, the heart sickness that seized upon me after this interview with Cora. Nothing had been explained between us. I had looked in her face, and saw it bathed with tears and guilty blushes, from which my very soul shrunk back. My love for that girl had been so true, so deep—my love for him—it was like uprooting the life within me, the agony of bitter conviction that he was trifling with me, with her perhaps. But the very intensity of my sorrow made me calm, nay, even kind to her. I think at that moment she would have confided in me entirely, had I urged it upon her, for she was deeply moved—but I could not do it! For worlds I would not have heard the details of his miserable perfidy: they would have driven me mad.

My faith in human goodness, which had hitherto been to me like a religion, was from this time broken up. I was adrift on the world, full of doubt, terror and contempt. Cora, George, Morton, where among them all could I look for truth? The wickedness of Lady Catharine seemed noble compared to them.

I had no other friends, save the two kind hearts in my own home, and there I fled for shelter as a wounded bird to his nest.

It is said that there is no real love unless respect for its object composes the greater share; but is it a truth? Is it the worthy and good on whom our affections are most lavishly bestowed? The history of every day life tells us no—the history of my own heart answers no. Amid all the bitter feelings that tortured me, love for the two beings that had wronged me most was still at the bottom, a pang and curse, but there.

With all my apparent and real frankness, there was a power of suppression in my nature that no one would have believed. With regard to my own feelings I was always reserved and silent, they were too sacred for every day handling, and nothing but the inspiration of some generous impulse, or the idea that I could have sensa-

tions to be ashamed of, ever won me to confess anything of that inner life which was both my heaven and my torment. Oh, what torment it proved then!

But even then I was of a nature "to suffer and be strong." Self-centred in my desperate anguish I went on in life, giving out no visible sign by which those two beings who loved me, Turner and Maria, could guess that I had been so deceived.

It was well that I had this strength, that the springs of life within me were both elastic and powerful, for the great battle of existence had but just commenced. I had been aroused to a knowledge of the feebleness and falsehood of others; soon I was to learn how much of evil lay sleeping in my own nature.

One night Turner came home earlier than usual, and in a tumult of excitement that we had seldom witnessed in him before.

He came to my little room, where I now spent all the day.

"Zana, Zana," he said, drawing me toward him, "come hither, I have something to tell you—I have news."

"What news?" I inquired, with a pang, for it seemed to me that Cora and Irving must have something to do with a subject that could so interest the old man. "I—I am not fond of news, Turner. Nothing good ever comes to me now."

"God only knows, child, whether it is for good or for evil, but Lord Clare is in England! On his way even now to the Hall."

My heart swelled. I felt the blood leaving my lips; and even my hands grew cold as ice.

"Turner," I said, wringing his withered hand in mine—"Turner, is Lord Clare my father?"

His small eyes opened large and wide. The wrinkles deepened on his face like lines upon a map. My question took him by surprise.

"I would give ten years of my life, Zana, to say yes or no with certainty."

"Then you cannot tell me," I cried, cruelly disappointed.

"Oh, if I could—if I only could, all might yet end well with you poor child. But there is no proof—I am not certain myself. How then will it be in my power to convince him? If you could but remember. You were six or seven years old when we found you, Zana, and at that age a child has many memories—but you had none."

"Yes, one—I remember *her* face."

"But nothing more?"

"No, nothing. To attempt anything more is painful. It wrenches all my faculties, and brings forth shadows only."

"This is always the answer. What can I do?" muttered the old man, "resemblances are no proof, and I am not sure of that. Zana, have you the least idea how Lord Clare looks?"

"Yes," I answered, "for I have seen his portrait."

"There again," muttered the old man—"there again, at every turn I am blocked out. But that other face, what is it like?"

"Dark, sad; great flashing eyes full of fire, but black as midnight; hair like the folds of a storm-cloud; a mouth—but how can I describe it, so full of tender sorrow, so tremulous. Tell me, is this like my mother? Was she thus or not?"

"It is too vague, I cannot tell."

"But I have seen it, not flashing thus, but real, every feature still; it was only one glimpse, but I knew it was her."

"Where did you see this? Long since and living?"

"No, it was a picture, at Clare Hall, I took it from an old cabinet of black wood covered all over and rough with jewels."

"Where is it now—that picture?"

"Lady Catharine has it, she snatched it from me."

"But you knew the face?"

"Yes, I knew the face."

"This is something, but not enough," said Turner, thoughtfully.

"Still if his heart speaks for us——"

I laid one hand on my bosom, for it swelled with painful force. "My heart is speaking now," I said. "If he is my father, there will come an answer."

As I spoke, the sound of distant bells came sweeping through the trees, and we heard the faint murmurs of a shout, as if people at a great distance were rejoicing together.

"He has come. It is from the village," said Turner, and tears rolled down his cheeks. "My boy—my boy, God bless him. Will you not say God bless him, Zana?"

I could not answer, every clash of the bells

seemed to strike against my heart. I knew it was my father that was coming; but when Turner asked me to bless him, that face came before me, and *I could not do it.*

Turner left me, for the state of excitement in which those bells had thrown him allowed of nothing but action. He followed no path, but I saw him running at full speed across the park, as if the weight of twenty, not sixty-five years, went with him. Directly, and while the sunset was yet red in the west, I heard the sound of carriage wheels and the swell of dying shouts, as if the villagers had followed their lord up to the lodge-gate. Then all grew still, save the faint sound of wheels, the rustle of a thousand trees, that seemed to carry off the shout amid the sighing of their leaves.

I could not rest, for thought was pain. I wandered about the house, and at length went down stairs in search of Maria. She sat in the little breakfast-room, surrounded by the twilight; and as I entered softly, the sound of her weeping filled the room.

I crept to her side, and sitting down at her feet, laid my head on her lap, excited beyond endurance, but with no power to weep.

She passed her hand softly down my hair, and sobbed more passionately than before.

"What are you crying for? Everybody else seems happy. Only you and Turner receive the Lord of Clare Hall with tears," I said.

"We parted from him with tears," she answered, sobbing afresh.

"You knew him well then, *ma bonne*?" I said, plunging into the subject recklessly now that it was commenced.

"Knew him well," she answered. Then breaking into Spanish, she murmured among her tears, "too well—too well for him or for us."

She took my face between her hands, and gazed down upon it with mournful tenderness.

"My bird," she murmured, "ask me no questions about the earl, my heart is full to-night. It is not you that sits at my feet, but another—another. Oh, what became of her?—what became of her? More than ten years, and we have no answer to give him."

"That person—she who sits in my place over-shadows me in your heart—is it my mother?" I questioned, in a whisper.

"The God of heaven only knows!" she answered, passionately. "Do not question me, child, for the sound of those bells has unlocked my memory—I have no control over myself—I shall say forbidden things. Hush, hush, let me listen."

I kept my head upon her lap, brooding in

silence over the words she had spoken. I could wait, but a stern determination to know all, to solve the mysteriousness that surrounded me, filled my being. I thirsted for entire knowledge regarding myself, and resolved to wrench it from its keepers, whatever pain it might bring or give.

But after Maria had wept a while, she grew calm and circumspect. I could feed my craving with no more of her passionate outbreaks. We sat together till deep in the night conversing in abrupt snatches, but I gathered nothing from what she said to confirm my suspicion that at least a portion of my history was in her keeping.

Turner did not return that night, nor till deep in the next morning. When he did appear it was with a step of lead, and with trouble in his heavy eyes. Maria met him at the door, and a few hasty words passed between them before he entered.

As they came in I heard her say, as if repeating the word after him, "dying! not that—oh, not that!"

"It has killed him at last—I knew it—I foresaw it from the first," answered Turner, bitterly. "The fiends—would to heaven they had all been smothered in their holes before he——"

"Hush, hush," said Maria, "not a word against her. If he is dying—what may her fate have been?"

"God forgive me, I was wrong—but there is a sight up yonder, Maria, that would draw feeling from marble. But, Zana—where is she?"

"Has he spoken of it? Has he inquired?" asked Maria, quickly.

"He asked only one question—if she was found, nothing more."

"And you spoke of Zana?"

"No, of what use would it be? I have no right to torture him with bare suspicions; but the girl—let him see her—if his heart does not speak then, we never must."

"She will not refuse—you always judge rightly," was Maria's mild rejoinder. "Must I go with her?"

"No, let her come alone. Go tell her."

I came forward and put my arm through that of the old man: he drew back, held me at a distance with both hands, and pondered over every feature of my face as if his life had depended on perusing them correctly. At last he drew me gently toward him, and smoothed my hair with his palms.

"Zana," he said, "you are a woman now, be firm and still; whatever you see do not give way."

"I will not; guide and I shall follow steadily."

"Lady Catharine is at the Hall," he said.

"I know it."

"She forbids you to come; she threatens me if I attempt to bring you to Lord Clare. Have you courage to follow me against her orders?"

"Yes!"

"And her son's, should he urge them on me?"

My words came like lead, but I answered, "yes," to that also.

"But will you do more than that for my sake, Zana? Will you steal in privately and avoid them all?"

I could not answer at first. The mere thought of entering that stately dwelling was hateful: but to enter it stealthily like the thief that woman had called me was too much. Unconsciously I recoiled.

"Zana, Lord Clare cannot live many days. If he dies without seeing you all is lost—will you come? Will you be guided once—only this once by old Turner?"

I remembered all that he had done for me, all his beautiful integrity of character, and blushed for the hesitation which seemed like distrust.

"I am ready to follow you now, and always," I said. "Tell me what to do, and I will obey."

"Thank you, child," said the old man. "Come at once, in the dress you have on. Lady Catharine has gone out to drive, if she returns before we leave, have no fear, I shall be with you."

I threw a mantle over me and went out, keeping up with Turner, who walked rapidly and absorbed in thought. We entered the back door, over the very steps, upon which the old man had found me ten years ago. He seemed to remember it, for as I crossed the threshold he turned and reached forth his hand as if to help me along. His heart was busy with the past, one could see that very plainly, for he gave a little start as I took his hand, gave me a sort of apologizing smile, and then I saw tears steal one by one into his eyes as he pressed my hand and drew me forward. We threaded the hall, and mounted the massive oak staircase without encountering even a servant. Then Turner clasped my hand tighter, as if to give me courage, and led me rapidly through several vast chambers, till we came to a closed door at which he paused.

"Step into that window and hide yourself behind the curtains," he whispered.

I went at once, and when he saw the heavy crimson silk sweep over me, Turner knocked lightly at the door.

It was opened by a young man who stepped out and spoke in a whisper.

"He has been inquiring for you?"

"That is well," answered Turner, "you can

leave him entirely now and get some rest, I will take your place."

"Thank you. I have just brought some fruit, you will find it on the tray yonder," said the man, evidently glad to be relieved.

"Yes, yes, I will attend to it." As he spoke, Turner followed the young man into the next room, watching him as he walked down the long perspective of a neighboring gallery.

When certain that he was quite alone, the old man came to the window and stepped behind the drapery. He was very pale, and I saw by the nervous motion of his hands that he was subduing his agitation with a strong will.

"Zana," he whispered, huskily, "I am going in; after a little follow me with the fruit you will find yonder. Bring it in, quietly, as if you were one of the Hall people. Then obey my directions as they would? Do you comprehend?"

"Perfectly," I whispered, trembling from head to foot, but resolute to act.

"Now God be with us!" he ejaculated, wringing my hand.

"Amen!" trembled on my lip, but I could not speak.

He left me and entered the chamber. I waited a moment, holding one hand over my heart, which frightened me with its strange beating. Then I stepped forth and looked around the room. It was a sort of ante-chamber, large and richly furnished, but somewhat in disorder, as if lately used. Upon a marble table in one corner stood some crystal flasks ruby with wine, and with them a small silver basket full of fruit, with a vase of flowers crowded close to it.

Even then the rude way in which these exquisite objects were huddled together wounded my sense of the beautiful, and with my trembling hands I hastily arranged the fruit, mingled snowy and golden flowers with the rich glow of the cherries, and shaded the strawberries with cool green leaves. As I gathered the creamy white raspberries in the centre of the basket with trembling haste, Turner opened the door and looked out. His face, so pale and anxious, startled me, and I almost let the basket fall.

He closed the door, and nerving myself I lifted the fruit again and carried it forward. One moment's pause at the door and I went in.

It was a large chamber, full of rich, massive furniture. The windows were all muffled with waves of crimson silk, and I found myself in the hazy twilight they created, dizzy and blinded with a rush of emotions that it seemed impossible for me to control. After a little, the haze cleared from my vision, and I saw before me a tall man, attenuated almost to a shadow, sitting

in a great easy-chair with his eyes closed as if asleep.

I looked at him with a strained and eager gaze. His head rested on a cushion of purple silk, and a quantity of soft, fair locks, so lightly threaded with silver, that, in the rich twilight of the room, all traces of it was lost, lay scattered over it in all the silky gloss it had known in youth, with the purple glowing through. The face was like marble, pure, and as white, but with dusky shadows all around the eyes, and a burning red in the cheeks that made me shudder. A Turkish dressing-gown of Damascus silk, spotted with gold and lined with emerald green, lay wrapped around his wasted figure; his hands were folded in the long Oriental sleeves, and I could see the crimson waves over his chest rise and fall rapidly with his sharp and frequent respiration.

I stood beside him unnoticed, for my footsteps had fallen upon the richly piled carpet lightly as an autumn leaf. The basket shook and rustled in my hands, for my limbs knocked together, and the perspiration started upon my arms and forehead. But I made no sound, forced back the tears that struggled in my heart, and stood waiting for what might befall.

Lord Clare turned feebly on his cushion, and let one pale hand fall down from his bosom.

"Turner," he said, in a faint, low voice, "did I not ask for something?"

"Yes, my lord—some fruit. It is here."

I approached. Lord Clare opened his eyes—those wild, blue eyes, and turned them full upon me.

I could no longer bear my weight, my limbs gave way, and I fell upon one knee, holding up the basket between my shaking hands.

Turner drew close to my side, holding his breath and trembling.

Lord Clare did not touch the fruit, but fell slowly back on the cushion with his great burning eyes upon my face.

"Turner," he said at last, sitting upright, and speaking in quick gasps—"Turner, what is this? Who is she?"

"I do not know," answered the old man, "we found her on the door-step years ago. Be tranquil, Master Clarence. If she is the one we have sought for, there is no proof but those eyes—that face."

Lord Clare reached out his arms, and tears smothered the painful gaze of his eyes.

"Aurora," he said, in a voice of such tenderness that my tears followed it, "forgive me before I die."

Turner clasped his hands and held them up

toward heaven, trembling like aspen leaves, while tears rolled silently down his cheeks.

"You know, Master Clarence, it cannot be herself."

Lord Clare turned his eyes from me to Turner, then lifting one pale hand up to his forehead, he settled it over his eyes, and directly great drops came starting through the fringes. A feeble shudder passed over his frame, and he murmured plaintively, "no, it is her child, our child. But where is she?"

"I never learned," answered Turner, sadly.

"Ask her, I cannot."

"It is useless, my lord, she knows nothing!"

"She must—she must—my child was six years old. At that age children know everything," he answered, eagerly, "and Zana was very forward, my bright Zana."

He looked at me doubtfully, till I shrunk from the feverish glow of his eyes. At last he spoke, and my very heart trembled beneath the sweet pathos of his voice.

"Zana, where is your mother? Tell me, child, I cannot die till she has spoken to me again."

I bowed down my head and answered only with bitter sobs.

"Is she dead? Is Aurora dead that you weep, but cannot speak?" he questioned, faintly.

"Alas! I do not know!" was my agonized reply.

"My child—Zana—and not know of her mother's fate! what unnatural thing is this?" he cried, burying his face in the long sleeves of his gown. "This child is not my daughter, Turner; Aurora's child could not have forgotten her mother thus."

I struggled with myself—from my innermost soul I called on God to help me—to give me back the six years of life that had been wrested from my brain. My temples throbbed; my limbs shook with the effort, it seemed as if I were going mad.

Lord Clare lifted his face; his eyes swam in tears; his pale lips trembled. Laying both hands on my head, he spoke to me again, spoke so tenderly I thought my heart must break before he had done.

"Zana—my daughter—my poor, lost child, what has come over you? Do not be frightened—do not tremble so. Look up in my face—let me see your eyes fully. Turner, they are *her* eyes, my heart answers to them, oh, how mournfully. Zana, I am your father, you should know that, altered as I am, for men do not change like children. There, love, there, stop crying, calm yourself. I have but one wish on earth now, and that depends on you."

"On me?" I gasped.

"On you, my darling. Listen, I call you darling, does not the old word bring back some memory?"

He looked beseechingly in my face, waiting for a reply that I could not give. My head drooped forward, bowed down with the anguish of my imbecility.

"It is sweet—it thrills my heart to the centre," I said, mournfully.

"And awakes some memory? You remember it as something heard and loved, far, far back in the past. Is it not so?"

I shook my head.

He bent forward, wound his arms lovingly around me, and, drawing me upward to his bosom, kissed my forehead.

"And this," he said, folding me to his heart, so close that I could feel every sharp pulsation. "Is there nothing familiar now?—nothing that reminds you of an old stone balcony, full of flowers, and a bright little thing leaping to her father's bosom; and she, that noble woman, so darkly beautiful, looking on? Child, my Aurora's child, is there no memory like this in your soul now?"

"This tenderness has filled my heart with tears, I can find nothing else there," I answered, sadly.

He unfolded his arms, and they dropped down, loose and helpless, like broken willow branches, and the quick panting of his bosom made me shudder with a thought that he was dying. I arose, and then he started upright in his chair, and fixed his flashing eyes upon me.

"Is this creature mine or not?" he said—"Aurora's daughter or a mockery? Am I accursed among the children of the earth for one wrong act? Will this mystery walk with me to the grave? Am I a father or childless? Girl, answer me—wring the truth from that brain! Before God I must know it, or death will not be rest. Your mother, Zana—where is your mother?"

His voice rang sharp and clear through the chamber, filling it like the scream of a wounded bird. His eyes were wild; his cheeks hueless. I cowered back, chilled to the soul by his last words. The room disappeared—everything grew white, and shuddering with cold I felt, as it were, snow-drifts rushing over me, and through their paralyzing whiteness came the cry.

"Your mother, Zana, where is your mother?"

How long this lasted I do not know, but my next remembrance was sitting upon the carpet, faint, and with a stunned feeling as if some one had given me a heavy blow. A silver basket lay upturned by my side, and a mass of crimson fruit

matted with flowers lay half among the frosted silver, half upon the carpet.

The room was still as death, save the short, painful sound of some one breathing near me. I struggled to my feet, and sat down in a great easy-chair which stood close by me. Then as my sight cleared, I saw that a window had been opened, that the drapery was flung back from a massive ebony bedstead, and upon the white counterpane I saw Lord Clare lying among the folds of his gorgeous dressing-gown, pale and motionless as marble.

Turner stood over him, bathing his forehead, white almost as the sick man.

I arose and would have approached the bed, but Turner waved me back, and I left the room, sick to the very heart's core.

I met some persons in the galleries, but passed on without noticing them. As I reached the lower hall, Lady Catharine Irving came in at the front entrance, apparently just from her carriage.

"How is this?" she said, turning pale with rage. "Who permitted this? How came the girl here?"

Her words had no effect upon me, the miserable pre-occupation of my soul rendered them harmless. I went by her without answering and left the Hall.

"See that the creature is never admitted again; I will discharge the servant who lets her in," she continued, following me to the door.

I took no heed, but remembered her words afterward.

I wandered off in the woods, for the very thought of the close air of a house maddened me. Reflect I did not, a chaos of wild thoughts, and wilder feelings possessed me.

At last I found myself on the eminence which I have described more than once, from which a view of the Greenhurst could be obtained. The strange man whom I had met there, years ago, came to my mind; and, singular as it may seem, I thought of him with a sort of hope which grew into a desire for his presence.

I thought of my father, for not a doubt arose within me that Lord Clare was my father—of the agonizing darkness which hung over his deathbed—of the inability which prevented me sweeping that darkness aside. What was the mysterious thread which lay upon my faculties? What human power could ever unloose it?

I looked around in anguish of heart. Was there no help? I would pray to God, humble myself like a little child at his feet, and he might mercifully enlighten me. There was hope here, and I knelt down upon the turf, bowing my face in

silence before God. The effort composed me: it hastened the natural reaction which must follow any intense excitement, and in my motionless position I became calmer. All at once, I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and, starting up, saw the strange man by my side.

He was little changed. The same picturesque combination of rich colors soiled and rudely flung together, composed his garments; the same sharp glitter made me shrink from a full glance of his eyes. When he smiled, I saw that his teeth were even and white as ever.

"Zana, get up; you need me, and I am here."

"I do need some one; but who can help me?"

I said, despondingly.

"I can!"

"No, God alone can give me what I want!"

"And what is that, Zana?" he said, smiling.

"Light, memory. I would know who and what

I am!"

"Well, child, that is easy!"

"To God, truly—but to him alone."

"But why do you want this knowledge now more than formerly?" he asked.

"My father is dying in anguish from this want!"

"Your father—and who is he?" was the abrupt question with which he answered this.

"I know, but have not the right to tell!"

"But how came you by the knowledge?"

My heart lay, for a little time, against his, and they understood each other. "I knew that the same blood beat in both, certainly as if an angel had told me," was my prompt answer.

"And you crave this knowledge in proof, that it may render his death easy?"

"Yes!"

"And for no other reason?"

"That I may know myself and those that gave me life, that is all!"

"But Lord Clare is rich!" said the man, fixing his keen eyes upon me. "Did you think of that?"

"I did not mention Lord Clare," was my answer, given in astonishment at the careless way in which he handled my secret.

"But you were thinking of him, and that he would have money to give a child proven to be his!"

"No, I never thought of it—never shall think of it!"

"There is no Romany in that," he muttered, "the blood does not speak there." Then speaking louder, he addressed me, pointing toward the Greenhurst. "Look," he said, fastening his wild eyes on my face, "that is a fine estate, and not tied up like the Hall here; Lord Clare's daughter might get that if she had proof of her birth





before the earl dies. Had this nothing to do with your prayers just now?"

"Nothing," I replied, with a touch of scorn.

"I do not want that estate, or any other."

"Fool," sneered the man, "if I believed you, the secret were not worth telling!"

"What secret?" I inquired, breathlessly; "can you tell me anything of my mother?"

"And if I did, what then?"

"I would worship you!"

"Yes, as she did," he answered, with a sort of mournful fierceness in his eyes and voice.

"As who did?" I demanded.

"Your mother, Aurora."

"That was what he called her."

"Who?"

"It was the name my father used!"

"Ha, the murderer! how dare he!"

"But you know something of my mother!" I said, eagerly, "tell me!"

"That you may give Lord Clare the knowledge he thirsts for?"

"Yes!"

"You shall have this knowledge—he shall have it—and may it crush him down, down——"

"Stay," I cried out, seizing his uplifted arm, "I will not listen, it is my father you curse."

"Your father—I know it, but what was he to her?—to Aurora?—what was he to her? What was she to him?"

A flood of burning shame rushed over my face, and my eyes fell beneath the lurid scorn of his.

"Can you know this and not hate the traitorous gentile?" he said.

I covered my burning face, but could not answer.

"Look up! the fire of your Caloe blood is burning to waste; it should hurl vengeance on those who have heaped shame on it."

"What, on my father?" I cried, struck with horror—"he is dying!"

"And without proof that you are his child?"

"Alas! yes."

"He shall have it."

"Give it me now, now," I cried, in eager joy.

"No, let him writhe a little longer, revenge should be eaten slowly—you must learn this—the blow that kills at once makes a gourmand of the avenger—he swallows all at a mouthful."

There was something fiendish in the man's look as he said this, that made me shudder as I faltered out,

"You terrify me—I do not understand. Will you tell me of my mother?"

"That you may inform him—Lord Clare?"

"Yes."

"I will give you the knowledge soon."

"Oh, now, that it may bless his last moments," I pleaded, "he may not live another hour."

"That it may curse him," shouted the man.

"But that I am sure of it, he might die like a dog in his ignorance, not for all those lands which the secret shall bring you, child, would I speak, only I know how sweet my words will be to him," he cried, pointing toward the Greenhurst. "Choke back those tears—little one—it is time you are among us, full time."

"But, my mother—speak of her—you terrify me."

"Yes, I forget," he said, with a sudden change of manner, "there is gentle blood in your cheeks, and that is cowardly; but what I have to say will fire it up by-and-bye, Zana," he continued, with a touch of feeling, "you are like your mother!"

"I know it."

"How? I thought. Nay, nay, you cannot remember her!"

"Yes, I do."

"How and where?"

"The face, only the face, I remember that, nothing more!"

"It was a beautiful face, Zana."

"I know it—very beautiful!"

His face grew heavy and dark. A look of wild horror came into his eyes that were dwelling upon me in apparent wrath.

Just then a gun was fired near us, and through the trees I saw George Irving and Morton coming toward us.

"Hush, no outcry," whispered the man, drawing me back into a thicket. "Come with me, or do you wish them to see you?"

"No, no—heaven forbid," I cried, shrinking under cover.

The man smiled grimly. "It is well," he said, "there is no contamination here, the blood is true to itself yet—I will leave you now!"

"No, no, not till you tell me of my mother," I cried, wild with the fear of losing this clue to my history.

"Not here, it is impossible," was his answer. "You have that black pony yet?"

"Yes."

"And are no coward? not afraid of the dark?"

"No."

"After nightfall come to yonder old house."

"What, the Greenhurst?"

"Yes, I will be there!"

"And will you tell me all?"

"Yes, all!"

He darted from me while speaking, and the next instant all trace of him was lost.



## CHAPTER IX.

I must have remained a long time buried in the woods, but I have no remembrance even of my own sensations. So much was crowded on my brain that it seemed stolid to all subjects but one, a wish to learn more. Up to the time I had met that strange being, who seemed so familiar and yet so frightful, I had been overwhelmed with tender grief. My father, suffering, perhaps dying—my father so lately found, filled every thought. No doubt entered my mind that he was my father, for months the conviction had gradually settled upon me; but when I remembered the doubt which tortured him, a painful wish to conquer it—to sweep it away possessed me, not for my own sake—never for a moment did I think of any advantage it might prove to myself—but that he might be satisfied; that the cruel check that made his tenderness for me a torture might be removed.

But now came other feelings, such as I had never known or dreamed of before. I have repeated his conversation word for word, but its effect no power of mine can reveal. Instead of that tender, holy thirst for knowledge that might give my father rest, a fierce curiosity took possession of my soul. I felt not like a child, but an avenger. I would know myself that night; mysteries should henceforth cease to surround me. The blackness would be swept from my brain, and by that man—that man. Was he man or demon? Could anything human, with so little effort, have filled my bosom with bitterness? I was to meet him that night, meet him in secrecy and darkness, in a strange place, I, a young girl, not more than sixteen. It did not frighten me: I panted for the hour to come, though the very thought thrilled me through and through with the idea of a sacrilege performed with a demon. My heart would now and then recoil from the thought, not in fear, but as from something unholy that I had resolved to do.

This thought could not deter me; on the contrary, it imparted ferocious strength to my resolution. I was determined to pluck and eat the fruit of knowledge though it poisoned me. Toward evening, when I saw the first beams of sunset shooting like golden lances through the chestnut boughs and shivered against their stately balls, I awoke from this chaos of thought and went home.

As I mounted the stairs to my room, Maria called after me, begging that I would come down and eat something: but I hurried on, closed the door of my chamber, and bolted it without answering a word; the very idea of seeing any one that night was hateful. She came softly up the

stairs and knocked a long time, telling me that Turner had not been at home all day, and that she was so anxious about us both. I took no heed, but sat down by a window, looking with fierce impatience on the west.

A great embankment of clouds, black as chaos, rolled up from where the sun had been, sweeping all its glowing gold and crimson up through their ebon outskirts, where it burned and quivered in folds and fringes of fiery brightness. It was a beautiful sight, but lurid and wild, covering the earth with uncouth shadows, and filling the woods with a pale glory that to me seemed demoniac.

It answered well to the fierce impatience gnawing at my heart! Tinted by that black cloud, I should go forth on my errand with firmness: the more dreary my road became the better I should like it.

When the cloud had spread and blackened over the whole horizon, I started up and put on a dress of black cloth and a broad leaved beaver hat, which I tied firmly on my head with a scarlet silk handkerchief passed over the crown. I searched for no gloves, but went out, darting like a shadow through the hall that Maria might not detect me.

I stopped by a laburnum tree and broke off a shoot, stripping the leaves away with my hand, for I had no time to search for my little gold and agate-headed whip then. Jupiter was in his stall. I girded on his saddle, and buckled the throatlash of his bridle so tightly that he rose back, shaking off my hold. At another time I might have regretted this impetuous haste, but now I gave Jupiter a blow over the head with my whip, that made him whimper like a child.

I took no notice but led him out, and from the door-sill, which was somewhat lifted from the ground, sprang to the saddle. He hung back when I attempted to move, but I struck him smartly over the ears and he walked on, but sideling and plunging with great discontent. I suppose the dense clouds and the close atmosphere terrified him; but to me their sluggish grandeur was full of excitement.

After we had cleared the woods my old pony became more tractable. Very soon his speed answered to my sharp impatience, and we dashed on through the lurid twilight, with spectre-like velocity. As we neared the Greenhurst, the darkness settled thick and heavy over everything. We could hardly distinguish the turrets and pointed towers from the black sky that they seemed to loom against. The road became ascending and broken: more than once Jupiter stumbled over the loose boulders that had rolled down the banks into the road.

As we drew nearer to the building the trees closed in upon us, their gnarled branches hung low, and vines now and then trailed down, almost sweeping me from the saddle. The atmosphere was heavy and still as death; not a leaf stirred; no sound but the tramp of Jupiter reached us from any quarter. My heart grew heavy: I would have given the world for a gush of air or a gleam of starlight, everything around was so terribly black.

Still I urged Jupiter on, following the deviations of a carriage road half choked up. We passed by a pile of something that seemed denser and closer than the great trees, which slowly assumed the outline of a building overrun with foliage, and this I took for a ruined lodge.

After passing it, we found ourselves tangled up in the luxurious growth of some pleasure ground run to waste; for long trailing branches swept across my face, and from the perfume, which rose heavy and sickening on the close air, I knew that Jupiter was treading flowers to death every moment with his hoofs.

At last we came close to the building. All around the base was matted and overrun with ivy, and the straggling branches of ornamental trees. I checked Jupiter, and looked up hoping to detect some light or signal to guide me on.

The outline of a vast building alone met my search. It might have been a heap of rocks or the spur of a mountain, for any idea that I could obtain of its architecture; but its blackness and size disheartened me. How was I to search, in a pile like that, for the man I had come to meet? As I sat upon Jupiter looking wistfully upward, the clouds broke above and began to quiver, and from the depths rushed out a flash, followed by a broad, lurid sheet of lightning.

There, for the first time, and a single moment, I saw the Greenhurst, its gables, its stone balconies, heavy with sculpture, its broad entrance flanked with towers that loomed grimly over the broad steps and massive granite balustrades that wound up from where we stood to the front door.

In my whole life I never witnessed a scene more imposing. A glimpse and all was black again. The flash had given me one view of the mansion, nothing more. I was impressed hopelessly by its vastness. How could I force an entrance?—how make way through the vast interior when that was obtained?

It seemed a hopeless thing, but my determination was strong as ever, so springing to the ground, I felt my way to the stone balustrade and tied Jupiter. Then guiding myself by the carved stone, I mounted one flight of the steps that curved like the two horns of a crescent from

the great oaken doors that divided them upon the arch.

I started, and a shriek burst from me. Upon my hand, which lay upon the balustrade, another rested. When I shrieked it grasped my fingers like iron, and a voice that I knew said in that language—the language I had never spoken, but could understand—"hush. Who taught you to fear?"

"You came upon me so abruptly, so still!" I whispered, shuddering as his breath floated across my lips.

"Speak in your own language—speak Roman," he said, still in the same tongue.

"I cannot," was my half timid answer.

"Try!"

The command was imperative. I did make an effort to answer in his own mysterious tongue. To my surprise the words syllabled themselves rudely on my trembling lips; he comprehended me.

"Where are you taking me?" I had said.

He grasped my hand till the pain made me cry out. "It is there the true fire—old Papita kindled it in the soul of her great, great-grand-child—the mystery is not broken—the sorcery still works—queen of our people speak again," he cried, with an outburst of fiery enthusiasm, more impressive from the hushed tones in which he spoke.

I felt like one possessed. By what power did my tongue speak that language?—what was it? All at once, while he waited for me to speak, I began to shiver and burst into tears. He tossed my hand away with a gesture of contempt.

"Bah! you are only a half blood after all, the Caloe is poisoned on your tongue."

I checked the tears that had so offended him, and moved breathlessly forward, relieved by the gesture that had freed me from his hand.

When we reached the broad, stone platform that clasped the two staircases in one, he took hold of my hand again. That moment another flash of lightning leaped from the clouds, sheeting us, the building, and all its neglected grounds in a glare of blueish light.

It blinded me for an instant, then I saw the man's face clearly, bending over me as I cowered to the stones. The lightning had no effect upon me like the unearthly glow of those eyes. Since then I have seen birds fascinated by the undulating movements of a serpent, and they always brought back a shuddering remembrance of that hour.

"Up," he said, grasping my arm, and lifting me to his side, "half the true blood is stagnant still. We will set it on fire."

He placed one heavy foot against a leaf of the oaken door, and it fell open with a clang that resounded frightfully from the deep, empty hall. Again the lightning blazed upon the floor, tessellated with blocks of black and white marble, and suits of antique armor, with shields and fire-arms, that hung upon the wall.

"It is a fearful night," I said, looking wildly at my companion.

"*Gitanilla!*" he said, turning upon me with folded arms, and a fierce gathering of the brow. "I have seen a morning when the sunlight lay rosy among the snow-peaks, when the earth seemed covered with sifted pearls, when every breath poured health and vigor into the frame, I have seen such a morning more fearful a thousand times than this! Come with me!"

"What for?—where?" I demanded, thrilled and astonished by the glowing words, which I must ever fail to give in English.

"That you may hate the sunshine and love the storm as I do—that whiteness may make you shudder—and nothing but black darkness seem beautiful. Come with me!"

"Are you possessed? Would you possess me with some evil thing?" I said, terribly excited, but not afraid. "Would you fill my veins with gall, my soul with hate?"

"Yes," he answered, through his shut teeth, leading me along the marble floor.

I shuddered, remembering what I had been only that morning, and the fearful sensations that possessed me then. Was it a fiend that I was following?

"Oh, I feel the bitterness, the soul light even now. Unclasp my hand," I shrieked.

"Are you afraid?" he retorted, with a sneer.

"Yes, I am afraid."

He dropped my hand. "Go, you are not worthy to learn anything of your mother—go, such knowledge is not for cowards."

"My mother," I cried, "oh, I had forgotten. Yes, tell me of her—I will follow anywhere, only tell me."

"Nay, I will tell you nothing—but come!"

He drew me rapidly forward, threading the darkness like a night bird; we mounted steps winding upward till I was sick and dizzy. At last he passed into what seemed to me a small circular room, high up in one of the towers.

"Sit down," he said, pressing a hand upon my shoulder till I sunk into a seat that yielded to my weight. "Sit down and keep still, we are alone, high above the earth; the stars, which those of your blood should read like a parchment, are all hidden. It has a bad look for the future, but this is the appointed hour."

He paused a moment, and seemed to be leaning from a narrow window interrogating the darkness. He turned abruptly and said,

"You saw Lord Clare, this morning?"

"Yes."

"And he is dying?"

"Alas! I fear so."

"How many days first?"

"What!" I exclaimed, shocked by the coldness with which he questioned me.

"How many days at the most can he live?"

"I cannot tell; God forbid that I should ever guess."

"Would you save his life?"

"Would I?—would I keep the breath in my own bosom?"

"Then you wish him to live?"

"Wish it, yes—heaven only knows how much!"

"Renegade!"

"What!"

"Nay," he said, with a sudden change from ferocity to the most child-like tenderness, "let her know all—how can she judge?"

He came close to me and laid one hand softly on my head. "Be tranquil, be tranquil," he murmured, smoothing my hair from time to time.

A soft languor stole upon me. I sunk slowly down upon what seemed to be a couch, and like two rose-leaves heavy with fragrance, the eyelids closed so softly that I felt a thrill as the lashes fell upon my cheek.

He kept one hand upon my head a while, then moved it gently across my forehead and over my eyes; I felt a delicious and almost imperceptible current of air flowing coolly over my bosom and down my arms. Then the air was agitated, as if a group of angels were fanning me with their wings; the lids fell heavier still over my slumberous eyes; my limbs grew rigid, but with a sensation of exquisite repose. It began to lighten, I knew that fiery gleams were breaking and sparkling all around me. Then followed peal after peal of thunder making the tower rock, and upheaving, as it seemed, the very foundations of the building itself.

I was conscious of all this, but it did not disturb the languid repose into which I had fallen. The dawning consciousness of two lives—two entire beings came sweetly upon my soul. I saw my old self fading away; I was alone in the universe with that man, only the whole past or present, for the time, held nothing but him and me. Then followed a blank like that which fills the first year of infancy, dreamy and quiet. Then pang after pang went through me, each sweeping the shadows from my brain; and I saw a young girl, mature in her dark bright beauty,

but almost a child, still holding an infant in her lap. The little one was like its mother, the same eyes, the same rich complexion. I knew the mother well, and the child; my own soul, full of innocent love, lay in the bosom of that child.

I looked around. The two were in an old farm house among hills covered with purple heath; sheep grazed along the upland slopes; and cattle ranged in the vallies. Men in short, plaid garments and flat bonnets watched the sheep; and the young mother carried her child to the window, that it might see the lambs play as the shepherds drove them to the fold.

While the mother stood there with her child, a stout farmer came to the window, and taking the little one from its mother, began to dance it up and down in the bright air, till the silken curls blew all over its face. The mother laughed, and so did the child, gleefully, like a little bird. Then came a woman round an angle of the house, her sleeves were rolled up, leaving her round, well-shaped arms bare to the elbow. She took the child from her good man, and smoothing its curls with her plump fingers, covered it with kisses.

A shot from the hill-side made the whole group start joyfully forward. The old man shaded his eyes and looked eagerly toward the mountain. The young mother seized her child and ran forward, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks in a glow.

Along the shore of a little lake that lay in the lap of those hills, came a young man in hunter's garb. A gun, which he had just discharged, was thrown back upon his shoulders, and as he saw the young mother coming toward him, he flung out a white handkerchief smiling a happy welcome.

I knew the young man's face well, and my soul, which was in the child's bosom, sang for joy as he came up.

A moment of obscurity of mistiness and shadows. Then appeared before me the cottage in Clare Park, its gardens, its dim old wilderness of trees; and now my soul leaped from event to event, scaling over all that might have been repose, and seizing upon the rugged points of that human history like a vampire.

Again and again I saw that young mother, so beautiful, so sad, that every fibre of my being ached with sympathy. It was not her face or form alone that I saw, but all the doubt, the anguish, the humiliation of her wild, proud nature tortured my own being. I not only saw her, but felt all the changes of her soul writing themselves on my own intelligence.

Why was it that in that wonderful sleep or

trance, I know not to this day what it was—but how did it happen that I could read every thought and feeling in my mother's heart, but only the actions of my father? Did that wierd being so will it, that all my burning nature should pour itself forth in sympathy for the wronged woman, and harden into iron toward the man? I saw him too, pale, struggling with indecisions, that ended in more than mental torture, but this awoke no sympathy in my bosom, none, none. Then came another upon my vision, a proud, noble woman, always clad in black, that hovered around the old dwelling where my father rested, like a raven. She was my mother's rival, I felt it the moment her black shadow fell upon my memory. I saw her in a dim old room, and he was with her, both were pale and in trouble; she sat watching him through her tears, and those tears shook his manhood till he trembled from head to foot. A child, dark-eyed, and with a look of intelligence beyond her years, sat crouching in a corner, with her great black eyes following every movement—I knew that child well. It was the infant who had shouted its joyous greeting to the young huntsman. Its blood was beating then in my own veins.

Again I saw the woman, beneath a clump of gnarled old oaks. She lay prone upon the earth, white as death, stiffened like a corpse; a horse dripping with sweat stood cowering on the other side of a chasm that yawned between him and the lady. There was that child again, peering out from a thicket, with her wild eyes gleaming with ferocious joy, as if she gloried in the stillness that lay like death upon the woman.

Then a huntsman rode up, and I saw the white face of the woman on his bosom. He kissed the face, he wept over it, he laid her on the grass, and looked piteously around for help.

Then the child sprang up like a young tiger from the thicket, with a bound she stood beside the two, her little form dilating, her whole attitude full of wrath; words were spoken between the man and the child, bitter, harsh words. Then the woman moved faintly; the child saw it, her tiny hands were clenched; her teeth locked together, and lifting her foot, she struck it fiercely down upon the lady's bosom.

A blow from the man dashed her to the ground; confusion followed, flashes as of fire filled my vision. Then I saw the child wandering through the tall trees alone, her little features locked, her arms tightly folded.

It grew dark, so dark that under the trees the young mother, who stood by her child, could not see the fierce paleness of her face. Then I saw them both wandering like thieves along the vast

mansion house. They were separated, the mother went into numberless chambers searching for some one, and holding her breath. At one moment she stood over a bed, on which the strange woman slept, then I was sure that the child was her's by the deadly blackness of her eyes as they fell on the noble sleeper. She passed out with one hand firmly clenched, though it held nothing, and wandered into the darkness again. Once more she stood in the light, dim and faint, for the lamp that gave it was hidden under an alabaster shade, and sent forth only a few pale rays like moonbeams. I saw little that surrounded her, for my soul was searching the great agony of heart with which she stood beside that man. He was not in bed, but wrapped in a dressing-gown of some rich Oriental silk, lay upon a couch with his eyes closed and smiling.

She held her breath, and the last tender love that ever beat in her heart swelled up from its depths as she bent down and gathered the smile with her lips.

He started. She fell upon her knees, she locked his hand in her's, her black tresses fell over him, oh, with what agony she pleaded for a return of the love that had been the pulse of her life, the breath on her lips.

He arose and shook her off—with a mighty effort he steeled his heart and shook her off, the mother of his child, the wife of his bosom. She stood upright, pale and transfigured. For one whole minute she remained gazing on him speechless, and so still that the beating of his heart sounded clear and distinct in the room. She turned and glided into the darkness again, and disappeared with her child, who had waited for her there.

Then followed a panorama of scenery, rivers, mountains, and seas, over which the mother wandered, holding her child by the hand. At last she stood in sight of an ancient city, rich with Moorish relics, but as I turned to gaze on them a crowd of fierce human beings surrounded her, filling the air with hoarse noises, glaring at her and the child with their fierce eyes. An old woman, tiny as a child, and thin as a mummy, stood by shouting back their reviling with defiance. Thus with whoop, and taunt, and sacrilegious gibes, they drove the poor creature onward to the mountains. Up and up she clambered with the little one still clinging to her neck, till the snow became heavy around her, and she waded knee deep through it, tottering and faint. At last the crowd surged together around a mountain peak, and pointed with hoarse shouts to a valley half choked up with stone cairns and shimmering with untrod snow.

Down into the virgin whiteness of this valley the black masses poured, treading down the snow with all their squalid ferocity doubled by the contrast of its purity. They took the child from her mother and carried her shrieking to the outskirts of the crowd. I knew the man that held her, and read all the fierce agony of his grief as he strove to blind the child to the horrible deed that crowd was perpetrating.

I saw it all—the first unsteady whirl of stones, the fiendish eagerness that followed; I heard the shrieks—I felt her death agony.

Oh, how I struggled, how I pleaded with the strong will that enslaved my faculties, how I prayed that he would redeem me from the horrors of that mountain pass. But no, the curse of memory must be complete, I was compelled to live over the agony of my mother's death.

I knew well all the time that the child and myself were one being, but as in ordinary life a person often looks upon his own sufferings with self-pity as if he were a stranger, so I followed wearily after the little creature as they bore her an orphan from the Valley of Stones. I saw her growing thin, pining, pining always for the mother who was dead, till she grew into a miserable shadow with all the life of her being burning in those large eyes. The old woman and the man had her to themselves, but she seemed pining to death while they wandered from mountain to mountain, and at last across the seas.

Again Clare Hall arose on my vision, the old building among distant trees, the village just in sight. A gipsy's hut stood in a hollow back from the wayside, and in that tent lay the shadowy child.

The gipsy man and that wierd little woman was in the tent, and from without I heard the ringing of bells and the tramp of horses, smothered and soft as if each hoof fall were broken with flowers.

Then I forgot the sick child and stood within the village church. *He* was there standing before the altar, and his hand clasped that of the proud lady who had so often wandered through the drama which I was forced to witness. The bridegroom was pale as death, and she looked strangely pallid in the silvery glance of her brocaded robe. Still both were firm, and I saw that all things had been confided to her—that the history of my poor mother lay like lead in the bosom of that proud woman. Still she was resolute, and so was the bridegroom, resolute to trample down every right of another in search of their own happiness. Fools, fools, happiness will not be thus wickedly wrenched from the

hands of the Creator. Even then before God's altar they had begun to reap the whirlwind, coming events cast their shadows all around them, no wonder they grew white, no wonder the marriage vows died like snow upon their lips, no wonder that all the bridal blossoms with which the greensward glowed when they went in, had withered beneath the hot sun! Their dying fragrance fell over the noble pair as they came forth wedded man and wife. Man and wife! had he forgotten the subterranean vaults beneath the Alhambra, where my mother stood by his side with firmer faith and more devoted constancy than that woman ever knew? Was that oath forgotten? No, as he came forth into the sunshine treading down the pale blossoms as he had trampled my mother out of life, a bronzed hand, long and lean as a vulture's claw, was thrust over his path: and night-shade fell thick among the dead blossoms. He did not see it, for the wierd gipsy woman moved like a shadow among the village children, but he shrunk as if with some hidden pain, and grew paler than before.

The will that controlled mine forced me onward with the newly married pair, I saw them struggle against the leaden memories that would not be swept away. Their mournful smiles as they looked on each other were full of saddened love, I could have pitied them but for my mother. I saw what they did not, her grave, that cairn of reddened stones looming before them at every step. They shuddered beneath the invisible shadow, but I knew from whence it fell.

Their route to Clare Hall was trampled over a carpet of flowers; silver and gold fell like rain among the village children; the carriage streaming with favors swept by that gipsy tent where the sick child was lying, his child, all unconscious of its double orphanage.

In the thralldom of my intellect I was forced to look on, though my strength was giving way. With shrinking terror I watched the movements of that wierd murderess as she crept into Clare Hall, and with the accuracy of a blood hound stole through the very apartments my mother had penetrated, crawling like a reptile close to the walls, till she stood upright in the bridal chamber. She concealed herself behind the snowy masses of drapery that fell around the bed.

While her form was shrouded in the heavy waves of silk, her dark face peered, ever and anon, through the transparent lace of the inner curtains like that of a watching fiend. As one whose senses were locked in a single channel, I too waited and watched. People came in and

out of the room, little dreaming of the reptile hidden in the snow of the curtains.

Even in its slavery my spirit sickened as I watched and saw the withered veins of that unearthly wretch swelling with murderous venom, while her victims were moving unconsciously in the next room.

The curtains rustled, that claw-like hand was thrust out, and I saw half a dozen drops flash down like diamonds into a goblet of water that had just been placed on the toilet.

Then a door opened, and the bride entered from her dressing-room, alone. In the simple white of her robe she looked touching and lovely, like one subdued and humbled by the depth of her own feelings. The delicate lace of her night coif left a shadow on her temples less deep than that which lay beneath her eyes. Her bosom rose slowly and with suppressed respiration beneath the rich embroidery that embossed her night robe, and her uncovered feet fell almost timidly on the carpet as if she feared to enter, not with girlish bashfulness, but with a sort of religious awe as one visits a place of prayer with a sense of wrong on the soul.

She knelt down by the bed, and clasping her hands remained still, as if some prayer lay at the bottom of her heart, which she had not the courage to breathe aloud. The broad, white eyelids were closed, and twice I saw that fiendish face glaring at her through the curtains.

She arose at length without having uttered a word, and, heaving a deep sigh, stepped into bed. As she sunk to the pillow her eye fell upon the goblet of water, and resting on one elbow, she reached forth her hand and drank it off.

As she fell softly back to the pillows, a hoarse chuckle came through the curtains. She started, turned her eyes that way, and out came that black head peering her with its terrible eyes; a broken sigh, a shudder that made the white drapery rustle as if in a current of wind, and the bride lay with her eyes wide open and staring upon the Sybil, but otherwise as if asleep on her couch.

The dead face grew more and more pallid, the dark one above glowed and gloated over it like a ghoul. Then the soft light was darkened, and the bridegroom leaned over his bride listening for her breath. As he stooped, the curtains opposite were flung back, the lace torn away, and like an exulting demon the old woman laughed over the living and the dead. The scene changed, the old woman, the gipsy man and the child were in the tent at midnight. The poor little one aroused from her torpid rest, looked wildly up as the Sybil told of her murderous act—told

of it and perished in the midst of her triumph—her old age exhausted by the excitement of her crime, ended in death.

As the life left her body, I felt a shock run through my whole being, the past was linked with the present. Back to that gipsy tent my memory ran strong and connectedly.

I struggled in the mesmeric hands which guided my energies like steel. "Peace," said the man who had enthralled me, "peace, and remember."

There was a stir in the air as if some unseen bird were fanning it with his wings, a cool and delicious feeling of rest crept over me, and as a child wakes I opened my eyes. The Spanish gipsy stood over me revealed by the quick

flashes of lightning that blazed through the room. I knew that he had been my mother's friend, that the blood in his veins was of her nation and mine. I reached forth my hand. He took it in his and I sat up.

"You remember all now?" he said—"all that I have revealed to you—all that old Papita bade you forget?"

"Yes, I remember—I know much, but not all; that which happened before I lived, tell me of that."

"Not yet, you are tired!"

"Yes, but——"

A faintness came over me, my strength had received too great a shock for a time, I had no power to think or feel. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE MAID THAT TWINED THE 'KERCHIEF.

BY J. G. CHAON.

I've asked thee, love, if thou would'st twine  
The wreath of Fortune's life with mine,  
And all the answer I can get,  
You'll sit and play your 'kerchief yet.

How many Summer's past and gone,  
We've roved the flowery fields along,  
And gathered flowerets rich and rare,  
To braid them in thy lustrous hair;  
And all the answer now I get,  
You'll sit and twine your 'kerchief yet.

Come, loved Eudora, say, oh! say  
That you will not despise my lay;  
Come, love, let our affections meet,  
I'll lay my fortune at your feet.

Nay, love, at Fortune's word you start,

My fortune's in my inmost heart:  
There is the shrine, wilt worship now?  
And cherish all the love I vow?  
Still all the answer I can get,  
You sit and twine that 'kerchief yet.

Sweet flowerets bloom on either side,  
Fit emblems for a model bride;  
I've waited long the happy hour,  
To cull thee as the loveliest flower.

Heart beat to heart! the electric fire  
Thrilled through their sympathetic souls;  
He gained his long and loved desire—  
The 'kerchief fell in many folds;  
And all the answer we can get,  
The kerchief lies untroubled yet!

## THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY R. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

FLUSH'd were her cheeks—her fevered brow  
Was swelled with veins; the eye  
Glared wildly, and in vacancy,  
On earth, and sea, and sky.

Clasp'd in her arms, the infant boy,  
With lashes softly closed  
On his pale cheek—with quivering lip,  
And quick-drawn breath reposed

Unconscious—while the mother's heart  
Was whispering a wild prayer;

Which, through closed lips by man unheard,  
Was quickly answered there.

The little arms but slightly moved;  
The lids flew back—the eye  
Rolled quick, and, with a smother'd sigh,  
The soul passed up on high.

A wild, unearthly scream arose—  
A tottering  
The moth  
No mo



## "WHAT CAN AIL HER?"

BY JANE WEAVER.

"How is your wife, to-day?" said an acquaintance to Mr. Morris, a thriving store-keeper in the town of —.

"She's but middling," was the reply. "Has constant headache, with no appetite, and is getting as thin as a skeleton."

"She used to be so healthy-looking," answered the acquaintance. "I remember her, before she was married, as blooming a beauty as you'd see in a thousand."

"Yes! But you'd scarcely know her now, if you hadn't seen her since. I can't imagine what can ail her."

Mrs. Morris had been a wife just eight years. Prior to her marriage, she had been, as her husband's acquaintance said, one of the most blooming girls of the neighborhood. She was celebrated, in fact, for her rosy cheeks, bright eyes, elastic step, and never-failing flow of spirits. But now she was sallow, had lost all her vivacity, and was frightfully emaciated: indeed many of her friends began to think she was in a decline.

What had worked this change? Her husband said he could not tell. But perhaps we can inform you, reader.

Mrs. Morris had been tenderly brought up, and, until her marriage, knew not what care was. But, in uniting herself to Mr. Morris, she had ignorantly made herself the slave of a penurious husband, who, in order to save a little more, continually tasked her strength to the utmost. At first, he would not allow her to employ any servant, though his three clerks boarded in the family, and though now she was permitted to have one, it was because there were four children in addition, and one of these still an infant. Used to household duties, and to a certain portion of daily labor, at her old home, Mrs. Morris was, nevertheless, unable to bear the enormous burden thus laid upon her.

She tried, indeed, to do what was expected of her. No complaint ever passed her lips. Many an evening, after a day of exhausting drudgery, she sat up till midnight sewing, while her husband read his newspaper, smoked his cigar, or the thought rose in his mind that he only should have done it to find

expression in words. Patiently she worked on, stifling even a sigh as criminal.

But this was not the worst, alas! Often her husband would come in vexed, the result of some untoward business affair; and, at such times, the wife was always the target for his ill-temper. Nothing pleased Mr. Morris on these occasions. The supper did not suit him, the children were not managed right, he did not see why Mrs. Morris must be forever looking as if she hadn't a friend in the world. Frequently it was as much as the poor wife could do to keep back her tears.

What wonder that, with this life of drudgery, with these heart miseries, Mrs. Morris should lose the plumpness of her figure, the brilliancy of her complexion, and her elasticity of spirits. Or what wonder that the birth of four children, in less than eight years, combined with these, should make her, at last, a confirmed invalid. Yet her selfish husband never allowed himself to see how it all came about. He still continued to over-task his invalid wife, and would not, or could not see that he was killing her. She had never had any violent disease, but had only gradually become feeble, so he could not comprehend it. "I can't imagine," he would say, "what can ail her?"

Meantime, though an industrious man himself, Mr. Morris often took a day for recreation. In summer he usually went to the sea-shore for a week or two. In addition he always rested on Sunday. But he never took his wife with him, when he went away, whether for a day or a fortnight; and Sunday was to her no day of rest, since he insisted on having a particularly nice dinner then, which Mrs. Morris had to cook. And as she grew more and more sallow, under this treatment, and lost finally what little appetite had been left to her, her husband wondered more and more "what could ail her."

In reality he began at last to think himself quite badly treated. It was a very hard thing, he reflected, if he was to have a sick wife all his days. "He did not see," he said, "for his part, what was the matter with the women: they were good for nothing in these days; but Mrs. Morris, he really believed, was the sickliest of all. Nothing agreed with her any more. She

took pills every two hours, but her appetite didn't come back. A married man had need to be made of money. What could ail her?"

There are a good many such husbands in the world, for Mr. Morris is, alas! no rare specimen. Thousands of meek, uncomplaining women, the wives of selfish, brutal husbands, are scattered all over this fair land of ours, dying by inches,

while their thoughtless or heartless task-masters wonder "what can ail them."

Mrs. Morris will die prematurely, partly from drudgery, partly from a broken heart. But as she will not have any violent disease, her husband will go about to the day of her death, saying,

"WHAT CAN AIL HER?"

## THE LAST NIGHT OF SUMMER.

BY EDWARD A. WARRINER.

'Tis sunset hour, and floods of golden light,  
Ere Summer lingers out a fond adieu,  
Bathe in resplendent fires each mountain height,  
And tinge yon sable clouds in purple hue.

Now fades the bright vermilion of the sky,  
And darkness slowly gathers o'er the trees;  
The weeping-willow wakes its wonted sigh,  
As awaying gently in the evening breeze.

Still, faintly mirrored in the placid stream,  
Linger the twilight shadows of the hills;  
The moon, the silvery moon pours down her beams,  
And mingles diamonds in the wild-wood rills.

The cricket, now, its voice assiduous wakes  
From the old hearth, as wont at close of day,  
And the deep stillness of the evening breaks,  
Seeming to whisper that we pass away.

Now, far I wander up the lonely vale  
Of the wild stream that murmurs past my home;  
Where in the wild-wood sings the nightingale,  
And from a distance sounds of music come.

The moonbeams silver o'er the distant hills,  
And sweetly sit upon the lovely lea;  
Wild voices mingle with the gushing rills,  
The night-bird waileth from the birchen tree.

Now all is hushed save the low willow's sigh,  
Weeping and wailing o'er the moonlit stream,  
Waking sweet mem'ries of things long gone by,  
As plaintive music or some pleasing dream.

Oh, how this scene recalls my childhood's hours!—  
Unchanged is Nature's face, for now as then  
Within the valley bloom the same wild flowers,  
And the same stream still murmurs through the glen.

How sweet was life, when, on the festal day,  
Merry companions met beneath this shade;  
But some, alas! have wandered far away,  
And some are in the village church-yard laid.

But mem'ry lives beyond the reach of time,  
And all that's beautiful will linger o'er,  
Where angel voices join in songs sublime;  
And we shall meet the loved of earth once more.

## STANZAS,

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED WIFE WHO DIED ON HER PASSAGE TO EUROPE.

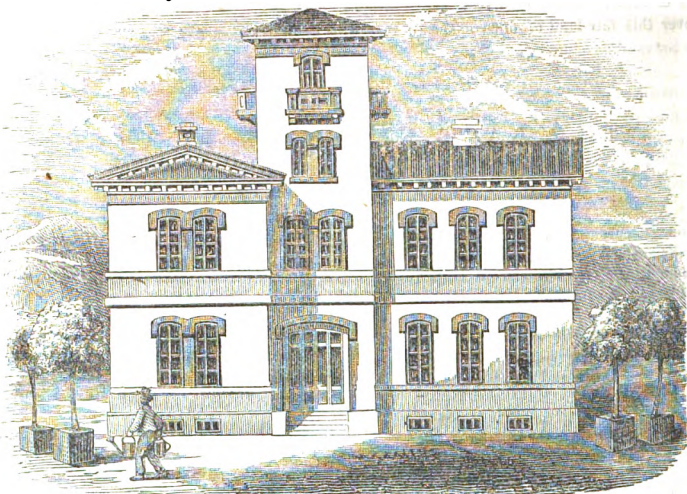
BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

THERE was an eye I lov'd to see,  
There was a voice I lov'd to hear,  
There was a heart now parted hence  
That ever to my own was dear:  
There was a lip I loved to press,  
There was a gentle hand that oft  
Has soothed my brow when deep distressed,  
With touch as signet's bosom soft!  
But ah! that eye is closed in death—  
That lip has lost its rosy bloom—

That small white hand is far away,  
Cold in the ocean's watery tomb!  
Light of my soul! Oh! whither strays  
Thy gentle spirit from its dust?  
Faith points to Heaven, and bids my heart  
In the Redeemer's promise trust;  
If after life the spirit loves  
Its sister spirit—mine shall trace  
On wing far fleet than the dove's  
Thine—thro' the boundless realms of space!

# COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

## A VILLA IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.



In designing this small villa, our object was to keep it within a very moderate space, and for a very moderate cost, to show as much of the character as was practicable. It would have been far easier to have increased the effect by adding more apartments, which, when desired, can easily be done; for it is one of the merits of this style, that it permits additions and wings with the greatest facility, and always with an increasing effect. Some persons may find a defect in this design by the absence of a veranda; but it can easily be attached on the outside of the parlor and library.

The plan of this house is very simple, and almost explains itself by a reference to the ground plans. The hall here is ten feet wide by forty-two feet deep. It ought to be laid with encaustic tiles, which will make it very handsome and effective. The staircase will appear to advantage when advancing into the hall through the main entrance; and the effect will be increased by building it of oak, with massive hand-rail and balusters. The beauty of the staircase will be heightened by the position of a large window over the landing, filled in with stained glass of tasteful and harmonious colors. The parlor is sixteen by twenty-five feet—a good-sized room for a small family: so, also, is the

library attached; sixteen feet square, and communicates with sliding doors.

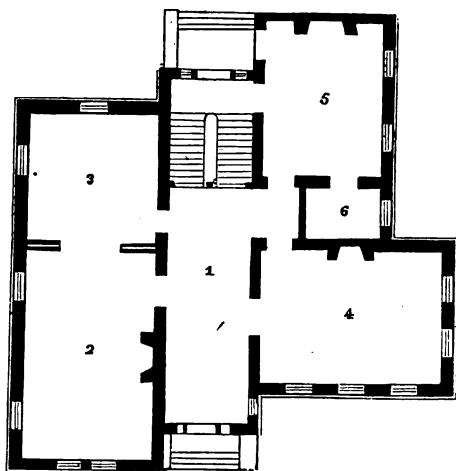
On the other side of the hall is the dining-room, sixteen by twenty-two feet. It is very advantageously placed with respect to the kitchen, which is only separated from it by a small passage. If desirable, a door may be made to communicate with the pantry. This pantry is six by nine feet, well lighted and aired. The kitchen is fifteen by eighteen feet. It may be extended, and a scullery attached, to suit the wants of the family, and, if necessary, also, a kitchen-yard, clothes-drying ground, &c., concealed by trees.

On the second floor, we have four large bedrooms—three of them with good-sized closets attached. The chamber in the tower may be used as a store-room or bath-room: the staircase leading up into the tower will take up a very small space, and can be so arranged as not to interfere with the apartment. There is a room above, intended to contain a water-tank, into which the water may be forced up by a hydraulic ram, and thereby give a constant supply of water to the whole house. The upper story may be used as an observatory.

The first story of this house should be twelve feet, and the second story ten feet, in the clear.

This villa should be built of rough brick, covered with cement or stucco on the outside, and colored of a mellow, warm drab, or light freestone, hue. But the cheapest mode, and one very satisfactory, would be to build the walls of good, hard brick, and color them externally of an agreeable shade. The walls of the first story should be thirteen inches, and the second story nine inches, thick. The window-heads, sills, and string-courses should be of cut stone. The balconies and brackets of the tower may be of wood, painted and sanded to correspond with the wall. Inside shutters will be required to all the windows, both in the first and second stories.

All the inside wood-work should be grained to represent oak or walnut.



GROUND PLAN.

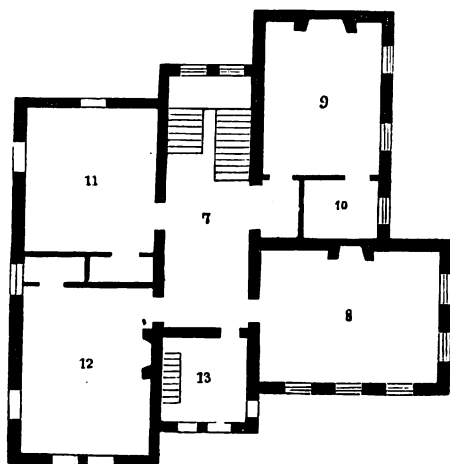
## DIMENSIONS.

## FIRST FLOOR.

|                   | FEET.   |
|-------------------|---------|
| 1. Hall, - - -    | 10 × 42 |
| 2. Parlor, - - -  | 16 × 25 |
| 3. Library, - - - | 16 × 16 |
| 4. Dining-room, - | 16 × 22 |
| 5. Kitchen, - - - | 15 × 18 |
| 6. Pantry, - - -  | 6 × 9   |

## SECOND FLOOR.

|                    |         |
|--------------------|---------|
| 7. Hall, - - -     | 10 × 30 |
| 8. Chamber, - - -  | 16 × 22 |
| 9. Chamber, - - -  | 15 × 18 |
| 10. Closet, - - -  | 6 × 9   |
| 11. Chamber, - - - | 16 × 18 |
| 12. Chamber, - - - | 16 × 20 |
| 13. Bath-room, - - | 10 × 10 |



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

## NEVER DESPAIR.

Though fortune should leave you,  
And sorrows bring care,  
Though death should bereave you,  
Oh! never despair.

For life is but fleeting,  
And Heaven is fair,  
Oh! the joys of that meeting—  
Then never despair.

C. A.

# OUR WORK TABLE.

## LADIES' WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. DEFOUR.



**MATERIALS.**—French silks of the following colors. White, scarlet, emerald, green, yellow, (not orange) black, rose, scarlet cord, and tassels of all the colors combined. Boulton & Son's crochet-hook, No. 24.

We must observe that bags of the most ornamental description are now greatly used by Parisian belles, for holding the handkerchief, purse, &c. They are very small, and are made in crochet, netting, or embroidery. We would not whisper the atrocity to even the winds, nevertheless it is a fact, that these same exquisite pieces of workmanship are the rage among gentlemen, for *tobacco-pouches*. The only difference is, that the lady's reticule is lined with silk or satin, and the gentleman's *blague* with lamb-skin.

With the black silk, make a chain of 336 stitches, and close it into a round.

**1st round.**—Black,  $\times$  13 Sc, 3 Sc in 1, 12 more Sc, miss 2,  $\times$  12 times.

**2nd round.**—Yellow.\* The same.

**3rd, 4th, and 5th rounds.**—Black. The same.

**6th round.**—Yellow. The same.

**7th round.**—Scarlet,  $\times$  7 Sc, 3 chain, miss 3, 3 Sc, 3 Sc in 1, 3 Sc, 3 chain, miss 3, 6 Sc, miss 2,  $\times$  12 times.

**8th round.**—Yellow. Like first.

**9th and 10th rounds.**—Scarlet. The same.

**11th round.**—Scarlet and white,  $\times$  10 scarlet, 1 white, 2 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 2 scarlet, 1 white, 9 scarlet, miss 2,  $\times$  12 times.

**12th round.**— $\times$  8 scarlet, 3 white, 2 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 2 scarlet, 3 white, 7 scarlet, miss 2,  $\times$  12 times.

**13th round.**— $\times$  8 scarlet, 1 white, 4 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 4 scarlet, 1 white, 7 scarlet, miss 2,  $\times$  12 times.

**14th round.**—Scarlet and green,  $\times$  6 scarlet, 3 green, 4 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 4 scarlet, 3 green, 5 scarlet, miss 2,  $\times$  12 times.

**15th round.**—Scarlet, green, and black,  $\times$  3 scarlet, 8 green, 1 black, 3 green, 3 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 3 scarlet, 3 green, 1 black, 3 green, 2 scarlet, miss 2,  $\times$  12 times.

**16th round.**—Scarlet and green,  $\times$  5 scarlet, 1 green, 7 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 7 scarlet, 1 green, 4 scarlet, miss 2,  $\times$  12 times.

**17th round.**—Same colors,  $\times$  4 scarlet, 3 green, 6 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 6 scarlet, 3 green, 3 scarlet, miss 2,  $\times$  12 times.

**19th and 20th rounds.**—All scarlet, like first. The following rounds are worked in the same way, in the following colors:

21st round.—Yellow.

22nd round.—Red.

23rd round.—Yellow.

24th, 25th, 26th rounds.—Black.

27th round.—Yellow.

28th round.—Red.

29th round.—Green.

Repeat the stripe of scarlet, from 9th to 20th rounds, inclusive, substituting the following colors. White for scarlet, scarlet for white, red for black. Use green as in scarlet stripe.

Reverse the colors from 21st to 29th, inclusive, that is, begin with the green, and end with the yellow round.

Now follows another pattern stripe, with green ground, for scarlet, scarlet for green, white for white, and black for black. In working the two plain green rounds which finish the stripe, miss 2 as usual, but work only one stitch in every one of the others.

Do a round of yellow, one of green and one of

yellow, in the same way, then 4 black, decreasing so that you have 98 stitches in the round.

Black and scarlet,  $\times$  13 black, 1 scarlet,  $\times$  7 times.

2nd round.— $\times$  5 black, miss 2, 5 black, 8 scarlet,  $\times$  7 times.

3rd round.— $\times$  4 black, miss 2, 3 black, 5 scarlet,  $\times$  7 times.

4th round.— $\times$  2 black, miss 2, 1 black, 7 scarlet,  $\times$  7 times.

5th round.— $\times$  1 black, 7 scarlet on 7,  $\times$  7 times.

6th round.— $\times$  1 yellow on centre of 7 scarlet, 6 scarlet,  $\times$  7 times.

7th round.— $\times$  3 yellow, (on 1, and a scarlet on each side) 3 scarlet,  $\times$  7 times.

8th round.— $\times$  1 scarlet on the centre of 3, and 4 yellow between  $\times$  7 times. Gradually close with yellow.

Now on the original chain do 1 round yellow, 1 green, 1 scarlet, 1 yellow, with 3 in one at each point, and missing 2 at the lower part. Line and trim as in the engraving.

## GRACE CHURCH CEMETERY,

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

On! ever and anon there goes  
Some solemn train, to bear  
With sable hearse, and dark-hued steed,  
A pale, cold sleeper there!  
Perhaps a parent, child that's dear,  
A husband, or a wife,  
Kind sister, brother, or some friend  
Who cheered the paths of life;  
The chequered paths, with tort'rous lines  
Marked deep by care and sin,  
Save where the dove of pity  
Broods o'er the heart within—  
Or soaring, spreads its pure white wings,  
And on them bears to Heaven  
The tearful prayer of penitence,  
From erring mortal given.  
The white-haired man goes slowly in  
That sombre colored gate,  
To muse beside the grave of her,  
His long-departed mate.  
The widow there in sable weeds,  
Bewails the vanished youth  
Who pledged before the man of God,  
To her his vows of truth.  
The mother's tears like rain-drops fall  
Upon the grass-green ground  
Where baby lies in quiet rest,  
With wild flowers on its mound.

The father leads his shorn lambs in,  
That they may there behold  
The sacred spot where lies enshrined  
The angel of his fold!  
And there away from all the throng,  
Some lone one stands apart,  
That no rude, gazing eye may see  
The sorrow of the heart.  
And here, perchance, the orphan bends  
Where pure white stones are seen;  
With but a violet here and there  
Upon the friendly screen  
That shelters from the Wintry storm,  
And from the Summer sun;  
The father, and the mother too,  
Whose sands of life are run.  
While smiling maidens glide around,  
With gay youths by their side;  
And little seem to reck the hour  
When they must stem the tide—  
The cold, dark, turbid waves, to which  
The human soul is given;  
The fearful tide that rolls between  
The shores of earth and Heaven!  
God grant, that when with all of earth,  
Its fitful dreams shall cease,  
To Heaven's sweet shores of endless rest,  
Each bark may go in peace.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**ARTIFICIAL FRUIT.**—The first process is, forming the mould from which the cast of fruit is to be taken. This is done by mixing plaster of Paris with water, to the consistency of thick paint. As the mould of fruit cannot be taken whole, it is necessary to prepare it for the parts required. For an apple, orange, or pear, two parts will be sufficient; but in other cases, when the fruit abounds in irregularities, it is requisite to take the mould in three or more parts, otherwise it will be difficult to remove.

In preparing an apple, &c., it is necessary to oil the surface of one half of the fruit, which, having done, place over it the plaster of Paris; as it sets, or dries, which it will do very quickly, smooth the edges to the exact half, with a knife, making at the same time several notches in the edge, in order that the two parts, when taken, may fit closely; when the plaster is sufficiently hardened, oil the edge with a camel's-hair pencil, and prepare for taking the mould of the second half, which is performed in the same manner; the two halves, placed together, will form a perfect mould, the plaster being readily removed by means of oiling. The next process is, taking the cast; the parts of the mould will be rendered more hard by immersion in cold water; all the parts must now be bound together with string. Prepare the wax by melting it to the consistency of cream, pour it into the mould at the aperture caused by the stalk, which must be increased should the orifice be not sufficiently capacious to admit the wax; when the wax is thoroughly hardened, the string must be removed, and the pieces of the mould taken from the fruit: a perfect cast of the fruit is thus produced. The colors used are to be obtained in powder, and delicately put on the wax by means of the finger, the lighter parts touched with a camel's-hair pencil. With some description of fruit, as an orange, grapes, &c., the color may be put in the wax, and the bloom produced afterward by the use of the powder. The stalks are formed and inserted at the top of the fruit. The leaves are produced by thin sheets of wax, punched out to the size required, with punches prepared for the purpose; these can be obtained at any tool warehouse.

**THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.**—We call attention to the advertisement, on the cover of the present number, of "The Dollar Newspaper," one of the best weeklies published in Philadelphia, and altogether the cheapest. It will be seen that the proprietors offer prizes, to the amount of five hundred dollars, for a certain number of stories. The literary character of the paper will, therefore, be very superior during the coming volume. The news is always

capitally digested; the agricultural department well culled; and the other contents distinguished by sterling sense, and sound information. We cordially recommend "The Dollar Newspaper" to the reading public. It belongs to the new age of periodical literature. In other words, being conducted on the cash principle, like the "National," it is able to give the largest possible return to the subscriber, for his money.

**THE LITERARY COMPANION.**—This is a neat, well-conducted monthly Magazine, just established, at Harrisburg, Pa., for the low price of a dollar a year. William H. Egle and Clarence May, two of our contributors, are its editors. The first number is before us, containing a pretty mezzotint, and thirty-two pages of excellent reading matter. We wish it the success which the taste, industry and talents of its conductors so richly deserve.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Percy Effingham.* By Henry Cockton, author of "Valentine Vox." 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This new novel is from the advanced sheets of the English edition, and appears here and in London simultaneously. It is an agreeable story, and will have a large sale. Mr. Cockton made himself famous, in one day, as it were, by his inimitable "Valentine Vox," so that now he is sure of a large audience of readers, whenever he announces a new book. For those who wish to while away a summer afternoon, "Percy Effingham" is a capital novel. It has less fun, indeed, than "Valentine Vox;" but in other respects we think it superior to that book.

*A Journey Round the World.* By F. Gerstaecker. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This deeply interesting book is a narrative of a journey round the globe, comprising a winter passage across the Andes to Chili, and visits to California, Australia, the South Sea Islands, Java, &c. The writer travelled, as the Indians say, "with his eyes open." Much of the ground traversed, moreover, has been comparatively untrudged, so that nearly every page contains something new to the reader. The chapters describing the winter journey across Cordilleras, from Buenos Ayres to Chili, are particularly absorbing. The volume is published in a neat style.

*Bleak House.* By Charles Dickens. No 17. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The earlier chapters of this work were comparatively indifferent; but those in this, and a few preceding numbers, make ample amends. The story, as it approaches the close, grows intensely interesting. *Lady Dedlock* is as fine a character as *Edith Dombey*, perhaps even finer.

*Lever's Novels. Complete Edition. 1 vol. Philada.: T. B. Peterson.*—This enterprising publisher is now issuing a new edition of Lever's novels, which may be had of him separately, or together. From "O'Malley," down to the very latest of them, these fictions are brimful of life, adventure, spirit, and fun, with occasional dashes of sentiment and pathos. Mr. P.'s edition is neatly printed, with distinct and handsome type, on thick, white paper.

## FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF WINE COLORED CHANGEABLE SILK.—Skirt trimmed with three wide flounces, each one of which is finished with a vandyked velvet trimming. Corsage high, and open half way down to the waist in front, with a *basque*. Sleeves demi-long, cut on in the inside in the horse shoe form; these, with the corsage, are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Plain mull under-sleeves, and lemon colored kid gloves. Bonnet of white gauze and ribbon, with roses and tulle, as a face trimming.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF HEAVY CORDED CINNAMON COLORED SILK.—Skirt trimmed with a gathered plaided riband, put on in vandyke points about half way up. Corsage with a *basque* finished with a trimming to correspond with the skirt. Black velvet gilet, trimmed with three rows of velvet buttons. Mantilla of black velvet, embroidered, and trimmed with a deep corded fringe. Bonnet of black lace, with plaid riband strings, and an under trimming of pink roses and leaves.

FIG. III.—L'IMPERATRICE.—A mantilla of this pattern was worn by the Empress Eugenie on one of the days on which her Majesty took a drive with the Emperor on recovering from her recent indisposition. The form is round, resembling the shape called the Cardinal, except that it droops a little behind, in the style of the shawl mantelet. The material is very rich sky blue poult-de-sole. The lower edge is trimmed with superb broad silk fringe, white and blue, with net heading. At a little distance above this fringe there is a row of ribbon about four inches in width, and figured in a rich chenille pattern. The same ribbon trims the fronts, and passing round the neck, presents the effect of a turning-over collar. Another row of the same trimming, commencing at each shoulder, passes across the back of the cloak and gives the appearance of a cape. Upon this row of trimming are fixed three rosettes of blue watered ribbon, with chenille edge. These rosettes, which have long ends, are fixed one on each shoulder and one at the back. The bonnet worn with this mantelet is composed of blonde, with straw embroidery, and lined and trimmed with white satin. The under-trimming consists of bouillonnes of tulle and bouquets of flowers. Dress (not seen in our engraving) slate colored watered silk.

FIG. IV.—THE VICTORIA, so named in honor of the Queen of England, for whom one after the same pattern has recently been made. The material is

silk of a peculiarly beautiful tint; fawn color with a tinge of gold. This is an entirely new color, and is distinguished in Paris by the name of *Aurifere*. The Victoria mantelet is round in form, setting easily on the shoulders, but without hanging in fullness. The upper part of the mantelet is trimmed with several rows of figured silk braid, of a bright groseille color, edged with small points of gold. Attached to the lower row of braid is a deep fringe of the color of the mantelet, having at intervals long tassels of groseille color. At the back, between the shoulders, a bow of silk, having two rounded ends, finished by groseille tassels, gives the effect of a hood. The mantelet is finished at the bottom with rows of groseille colored braid, and fringe corresponding with that described in the trimming of the upper part. Dress of striped green silk. Bonnet of fancy tuscan, lined with white. Trimming, white and green ribbon intermingled with bouquets of roses.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For early fall wear we have seen an article called "silk muslin." This material usually comes with three flounces, bordered with medallions, in the midst of which is a small bouquet of gay colors. There is another article for later fall or even winter wear, called the "Oriental." This is either of light or dark taffeta, having a broad cashmere patterned border on each flounce.

THE SKIRTS of dresses of thin materials are all flounced, and are lined with stiff muslin. Some Parisian dressmakers have indeed adopted the plan of inserting two or three runnings of thin flexible whalebone at regular intervals on the lower part of the skirt, which have the effect of giving it the hoop-like form which the present fashion requires. The corsages are sometimes made with basquines in the jacket style, and sometimes with fronts drawn in fullness at the shoulders and at the waist, with open fronts displaying elegant chemisettes of lace or worked muslin. The sleeves may be slit open at the back of the arm; the opening being confined by bands of ribbon finished with bows and flowing ends. Occasionally the sleeves are trimmed with numerous narrow frills, one above another. These frills may be either straight or scalloped at the edges, and finished with braid. Three is now the favorite number for flounces; but they should be slightly graduated in width, and the upper one should be nearly as high as the waist. Corsages of clear white muslin are frequently worn with colored skirts of silk or other materials.

SOME few corsages have been made to close down the back, as they were worn many years ago, but the style is by no means general as yet. These bodies are made high and perfectly plain; the waist without a point, and rather long. Three darts or plaits on each side form the waist and breast.

MANTILLAS.—Black taffeta is much used for mantelets; some are of the form short behind, with pointed ends in front, and composed of alternate bands of tulle and taffeta. Upon the tulle band is placed a trimming of black velvet. The band of taffeta is edged with a double row of very narrow





lace, fastened together by very small foliage of velvet, one of which rests on the tulle, the other on the taffeta; this mantelet is nearly covered with lace. The manteau *baïque* of black taffetas is trimmed with a deep lace, surmounted by a ruche of taffeta in a new design, plaited in three plaits, at equal distances, so as to have the appearance of *nauds abeilles* placed here and there upon a ribbon; after this ruche are three rows of black velvet, the centre one being the widest: then, a second ruche, and so on to the edge of the mantle. The fronts are trimmed to match. A bow of very narrow ribbon, with floating ends, is placed at the bend of the arm.

Long and full pelisses are much more worn than the short and scant ones made a month ago. But to get rid of the fulness on the shoulders which would have a very heavy appearance on a stoutish person, some contrivance is necessary. When the pelisse is put together with fine, handsome hollow plaits, do not omit to put a pin through each plait, which will keep the thicknesses of the silk close together, and when it has been ascertained where the pins best confine the fulness, it must be stitched down. Take especial care that this stitch cannot be seen. The plait must merely be held in its proper place without the least puckering, or there is a

danger of depriving the garment of all its gracefulness.

**BONNETS.**—The greatest novelty in this department is a bonnet without a curtain or cape. A deep row of lace or ribbon, hanging from the lower part of the crown, supplies the place of a cape. With these bonnets the hair is arranged very low behind. The inside trimming of bonnets consists generally of a wreath of flowers extending across the top from the temples, whilst the side trimming next to the cheeks is composed only of floods of blond. This is, however, not becoming to all faces. One of the prettiest fall bonnets which have yet appeared is made of shining English straw, six rows of which form the front. The sides of the crown are maroon velvet, laid plain on the top of the head, and having slashes on each side. Next come three more rows of straw, and then a tiny crown of maroon taffeta with a velvet bow set in the middle. The curtain is velvet; the lining of straw colored taffeta, with a ruche at the edge made of black and white lace. The inside trimming is a *Madeleine grape* wreath, mixed with little straw ornaments; on one side are two rosebuds and grapes. The strings are velvet.

VEILS of white or black tulle, sprinkled with round spots, and festooned at the edges, will be much worn.





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## KITTY PLEASANTON'S FIRST OFFER.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

I CANNOT remember the time when I was not in love with Kitty Pleasanton. It must have begun when we were both babies. I am sure I loved her as we sat together by the road-side soaking our dandelion stems in the little puddles of water to make them curl; my passion was in no wise abated, when, somewhat later, I climbed cherry-trees at her bidding; nor later yet, when at dancing-school I awkwardly made my new-learned bow, and asked her to be my partner; nor, I am very sure, was my boyish passion at all damped, when, on my return from college, I found my sweet little Kitty, changed, by some undefinable alteration, from a lovely child, to a bewitching young woman. She was almost the same as when I parted from her three years before—the woman was very like the child—there were the same rosy cheeks, the same pouting, innocent mouth, the same curling hair, but some charm, grace, or sentiment was added, which made my heart thrill with new emotion as I gazed at her.

"Kitty," said I, to her, one day, after I had been at home a week or two, and I found I could restrain myself no longer. "Kitty, I'm very much in love with you, as you know as well as I do. I've always been in love with you, and I fancy you with me; but now I want you to promise to marry me." I paused, but Kitty made no answer.

"You like me, Kitty? don't you?"

"First tell me," said Kitty, blushing, and with an odd mixture of delight and bashfulness in her face, "if you've made me what is called 'an offer?'"

"To be sure I have, my darling, an offer which I trust, and hope, you'll accept."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Kitty, demurely.

"Kitty! you love me?"

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"That's my secret," the provoking little thing replied.

"But at any rate," she continued, "I could not possible think of accepting the very first offer I ever received—I should be mortified all the rest of my life if I did. No, indeed; no girl of spirit would dream of taking up her first offer, as if she were afraid she should never have another. Excuse me, James, I can't possible accept you till I've had at least one other offer."

"But, my dearest Kitty," I began.

"Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! will you never learn to call me by my proper name, Mr. Brant? I confess I did hope, that when I received my 'first offer,' the person who made it would have addressed me with proper courtesy, and in a manner befitting the occasion, giving me my name of Katharine, but now you've gone and spoiled it all."

"Oh, I suppose you wanted a stiff, ceremonious proposal in form; but I'm no Sir Charles Grandison, Kitty, Katharine, I would say—therefore don't be foolish—be content to know in plain words, that my whole heart is yours; and have the good sense to accept your first offer, since your second may not be so good."

But vain were my arguments and reasonings. Kitty was determined not to accept her first offer, and finding her resolute, I changed my tone, acquiesced in her views, confessed that after all, I, too, had a certain pride on that point, and should be rather mortified to know that my wife had never had any offer but that I had myself made her; and so I promised to suspend my suit till Kitty should have been so fortunate as to receive an offer from some other quarter.

Now there was, not far from where Kitty dwelt, a favorite dell, or bower, or something of the kind,

to which she daily repaired with some chosen volume to sit and read. All my endeavors to persuade her to allow me to accompany her thither had always been quite in vain. Kitty was firm in preferring her undisturbed solitude, and I was daily doomed to an hour or two of the mopes during her romantic woodland visit.

In pursuance with this custom, Kitty set out soon after the conversation I have sketched, declining, as usual, my offers of companionship.

Not more than half an hour had elapsed after she had reached her favorite seat, ere her attention was attracted by a young gentleman who was fishing in the brook which flowed near her.

Kitty drew back a little on seeing him, but her curious eyes occasionally wandered toward the stranger. The latter, no sooner perceived his fair observer, than he bowed with an air of great politeness, and advancing a few steps, ventured to address to her a few words of commonplace greeting. The young man's words were indeed common-place, but his eyes were far more eloquent than his tongue—they plainly informed the fair Kitty that she had found a new admirer. Kitty, highly flattered, received the stranger's advances graciously, and the youth being by no means bashful, half an hour found them chatting easily and gaily on various topics of interest. Kitty's stay in the woods was something longer than usual that afternoon.

"What is the matter, Kitty?" I asked, on meeting her soon after her return home. "Your eyes sparkle, and you look as pleased as though you had met a fairy in your afternoon ramble."

"It's better than a fairy," cried Kitty, breathlessly, "it's a young man."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, with a whistle.

"Yes, James, and he's so handsome—so agreeable—so—so delightful, that I can't say *how* things might go if he were to make me, some of these days, my second offer."

"You can't impose upon me in that kind of way, sweet Kitty, so don't attempt it," I exclaimed. "I'll be bound the impudent fellow, whom I wouldn't object to speaking a bit of my mind to, I say, Kitty, I don't believe he's any handsomer or more agreeable than I am myself."

Kitty laughed aloud in derision.

"He's a thousand million times handsomer," she cried, scornfully, "and as much more entertaining as he is more handsome."

"Come, Kitty, don't be too cutting, too cruel," I began, but Kitty drew herself up with dignity.

"They call me Katharine, who do speak to me, sir."

"Katharine, fiddlesticks," I cried, "Kitty is the prettiest, and sweetest name in the world,

and comes most natural to me—don't bother me with your Katharines."

"I dare say you may like it," said Kitty, pouting, half angrily, "but I don't. It's too free. How would you like it if I persisted in calling you Jim? I declare I'll call you Jim, if you go on calling me Kitty."

"Do so if you like, and it will soon sound to me like the sweetest name in the world. But may I presume to beg from my fair and gracious Lady Katharine a description of this wood-Adonis she has been encountering?"

"He is tall," began Kitty.

"Taller than I?" I interrupted. Kitty annihilated me by a look.

"By at least half a foot—and of an elegant figure," she continued, with marked emphasis. "He was dressed in a fishing costume which greatly become him."

"I have an old fishing blouse, up stairs," I muttered, *sotto voce*, "I think I'll get it out."

"The young man's manners were uncommonly easy and gentlemanly, and withal perfectly respectful and deferential," continued Kitty; "having ascertained my name, he never once forgot himself so far as to abbreviate it, his conduct contrasting favorably in this respect with that of some of my friends."

"Well, Kitty, what other perfections had your hero, or have you exhausted your list?"

"Far from it," said Kitty, indignantly. "He wears his hair parted down the middle like a poet, or that charming Signor Pozzolini in the part of Edgardo—"

"Or a Methodist parson," I put in.

"And besides all that," continued Kitty, "he has a moustache."

"A last, best gift—but, Kitty, that perfection, I hope, will not be very difficult of achievement. I'll begin to-morrow. Let me see—tall—handsome—agreeable—good manners—elegant figure, and a moustache! On the whole, Kitty, I think I'm very much afraid of my new rival."

"You have cause," Kitty replied, with grave dignity.

The next day when Kitty reached her little retreat, she found the stranger again in its neighborhood; I must do the little coquette the justice of confessing that she did look startled, and indeed vexed, when she saw him, but perhaps thinking it too late to retreat, she advanced timidly. The youth met her with many apologies, and a plausible pretence for his intrusion which she could not gainsay, while something flattering in his manner made her blushing diviner that the hope of again seeing her, had been the true cause of his reappearance. Be

that as it might, the stranger, perhaps to give Kitty time to recover her confidence, immediately sauntered off in pursuit of his sport, and Kitty, fancying she had seen the last of her new admirer, drew forth her book, and settling herself in a mossy corner began to read. She had scarcely succeeded in fixing her attention on its pages, however, before the pertinacious stranger again reappeared, and declaring that fishing was dull work, and the fish would not bite, he composedly seated himself at Kitty's feet, and begged to know the name of the book she was reading.

"Tennyson's Princess," replied Kitty, shortly.

The imperturbable stranger declared the book a great favorite of his, and began to talk so entertainingly of books and authors, that Kitty, warmed by the subject, forgot to be dignified, and an animated discourse of favorite authors ensued. Afterward the young man begged permission to read her a few admirable passages from the book she held in her hand, and it so happened that the passages he selected were the very ones Kitty loved best—he read them well, too, and Kitty's bright eyes sparkled with delight as she listened. Turning at last to the exquisite concluding interview between Ida and the young prince, the stranger's voice became more and more earnest as he read, till, coming to the words—

"Indeed I love thee; come)

Yield thyself up; my hopes and thine are one;  
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself—  
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

He suddenly flung aside the book, exclaiming, "What words—what words! what would I not give for courage to utter them to the being I love best on earth." The stranger paused a moment, and then broke forth impetuously,

"This forced silence is all in vain—the words I would repress *will* come—in vain have I striven to be prudent—cautious—to allow you time—not to startle you—lovely, bewitching, Miss Katharine—you are yourself the object of my secret adoration—to whom I would say much if I dared," and thereupon the youth rather melodramatically fell on one knee, and forthwith proceeded to make Kitty a very plain offer of his hand.

Meanwhile Kitty had risen from her seat, and recovering from her astonishment, she drew herself up with dignity and replied,

"I hardly know, sir, what you mean by your very strange words and conduct. The liberty you have taken has made me very sensible of my own imprudence in having allowed the advances of a stranger so—presuming—an error I shall be careful never to repeat." So saying, my proud

little Kitty (never had she looked so handsome) turned from the stranger with a distant bow, and walked directly home.

I did not see Kitty till some time after her return; perhaps she was recovering her spirits in her own room, for when I met her she was as full of mischief as ever.

"Well, James, why don't you ask me about my adventures to-day?" she inquired.

"Because I didn't suppose you would be so imprudent as to go again to-day where you would be likely to encounter the insolent puppy who presumed to address you yesterday."

"I didn't in the least expect him to be there," said Kitty, blushing, and somewhat confused, "but he *was* there."

"Of course," I replied, gruffly. "Well, was your Adonis as handsome and agreeable as ever?"

"More so!" cried Kitty, recovering her composure; "he looked more Massaniello-like than ever in his fishing dress; and for entertainment, he first read me all the finest parts of Tennyson's Princess, and then made a marriage proposal, and I don't think any man could be expected to do more in one afternoon."

"I should think not indeed—pray what reply did you make to the rascal?—that you had a friend at home who would be happy to kick him well for his insolence?"

"Far from it," said Kitty; "what my reply was, is my secret—and his; but for you, my poor James, I'm sorry for you—it's all over with you, and your offer."

"Why you good-for-nothing, little, deceitful puss!" cried I, losing all patience, "there never was a more arrant dissembler living. Behold how plain a tale shall put you down—for lo—I, myself, disguised merely by a little paint—a fishing-blouse, a false moustache, and a change in the arrangement of my hair, was, in my own person, this elegant—captivating—handsome, agreeable stranger, whose praises you have never tired of sounding."

Poor Kitty was completely confounded.

"How could I have been so stupid?" she murmured—"and the voice, too, which sounded so familiar all the time."

"Yes, Kitty, you're caught, and to punish you for attempting just now, to palm a wicked falsehood upon me, I shall impose a two-fold fine. First, you shall kiss me; and then fix our wedding day, which must be very shortly, for I'm going to Europe in a month, and you must go with me."

Kitty gave a little scream, and declared that she could not think of submitting to either of her penalties; but in vain she struggled, and



protested—I had her in my arms, and finding at last all her efforts to release herself fruitless, her jests and laughter suddenly changed to earnest tenderness, and closing her arms round me, she said,

“As you will, dear—dearest Jamie!”

“One month from to-day then, my own, sweet, darling Kitty.”

“Katharine,” whispered Kitty.

“Katharine then,” I repeated, smiling at her pertinacity on this point—“one month from to-day, my Katharine.”

“You never put any adjectives before *Katharine*,” murmured Kitty, evasively, hiding her blushing and pouting face.

“My own dear, gracious, winning, bewitching, most kissable Katharine—shall it be as I say?”

“If mamma chooses,” whispered Kitty. And so I persuaded the sweetest and prettiest girl in the country to accept her first and only lover; and though to this day my merry little wife often complains that I defrauded her, by my tricks, of her natural womanly right, of breaking two or three hearts, at least, ere she made one man supremely blest, still she generally concludes her reproaches in a manner most flattering to my vanity, by declaring that she *had* two offers after all—and each of her’s was worth a thousand common ones.

## LEAD THOU ME.

BY H. W. PAYSON.

Thou whose never-wearying eye  
Guardeth each created thing,  
To whose awful presence I  
Each unworded thought must bring;  
Not one feeling can I hide,  
Not one look conceal from Thee,  
Yet myself I cannot guide,  
In my weakness lead Thou me.

When temptations round me rise,  
When vain pleasures too much press,  
In the social circle when  
Idle thoughts I would express;  
When forgetful of my own,  
I another’s faults would see,  
When my spirit’s eye is dimm’d,  
In my blindness lead Thou me.

When self-love would prompt to pride,  
Or to seek my good alone,  
When forgetful of the friends,  
Thou around my path hast thrown,  
Or if I an idol rear  
In this heart which thine should be,  
Wake me from my selfish dream,  
From my folly lead Thou me.

To that fount whose gushing stream,  
Every good unites to form,  
Tasted makes the heart rejoice,  
And with holy fervor warm;  
Saviour! may I call thee mine,  
Poor and humble though I be?  
Oh, adopt me as thine own,  
To that fountain lead Thou me.

## MAIDEN WITH THE BRIGHT EYES.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

MAIDEN with the bright eyes!  
You may angry be;  
While my wounded heart lies  
Looking up to thee—  
Yet in your deep disdain,  
Think, though it give you pain,  
That you *have* look’d on me.

Maiden with the bright eyes!  
You may haughty be;  
Still amid my deep sighs,  
I can gaze on thee—

And to my wounded heart,  
This thought shall bliss impart,  
That you *have* look’d on me.

Maiden with the bright eyes!  
You may scornful be;  
On each angry glance flies  
Joy—not pain from thee—  
Then dart your scornful ray,  
For you cannot gainsay,  
That you *have* look’d on me.

## "WELL, I WON'T."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

If there was anything Harry Mordaunt hated it was to hear a young lady use under-bred language, but especially slang words. His idea of the sex was so lofty, the result of companionship with a refined mother and sisters, that he associated coarseness with all who employed such phrases.

"Yet you'll marry a woman," said a friend to him, one day, "who'll have some pet bit of slang. Most girls have, now-a-days, so it is hard for any man to escape; but fastidious people are sure to get caught, merely, I suppose, because they are fastidious."

Harry shook his head in the negative.

"Oh! I know you don't believe me," replied his friend, "but wait and see. You don't think a young lady is going to talk slang to a handsome, rich fellow like you, on a first acquaintance. The girls are too sly for that. They always dress their best, smile their prettiest, and talk in their most refined style at first; but when they find the acquaintance has changed into the lover they grow more careless; and at last, when they are fairly married, they throw off all disguise, and return to their original state of dowdiness, ill-temper, or slang, as the case may be."

"You are too severe," said Mordaunt. "Even if some are like you describe them, all are not so. But I have no time to discuss the sex with you to-day, my good fellow, having an appointment to drive out with one, which comes off immediately. So good-bye for the present."

"Good-bye," replied the friend, and, as Mordaunt turned the corner, he resumed to himself. "Yes! there he goes, as great a fool as the rest of them, madly in love with Kate Richards, whom he thinks the most lady-like of her sex. Yet, careful as she is in his presence, she's as much given to slang phrases as the worst of them. Sis says that, among her own sex, she's positively vulgar. Ah! he'll find her out at last; but it will be too late. It's a pity, too, for Mordaunt's a fine fellow."

Yet it was not surprising that Kate Richards had secured Mordaunt among her train of admirers. Tall in person, with a shapely figure, a dashing air, a pair of fine eyes, excellent taste in dress, and a sprightly manner, which never

degenerated into rudeness, at least in Mordaunt's presence, she seemed exactly the *beau ideal*, he had long worshipped in secret, but which he had never before found. Insipid women were as much his aversion as vulgar ones; a dowdy he abhorred; and one without beauty he could never love, though he might esteem her. But Kate Richards was, or seemed to be, the complete sum of all the perfections he sought in a wife.

We say seemed, for his friend was correct, and Kate *did* use slang words, nay! fancied there was wit in it. She had caught up all the current phrases of this description, and prided herself on the aptness with which she introduced them into conversation. "Well, I won't," "No, you don't," "I cal'klate not," and other similar phrases, were forever on her tongue. She had an instinctive sense, however, that Mordaunt disliked them, and as he was decidedly the match of the season, she took care never to indulge in them in his presence. It was not always an easy matter to refrain. Sometimes a phrase was already on her lips. But she was fortunate to remember, in time, her lover's fastidiousness, and so succeeded, at last, in bringing him to the crisis of a declaration.

It was at a gay and brilliant party, where Kate shone the wittiest and most beautiful of all, that Mordaunt finally resolved to ask her hand. He had escorted her there, and, during the drive, had suffered his manner to betray so much admiration, that Kate felt certain he meant to propose, on the return. Perhaps this was one secret of her high spirits, and of her unusually dazzling beauty. The centre of an admiring crowd, she rattled on, and even ventured, as her lover was just then in another room, to retort with a slang phrase or two on a gentleman, who was engaged in a passage of wit with her. The aptness of the quotations raised a laugh, which partially discomfited her antagonist, but returning to the charge, he turned another slang phrase against her. The listeners did not see how Kate could keep up the play of words, but, excited by the strife, she answered him immediately in the same strain, without thinking to observe if Mordaunt had returned or not. The victory was her's, but at what a cost! For, as she concluded, amid a burst of laughter that entirely silenced her

adversary, her lover approached. He caught only her concluding words, they were "well, I won't," but they were sufficient to destroy, at a blow, his idol. The refined Miss Richards became revealed, from that moment, for what she was, an intrinsically coarse woman, who fancied vulgarity was wit. He turned on his heel, and did not approach her again, until the time came to depart. The drive home was a silent one; he bade her good night stiffly; and never again called on her.

Often did Kate regret, after that, her use of slang phrases. But nevertheless she could not cure herself of the practice of quoting them, if the occasion appeared apt, for habit is a stern task-master. She finally married, but does not live happily. The only man she ever loved was

Mordaunt, and she cannot, even yet, conquer her regret at losing him.

When it became certain that the intimacy between Mordaunt and Kate had been broken off, his friend ventured, one day, to rally the former lover on the subject.

"So you're not going to marry Kate Richards after all," said the friend, with a knowing look, for he had been one of the circle, whom Kate had been amusing at the ball.

Mordaunt understood the look, and recalling their former conversation, answered, for once in his life, and it was the only time, in the strain he so much censured.

Shrugging his shoulders, he said, significantly, and with a look of deep disgust,

"WELL, I WON'T."

## THE BRIDESMAID.

BY FRANK LEE.

SHE stood amid that joyous group,  
The gayest of the gay;  
Her voice rose sweet in mirth and song,  
As waters in their play.  
Her's was the brightest smile and glance  
Amid that gleesome throng;  
Like flashing sunbeams through the dances,  
Her light feet sped along.

Bright jewels gleam'd like midnight stars  
Above her marble brow,  
That was as fair as snow-white bars  
That Summer sunsets throw  
Athwart the skies, when evening bright  
Stands blushing till the day  
Has spent its arrowy flood of light,  
And wept itself away.

The stricken deer will still bound on,  
The arrow in its side,  
Until its waning strength is gone  
Upon that rushing tide.  
And thus that high-born maiden stood  
With mien and bearing proud,  
The loveliest in her changeful mood,  
Among that laughing crowd.

In language plain as words could speak,  
With blushes' crimson veil,  
Her heart was writing on her cheek  
Its wildly throbbing tale!  
The wasting grief that it had borne  
In silence many a day;  
But now she knew that she had torn  
Its altar-stone away.

She look'd upon that stern-faced one,  
The bridegroom standing there!  
The golden chain that interlaced  
Those souls each soul must wear,  
Until the sodded turf should lie  
Above each pulseless heart,  
And angels mission'd from on high,  
Its starry links should part.

The golden lengths of that bright chain  
Shadows and years might dim,  
It still would show to her again  
His soul—and her's to him!  
She felt as there she saw him stand,  
Veiling his grief 'neath pride,  
That Mem'ry's tones, a whispering band,  
Were stealing to his side.

And she could read the bitter thought  
Which in his bosom lay;  
That bridal sad revealing brought—  
She flung that love away.  
She in a moment of unrest,  
'Neath anger's scorpion sway,  
Had cast that jewel from her breast,  
Had wrought that grief to-day.

And he unto another bride  
His plighted troth had bound;  
But still her image to his side  
Came softly stealing round.  
The silent grief each heart had borne  
Was darker still that day;  
But now she knew her hand had torn  
Its altar-stone away.

## COUSIN CLARISSA.

A SEQUEL TO "THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER THE ELMS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

### CHAPTER I.

*Swamscott, June 1st, 1853.*

You see Joseph Alexander is here; and to-day I threw cold water on him. He jumped, said—"what will you do next, Clarissa Jackson?" and brushed the water-drops from his coat sleeve and hair.

Joseph Alexander is pale, has a mouth with drooping corners; wide, thin cheeks and dull eyes. He has sore throat often and headache. He don't like the world very well, or any part of it; has no patience with those who shut doors with a clang, or let drafts in upon him. He is, in short, cross and sick. His father, who is Grandpapa Jackson's neighbor at Amesbury, and who is a hard, rich old man, sent him over here that the learned and skilful Dr. Jackson may make him well.

"H'm!" he says to my papa, "I could tell my father that I shall never be well, to stay well, until I am done with that little tight law-office I hate it! I have always hated everything but being in the air."

This makes papa look thoughtful; for this is what Grandpapa Jackson said here yesterday. "He has always hated study, especially study of the law. He has wanted to be running back and forth, like a free squirrel. He wanted it because he needed it, of course; but his father, who only knows how to get money, *because* he wanted to stir, kept him down to his books, when he was a boy, with a sort of hot-air pressure, I told him better. But there is no such a thing as getting an old crotchety out of his head, or a new one in. He's a stupid thing. The fact is," pursued grandpapa, "Joseph ought to have been left to straggle along in an easy way to authorship. He has the right kind of blood in his veins for this; his great-grandfather on his mother's side, and his grandfather on his father's, both wrote poetry and had it printed. Pretty good poetry too, it was, for those days, and to be made in the midst of all the cumbersome tendencies of their hard working lives."

Grandpapa said that—now here comes poor Alexander dragging himself along into this room. He don't know that I am here, or he wouldn't

come. He knows that this room is always dusky and cool, in the heat of the day; and in a far corner of the house where few come, and that a wide lounge and pillows are here.

Yes; he sees me now and stops short at the threshold. My back is a little toward him. I shall pretend that I do not see him. My pen shall go faster, more noisily than ever; then he will come in and lie down, perhaps. He comes; he crosses the room on tip-toe, still, as if he were a sly little mouse. He lies down; he arranges the pillows; he finishes by covering his face with the Gazette. I will let him be until he gets well into the midst of his self-congratulations, that, for once, he is near me without being in any way plagued by me; and then I will come upon him; not in a pouncing way, like an eagle; but meekly like a tame robin. His cushions are not quite right. There, that is better. He settles down now, drawing a long breath of comfort.

"Alexan—Esquire Alexander."

"What?" growling. "What do you want of Esquire Alexander?"

"I was thinking when you came in of what Grandpapa Jackson said that you did when you could just begin to speak a few easy words plain. Do you remember? You had been into school one day, where you heard them reciting the verbs."

"Well, what did I do?"

"You puzzled your head over it after you got home, and at last made it out—'are I, were I, is I, be I; sometimes be I, sometimes de I!'"

"Have you got hold of that nonsense? I wonder they should remember it."

"It was worth remembering. Then, when you were a little older, a neighbor killed a calf one day. You went out and sat on a rook-heap in your father's field, and made this great couplet—

"Why did they slew their king?  
Why to the Senate did they him bring?"

"Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"I expect you ought to be a poet."

"Oh, that is nonsense." I know, however, by

the sound of his voice that he is pleased. Or half pleased. He is never more than that.

"Now take your comfort. I shall write. I shan't speak to you again, 'Squire Alexander."

"Not if I speak to you?"

"No, sir."

"H'm! then you are an odder thing than even 'Squire Alexander is. His neighbors all call him 'an odd fish.' And I suppose he is," rearranging his cushions, and once more drawing the Gazette over his face. He draws it over close; he has done with me, I see; but I must plague him.

"What do you think of the British nation, Alexander?"

He guffaws; he don't know what to do with himself. He says—"what do I think of the British—ha, ha, ha!—of the British nation? as if it were a walnut; a small-sized walnut—ha, ha. You are queer. But be so good as to let me be after this."

"Yes, I will."

And I will. I will go over to Uncle Hurlbut's to see Amy, Amy's husband and Amy's baby. This is baby's first visit to the house of its grandparents; and if the President had come instead, so great rejoicing would not have been held.

"Good-bye, Alexander—pleasant Alexander."

"You mean, cross Alexander. You think I am like a bear."

"Well, if you are not, what are you like?"

"I am like a bear. Good-bye, Miss Clariissa Jackson."

"Ah, good-bye."

"Here!" I was already in the door. "If any of your folks go out, ask them to call at the post-office for me. I can't stir. I have done with stirring. Now good-bye."

## CHAPTER II.

*Friday, the 3rd.*

COUSIN AMY wears white dresses, a black silk apron, and has her hair smooth as if she were a Madonna. Her baby wears the longest, the purest, the most beautiful embroidered frocks; has thin golden hair lying about in little curls. This is Cousin Amy's work, though. She plays with his hair as she holds him and talks. They call him George, for Uncle Hurlbut. I call him all manner of names, and kiss his soft feet until he don't know exactly what to make of it. He looks at me a moment to see if he can know what I mean, being so different from his mamma in my ways, and then goes on taking his dinner. Uncle Hurlbut calls him "little rascal." He bows down to him, though, as they all do.

Cousin-in-law Ben Frank, thinks that he—himself, I mean—is greater, and happier than any of the old patriarchs ever were. He is done with hunting, and fishing, and strolling to dream in sly paths. He cannot leave his wife and his boy. He must be there to wait upon his wife and watch his boy.

I suppose one might go a long way, and not find another so happy as my Cousin Amy. I wonder whether I will ever be as happy. I wonder whether I will be married; whether I will ever be the mother of such a beautiful baby; and if I will, whether my husband will love and honor me, as Ben Frank does Cousin Amy.

One thing is sure. I will never, never marry Gustavus Spencer while I live, for I see by his letters to Cousin Davy that he is a miser; that he is not only himself in love with the gold he is heaping; but that, whoever accepts him for her husband, when he comes back, will do it at the miserable risk of being suspected by him of marrying him not for himself alone, but for his wealth alone. I have no patience with stupidity like this; for I did love to know that he thinks of me off there; that he does not allow me to marry without his consent. I loved to think of his coming back to find me improved and worthy to be his friend; of his coming to love me; and of his asking me to love him and be his wife.

This is all over. Here is his last letter to Cousin Davy; I found it in his Latin dictionary. He says—"I shall soon have enough; and then I shall go home. I shall go in August, I have no doubt.

"Davy Hurlbut! I used to think that if the time could ever come when I would have ten thousand dollars of my own, I might then snap my finger at Care in all her bad shapes and be happy all the day, all the year long. But, as true as I live, I'm not one whit, not one whit! happier now than I was four years ago. I have different troubles; but I have as many and as annoying ones. For instance, I am at times eaten up of two great fears. One is, that, when I come home, as I have no own mother, no own family, nobody will be downright glad to see me. Do be glad, I beseech you, Davy, and all you at the good house under the elms. Warm up your hearts beforehand, my foster-father, my foster-mother, by thinking of the old days when I was a little tottering thing, dependant on you for shelter and bread. Love me, Davy, for the play upon the same turf, the study upon the same bench. Else, with all my gold, I shall wish myself dead. I have said this same, perhaps, before. I say it again, because you see it is something that concerns me.

"Here is my other great fear. I am ashamed of this one; for it is poor and egotistical; as mean as dirt, in fact. But I can't help it. It is, that, whoever accepts me for her husband, will be thinking, all the time, not of my heart that loves her and longs, oh, so intensely, for her love in exchange; but of the beautiful home and the beautiful dresses I will provide for her. God forbid! for then would my gold be accursed.

"God forbid, moreover, that I dwell upon things to the perversion of my clearness, my justice, so that I shall be in danger of wronging another by unfounded jealousies. I would rather die away here in this strange land, than live for that fate."

This is the way he writes; and I will never marry him; not if he kneels, and begs, and perseveres. I will pity him that he is an orphan with a tender, loving, love-exacting heart. I will be glad to see him as his sister would, if he had one. He shall see that it is the gladness of a sister. He shall understand it thoroughly. He shall not think that I lie in wait for his money. If I see that he warms toward me and will ask me to be something nearer than a sister, I will grow cold and distant toward him and his California gold. He shall see this plainer than day. If he asks me, notwithstanding, I *will not* accept him.

If I could be well married to somebody else before he comes—to cross Alexander for instance. I could be saved oceans of trouble.

But one may as well not sigh and worry. One had better go and see what people are doing. Papa, mamma and Aunt Ruth are in the sitting-room, I know. I hear the comfortable hum of their voices. One always hears the hum of their voices when Aunt Ruth is here, if one comes any where near them. For my parents know a great deal, and Aunt Ruth knows everything. She has books piled up in her chamber, and newspapers and pamphlets lying in every direction. The big books often have dust on them; so has her mantel; so have her chairs and her tables. Aunt Ruth has no time for the dust. There are better things to do, sometimes, she says, than to be going with a dust-cloth in one's hand. She must be reading, or talking, or thinking. All the nations of the earth are astir, she must see what they are about. The Czar peering one way and another, as if he were a huge and hateful bottle-spider—she must see what he is aiming at. The Sultan looking for shifts and securities, as if he were a poor thin fly—kind-hearted, justice-loving Aunt Ruth must know how he fares. She must keep a steady eye on Napoleon's stratagems, on England's counter-stratagems. She stands and

looks down upon poor dead Italy, Hungary and Poland, as if she were their mother and they her children. Over the wretchedly poor and vicious of our own land, over all the oppressed every where, she lifts trembling hands and says—"how long, oh, Lord! how long!"

Aunt Ruth has no time to spare for her dress. She puts on a careless little head-dress of black lace, without flowers or riband, because she will not stop to make her hair smooth. She just looks sidewise at white spencers and under-sleeves and collars, and puts them from her. She can never be seeing to them, starching them and making them white. So she puts on under-handkerchief and under-sleeves of black silk lace; and truth to say, they have for her a becoming and suitable look, since her gowns are either black or drab, or deep blue; since she herself is pale as a nun.

I hated when I came into the long hall that separates parlor and sitting-room to listen for the sounds of Alexander's slow, dreamy voice. Aunt Ruth was saying, with strong, but, at the same time, with mild tones—"oh, there are difficulties in the way of doing this. We are apt to speak of 'the rule of duty,' as if it were a thing of silver and rosewood, with joints, to be folded and carried everywhere with us in our pockets; as if, whenever a question of individual or national duty, or rights were started, we have only to draw out our rule and measure the question, its length, breadth and diagonal; measuring no other questions, collateral or remote—remote, as we say, but often having a close relation, after all; as if, after we have done this, we may put our rules into our pockets and tell the individual, or the nation, what he, or it is to do, when he, or it is to do it, and how. We make a great mistake here."

"I know"—I heard papa began, in a tone as if he half admitted the truth of what Aunt Ruth had been saying, still would keep, with polite but firm grace, his old position.

Papa does not look so far and comprehend so much as Aunt Ruth does; and, for this very reason, which should make him the less positive, he is all the stauncher. He believes in things absolute; among the rest, in absolute rules. When he walks the street, or crosses a room, it is his way to go straight forward, "following his nose," as we say. He does an analogous thing in politics and metaphysics.

Aunt Ruth, on the other hand, stops to look at things, both when she walks the streets, and when she is amongst the abstract questions. This helps her wonderfully to comprehensiveness, and, of course, to charity. But, at the same time that she has charity, because she has

charity, in truth, she mourns over wrong and sin in a deeper, sincerer way than any one I know.

As for dear mamma, she is proud of papa's energy; she loves Aunt Ruth's tenderness and enlarged complacency. She does not know about these things so well, herself; but she likes to sit like a cooing dove between them, agreeing now with him, anon with her, disagreeing with neither. Bless my good, sweet mamma.

This was my loving thought, as I stood leaning against the balustrade to hear them talking.

"Bless my mamma, my papa and my Aunt Ruth!" said I, with a half bow, half courtesy, in the sitting-room door.

They answered me with good smiles. They looked at a large, unoccupied arm-chair, and invited me to go in and sit with them. But I was thinking of Alexander, who was off alone somewhere of course. I would go and find him and see what he was about. That was what I would do. I went softly to the parlor, back to the library where I had been writing and to the office; thinking, first of Gustavus, and with a sick sort of dread. I do not think of him at all without this feeling lately. I am sure I don't see how I can stand in his presence. Then I thought that perhaps Alexander will take a fancy to me, on some ground, and ask me to go with him to his home to be his wife, to keep his rooms in order and see to his medicines; that, in that case, I will say "yes," without hesitation; that we will then be settled, perhaps, in Amesbury by the time Gustavus comes, so that he will have something of a shock in seeing that one, at least, despises his gold as if it were rags, *more* than if it were rags.

I found him, at last, sitting in the outer door of the little vestibule between the parlor and dining-room. It is a very pleasant, shady door at all times of the day; for it opens through a vine-covered trellis out upon the fruit trees. He held a book in his hand; but he did not read. On the contrary, he looked up into the trees to see the birds hopping.

I am sure I blushed a little for the thought I had just been entertaining. But he saw nothing of it. He dropped his eyes and looked on his fingers, when he heard me coming. He looked sour; and yet I believe he assumed the expression. I believe he felt rather sweet; for you see he could not well feel otherwise, with that sweet-scented, western breeze in his face, with the birds and apple-blossoms so near.

Nearer, a little nearer I came. Would he indeed not mind me? not speak to me, or look at me? If he wouldn't, neither would I speak to him. I would not wait long. In one half minute

I would go. I would go and sit at Aunt Ruth's feet. I would stay at Aunt Ruth's feet, after that; and, whenever he came near me, I would not see him.

"Good-bye, Mr. Alexander," thought I, moving softly, slowly away. "I'm angry with you. I'm going; and this is the last time I will come near you." I was at the door on the other side of the room.

"Hallo!" said he now, turning quickly round. "Is it you?"

"Yes, it is I, sir," still going.

"Come back."

"I can't."

"Yes! come and see this bird."

"I can't." And I couldn't; for I had tears in my eyes and would not, by any means, let him see them.

"Go along then!" was the gruff reply, as he brought himself round again to the contemplation of his fingers.

He was vexed, I know. I know he is very stiff; and so when we will speak to each other again, is a doubtful question in my mind. I have not seen him since; for I came directly to my room to write. And—

I go down now! One, two, three, four lustrous parasols, and a corresponding number of thin dresses, and trim, light gaiters came through the yard to our door. The Humphreys and—

### CHAPTER III.

*Evening.*

MRS. HUMPHREYS, Judith Humphreys, Miss Slocum—Judith's "dear Boston friend," as she calls her—and the preceptress have gone. They stayed a long time. Papa grew quite still and thoughtful, waiting for his tea. He is gone often to visit his patients at meal times; this he bears philosophically enough. But when he is on the spot, he gathers a certain stiff and hushed disapprobation of whatever puts itself in the way of his sitting down to his breakfast at eight, to his dinner at two, and his supper at six.

Miss Morse knows his ways. She has tact and delicacy. She made several attempts to bring the rest to their feet; but it is the hard way of all the Humphreys, to move upon their own wills and impulses, not upon those of another. And indeed! Mrs. Humphreys had more to do yet, fanning herself, and telling mamma what a time she has had lately, getting her new brown tissue properly fitted and made. Mrs. Humphreys really *believes* that dressmakers are the greatest trials to one's patience that one *can* have in *this* world. She said so, with a good,

strong emphasis on her words, especially upon this.

And Judith—how could Judith go, if Miss Morse did make her gentle entreaties? She was living over again her winter in Boston, turning to me now, and then to see if I heard, and appreciated; but speaking all the time to her friend, Miss Slocum.

"You remember that first night at the National!" said she.

Miss Slocum dropped her eyelids languidly, and said—"oh, yes! shall I ever forget that night? You remember who joined our party between the second and third acts?" I fancy she alluded to some tender young man with beautiful whiskers, moustache and imperial. There seemed to be in some way regretful associations with his memory. In Miss Slocum's mind, that is. Judith was animated by it. "Oh, indeed! I guess I do remember! I remember how somebody," with the cunningest look at Miss Slocum, "how somebody trembled and grew pale, when we met him afterward out on the Cambridge road. I remember!"

Again Miss Slocum dropped her eyelids, with a half smile and a fluttering sigh. Papa walked the floor. A patient came to the office to see him just then. This was a relief to mamma and me. Now they might stay and talk until bed time, if they chose, and if papa's patient would keep him so long. Only Catharine waited now, and the table in the dining-room, and the tall coffee and tea urns on the kitchen stove. Or, perhaps poor, sick Alexander waited somewhere; in some outer door, or on some seat out under the fruit trees.

Aunt Ruth sat composed and still. She admits, in a logical way, that there are persons in the world who must be weak and vain, in the very shape and putting together of their brains; and that, with regard to all such unfortunate persons, it is our part to bear with them quietly, philosophically, and like meek, reasonable Christians; never sneering, never ridiculing; but with a sincere desire to make them a little more sensible, a little happier and nobler, if we can; and that, at the same time, it is their part to put the flutter off from their manners, to keep their tongues still and to lift their hearts, with this prayer of Agar in them, "remove far from me vanity and lies."

Aunt Ruth, therefore, listened to them, and made the most of it, if they said anything really worth saying. She turned to me, at last, and with a concerned look, said—"where is Alexander? do you know, Clarissa? he ought not to be out now. The sun is down; the dew is falling."

I would go and see, I said. And, upon this, Judith began to flutter and arrange herself. She hoped that if I found him, I would bring him in.

I looked in all the outer doors and all the garden seats; in the library, in the office—where was papa with his fingers on his patient's pulse—and then I listened at a landing on the stairs to hear him moving, if he were in his chamber. He was there. I heard him signing, in the lowest possible tones—

"And the dew lies bright on the vale's repose."

"Bless him! he is a nice boy!" thought I; and I went back to tell Aunt Ruth in a whisper, what I had heard.

"Poor fellow!" said she, with a moisture gathering in her eyes.

Just then—but I shall tell my story in the morning. In the morning! when

"The sun's gay beam on the hill-top glows;"

when indeed,

"The dew lies bright on the vale's repose."

Good night, best, stiffest Alexander. I will say my good night here, since I was too stiff, since you were too stiff to have it said between us below. Good night—good night.

*The 4th.*

Just then, as I began to say last evening, sweet Mary Morgan came tripping in, holding her bonnet-strings, and with half of her light shawl dragging on the carpet. She was livelier than a wren. The next moment came Singleton. Were we not revived then, as if a strengthening breeze had come in? I wished that Alexander would come down; this was in the way of my perfect contentment. I pitied him for his staying away there alone, for his being so sick and so fractious. So did Aunt Ruth, I think; for she had a serious mouth, serious eyes. But she carried on a strong chat with Singleton, who is one of her favorites.

Papa came. Alas, for papa's tea! Mamma and Aunt Ruth looked concerned for him. Uncle Hurlbut rode up to the gate, with a tramp of his horse's feet, as if it were the Thunderer, Jupiter, coming, instead of Uncle Hurlbut. He came in; and while he was talking with papa about some lumber he was going down to the mills to get, his hired boy, Zeke, halted on the lawn outside the yard, with Uncle Hurlbut's team; that is, with Uncle Hurlbut's cart and his huge oxen, Bright and Star. I knew Star by the white spot in his forehead, and Bright by the peculiar arch of his horns, as if he himself were an arch rogue.

Mary Morgan and I went to the door to look



at them; I to tell and she to hear how I met Bright in a lane once; how he stopped still for a minute, right before me, then made me a profound bow, and went chattering sideways to leave abundant room for me to pass. Bright and Star, meantime, stood there chewing their cud and looking straight before them, with an air as if they were two philosophers. We laughed at them. We went close to them, and stroked first their shining sides; whereupon they brought their heads round to look at us—and then we stroked their noses. Mary had fears at first. I had none; for Amy and I had, more than once, let them eat corn out of our hands. Soon, I hardly know how, or upon what impulse, Mary and I were in the cart; Zeke stood near us grinning and delivering up his goad to Mary, as she demanded.

"I'm scared half to death!" said she; and she had looks of real terror mingled with her laughter.

I have no doubt that that would have been the end of it; that we would have been on the ground again in half a minute, if they had all stayed within. But, first Alexander saw us from his seat by his window. He frowned and said—"you're crazy, girls."

This brought papa and Uncle Hurlbut out into the yard, and the rest into the windows and door. They were shocked, still they laughed; how they laughed! Singleton was near rolling in the grass. Ah! I shall always be sorry that Hogarth was not there to see them as they watched us, as they saw Mary wield the goad, and heard what unprecedented things she was saying to Bright and Star. He should have seen Bright and Star too; for they had a puzzled look; they made uncertain movements, a little forward, a little backward. Ah! they could never, never know what to do, or which foot to put forward, if one talked to them and gave orders like that! as Mary did. It was positively no better than this—"Bright and Star, hish—gee off—whoa hish—gee."

Yes; they understood that last word. It was spoken that time, as if it meant something. They started then with vigor. And when the women all cried out with terror, and papa and Uncle Hurlbut and Singleton came rushing, Singleton going over the paling as if he were a leaf blown by the wind, when Alexander too came with his cane upraised in his bony hand, then Bright, the fiery red Bright, who is lively and graceful as a colt, whenever he is let out of the yoke, who goes prancing always when he is on his way to the spring for drink, opened his eyes and nostrils wide, braced his limbs for the

accelerated movement he thought it best to adopt, under the circumstances, flung his tail out on the breeze of the evening and went trotting; and Star, in corresponding measures, with him; for Star's habit is to do whatever he sees Bright doing. Luckily they thought it best to take us out of the village, up toward Uncle Hurlbut's.

Mary and I were "carried away," in more than one sense of the phrase. It was so novel! so crazy! The evening was so blue—save where the crimson clouds were piled in the west—so still and balmy!

"Ah, how I like it!" said Mary, with the brightest eyes one ever saw. And then she flourished her goad, saying, with her delicate voice, something about "gee, Bright" and "hish, Star."

Singleton stopped short in the road to laugh again. He was not far from us; for, since the first half minute, Bright and Star had been done with running, altogether, so that it was easy overtaking us.

We were at the pretty bend in the road, where Mrs. Cormick's cabbages and burdocks grow together, just over the dilapidated stile; and where her little brown house hides, in the summer-time, behind tall artichokes, sunflowers and scarlet runners. Mrs. Cormick came out, as she always does when we appear; for she does our washing and house-cleaning, and is often here. She likes us all, and we all like her. She spread her tall, wide frame in the narrow doorway, flinging one of her large, bare arms across her forehead, as she is accustomed to do, whether the sun shines, or does not shine. Bright and Star, gallant ones that they are, stopped at sight of her.

"Goodness!" said she, "where on airth did ye git that cart and oxen? any way? Oh! they're yer Uncle Hurlbut's, ain't they, Clar'sa?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cormick. Waa'n't he good to let us have 'em?"

"Good to let us have 'em?" mimicked Singleton, panting and laughing. "You are two witches. Are they not, Mrs. Cormick?" He stood by the cart wiping the perspiration.

"I sh'd think so, Mr. Singleton." She was on a break-neck sort of passage through the rank grass to us. Her "boys" have betaken themselves afar, poor woman! to the West and California; so that the old paths their busy, young feet made, are all closing with the thick grass. We inquired about her rheumatism.

"Why, I'm pooty well now, as ter that; but my head troubles me," lifting her hand and giving her head a rubbing. "Aint ye gwine ter git out an' come in? I sh'd like ter have ye."

"Can't stop now, Mrs. Cormick. Come down and see us to-morrow."

"I sh'd like to; for, some how I'm kind o' lonesome here almost all the time lately."

"I am sorry for you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Good-bye, Mary, and Mr. Singleton. But," with a laugh, "I sh'd like to know what possessed the girls to come up and see me in a cart, shouldn't you, Mr. Singleton?"

"I am sure I should. Good evening, Mrs. Cormick. Take your oxen, Zeke," for Zeke was close by, "I shall have enough to do with these girls."

But I must go below. It is almost breakfast time, I know."

I hear Alexander humming softly in his chamber. This is a new thing for him, singing. He

has been much too sick and impatient for this, until within a few days. Perhaps he finds pleasure in being here. Perhaps papa's medicine already does him good. He stood with the rest waiting for us, when we came back last evening. The rest were waiting for us, that is. He was not; he was talking with Aunt Ruth. He turned and came into the house as soon as we came up.

"Oh," said they all. "We were careless things!" But they liked it as well as we did. All but the Humphreys and Miss Slocum. The Humphreys said not a word; but they looked up on us through their eyebrows. Miss Slocum, with half-shut eyes, said—"is this the way you do, out here in the country? is it, dear Judith?"

"Oh, my! no!" answered Judith.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## MY GOOD OLD HOME.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

I LOVE it, I love it, and often roam  
In memory back to my good old home.  
'Twas a fair bright spot on Albion's shore,  
Far o'er the Atlantic billows roar;  
And I often fly over Ocean's foam  
In fancy back to my good old home.

I love it, I love it, and think I see  
It standing now 'neath that old ash tree;  
The ivy that clung to it firm and true,  
The cherry tree in the garden that grew,  
And the gravel walk and old-fashioned dome,  
All come to my mind with that good old home.

I love it, I love it, and often sigh  
When I think of the time that I said, "Good-bye"  
To its dear old walls; then a careless boy,

Though I loved it well, I left it with joy,  
Delighted to other lands to roam,  
But I found not there my good old home.

I love it, I love it, and years to come  
I'll think of, and love my good old home;  
This Western world as bright may be  
To those who were born on its shores so free,  
And I too love it, but oh! far more  
Do I love that good old home of yore.

I love it, I love it, and ever will  
Let a thought of that place my bosom fill;  
And whatever my lot on earth may be  
That much loved spot shall have charms for me,  
And I'll often fly over Ocean's foam  
In fancy back to my good old home.

## A FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY ELISE GRAY.

FAREWELL, bright Summer!—aye, I call thee bright,  
Tho' to my dull, dark soul the word is strange,  
Let Hope warm breathe it, but not cold Despair.  
Farewell, I say, yet would I find some word  
Of deeper woe to speak my parting vow,  
With thee, oh, Summer, passing now away.  
Summer, thy last mild moon hath risen and waxed,  
And waned since that dread hour, when in my soul

Hope's last faint taper—dying long—expired.  
Summer, farewell, yet not for aye, for thou  
Wilt come again, and thy warm breath will pass  
O'er frozen trees and flowers, and they shall live;  
But to my dark, dead, icy heart thou canst  
Not come, nor thy soft breath shall kindle more  
That light of Hope forever now gone out.

## THE LAST OF HIS LINE.

BY E. J. BOWEN.

"FACT," it has been said, "is stranger than fiction." The following story, derived from authentic documents, forcibly illustrates the assertion.

One stormy night, in 1616, an Italian vessel was wrecked on the coast of Suffolk, England, from which only one person came ashore alive. He was a young man of noble appearance, who spoke English with a foreign accent, and having been carried to the house of Mr. Petre, the rector of the parish, there grew up between him and the good pastor, before his recovery, such a friendship, that his host would not hear of his leaving.

The young stranger had given himself the simple name of Theodore, and seemed averse to further inquiry into his name or affairs, but he was so gentle in manners, so intelligent, and so accomplished, that he became as a beloved son to the good pastor. "I was a lonely man," said the rector to him repeatedly, "but heaven has given me a son in pity. You will not part from me, Theodore? I have enough for both."

The young stranger replied with warmth to Mr. Petre's kindness, but repeatedly mentioned, that he required no pecuniary support—that he would receive means enough to render him independent of all such aid, on corresponding with his friends in Italy.

Mr. Petre introduced his new friend to all whom he himself knew, and among others to the family of Mr. Balls, one of the principal proprietors of the neighborhood. This gentleman was of an ancient local house; and proud of his descent from a follower of the Saxon Harold at the battle of Hastings. He had a large family, the eldest of whom was his daughter, Mary, a young lady possessed of great personal attractions, and a heart gentle and susceptible. The stranger, so noble in appearance and elegant in manners, made ere long a deep impression on her affections, which was fully reciprocated by the object of her regard. But he was modest and unassuming, and so well knew the difficulties which his position as an unknown castaway involved him in, that, but for an accidental peril which the young lady sustained in his presence, from the unmanageableness of her riding palfrey, the secret might have remained forever locked up in the recess of his own heart. The danger

of the mistress of his affections, however, called forth a passionate outburst of love. It was heard, and responded to, ere the parties concerned could think of aught else.

The lovers met, and met again. "This must not be," said Theodore, at length, on one of these occasions; "your father, dearest Mary, must be told all. And yet I fear——"

"Fear!" replied the young lady, "what have we to fear?—you *must* be our equal in birth," and she glanced with a look of pride on her lover's manly and dignified form.

"Birth! equal in birth!" cried he, and for the first time Mary beheld something like pride, or even haughtiness, on his countenance. But it soon passed away, and he said: "I am the equal of your father in birth, but circumstances exist which compel me to be so far silent on that point. I have sworn an oath, that to none but the wife of my bosom will I reveal *my name and origin*." Mary became thoughtful at these words, and her lover saw a blush gather slowly on her downcast cheeks. He read its signification as clearly as if it had been told in words. "No, Mary," cried he, "the honor of my mother was an untainted as thine own—as pure as the heaven that overlooks us! But mine has been a strange doom. The welfare of others called from me the oath I have spoken of, and it must be kept. I shall satisfy your father—for ere long I shall have the means—that I am of good and honorable birth, and of means, perhaps, equal to his own; but my name and family, I have said, must be made known to thee alone—if, indeed, I ever have the happiness to call thee mine."

Theodore did not address himself to Mr. Balls until he had communicated with his friends in Italy, and received such credentials as he trusted would remove any objections that the father of Mary might entertain. Lovers look through a magnifying-glass at all the circumstances favorable to their wish, but apply a diminishing one to all obstacles and difficulties in their way. So it was in the present case. When Mr. Balls was applied to by Theodore, he started at the proposal. "My daughter, sir!" cried he; "my daughter is of an ancient and honorable family. The Balls family possessed this house and property, where we now are, before the conquest of England by the Normans. You must certainly

be conscious, sir, of possessing an honorable pedigree to think of such a proposal as this."

Theodore's heart sank within him as Mr. Balls spoke. "I am conscious," he replied, "of an honorable descent, and I do not come thus before you without the means of proving it, although I must avouch candidly and at once, that there are some things connected with myself which I cannot disclose. I will satisfy you, by the testimonials of those whose word ought not to be doubted, that my name is an honorable one, but that name it is not in my power to reveal." Mr. Balls gazed at the speaker with a look of surprise. "I might have taken a fictitious name, and have deceived you, but I prefer to admit, that there are imperative reasons for withholding my name from all but one person."

"And who may that person be?" said Mr. Balls, with an ominous sneer. Theodore observed the look, and did not immediately reply. "Surely the person to whom you allude," continued Mr. Balls, "must be the head of that house with which you seek to connect yourself?"

The young stranger answered: "No, sir; I am bound by a solemn engagement to reveal my name only to her who becomes the sharer of it with me."

"That is to say, that my daughter is to wed with one who dare not disclose his name to the world? Can the cause of this be a creditable one? Impossible!"

Theodore's heart was too deeply interested in the matter to permit him to take offence at the words of Mr. Balls, especially as his reason told him they were founded on a natural feeling. He therefore pressed the father of Mary to look at the letters from Italy, to which he had referred. The other consented, as much from curiosity as from any other motive. The letters were from two Italian noblemen, and were written evidently according to a form dictated by Theodore. The writers stated that they knew the family of Theodore to be of high distinction, and his birth to be honorable, though there were important reasons for concealing his name and family from the world at large. They also referred to his possession of considerable property, and mentioned other circumstances of a favorable nature.

We do not wish to lengthen our story. Mr. Balls declared that if the register of baptism of the young stranger were presented to him along with these documents, and he were permitted to show the whole to his family and friends, he would be satisfied. This decision he adhered to, and neither the entreaties of Theodore, nor the tears of his daughter, could move him to alter it. On the other hand, Theodore firmly though sadly

declared, that such a proposal could never be acceded to by him.

The consequence was, that the young stranger's visits to the house of his mistress were peremptorily forbidden, although Mr. Petre, whose confidence in his guest's honor and integrity was unshaken, joined his entreaties to those of the lovers to bring matters to a favorable close. But all was in vain. Can we wonder at the issue? Theodore and the object of his love met in secret, and, finally, they were privately married. The direct reason of this rash step was the confident hope entertained by Mary, that, if entrusted with the secret of Theodore, she might, by the strength of her testimony, reconcile her father to their union. She *did* learn her husband's secret, and such was its nature, in her eyes at least, that it only augmented her love, and increased her pride in him a thousandfold. But this did not save her from the violent anger of her father when her marriage was disclosed.

"Oh, believe me, dear father," she exclaimed, with tears, "he is one of whom you ought in every respect to feel proud!"

"Proud!" cried the irritated father, "proud of a nameless wanderer!—my family proud of a union with such as he!"

"Yes," returned the daughter, "you will one day be proud of Theodore, and repent of your unkindness."

"If you desire me to do so, unfold at once this vile mystery! If not, begone from these walls, and follow the vagrant you have chosen!"

In the little village of Llandulph, in Cornwall, the pair who form the main personages of our story lived for many years after their union, beloved by all around them. They were happy in their mutual affection, though the continued anger of the lady's father threw a frequent damp over the enjoyments of the wife, who made many fruitless appeals for a reconciliation. At length Mary wrote that her husband was ill, and, to increase the evil, had been made so chiefly by the cessation of his wonted communications from Italy. She and her family were now in want. Mr. Balls turned a deaf ear to this new appeal from his daughter. To a second of the same nature he proved equally cold. A third communication, after a considerable interval of time, informed him that his daughter was a broken-hearted widow, her husband having sunk under the pressure of want and its attendant distresses. A portion of the same letter led Mr. Balls to go to Cornwall.

The following inscription, engraven on a brass tablet affixed to a mural monument in the chancel of Llandulph church, and still to be seen there

by visitors, will show what Mr. Balls learned on his arrival there:—

"Here lieth the body of Theodoro Paleologus, of Pesanio, in Italy, descended from the Imperial line of the last Christian Emperors of Greece, being the son of Camilio, the son of Prosper, the son of Theodoro, the son of John, the son of Thomas, the second brother to Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of that name and last of the line that reigned in Constantinople until subdued by the Turks, who married with Mary, the daughter of William Balls, of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, gent.; \* \* \* and departed this life at Clyfton, the 21st of January, 1636."

Persecuted by Pope Paul V., and his successor

Gregory XV., who hated the Greek line, Theodoro Paleologus would have perished in Italy, had not the interference of a powerful friend procured permission for him to retire to England, upon condition of his taking an oath never to divulge his name, that those attached to the imperial house might remain ignorant of the existence of its representative.

"Father," said the widow of the last Paleologus, "I said you would one day repent."

The English squire, whose ancestor had been at the battle of Hastings, did indeed think with sorrowful regret of his conduct to the last of the Cæsars of the East!

## IT IS SNOWING.

BY JOHN GOSSE FREEZE.

It is snowing, gently snowing,  
And the air is calm and still;  
Not a blast the wind is blowing,  
And the little hills are growing,  
Slowly shuts the rill.

It is snowing, gently snowing,  
All without is dressed in white;  
Darkly still the creek is flowing,  
On the dam the ducks are rowing,  
In their calm delight.

It is snowing, gently snowing,  
Happy children, see them run  
Gleefully to school, bestowing  
On each other, as they're going,  
Snow-balls in their fun.

It is snowing, gently snowing,  
Sleigh-bells jingle on the plain;  
Cold and dreary Winter, showing  
Grace to none, o'er all is throwing  
Snow, and hail, and rain.

Fast and thick the snow is falling,  
Roars the blast through wood and vale;  
Spirits of the wind are calling,  
And the voices are appalling,  
Of their shriek and wail!

Who, bethink you, thus is shrieking,  
High above the roaring storm?  
Can you tell me who is speaking,  
Who that wailing one is seeking,  
In its airy form?

They are spirits of departed  
Ones, whom poverty, while here,  
Pinched with want and ever thwarted,  
While the rich but callous-hearted,  
Dropt nor purse, nor tear!

And in pity are they wailing  
Those who are among you still;  
For stern Winter is entailing  
Many wants, and you are failing,  
Duties to fulfil.

## MELANCHOLY MUSINGS.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

Yes, I'll suppress the silent tear,  
And bid it cease to flow—  
Though vain will be the task, I fear—  
Yet none, oh, none shall know  
The hidden grief within my breast,  
For I will keep it still suppress.

And while I feel my health decay,  
I'll murmur not at fate;  
But slowly, sadly pass away  
Alone and desolate.  
And then, perhaps, they may regret  
My sun of life so early set.

# THE PEARL OF CORDOVA.

BY EDWARD J. HANDILVE.

It was a night of stars and mystery; a night when the breeze which sweeps across the Guadalupe is redolent with the perfume of flowers, and bears, in ecstasy, as it were, the melody of harp, and cymbal, and lute—gentle and soul-inspiring strains; while, remote in its weird and conscious beauty, Cordova rises proudly, and with an awful and massive calmness of aspect, beneath the silver and shimmering sheen of the full moon.

And that aromatic breeze wantoned with the dark tresses of Amine—the Pearl of Cordova, as she was called, while reclining in the strictly guarded sanctity of the harem. She was beautiful—very beautiful! of that rare perfection of style which mocks to scorn the efforts of poet or artist to describe. A skin of purest alabaster, seemingly just breathed on by the rose; eyes whose liquid depths seemed to contain an eternity of passionate earnestness; a form such as Venus, in her maidenhood, might have envied: these were a few of the charms of which the fair captive could boast—charms that were doomed to entail upon their possessor nought but misery and death.

She was alone, and while gazing forth through the open casement upon the scene of peaceful beauty that lay extended before her, she could not refrain from sighing at her sad destiny. And it was, indeed, a cruel fate for her, young, rich as she was in all the grace and virtue that made life dear! Torn from the home of her childhood by ruthless men, who looked upon the purity of her manners and person but as marketable properties; then exposed to all the horrors of a slave-market, to be desecrated by the gaze of a rude populace, and finally disposed of to the highest bidder—who chanced to be the conspirator, Samail—that she might, for the time, become a slave to his passion, and then be cast off to linger out the remainder of her life in comfortless obscurity. Truly, it was a dark and bitter future, to which that fair being looked forward!

"Ah, home of my infancy!" she murmured, in a voice like the music of a harp, when played on by the trembling wind; "never again shall I behold thy dear loved scenes; never again shall I behold my afflicted parents. And Oton, too, he on whom I lavished all the love of which my

young heart was capable, that I must relinquish all hopes of again meeting him? Oh, wretched Amine! can you forget that he whom you are compelled to obey, may even now be seeking you? Seeking you that his hated presence may plunge you still further in despair. Sweet memories of the past! deeply are ye graven on my heart—that heart which drank in so often the sweet converse that fell from my Oton's lips, and which now is stricken to the core by the loss of all on earth it worshipped!"

"Then why does Amine bear the chains of bondage?" said a voice; "why does she, whose beauty, in its chasteness, rivals the orb of night—whose voice is sweeter than the Peri's song; whose form is more lovely than the Houris in Paradise, consent to become the hideous Samail's victim?"

Surprised and startled, Amine turned as she heard these words, and beheld, standing a few paces from her, a youth of noble and commanding aspect.

"Oton!" the maiden murmured.

"Amine!" replied the youth; and the next moment he clasped her fondly in his arms.

For some time the lovers, for lovers they truly were, could not speak, with emotion. But when at length Amine awoke to a full consciousness of her lover's dangerous position, she started wildly from his arms, and urged him to seek safety in immediate flight.

"Not so!" answered Oton, proudly; "unless, indeed, you will it, and I can scarcely believe that a few days could have so much changed you."

"You know you speak unkindly, Oton," returned Amine, with emotion. "For it is impossible that you can doubt the strength and constancy of my love. It is that I fear the approach of him whose slave I am, and who would wreak a terrible vengeance on you for this daring intrusion. I speak of the cruel Samail——"

"May heaven's lightnings blast him!" cried the youth, bitterly.

"Ah, pray not so wildly, Oton," said the maiden: "I shudder while I listen to your voice."

"Nay, Amine," he answered, "you know not the great cause I have for cursing the arch

apostate—apostate alike to the religion of his fathers, as to every good feeling of the human heart. He it was who, with his own hand, deprived both my parents of life, and sent me forth an orphan, without any inheritance, save the recollection of my dead father's wrongs. He it was who hunted myself and brave companions, like wild beasts, through the jungles and rocks of the wild mountain passes. He, the base born serf, seeking to destroy the prince, whose father fostered him."

"Oh, Oton, you excite yourself beyond your bearing, and in so doing, forget the reality of our position. You spoke, a moment since, as though you were a prince!"

"And I spoke truly!" was the reply that startled her. "Hitherto you have only known me as the humble Oton; now learn that he who speaks of the renegade with such detestation, is Ilmynos, the descendant of a line of kings!"

"Indeed!" said a voice, that sounded like the cry of the hyena, when about to spring upon its prey. "Indeed!"

"It is the voice of Samail," cried Amine, with a stifled shriek: "save yourself, Oton, for his vengeance will be terrible."

"You speak truly, girl," said the same hideous voice, and the next moment Samail, accompanied by a dozen armed men, entered the apartment.

"Seize yon infidel!" he said, in a voice of smothered rage. "Bear him away, and let the bow-string do its silent work!" Then turning to Amine, he continued, "your time has not yet come, for I would have you live to minister to my love!"

Ilmynos resisted his assailants with all his power, but numbers prevailed, and in the end he was overpowered and dragged bleeding from the spot.

"Now, then, you are mine!" cried Samail, exultingly, advancing toward Amine, whom he had left for a moment leaning against a pedestal, in order to see his vengeance on her lover consummated—"mine, without the hope of redemption!"

He took her hand in his; it was icy cold, and she did not seek to repel him. He pressed his unholy lips upon her brow; it was chill and clammy. A sudden and nameless horror seized upon him: he listened to hear her breath—but respiration had ceased forever. The Pearl of Cordova was no more: for her heart was broken!

## CONTENTMENT.

BY J. MCFARLAND.

THE shepherd, of fortune possessed,  
May scorn, if he please, my poor cot;  
May think in his wealth to be blest,  
But I never will envy his lot;  
The pleasures that riches impart  
Are fleeting and feeble when known,  
They never give peace to the heart,  
It seems to be happy alone.

That shepherd true happiness knows,  
Whose bosom by beauty is moved;  
Who tastes the pure pleasure that flows  
From loving and being beloved.  
'Tis a joy of angelical birth,  
And when to poor mortals 'tis given,  
It cheers their abode upon earth,  
And sweetens their journey to Heaven.

How lightly my spirit would move!  
What peace in my bosom would reign!  
Were I blest with the nymph that I love,  
Sweet Emma, the pride of the plain!  
Oh! ye shepherds, she's fair as the light!  
No mortal an error can find;  
And all the best virtues unite  
And glow in her innocent mind.

Her accents are sweetened to please,  
And her manners engagingly free;  
Her temper is ever at ease,  
And as calm as an angel's can be.  
Her presence all sorrow removes,  
She enraptures the wit and the clown;  
Her heart is as mild as the dove's,  
And her hand is as soft as its down.

Yon lily, which graces the field,  
And throws its perfume to the gale,  
In beauty and fragrance must yield  
To Emma, the pride of the vale.  
She's as pleasant as yonder cool rill,  
To pilgrims who faint on their way;  
She's as sweet as the rose on the hill  
When it opens its leaves to the day.

Then oft in the cool of the day,  
We'll ramble to list to the song  
That tremulously floats from the spray,  
Where the breezes steal gently along.  
With flowers I'll wreath her dark hair,  
Then gaze on her beauty; and cry  
What maid can with Emma compare,  
What shepherd so happy as I?

## ELM-GROVE.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

ONE might have traversed the Hudson daily from busy, crowded New York to the staid Dutch city of Albany, without ever suspecting the romantic beauty and luxuriant view gathered around the deserted country-seat of Elm-Grove. Many are the lovely spots which although commanding a view of the glorious river, cannot be seen from its banks—moss-covered dells—willow-shaded brooks—scenes of bloom and promise, or of neglect and sad decay. Elm-Grove was in Goshen county—a bad place for romance, for the word Goshen reminds one of butter, and what can be more unsentimental than *butter*? Still Elm-Grove was most poetically beautiful. The house had been shut up for many years, the grass was high in the garden-walk, the shrubbery was overgrown, upon the pillars and even the steps of the portico many swift-springing creepers had clambered, mingled with thick rose vines, whose blossoms crowning the old house which stood a victim to desolation, seemed like the garlands bound around the brows of the ancient offerings for sacrifice. In various parts of the extensive grounds, the old elms had bent down over many a little hollow as if to screen it from injury, forming sweet, dreamy nooks. Through an opening in the trees directly in front of the house, you caught a glimpse of the sparkling Hudson—that alone unchanged. In the minds of the few who wandered through this wilderness of beauty, no emotion was more frequent than wonder that such a fairy spot could be so deserted. Did I say *they* questioned thus? No, it needed not, for in their very sight had pride completed this work of ruin.

Elm-Grove had been in its prime—its lovely prime—more than fifteen years before. It was then the abode of a widow lady, Mrs. Ogilvie. Light footsteps and young voices sounded among the scented blossoms and echoed through the house. Three of Mrs. Ogilvie's five children were sons—Arthur, Herbert, and James; and wild, daring youths they were. Ellen, their eldest sister, joined in many of their amusements, but Agnes was too quiet. These sports, however, were never pursued in presence of their mother, for Mrs. Ogilvie was emphatically a lady of the old school, and entertained the most antiquated ideas about respect to parents. She was

an English woman by birth, and had brought from the mother country these *un-American* principles, which she carried even to excess. Her children were always kept at a respectful distance. They would no more have dreamed of entering her room unsummoned, or of talking freely before her, than of flying to the moon. Her manners toward every one were of the most stately kind, and her habits the most formal. It is told of Sir Walter Scott's mother that when sitting upon a chair she never touched its back. I do not think that to the day of her death, Mrs. Ogilvie was ever seen to avail herself in company of that resource of loungers. Always stately and reserved, she inspired almost every one with awe. There are some people whose general manner is proud, but now and then some little thing will escape that chases away all fear. Miss Mitford in her beautiful paper on homes, has recorded how her embarrassment in presence of a certain very dignified lady was dispelled at once, by hearing her call her sister by some pretty diminutive, instead of her regular name of Anna Maria. But Mrs. Ogilvie never used nick-names—never. She always maintained a clear, dignified demeanor toward her children. Not that she was destitute of feeling. On the contrary, one would strongly suspect her of having a heart. Her love for her children was in reality great, though not at all demonstrative. Like all reserved people, the affection she inspired was deep—her smiles were more valued because rare. Pride was her ruling trait—though as many other people do she called it “only a true appreciation of her own position.”

The buds of April were opening to the music of the first singing birds, when Herbert Ogilvie one bright morning strolled down to the steamboat landing to see the arrivals. In half an hour afterward he knocked gently at the door of his mother's room. People always knocked gently at Mrs. Ogilvie's door.

“Mother,” he said, when she opened it, “I've met a college friend down at the landing with his father. They've come up to look at the old Norton Place that's for sale. Have you any objections to my asking them here to dinner to-day?”

“Certainly not, my son. I will always make welcome any friend of yours.”



So Herbert, when he met his friend in the course of the morning, manufactured a speech for his stately mother, mingling to perfection, he thought, her formality and hospitality. Could people only know the numberless complimentary messages put into their mouths by obliging relatives!

"Did you tell Mr. Richards and his son that we dined precisely at four?" said Mrs. Ogilvie to Herbert, as the hands of the clock approached within five minutes of that hour.

"I did, ma'am," answered Herbert, inwardly hoping that they might come soon, as the warmth of his mother's welcome would, he knew, be diminished in the inverse ratio of the time she had waited.

Just on the stroke of four, Messrs. Richards, senior and junior, were ushered into the apartment. The first thing the man of business did after making his *congee* to Mrs. Ogilvie, was to pull out his watch and compare it with the clock.

"Just in time, you see, madam," he said. "I'm a punctual man."

The lady smiled graciously at this coincidence of tastes, and taking his arm, led the way to the dining-room.

Mr. Richards entertained his hostess during dinner with an account of his plans respecting the old Norton Place, which he intended to purchase and modernize, till she might have said with Byron, "Something too much of this." As for his son Charles, he was devoted to music, and of course good for little else. There were no Reodis, and Yedeseos, and Steffanonis in those days, but he was as little at a loss for subjects to energize about as the perfumed youths who now adjust their lorgnettes at the Opera House.

The carnations were hiding their glowing cheeks from the flatteries of the numerous lamps suspended from the old trees of Elm-Grove—lively strains of music were ringing through the grounds—Mrs. Ogilvie had a *fete champetre* on a brilliant mid-summer night. Her lovely daughter, Agnes, was the star of the festival. Ellen did not possess her sister's sculpture-like beauty. I know heroines *must* have a beautiful, or at least an interesting face. It would be almost impossible to excite interest for a plain or an ugly one. But I am not obliged to try that task for Ellen Ogilvie, for her appearance was truly interesting. None ever gazed upon that delicate face but turned to gaze again.

Among the guests was the new-comer, Mr. Richards, with his family, consisting of his wife, the musical youth before-mentioned, and one fair daughter. By Fanny Richards' side in the garden-walk, or on the brilliant lawn, by the

tinkling fountain, or in the elegant supper-room, was Arthur Ogilvie. His mother's piercing eye took in all, and she did not quite approve of this exclusive devotion. So she turned to her John Tucker, a young gentleman who had once tried to be very attentive to the beautiful Agnes, but reading little encouragement in her calm, dark eyes, and bethinking himself of Mrs. Ogilvie's known fastidiousness about her daughters intimate acquaintances, had voted, with an indolent puff of his cigar, that "it wouldn't pay." Mr. John Tucker was, however, always at Mrs. Ogilvie's disposal, and she now addressed him with, "Mr. Tucker, would you not like an introduction to our new neighbor, Miss Richards?"

Mr. Tucker would be too happy, and so the introduction was performed, and Arthur separated from his companion. But he, in common with the rest of Mrs. Ogilvie's children, had not lived so long under her unbending rule, without learning the lesson always taught by excessive strictness—the art of manœuvring. Soon then, he was again dancing with Fanny Richards, though he avoided meeting the eye of his stately mother.

The next morning Ellen and Agnes spent more than two hours in "talking over" the *fete* with their brothers.

"Upon my word, Ellen," cried Arthur, "Fanny Richards is the most agreeable girl I ever saw in my life."

"Why, Arthur, I didn't know you were so deeply in love," exclaimed Ellen, laughing.

"You believe in love at first sight, don't you, Arthur?" inquired Herbert, quizzically, tapping his boot with a switch. All poets do, I believe."

"Did I say I was in love with her?"

"No use in saying it, my dear fellow, its sufficiently evident. Give me your pen-knife, will you?"

"What do you want of it?"

"To keep it, to be sure. I'm not going to have you spoil the back of all the trees in the grounds, cutting Fanny Richards' name on them."

"Pshaw! don't be a simpleton."

"Pretty advice from you! Why there's the corner of a sonnet to the fair Fanny peeping out of your pocket now. You'd better burn that long poem you've begun for commencement, and compose an ode upon the charms of your *inamorata*."

"Well! you may laugh as much as you will. Fanny Richards is certainly very handsome. Come, Agnes, I'll leave it to you. They say one pretty girl never sees the beauty of another, but do you redeem the character of your sex. Isn't she very charming?"

"She most certainly is, Arthur."

"Well," said Herbert, yawning, "I only hope the mania isn't catching. You haven't fallen in love with her, Brother Charley, have you, Agnes, or you, Ellen? I declare I'm in favor of female representation in the case of that family."

"She's a fine girl, a very fine girl," said Arthur, energetically, and he was going on in a most enthusiastic strain, when he heard his mother's step.

"We should be wiser if we knew what our coming hides and silences, but should we walk as undisturbed on our way?" says Willis. Mrs. Ogilvie was peculiarly one of those persons who thus lose much knowledge, and are spared much pain. Arthur's declarations ceased as she approached, and Herbert rose from his indolent position and offered her his seat. She would not take it, however, and soon walked away. Arthur went to call upon Fanny Richards, and Herbert, whistling to his dog, strolled down the avenue.

"Arthur's really in love, isn't he, Agnes?" said Ellen, when they were alone.

"He has all the symptoms, certainly," replied Agnes; and Ellen, laying down her work, dreamily watched the swaying trees, and mused about her twin-brother. A poet by nature, with all a poet's sensitiveness and enthusiasm, was Arthur. He had a most affectionate heart and gentle temper, and was the darling of his sisters, particularly of Ellen, who was his exact counterpart.

A beautiful girl on horseback! what more captivating object? Both Agnes and Ellen Ogilvie were most graceful equestrians, and one lovely afternoon went out to ride with their brothers and Fanny Richards. Charley Richards too accompanied them, humming the last new air.

Fanny was a gay little brunette, and in high spirits that afternoon. "Will you try a race, Mr. Ogilvie," she cried, describing circles in the air with her little whip, "to the foot of that hill?"

Arthur was off in an instant, and Herbert laid his whip on the shoulder of Agnes' beautiful Arabian, and followed, shouting, "come on, Charley! You and Ellen try."

If Mrs. Ogilvie could have seen her daughters racing on the high road! As we never wish any thing kept from the knowledge of any one person without some one carrying it directly to them, so an old gentleman and his wife whom the flying riders passed, must needs stop at Elm-Grove on their way home, and report proceedings. Great mischief-makers these old people!

Herbert was the only one of Mrs. Ogilvie's children who ever ventured to take off the edge of a reproof by a witticism, and well-timed for

his sisters was his smart speech on their return that night, for Mrs. Ogilvie's dark eyes were bent on them with severity. After some time she asked who had proposed this exhibition. Herbert looked at Arthur, and Arthur looked at his sisters. Agnes calmly answered, "Fanny Richards, mamma."

"I thought so. I never did like that girl."

Strong in the breast of even the most gentle of the sons of Adam is the spirit of opposition. Every word or look of coldness that escaped Mrs. Ogilvie toward Fanny, only impelled Arthur the more strongly toward her. The months crept on. It was in November that he asked his mother one morning if she would grant him a few moment's conversation. She bowed her head and led the way to her own room. And then hurriedly and impetuously he declared his love for Fanny Richards, and entreated his mother's consent to their union. Mrs. Ogilvie set with her dark eyes fixed calmly on the floor till he had finished the last word, and then lifted her stately head and replied. Very harsh and chilling fell her words upon her son's heart, and most passionate were his pleadings against her decision. Mrs. Ogilvie shook her head and waved her hand, but Arthur would not be silenced. Then the black eyes flashed, and she spoke in imperious tones.

"Let me hear no more of this. It can never be—I will never consent. I thought you had more pride, Arthur."

"Had I as much as yourself, my dear mother, I would not have to bend a fraction of it in marrying Fanny Richards."

"What do I hear! Mr. Richards' family are very well for acquaintances, friends if you will, but an alliance with them—another thing altogether. Remember the family you are descended from, Arthur."

"Mother, it is idle to talk of family. My happiness for life is involved in this."

"I will listen to no love-sick nonsense."

"Nor will I give utterance to any. The deepest and most sacred feelings of my heart, if you recognize such things as feelings, are concerned here."

"Arthur, you are disrespectful. But it is a fit reward for parleying with my own child. I have done. You know my decision. My consent you shall never have, and if you persevere, I cast you off forever. You shall be no longer a son of mine. Now go," and she pointed to the door.

Arthur stood still.

"Either you or I must go out of that door, Arthur. Will you force me to leave the room?"

Arthur went, and his proud mother was left to her own reflections.

She had listened to her son's first words without any appearance of surprise, but in truth she had never been more astounded. She had regarded his partiality for Fanny Richards as only an idle flirtation, never allowing herself to think that a child of her's could condescend further. Connected with the most noble families of England, and descended from a long line of noble ancestors, there were very few in America whom she looked upon as suitable alliances for her children. She could never dream of allowing her oldest son to connect himself with the daughter of a retired merchant.

Would Arthur disobey? The symptoms of rebellion had been strong. Mrs. Ogilvie rose and walked her room for a full hour, and then sat down to her desk and addressed a letter to Miss Fanny Richards. A letter couched in the most polished terms—Mrs. Ogilvie was never rude—but conveying the most cutting and haughty sentiments that pen ever traced—proudly and sternly warning her in conclusion, not to attempt to force herself into a family where her coming was so deprecated.

Meantime Arthur was struggling with his own heart. Educated as he had been in habits of implicit obedience to his mother, he shrunk from disobeying her positive commands. Yet to give up his mother's dearest affection—he felt that the freshness and glory of his manhood would be gone forever. He was wholly dependant upon his mother. "I can never ask Fanny to share a beggar's lot," he groaned. "But I might work to win her. I would gladly toil night and day. Some of the products of this poor brain might bring me money," and the young poet fell into a reverie of sleepless nights, rewarded by days of success, and at last gaining him his bride.

He spent the night in pacing his chamber, and early in the morning sought the abode of his beloved. She would not see him. She had been taken suddenly ill the day before on the receipt of a letter from Elm-Grove. But Arthur would not be denied, and sent message after message till she at last entered the room wrapped in a shawl. Arthur started back as he marked the change of a few hours. An only and petted daughter, with warm feelings and passionate temper, she had been touched to the quick by Mrs. Ogilvie's letter.

"I had resolved never to see you again, Arthur," she said.

"Oh, Fanny, how can you speak so calmly?"

"Calmly, Arthur, I am afraid it will kill me. But oh! I expected nothing of this. I knew not that your mother's prejudices were so strong."

Arthur shook his head mournfully. "There may be hope yet," he murmured, after a pause.

"Are you mocking me, Arthur? You must know there is none. Wounded, insulted as I have been, do you think I would accept your hand now?"

"Will you let me see my mother's letter, Fanny?"

Fanny handed it to him with a trembling hand. He read it, and then covering his face with his hands, he groaned in despair.

A half hour passed, and then Fanny rose. "Farewell, Arthur!" she said, in broken accents.

Arthur caught her hand, "oh, Fanny, I cannot, I will not part from you!"

"Arthur, you have read that letter. Do you not see that its contents are such that nothing now could induce me to become your wife? Do you think your mother the only one that has any pride? I should despise myself were I to 'enter her family' now. She has placed a most effectual bar between us."

They parted. Two days passed on. Mrs. Ogilvie asked no questions, and maintained a mien of unruffled calmness. On the afternoon of the third day the family were sitting in the portico, when a lady came to make a call. To fill up a pause in the conversation, Mrs. Ogilvie asked the common question, "if there was any news?"

"I have not heard any," said her guest. "Oh, no! I'm mistaken, I heard just before I came out that Miss Richards was lying at the point of death with a brain fever, not expected to live till morning."

How unthinkingly we sometimes touch the deepest wounds! Arthur started as if struck to the heart, and over even the lofty brow of Mrs. Ogilvie there came a flush. Mrs. Hurd saw she had said something wrong, and not knowing what it was, or how to remedy the evil, took her leave rather awkwardly.

Arthur did not return that evening, and it was found the next morning that he had passed the night under Fanny Richards' window. The day came when the cherished and beautiful was carried out from her father's house. Mrs. Ogilvie kept her room that day, and when the tolling of the funeral bell began to sound on the air, she covered her face with her hands and listened to it with her haughty form bowed. Little prepared was she for the tidings that reached her before night—tidings that her son Arthur was a maniac. His words and actions for the last three days had been very incoherent. His sisters had ascribed it to his grief, but that night his frantic seizure made the truth only too certain. Too

much—too much for the poet's heart, the young, sensitive poet's heart, was the cruel thought that but for him Fanny Richards would not have died. The struggle had been for life, and the better part of life had given way.

Mrs. Ogilvie had need of all her trained composure; and truly they who watched her had a new revelation of what pride can effect, even when viewing its own desolating work. In a week or two the young, the gifted Arthur was conveyed to an asylum, and his haughty mother wept those tears which wither and scorch the heart they spring from.

A shadow had fallen upon the brightness of Elm-Grove. Agnes and Ellen no longer used to wander in its elegant grounds, or round the lonely neighborhood. Indeed Ellen was hardly able, for since her brother's mournful departure, her delicate cheek had worn a changing hue, and her step had lost its lightness. There was one walk they always shunned—that which led past the dwelling of Mr. Richards.

A few months rolled on, and Mrs. Ogilvie began to resume her customary employment. In June her youngest son, James, came home from boarding-school, and his presence roused his mother's spirits, though her manner was even more unimpassioned than usual. One stroke was not sufficient to soften that heart.

James' merry temper and ways made Agnes smile again, and nearly brought the old sparkle into Ellen's languid eyes. There was nothing his mother enjoyed more than seeing him row on the river. He was excessively fond of it, and his peculiarly symmetrical form, and graceful, active motions fitted him for it. His tall, elegant figure had always been pronounced strikingly like his mother's, and she never felt prouder of him than when she saw him bending to the oar. Her evident pleasure in this amusement made his pursuit of it the more frequent.

"Are you not going on the water to-day, James?" she would often say, and then if she did not accompany him, would stroll down to the bank of the river to watch him.

One lovely afternoon in August James caught up his cap just as the sun began to bend toward his purple couch. "Mother," he said, "will you not take a row this afternoon? The water is very smooth."

"No, you had better take one of your sisters, James. Come, Ellen, it will do you good."

"Indeed, mamma, I hardly feel equal to it."

"But I would rather you would. Go and get your hat."

Instant obedience to direct commands was a habit with all the children of Mrs. Ogilvie,

therefore the last words had not left her lips before Ellen had departed.

Mrs. Ogilvie, with Agnes, walked on the shore, watching James in his graceful exercise till the twilight began to gather, when they returned home. James had gone down the river, out of sight.

The beams of the harvest moon were stealing through the wide casement, when the sound of wheels was heard in the avenue, and then a trampling of feet in the portico. Agnes rose and went to the door.

"What is it, Agnes?" said her mother, "what is the matter? Why do you not speak?"

Agnes tried, but could not.

"Don't take on, ma'am. We've brought him home," said a coarse voice, and pushing past the horror-struck Agnes, two or three rough men laid down before the mother's eyes the lifeless form of her youngest born. With her own hands she put back the dripping hair from his forehead, and read there the impress of death.

"There's the young lady," said another voice, as the insensible Ellen was carried into the room.

"My daughter too!" gasped Mrs. Ogilvie.

"Oh! no, ma'am, she has not been in the water, but she has fainted-like. You see, ma'am, the young gentleman had just turned about to go up stream, and was changing his seat when he stepped on something slippery, and right away lost his balance and fell overboard. He had sunk and risen for the third time before we got to him, and the life was out of him. The young lady has been going from one fainting fit into another ever since."

With more delicacy than those in their station are usually given credit for, the men withdrew, and left the bereaved alone with their grief. Agnes was busy with the servants in attending to her fainting sister, but Mrs. Ogilvie never moved from her kneeling position beside the dead. The direction of the agitated household, with the care of the suffering Ellen, devolved upon Agnes with her bursting heart. Toward midnight she tried to win her mother to her own room, "come away, dear mother," she whispered.

Mrs. Ogilvie heeded her not for a time, and then raising her arms above her head, she groaned out, "would to God that I had died for thee, my son!" Then she rose and kissed the damp brow, and touched the pallid cheeks, so lately glowing with beauty, and folded the hands across the breast, and in bitter silence went away to her own room.

"Oh! but there was agony in Elm-Grove that night! In one chamber the physician stood by

the scarcely-breathing Ellen, counting the feeble pulse-strokes—by the bedside knelt Agnes, with her hands pressed to her throbbing heart, struggling with her sobs. In the wide drawing-room lay the dead boy, surrounded with weeping neighbors and servants; and in a room above was the deepest anguish of all—such as none save a mother can know.

When the day of the funeral came, Mrs. Ogilvie roused herself from her stupor, and insisted upon attending it. None dared oppose her, and Ellen rose from her bed, and dragged her trembling limbs to the grave. With a tearless eye Mrs. Ogilvie listened to the most touching and beautiful of our church services, even when the first shovel full of earth was thrown upon the coffin, and the solemn words, "Dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes," accompanied the dull echo of each sod as it fell. But those who gazed on her looked in each other's faces and shuddered.

It was about a month after James' death that Mrs. Ogilvie one evening admitted Mr. Field, her nearest neighbor, and also her lawyer—the family had before been denied to all visitors. About ten o'clock Mr. Field rose to go.

"I'll walk with you down the avenue, sir," said Agnes.

Mr. Field was one of those meditative old gentlemen who walk with their hands clasped behind their backs, and was very fond of Agnes Ogilvie.

"Dear Mr. Field," said she, when they got out of hearing, "I want to speak to you about my sister Ellen. Her health received a great shock by poor Arthur's misfortunes—he was her twin-brother, you know—and now the addition of our last affliction seems to have been too much for her. And mamma does not notice it she is so wrapped up in her sorrow, and I'm afraid to speak to her about it. Ellen has seen the doctor several times, but he doesn't seem to do her any good."

"I see, I see," replied Mr. Field, "Ellen is too delicate to bear these rough blasts of grief. I'll speak to your mother. Where is your Brother Herbert now?"

"Herbert is at the South."

"He's no business there. He ought to be at home attending to his mother and sisters. Yours must be the task, Miss Agnes. You must watch over your sister—and take care of your mother too. She's in a bad way. My poor child! eighteen is very young to be forced to such duties—with your first sorrow lying at your heart too."

Agnes Ogilvie was one of those very few persons who appear better at home than abroad. Her calm, earnest character was little understood.

She inherited her mother's pride and dignity, though without the accompanying stiffness and coldness.

Mr. Field fulfilled his promise, and called Mrs. Ogilvie's attention to the state of her eldest daughter's health.

"Let Dr. Winter be told I wish to see him when he calls again," she said to Agnes. "If he does not come to-day, send for him."

To the mother's question, put in a tone which all her efforts could not render firm, the doctor replied, "I really don't know what's the matter with your daughter, madam. She seems to be falling into a gradual decline. She wants rousing. If she could have something that would entertain without fatiguing her it would be well."

"Would a change of climate be beneficial?"

"I think not, madam. I'll do all in my power, and save her if I can."

Why trace the progress of Ellen's decline? It was in "the melancholy days, the saddest of the year," that a proud monument was raised in the village grave-yard, bearing the inscription, "To the memory of Ellen Ogilvie, who died November 4th, 1834, aged twenty-one years and two months."

A year rolled away. Mrs. Ogilvie and Agnes were rarely seen out of their own grounds. They dwelt alone in sad seclusion; Agnes mourning for her only sister, and Mrs. Ogilvie's thoughts continually fastened on the graves where her children were lying. She was much subdued. Her health had become very infirm, and she required the constant attention of her daughter. But before the twelve-month had passed, Agnes became aware that her mother had some new grief unknown to her. She began to sell portions of her property, and every time a letter from Herbert arrived, the shadow on her brow was deeper. Mr. Field, who transacted all her business, hinted that he thought this was for Herbert. And so in truth it was. He was dissipated and extravagant, and far exceeded his mother's liberal allowance. Oh, surely it needed not this fresh grief to hasten the silvering of Mrs. Ogilvie's raven hair. Herbert had been her favorite, and like most favorites, it was his lot to pain his mother's heart the most deeply. In a few months, she sold still more of her estate and adopted many plans of retrenchment. Soon she sent again for Mr. Field to draw a heavy mortgage. In her earlier days he would not have ventured to remonstrate, but he now spoke plainly.

"Indeed, madam, I cannot bear to do this. Herbert cannot expect it from you. I hear he's dissipated. I should think his excesses would

arouse your resentment rather than such strange liberality."

"I knew not that you were aware of the destination of my funds, Mr. Field, but it is vain to talk to me. My indignation has indeed been awakened, but do you think I will permit the proud name of Ogilvie to come to beggary and disgrace?"

"It is injustice to yourself, madam—to your remaining child."

"It is useless to argue with me, Mr. Field," repeated the lady.

The glory of two more summers came and went. Herbert Ogilvie breathed his last in a distant Southern city. His mother's almost unlimited supply of money had completed his ruin. When the news was brought her, she merely bowed her head in silence. On an examination of her account, Mr. Field found that she had so involved her property for her son, that there was not enough left for a decent support. When he told this to Agnes, she wept unrestrainedly.

"There! there!" said Mr. Field, after a pause, "quit crying, my dear child. I am an old friend of your mother's, and have always loved you dearly. I have not lived fifty-seven years in this world without gaining some of its dross, and I have neither wife nor child to claim anything from me. It will afford me real happiness, Agnes, to supply your mother's wants."

"Mr. Field, you are too good. I wish I could thank you as you deserve!"

"I don't like to speak to your mother about it, though. I'm afraid she might not consent. You must persuade her, my dear child, as a favor to me."

Agnes sought her mother's room that night, and after placing before her the state of her affairs, related Mr. Field's generous offer. Her mother did not seem to understand her at first, but when she did, she raised her head with all her old haughtiness, and drew up her stately form to its fullest height.

"Accept it," she exclaimed, "never, never! What? live on charity! And is it a daughter of mine who proposes such a thing?"

"What else can we do, mamma?" said Agnes, in a low voice.

"Anything but that! Die in the fields sooner, die if must be. Go, Agnes, go. Never speak to me of such a thing again."

Agnes told this to Mr. Field the next day. "Oh! what can we do?" she continued, "I would gladly work at anything I could do without leaving home. I cannot leave mamma, you know."

"No, and I know of nothing you could do here that would bring you anything like a support.

It is well for your mother that it is not in her power to sell Elm-Grove—it would kill her to leave it."

Mr. Field rose and walked to the window, cleared his throat several times, drew out his watch and put it in again without looking at it, and then came back.

"Agnes, my dear, I do not see any other way than for you to become my wife. Your mother would not object to receiving anything from her own daughter."

Agnes turned very pale.

"I'm aware that it is putting your love for your mother to a severe test, but I see no other way. I need not tell you that as my wife you would meet with the greatest respect and tenderness. Don't decide now. Take time to think of it," and Mr. Field, seizing his hat, left the house.

When she was alone, Agnes pressed both hands to her forehead, and closed her eyes. In that instant there sprang before her the vision of the years that were gone. She saw the forms of her two dead brothers, of him, the brightest and most gifted, whose darkened mind held him imprisoned; of the fair sister who lay beneath the church-yard mould; she heard the ringing laughter and joyous tones that once swept through the wide halls and over the sunny parterres of her home. She recalled the glad dreams of seventeen, and now—she opened her eyes and looked around upon each vacant chair.

"A vacant chair—  
How sadly eloquent its teachings are."

Agnes Ogilvie spent the hours of that night in communing with her own heart. She calmly viewed the path pointed out to her. Her love for her mother, always strong, had been deepened into intensity since she had been left alone with her, and now love and duty seemed to point the same way. The struggle was sharp, but she rose resolved for the sacrifice.

The next day she received a note from Mr. Field, stating that business required an absence of a week. The poor girl felt as if a reprieve had been granted her. When he returned, he learned her determination. "May heaven bless you!" said the good man, with tears in his eyes. "All in human power shall be done to prevent you ever repenting your decision."

Then he sought an interview with Mrs. Ogilvie, and asked her daughter's hand. She roused herself from the apathy in which she now lived, only so far as to ascertain that it was Agnes' wish, and then consented.

Arrayed as a bride, the beautiful Agnes Ogilvie

calmly spoke the fitting words. On the surprised figure of the clergyman she fixed her dark eyes till at last the ritual was said, and the service was ended. She turned from the altar, and the prospect of the future lay clear before her—clear and cold.

Mr. Field took up his residence at Elm-Grove, so that Agnes was not separated from her mother. On that lady's next birth-day, he gave Agnes a most generous deed of settlement upon her. And as she listened to his kind, tender words, and saw the pleasure with which her mother received the paper from her hand, she felt that the sacrifice had not been in vain.

On flowed the current of tame, monotonous life at Elm-Grove—on—on—sometimes wearily on to the lovely young creature who dwelt there. With a heart teeming with unfulfilled dreams, forever unsatisfied longings, and wasted sympathies, she often pined for rest—unbroken rest. There are some, perhaps many girls who could make the sacrifice she had made, but few indeed who could carry out the work so faithfully. She performed the arduous and harassing task of attending upon her mother, patiently went through her varied duties, and was the joy, the daily and living joy of good Mr. Field's heart. But none knew how oft those night-black eyes were raised to heaven, and the small hands clasped in the effort at resignation.

There was one more grief for Mrs. Ogilvie before she sunk into the grave. She was summoned to her son Arthur. His health had been failing for some time, and as that of the body decayed, that of the mind revived. He was now unable to leave his bed.

"Weep not, my mother," whispered the faint voice of the dying, "weep not for me! I have been spared much affliction, and now I am going to my sister and my brothers."

"Forgive! forgive!" she groaned.

"Mother, dear mother, most freely are you forgiven. Weep no more for me!"

All was over at last, and Mrs. Ogilvie turned to her only remaining child.

"A little longer, Agnes," she said. "The night is at hand. I am only now beginning to perceive the last sacrifice you made for me, my child. Do not give way yet. A little while, and I shall lie down to sleep."

About three weeks after Arthur's death, Agnes was called to her mother in the early morning. Mrs. Ogilvie's face wore that hue which humanity wears but once. It was just at dawn, the dreariest hour of all the day. The first faint beams of light were struggling through the air, when Agnes and her husband, with the old servants of the house, gathered around the bed to see the heart-broken die. All was quiet; there were no loud demonstrations of grief. No sound was audible save the ticking of the watch in the doctor's hand, and the irregular breathings of her whom heart and flesh were failing. But the tears poured like rain down every cheek, and loud wailings that none could repress broke forth, when Mrs. Ogilvie, suddenly raising herself in her bed, took the hand of each of her servants in turn, and humbly entreated their forgiveness for her harshness and haughtiness toward them in former times. She went from one to the other, and at last pressing Mr. Field's hand between both her own, she thanked him for his unflinching kindness toward her. "And Agnes," she said, and she drew her daughter to her bosom, "my own Agnes! if a dying mother's blessing can impart happiness, you will be happy."

She sunk back upon her pillows, and closed her eyes.

"She's going now," said the doctor, with professional calmness, "there, gently, gently—she'll be easy soon."

A few more gasping breaths, and then the daughter laid her hand upon her mother's heart, and felt no pulsation.

Agnes lived for one or two years, patiently going through the various forms of life, but with a heart that had long been absent from the scenes of this world. One winter Mr. Field took her to the South, hoping it would benefit her health. She wept at leaving Elm-Grove, for she feared she should never see it more—and it happened even as she had predicted. The place was sold after her death, and the purchaser not wishing to reside there, let the house and grounds fall into mournful decay, only cultivating the farm.

In a distant and sunny clime the mandate went forth again, "room! mother earth, room! the tired and way-worn would lie down where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling!"

## THE UNCONSCIOUS SLEEPER.

She sleeps unconscious. Should she move,  
Headlong it were to fall.

She sleeps. But God keeps watch above,  
The God who guards us all.

C. A.

## A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

BY A. L. OTIS.

I WAS sitting one summer evening at our parlor window, looking out upon one of the most retired squares in Philadelphia, and hoping for the arrival of a certain gentleman with whom I some day expected to pass a few important moments before St. Marks' altar, when I was suddenly aware that the person alluded to, had, contrary to his usual custom, approached through the square, and that he was leaning against the tree opposite looking at me. I sprang up joyfully, but he motioned me not to open the door, crossed quickly, and said he could not come in as business required him to hasten down town. Then he said something about my appearance, which, with the accompanying look, sent me for an instant from the window, and when I looked out again he was gone.

I was still enjoying the tremulous pleasure of those delicious words, when I heard a rapid stride in the street, a sudden spring up our doorsteps, and a sharp pull at the bell. I knew it was not his step, so I remained sunk in reverie and my easy-chair till the door was thrown open, and Philip R——, my sentimental boy-lover, entered. Imagine, dear reader, a boy of six foot three, and not stout in proportion.

He sprang toward me, threw his long limbs in a kneeling attitude before me, and grasping both my hands in his interminable fingers, turned to me a most tragical countenance. I was at last startled from my dream—one of those dreams of which Moore says, that "there is nothing half so sweet in life."

Philip and I gazed at one another. I in half angry and speechless surprise—he in supplication for some time—then he said,

"Is it true? Tell me at once—is it true?"

"What?" I asked, haughtily, still trying to withdraw my hands.

"That you are engaged to Henry D——?"

I was about to ask angrily what right he had to know, when I thought it would be kinder to answer candidly, so I said, "yes, I am, but——"

"But what?—do go on."

"But I didn't think that was anything to you."

"Now that you know it is something to me, may I hope you will break this unfortunate engagement, and——"

I opened my eyes in amazement.

"You do love him?" Philip cried, struck by my countenance; and when I turned away, he sprang up and strode through the room, tossing his arms like an insane thrasher with a pair of flails.

"Dolt, fool, idiot, cursed coquetry," &c., were some of his exclamations, in the midst of which he darted from the house.

I could not help laughing, and I laugh yet when I think of it. I know the reader is shocked at my want of humanity, but let him or her read to the end of my tale, and see if I am not justified in doing so.

About an hour after, the same hasty step approached, the same ring at the door alarmed the house, and I trembled lest I should have another scene, but the waiter only handed me a sealed packet and note. The note was as follows:

"Miss C——As a gentleman I beg pardon for my rude departure. After you have read these letters I send you, you will see what a simpleton I have been. But it was all your fault, and to my dying day I will accuse you of coquetry. Nor will I ever forgive you if you do not make all the reparation in your power, by giving these facts to the public, as a warning to all young men who would put faith in woman's truth. Don't spare me. I shall never, probably, either hear of, or see your performance. Certainly if you will name it 'The Slight Mistake' I will never read it, no matter in how interesting a Magazine I may meet with it. I am now well aware from the slight disappointment I feel, that my regard for you was only founded upon vanity which you wilfully gratified. As soon as your engagement becomes known you will probably lose many admirers, as it is likely their devotion is the result of something of the same kind. I have fortunately been undeceived before making myself a fool in the eyes of many people, but do now by all means 'write me down an ass.' It gives me satisfaction to demand this of you, for at the same time you cannot help writing yourself—coquette, Once yours, P. R——."

Although probably Mr. Philip R—— will be as surprised at my complying with his demand, as if he had not suggested it. I take a great deal of pleasure in doing so, hoping to write him



down what he wishes, at the same time exculpating myself from blame. I know he only sent me his journal because to read such things of herself must make any woman crimson with vexation—but since he has put it in my power I will make it useful.

The first time I saw Philip R— was on board a sail-boat, in which a large party were enjoying themselves in the Delaware near Burlington. We had been out the whole afternoon of a most oppressively warm day, and as we were all young and thoughtless, did not observe that a thunderstorm was approaching rapidly. We were overtaken and obliged to land. After the storm had subsided we entered the boat, and sailed before almost a gale for home. Philip reached over the side of the boat for something, lost his balance, and after disappearing for an instant, rose far behind us. I never shall forget the look of terror and horrible eagerness that was on his countenance, when I saw him, as I thought, vainly struggling with so dreadful a death. I fainted. When I recovered he was safe, and we still on our way home, our teeth fairly chattering with the cold. Philip especially seemed, in his wet clothes, upon the very point of having a chill. I had two shawls—all the other ladies were sufficiently wrapped up—and I offered one to Philip. He refused bashfully at first, but the gentlemen urging him to take it as he was subject to fever and ague, I rose and threw it over his shoulders. The gentleman I alluded to in the beginning of this narrative, Henry D—, was present. He had only a few moments before whispered some very pleasant words to me, therefore it may be guessed whether I acted thus from any "particular fancy" for Mr. R—, or only from simple dislike to see anybody uncomfortable. But read extracts from his journal giving his account of the affair.

"September 15th.—Went out on a sailing excursion with my friend B—, who invited me to be one of a large party. A very pretty lady, Miss C—, was one of us—and I must have made a great impression upon her, for she fainted when I fell over the side of the boat. I did think then that it was all over with me, but they tacked and took me up—I had a narrow escape though. Miss C— really must have taken a great fancy to me, for she insisted upon wrapping her own shawl around me lest I should take cold. I was quite pleased with her on the whole, as she is not so silly as most young ladies." A truly boyish remark. He was but seventeen—I twenty. I did not see Master Phil again for a year.

The next time I met him was at a strawberry party and dance in the country. Poor Philip! I

pity him yet, when I think of his forlorn appearance that evening, so tall, thin, white and hirsute, asking with importunate bashfulness each of the young ladies in turn to dance with him, and invariably meeting with either a plausible excuse or a haughty refusal. My merry little Cousin Sally, who seemed the particular object of his admiration, refused six times to dance with him, and when he asked again said, "oh, no, I can't—four foot one and six foot three should not dance together." Although she meant to ridicule her own size quite as much as his, he could not endure this wound to his vanity, and I felt sorry for his mortification. He caught the expression of my countenance, and instantly asked me for "the pleasure of dancing with me some time that evening." I looked at my tablets—engaged for the next four sets to indifferent persons, and the fifth to Henry. This I determined to sacrifice, and I accepted Mr. Philip for that set, thinking I could make my peace with Henry. I had no opportunity to speak to him, however, till I saw him advance just as Philip was claiming my hand. I said, "Mr. D—, will you excuse me? I wish to dance this set with Mr. R—." He looked contemptuously at Philip, bowed coldly, and went away evidently angry with me. I was very miserable during the dance, but I felt sorry for Philip, and determined he should have some pleasant moments that evening, so I tried to be agreeable. When it was over I looked for Henry, and saw him watching me. I hoped he would come to me, but Philip never left my side for an instant, and he was talking away so eagerly, that Henry I saw would not interrupt. Supper was announced, and Philip took me out. Then the party broke up, and Philip offered to escort me home. That was a little more than I could bear. "Thank you," I said, quickly, "but I am provided with an escort," and took the arm of the lady I came with. In the dressing-room I could not help crying a little, because I thought Henry had gone home without speaking to me, but I took care that no one should observe it. When we reached the foot of the stairs there was Philip again, still hopeful. I passed him with scorn, for if I had not expressed my anger I should have burst out crying. Ah, how soon I was happy again—for Henry was waiting outside the door, and as we sauntered home behind Mr. and Mrs. — he begged my pardon, told me that my conduct was only another instance of my goodness of heart, &c., which made me happier than I had ever been before. Now hear Phillips' version in a letter to his cousin, a gentleman with whom I am well acquainted, and whose good opinion I value highly.

"DEAR BOB \*\*\*\*\*—The lady I spoke to you of, I still continue to find charming—particularly as I really feel flattered by her notice of my humble self. You know how to interpret such tokens as the following, so I write them to you, hoping that if I am deceived, (but I can't be) that you will do me the friendly office of warning me before I commit myself. She always seems to see me, no matter with whom she is at the time talking, and to feel pleasure, or pain, according as I enjoy myself. She preferred dancing with me, though she had previously made a positive engagement to dance with that handsome fellow we met last month, H. D——, she broke that engagement and danced with me! I took her to the supper-table, and she would not trouble me to get her anything scarcely, lest I should not have time to help myself sufficiently—and when I asked her to let me escort her home, you should have seen her disappointment because she had to go with the lady who brought her. I actually thought I saw tears in her eyes as she passed me hastily, not daring to look up."

I wish I could see Mr. Robert H——'s answer. I think I know its import, however, if he wrote at all, for not long after that, I remember that he told me his Cousin Phil was a confounded puppy.

By this time Philip was so well convinced of my affection for him, that everywhere we met he followed me round like an evening shadow, long and disproportioned, with most lack-a-daisical looks, that amused my friends and annoyed myself extremely. Whenever I sang, he would be sure to ask for his favorite song, and then proceed to enumerate such as he wished to hear, as if I sang only for him. When I was conversing with others, he was always at my elbow to say, in a tenderly reproachful tone occasionally, "ah, you are so enthusiastic!" or "I assure you, Mr. So and So, she does not do herself justice—such are not her real opinions, I am sure," as if he were master of my thoughts. If my shawl happened to fall back from my throat, or he fancied my shoes or dress too thin, he would think himself called upon to remonstrate, when perhaps some elderly friend might be present. Yet I bore all patiently, and merely laughed at his boyish importance to myself, carefully refraining from humbling him when there were those present who would witness his discomfiture.

He soon began to visit me frequently in the evening. Many and many a long hour have I spent trying to be pleasant, because I knew my heart was heavy, wishing Henry would not go away whenever he saw Mr. R——'s hat in our hall. He said he could not endure the sight of the bore.

Philip could read well, and I soon found this out. I almost always asked him to read when there were no other visitors. I selected the books, and he really gave me great pleasure by his fine voice and good reading. I thanked him, therefore, sincerely, and I thank him still for that. One evening we were interrupted by the arrival of some very uninteresting people, and they stayed so late that Philip had to go before they left. I was at the piano, and the music book was open between the other persons in the room and myself. He came to say good night, and stooped to whisper, that "he was so provoked at the interruption," &c. As my hands were running over the keys, and I wished to drown my remark, I leaned forward that he and not the visitors might hear me say, "I was disappointed too. But come soon and finish reading that beautiful poem."

"Would it give you pleasure to have me do so?"

"Certainly," I said. Before I guessed his intention he had kissed me.

I dared not stop in the flourish with which I was ending a little waltz, lest the persons present should suspect something, but I burned with repressed anger, resolving that Henry should chastise the fellow the very next day. I thought better of that, however. Now for his journal.

\* \* \* "She let me kiss her—by Jove—yes, the darling. I was bidding her good-bye, when she suddenly leaned toward me, to say she hoped I would not stay long without coming to see her, for it gave her great pleasure to have me come, and she looked so lovely, and so sorry that we had not had the evening to ourselves, that I could not help at least trying to press a kiss on those sweet lips. I succeeded so far as to touch her cheek, and she did not resent it in the least, but blushed rosy red, and played on to hide her confusion. What will Bob say when I tell him this?"

Ah, humiliation to think how we may be misunderstood! Philip came the next day, but I would not see him, and I gave orders that he should never be admitted. After he had been sent away several times, he wrote me such a penitent, boyish letter, that I saw my foolishness in feeling any further resentment. The next time he came he found me at home. I received him very coldly, and was not so mercifully afraid of hurting his feelings after this. He resumed his readings, and I began again to enjoy them. We have a grate, and burn coal. One evening Philip sat so near the fire, which was blazing brightly, that I saw he was seriously incommoded with the heat, yet to be near me, to whom he was reading, he could not change his place. I rose

softly, so as not to interrupt, and put the screen before him. Such a look as met me! Instead of the simple "thank you," which would have been all-sufficient for such a trifling service, his face glowed with a gratitude I did not deserve, and which I resented. An old lady who was present said to me, after he had taken leave,

"What a presumptuous young man! He is one who must be treated with the utmost severity. Snub him every chance you get, my dear, unless you wish to be bored to death. Above all things have no mercy for any of his sufferings, mental or personal. Never do him any such little kindness again, he misinterprets it."

After this I became much more spirited in my conduct toward him, and finally reduced him to something like humility, by what often seemed to me positive rudeness. But I could not help it—the least kindness was presumed upon. I had to suffer yet one more bitter mortification.

Philip came one Sunday to take me to church. I did not like this, and told him so, but he did not go away, and I was obliged to walk down street with him. He left me at the church door, however, and presently I heard voices beneath the window at which I sat. One that I did not recognize said,

"Say, Phil, who was that modest-looking girl you came with?"

"That's nothing to you," was the answer.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the other—"a great mystery! But I'll cut you out, Phil. Nothing easier—I'll cut you out."

"If I did not feel tolerably secure I might teach you better than to interfere, but the matter is pretty much settled, and you may swagger on."

"Whew—engaged, Phil? Then I beg your pardon—didn't imagine such a thing. Why you're a lucky fellow. Worth trying for—that lady is."

I was astonished, well as I knew Philip, to hear him say, "why, yes, if I had had to try, I should have done so, no doubt, but——"

"But the peach fell into your mouth?"

"Not exactly, only as Byron says, you know.

"It is in vain that we would coldly gaze  
On such as smile upon us; the heart must  
Leap kindly back to kindness."

I became positively sick, but before long anger sustained me, and I determined never to speak to the contemptible fellow again. The next time I saw him was upon the occasion of his abrupt entrance already described. Since my marriage Philip has been heard to hint—that he knew my heart did not go with my hand, that I was governed in my choice by an arbitrary father, &c.

Is not this intolerable? If I have been to blame for it I am sure it was unwittingly, and all I can now do is to caution all gentlemen in Philip R——'s position. They may rest assured that the lady who can feel cool enough, and free enough to do for them the little kindnesses I meant to Philip—is *not* in love with them. Every young lady will feel the truth of this story.

## REMEMBERED VOICES.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

REMEMBERED voices I can hear,  
So sweet in olden time,  
They're ringing now upon my ear,  
With sad yet mournful chime;  
So glad the song they sweetly sing,  
That all my sadness flees,  
For those inspiring voices bring  
A train of memories.

Again I roam the wildwood o'er,  
And glide upon the stream,  
Where I once loved in days of yore  
To wander and to dream,  
The scenes of childhood I renew,  
Its sunny dreams of joy,  
I see the dear old friends I knew  
When I was but a boy.

Until my spirit wings its flight,  
I never can forget  
The phantasies, whose waning light  
Illumes my spirit yet;  
Though oft the world to me seems lone,  
While plodding on life's way,  
I cannot hush the haunting tone,  
Of voices past away.

They have a soft and soothing power,  
To calm my troubled breast,  
When in some lone and gloomy hour,  
My spirit fain would rest;  
Remembered voices! oh, how dear,  
So oft dispelling gloom,  
They fall upon my list'ning ear,  
Like dirge-notes from the tomb.

## HUSBANDS IN LITTLE THINGS.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"Ah, Brown, how are you?"

"Why, Jones, is that you? How d'ye do, my good fellow."

Such were the exclamations with which two neighbors greeted each other, as they met, one evening about sundown, on their way home from business. After a few inquiries about each other's families, for both were married men; and the stereotyped complaints respecting the hard times, of which merchants complain as proverbially as farmers do of bad crops; Brown said to his friend,

"Suppose we try a few oysters, Jones. I've found a place where they keep capital ones. You don't have supper quite yet?"

"No, there's plenty of time. I'll go with pleasure."

So the two husbands turned aside into a saloon, where, in the course of an hour's chat, they managed to spend half a dollar each, partly in oysters, partly in brandy and water, "to make the oysters," as they said, "digest."

Meantime Mrs. Jones, the youngest of the two wives, sat wondering why her husband did not come home. She had been into the kitchen, two or three times, to see that supper was ready and being kept hot, for Mr. Jones was one of those men who neither like to wait for a meal, nor eat a cold one. At last, full an hour after his usual time, the husband made his appearance.

"Take up supper," cried Mrs. Jones, running to the kitchen door. "It's Mr. Jones, I'll let him in myself," and, as she spoke, she breathlessly hurried to admit her husband.

"Supper's on the table, Jones," she said, as she clung to him. "I've made your favorite cake, and hope it will turn out well. Only I'm afraid its half spoilt by the delay. But I suppose business kept you, and so it can't be helped."

The husband did not contradict his wife. But, when he came to try the cake, he pushed it away.

"Isn't it right?" said the wife, the tears coming into her eyes.

"Yes! it will do," answered Mr. Jones, "only it's not quite up to the thing, and besides I'm not hungry."

Poor lady! She fancied that these last words

were said in order to spare her feelings, and that the reason her husband did not eat was because the cake was bad. Her afternoon's happiness had consisted in thinking how agreeably her husband would be surprised at this little delicacy. But this was all destroyed now. She had no appetite herself to eat, and really fancied the cake tasted flat; in short, it was as much as she could do to command her feelings.

Her husband saw, and partially understood, her emotion. A single word from him could have explained all, and he knew it; but he was ashamed, at first, to say he had been loitering on his way home; and afterward it was too late. At last he became angry at his wife for being hurt, as men strangely will when themselves in fault. It was a miserable evening for poor Mrs. Jones.

Meantime Mr. Brown had also reached his home. His wife also was waiting for him.

"Where have you been, my dear?" she said. "How late you are! But come, don't lose a moment, supper's waiting, and I want you to take me to the concert to-night." And, as she spoke, she led the way briskly to the supper-room.

"A concert!"

"Yes, my dear," answered the wife, turning cheerfully around, "and I've promised Sister Jane to meet her there. If we don't hurry, all the best seats will be filled before we arrive."

"Really, my love," stammered Mr. Brown, as he took his seat, and began curiously to examine his fork, not caring to meet his wife's eyes, "I'm afraid——"

He stopped. Mrs. Brown's face fell. She knew, from his manner, what was coming. But she ventured, for once, on a remonstrance.

"It's only twenty-five cents a piece," she said, "and surely we can afford that. I don't go anywhere, as you know. I feel as if I could enjoy this concert."

Thus urged, Mr. Brown would, perhaps, have gone, if he had not already spent half a dollar himself. But that settled the affair. One extravagance, as he reasoned, was sufficient. He did not, however, tell his wife why he persisted in his refusal.

"I'd go—in a minute—if I could afford it, my

love," he stammered, "but fifty cents here, and fifty cents there, soon runs up—we may live yet to see the day when we'll want even that sum."

Mr. Brown, like many others, was always ready to preach, but slow to practice. Scarcely a day passed that he did not spend something in an unnecessary lunch: but he never thought of curtailing this item of foolish expense; it was invariably his wife's comfort and recreation that was made to suffer under the plea of economy.

Mrs. Brown sighed. She had been married long enough to know that expostulation was useless with a husband, at least with Mr. Brown.

But the disappointment was greater than she thought it wise to show.

Her husband, however, saw her feelings; was vexed; and sat, for the rest of the evening, silent and sulky. This did not add to the happiness of his wife, so that the hours wore away gloomily enough.

There are a great many husbands like Mr. Brown, and quite as many, we suspect, like Mr. Jones. In a thousand ways, indeed, wives suffer from the selfishness of those who have sworn "to love and cherish" them, but alas! forget to keep their vows, at least in little things.

## DREAMS.

BY W. LAFAYETTE HUBBELL.

An airy vision of a thousand hues  
 Floated around  
 With lute-like sound,  
 And kissed my brows with scented dew;  
 The Passions fled  
 With hurried tread,  
 For well they knew their thrones were sought;  
 Fancy unbound  
 Her steed and bound,  
 And chased them from the realms of Thought.  
 The vision with the empire charmed,  
 Peering within,  
 Now entered in,  
 And mounting Fancy's throne unharmed,  
 Donn'd robe, and gem,  
 And diadem,  
 And thus his usurped reign began:  
 "Are any here  
 Who shed a tear  
 O'er former rule or reigning ban?"  
 A rustling 'mid a rosy bower  
 Was instant heard,  
 One silvery word,  
 And Cupid spoke with plaintive power;  
 "Oh, mighty king!  
 Replume my wing,  
 For thus I long have slumbering lain;  
 My quiver fill  
 With eaglets quill,  
 And I will off with Love again."  
 And Pleasure from her sylvan shell  
 Now meekly spoke;  
 "With heart nigh broke  
 A tale of sorrow must I tell—  
 Within this fane  
 I once did reign,

And Grief and Sorrow were unspoken:  
 But now alas!  
 My reign is past—  
 My empire gone—my sceptre broken."  
 Now Thought came flashing forth from Night,  
 And with an air  
 Of lightning glare,  
 Thus spoke in tones of living light:  
 "Once was my task  
 With Love to bask,  
 And sport with kindred Beauty's chain,  
 But now my home  
 Is with the tome  
 Of sages hoar, or learning's fane."  
 And Genius, from his bright abode,  
 Now laughing said:  
 "My polished blade  
 Can never rust or e'er corrode,  
 For sparkling gems  
 And diadems  
 Of thought are hourly by my hand,  
 Made far more bright  
 Than meteor light,  
 Or thundering Jove's Olympian wand."  
 The vision spake: "Ye have said well:  
 Let Cupid be  
 Forever free,  
 And Pleasure rule this citadel;  
 Let Thought still dwell  
 With Poet's spell,  
 And Genius revel here supreme;  
 Thus let it be  
 A shrine for thee,  
 For I am Oocff—the God of Dream."

# THRONING AND DETHRONING.

BY ELISE GRAY.

In the solemn shadows of a forest wandered a mortal of a thoughtful mien. Yearning was her eye, for in the void of her spirit she longed for a God to enthrone and worship there. While in the dim wood she strayed, and listened to the strange whispers of the grand old trees as they bowed their high heads; their voices mingled with a low strain coming from the depths of her own soul, and its burden ever was—"something beyond." When too, life's gayest, loudest music rang in her ear, and its dazzling lights danced on her path, often came the pining like burning thirst that must find a fountain, and the low pleading voice within rose to a wild cry of need.

At last a fellow mortal came, of noble form and brow, and eloquent eye and lips. Soon was the light of that eye more to the maiden than all the glories of earth, and the voice more than all its music, for they beamed and spoke a love truer than the stars, deeper than the ocean, and sweeter and gentler than the dew.

In a rich garden where with the summer night air mingled the breath of flowers from many climes, secluded in a bower where stole no witnessing glance, but only moonbeams pierced the canopy of roses, there chose the maiden the God of her devotion. In her soul's most secret cell raised she an altar, and from a pure, deep well within her heart drew precious pearls to gem that altar, and there placed an image of the mortal she had made her God. Then to a changeless, willing homage was she dedicate. Beautiful and tireless was the solitary worship in that secret place of the soul. Not seven times a day did her thoughts retire there, nor three times turn her eye inward to the sacred shrine, but from the morning's dim dawn to the evening's grey, was there a new presence in the maiden's life, and the charmed eye could not cease from gazing.

\* \* \* Traveller that wandering o'er the earth, dost seek to know those rites of worship man doth ever pay; turn from the dim cathedral where the solemn organ peals or the mournful miserere makes thee weep; where crowned heads and robed forms bow, and poet and philosopher are kneeling. Turn from these. Linger not before the strange orgies of the dark-minded pagan. Look not at the wreathed idol and the offerings at its feet, and the costly incense.

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Come far away, and draw the veil from the deep place of a woman's heart, and see the rites of her eager worship. Now watch the maiden of the secret shrine.

She is offering sacrifices on that pearly altar. What are they? Words cannot tell—they are things of the soul—hoardings of the heart, which may not be named as are the treasures of earth, dug from its mines, or sailing o'er the seas.

She is twining the image with wreaths of flowers—the heart's own blossoms—of strange beauty and perfume; nourished by its vital vein, watered by tears of overflowing affection.

A torch is burning on the altar. Precious is the light, for Hope and Love feed it, and the fire is the union of two flames. From it rises holy incense—not like the smoke of meaner fires; but a mist of beauteous hues; and as it ascends, enclouds the image, so that if the idol be not really beautiful, it hath glorious colors to the worshipper's eye. \* \* \* \* \* Alas! she dreameth not that as a mountain mist, so shall this pass away, and the torch go out in darkness.

Once while the maiden worshipped, *Truth* entered with a kindly, cautious tread, and gently said, "Erring child—I must wound thee—I must tell thee of devotion wasted—of tenderness poured forth like water on the ice-glazed rock—of wealth lavished to bring thee nothing back. The mortal thou hast chosen to worship hath form of mould divine—of noble brow, and eye of light, but the *soul* within is *not* noble.

Too poor to offer thee gifts great as thine, it is too mean to prize thy pearls but as sacrifices to its pride of thine homage.

Then the listener fixed on *Truth* a gaze of indignation, and sternly said, "Thou art Slander or Envy. Away, for holy ground is sacrilegied beneath thy feet."

But *Truth* still lingered, and her calm eyes filled with pitying tears. When the maiden saw those tears, the flash of anger quickly vanished from her own eyes, and raising them in wild agony, she cried, "Oh, *Truth*, I *must* believe!" Then the smitten one sank down as if *Death* had touched her; but the painful breath came again, and the pulse throbbed hot and quick; though she wished the gentle breeze would refuse to fan her, and the life blood freeze at its fountain. Then she sternly said, "I will destroy

the beauty of the place where I have worshipped." So she tore from the image the wreaths of flowers, still fresh with her heart's own life. The pearly altar was marred, and the image crushed and cast away. The bright torch was put out, and the beautiful mist cloud vanished.

\* \* \* \* A few days pass—yet to the sufferer as a long life's history—the noonday as the midnight—all darkness and tempest—wild fever and pain.

\* \* \* \* \* It is a summer night, of balmy air and pearly sky. The maiden shuns the light of moon and stars, and wanders again in the shadowy forest.

Past now the burning fever and the piercing pain. She is risen in the icy coldness of despair. No more tears—no more tenderness—no more eager yearning in the dim eyes. No more pining in the soul. Earth hath no more for her to want. What now of the secret shrine and the image in the beautiful mist—all empty—desolate now.

A low voice of wailing is in the solitude; and these are the words of woe. "Oh, idol, all unworthy of the throne I gave thee, as once I worshipped, so I loathe thee now. It is not *thee* I mourn. Ah, I bewail the golden days and silvery nights, when heeding neither sun nor star, I did but live in adoring thee. Ah, holy vows—beautiful homage, how *wasted*!

And ye withered flowers—I would not wreathe you more, where once ye twined. Alas! that thus I did devote the bright blossoms of my heart. How are ye *wasted*!

Altar in ruins—alas! that I have garnished, thus to see thee now. I mourn the jewels that on thee I *wasted*.

And the torch—it is gone out. Oh, the darkness, the dreariness!

Alas that living Hope and burning Love should turn to dead, cold ashes, lying forever on the soul's altar, never more to kindle one glowing spark, never to send up holy incense.

## "YES! I WAS BORN IN ENGLAND."

The following lines refer to the scene in the beautiful story of "Mary Derwent," where the Missionary Varium thinks he discovers in the proud lady before him, his long lost Catharine, and says, "Lady were you not born in England?"

Yes, I was born in England,  
Born in a land so bright,  
That the very heart grew happy  
And tranquil with delight,  
From basking in the glorious hues  
That sunny landscape wore,  
Hues of such gentle loveliness,  
I may never see more!

Far from that scene I've wandered,  
Far from that shore I roam,  
Far from the smiling beauty  
Of my much-loved childhood's home;  
Visions of startling beauty  
Since then have crossed my way,  
But the rose-twined home of childhood  
Shines with a clearer ray!

I've stood in the forest's stillness  
Of this far-off distant shore,  
With naught to break the silence  
Save the cold winds sweeping roar,  
As it wailed in tones of sadness,  
And its voice to the green hills flung;  
Or the startled leap of the wild deer  
As it bounded the crags among.

I've stood in these haunts of Nature,  
I've stood in the courts of Kings,  
But in my sad and weary way  
A voice of childhood rings,

Soothing my brow with lava,  
Comes my memory's burning tide,  
Haunting me most to madness  
With tones that should have died—

Tones that I fain would bury  
In the ocean's heaving breast,  
So I've tossed upon its billow—  
Its bright waves foaming crest;  
But in vain the ceaseless motion  
Of my way-worn, weary soul,  
The arrow still is rankling deep  
Of heavy guilt untold.

My heart seems linked to sadness  
As I press on my weary way,  
I long for some gentle voice to soothe  
My weight of misery;  
Could I but hear the gentle tones  
Of her whose voice is stilled,  
Methinks 'twould lighten the weight of woe  
With which my heart is filled.

Thy fate was sad, fair lady!  
In sorrow I have wept  
That thou, so proud and beautiful,  
Should desolate be left—  
To sleep at last 'mid strangers  
Far from that sunny spot,  
Whose living greenness seemed to be  
Grown to thy very heart.

J. D. R.

## ZANA.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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#### CHAPTER X.

AFTER a time, during which I had been stupefied with the very weight of my new existence, the man came close to me and took my hand.

"Child," he said, bending over me till I could see the glitter of his eyes. "Child, are your eyes open? Is the knowledge complete?"

"Complete!" I answered, with a shudder.

"Look at me—who am I? What part have I taken in the past?"

"You are Chaleco—you loved my mother who fled with *him*. You bore me from the snow mountains, and warmed me in your arms when thoughts of her chilled me to the bone."

"And is that all?"

"No, the tent. I saw you there when that fierce woman fell dead upon the earth!"

"It is complete," he said, drawing up and lifting one hand to heaven, while the lightning glared upon him, "the Egyptian mysteries have lost nothing of their power, that which was eternal in Papita lives still in Chaleco. Who shall prevail against one who holds a being like this in his grasp: the soul which she put to sleep I awake. Girl of the Caloes stand up, let me see if the blood of our people is strong in your veins."

I stood upright, planting my feet upon the floor firm as a rock. His words seemed to inspire me with wild vitality. As I looked him in the face quick gleams of lightning shot around us; my soul grew fierce and strong beneath the lurid flashes of his eyes; my own scintillated as with sparks of fire. He spoke.

"Speak—are you Caloe or of the gentile? Base or brave? Speak the thought that is burning within you. Are you Aurora's child or his?"

My form dilated, my bosom heaved, I felt the hot blood flashing up to my forehead.

"I am Zana, Aurora's child," I answered, with ineffable haughtiness. "The snow that drank her blood quenched the pale drops in my veins."

"Come," cried Chaleco, seizing my hand—

"come and see the desolation which her rival left behind. You saw the wedding—your father's wedding—come now and look at the rooms that were to receive the bride."

He went to a fire-place that yawned in the chamber and fell upon his knees. Directly I heard the clash as of flint and steel driven furiously against each other, and the empty fire-place was revealed by the storm of sparks that broke upon the sculptured stones. His wild impetuosity defeated itself: five or six times he crashed the metal in one hand against the flint which was clenched in the other. At last the fierce sparks centred in a volume, and with a flaming torch in one hand Chaleco stood up.

"You are pale," he said, gazing sternly upon me. "Is this fear?"

"No," I answered, subduing a thrill of awe, as the darkness that had so long enveloped me was driven back in shadows, that hung like funeral drapery in the angles and corners of the chamber—"no, I am not afraid. But that which has been revealed to me may well leave my face white."

He looked at me keenly, holding up the torch till its blaze flamed across my eyes. This scrutiny of my features seemed to satisfy him, for his lip curved till the white teeth gleamed through, and he muttered to himself, "it is right, the blood that has left her face burns in the heart—she is one of us."

Muttering thus, he led the way from the chamber, sending a lurid glare backward from his torch along the damp walls of the circular staircase. Thus breaking through the shadows that gathered thick and close in the old building, he led me on; the tread of his heavy boots resounded through the vast apartments with a defiant clamor. He took no precaution to conceal his torch, which glared back from the closed windows as if the dull glass had been on fire.

We threaded galleries hung with grim old pictures, and peopled with statues, some antiques, some of bronze, and others simply of armor, the



iron shells from which warriors had perished. A thrill of awe crept over me as I passed these stern counterfeits of humanity, with their grim hollows choked up with shadows. As the torch-light fell now upon the limb of a statue, now across the fierce visage of a picture, now upon the dull coverings of oak, my imagination increased the desolate grandeur, till marble, iron and canvass seemed instinct with vitality.

This effect was not diminished by the wild look which Chaleco sent back from time to time as I followed him.

At last we reached a door, inlaid and empaneled with precious woods, Chaleco attempted to turn the lock. It resisted, and after shaking it fiercely he dashed one foot against it, which forced the bolt that had rusted in its socket.

"Come in," he said, "you shall see how the widow had prepared for her young bridegroom."

I entered, but the dull atmosphere, the damp, mouldy smell was like that of a tomb. Chaleco held up his torch, throwing its strong light in glaring flashes through the darkness. It had been a superb suit of apartments, hangings of azure silk, stained and black with mildew; Persian carpets, from which clouds of dust rose at every foot tread; gildings that time had blackened into bronze, filled my gaze with a picture of silent desolation, that made my already warm heart sink heavier and heavier in my bosom.

I shrank back; Chaleco saw it, and urged me on with a grim smile. I remembered the scene of death he had revealed to me in my unnatural sleep, and feared to look upon the place of its actual perpetration.

The chamber we entered had once been all white and superb in its adornments. The walls were yet hung with fluted satin, once rich in snowy glass, but now striped with black, for accumulations of dust had filled all the flutings. Masses of dusky lace flowed down the windows, and were entangled over the bed with many a dim cobweb, that the spiders had been years weaving among their delicate meshes. Dust and mildew had crept over the bridal whiteness of everything. The couch was heaped with little mountains of dust; cobwebs hung low from the gilded cornices that gleamed through them here and there with ghastly splendor.

As Chaleco lifted his torch above the couch, a bat rent its way through the lace, scattering a cloud of dust over us, and remained overhead drearily flapping his great wings among the cobwebs, till they swayed over us like a thunder-cloud.

"Was it here the old woman killed her?" I whispered.

"No, she never reached this. It was at Clare Hall."

"Why do you bring me here?" I said, shuddering.

"That you may see how much power there was in an old woman's curse."

"It is terrible," I whispered, looking around.

"My mother, has she not been fearfully avenged!"

"Avenged!" answered the gipsy; "do you call this vengeance? Not till every member of that proud house is in the dust—dead, disgraced, crippled, body and soul, shall Papita's curse be fulfilled!"

His words fell upon me like blows, they were crushing me to the earth. I thought of George Irving. His treachery was forgotten, my heart only remembered his kindness—his love.

"What, all?" I questioned.

"All! Poverty, disgrace, death, these are the curses which Papita has left for you to accomplish."

"For me?" I questioned, aghast.

"You—yes, it is your inheritance. She left it—I enforce—you accomplish it."

As he spoke, the bat made a faint noise that struck upon my ear like the amen of a demon, and, sweeping down from his cloud of cobwebs, he made a dash at Chaleco's torch which was extinguished by his wings.

"Give me your hand!" The gipsy seized my arm as he spoke, and led me onward in the darkness. I followed in silence, rendered desperate by all I had suffered and seen.

At length we reached the open air, and stood together upon the entrance steps. The rain had ceased, the clouds were drifting together in broken masses, leaving fissures and gleams where the cold blue was visible, winding like half frozen rivers between the dull clouds. The dense vegetation, the vines and huge elms were dripping with rain, and every leaf shone like silver when the moon, for a moment, struggled out from the clouds that overwhelmed it.

My horse stood cowering by the steps. The whole force of the storm had beat cruelly upon the poor old fellow.

Chaleco lifted me to his back, and commanding me to wait, went away. Directly he reappeared, mounted on what appeared to be a spirited horse, which he rode without saddle.

"Come on!" he said, striking Jupiter with his whip, "let's be moving."

"Where?" I questioned, sick at heart with a fear that he would not allow me to return home.

"To your inheritance—to Clare Hall!"

"But that is not my inheritance!"

"You are the child of its lord, and he is dying."

"But I am not his heiress."

"Before morning, you will have proof that you are his child. You know surely how to work on the repentance of a dying man. Go to him, Zana, this estate and others are his—no claim, no drawback—nothing that the English call an entail on it. One dash of his hand, and it is yours."

"But it was her's, not his—the Greenhurst belonged to Lord Clare's wife," I said, recoiling from the idea of possessing wealth that had once belonged to my mother's rival.

"It must be wrested from the Clares—it must be an inheritance for you and your people, Zana," he said, riding close to me as Jupiter picked his way along the broken road, which was left almost impassable by the storm. And he added,

"If that man dies without enriching you and your tribe by the spoils of his marriage, the curse of Papita will fall on you."

"It is here already," I answered, shuddering, "with nothing to trust—nothing to love—deceived, cheated, outraged. What curse can equal this?"

"Have you not deserved it?" he questioned, sternly.

"How?"

"Where was your heart? Had not the blood of our people grown pale in it? Did you give it to a Clare, and hope to go uncursed? The cry of your mother's blood, is it nothing?"

"I did not know of it—oh, would to heaven I had never known," was my wild answer. "What am I to do?—how act?"

"Go home—be passive—let the curse work itself out. You know all, tell it to your father."

"It will kill him!" I cried.

"Well!" The word fell upon my ear like a blow, it was uttered so fiercely.

"Oh, don't!—this conflict—this hardness—it kills me."

"No, there must be death, but not for you till the work is done."

"Oh, what is this fearful work?"

"Nothing, only wait. Men who know how to wait for vengeance need only be patient and look on. Death is here—I, this night give you proofs that will sweep all the wealth Lord Clare intends for that false boy into his daughter's lap. Poh, child, revenge is nothing when forced, the soul that knows how to wait need not work."

I did not comprehend the cold-blooded philosophy of his words—what young heart could? But one thing I did understand, George Irving might be independent of his mother. The property that Chaleco was grasping for me must be wrested from him. A fierce joy possessed me

with the thought. If this wealth were offered to me it would place his destiny in my hands, I could withhold or restore independence to the man who had trifled with my orphanage—taken the friend from my bosom, and uprooted my faith in human goodness. Not for one moment did I dream of taking his inheritance, but there was joy in the thought of humbling him to the dust by restoring it with my own hands. Too young to comprehend the refined selfishness of this idea, it really seemed that there was magnanimity in the desire to humiliate a man I had loved.

As we rode on toward Clare Park, my frame began to sink beneath the excitement that nothing human could have supported. My head reeled: the damp branches that swept across my path almost tore me from the saddle. Jupiter too was tired and worn out with the drenching storm; he staggered along the road with his head bent to the ground, ready to drop beneath my insignificant weight. Chaleco saw this, and rode closer to my side just in time to receive me on his arm as I was falling.

Without a word he lifted me to his own horse, and cast Jupiter's bridle loose.

"Poor old fellow, let him go home," he said, with a laugh; "but as for you and I, Zana, we have more to accomplish yet."

He held me close with his left arm, grasping the bridle with the same hand. Placing his right hand upon my forehead, he rode slowly for a while, till the strength came back to my limbs, and a certain vividness of intelligence possessed me again. Then he spoke.

"Hold tight to me and be strong, we have lost much time that may be important," he said.

Without waiting for a reply, he put his horse into a sharp canter and sped on, I hardly knew or cared in what direction. At last he dismounted and placed me upon the ground, asking abruptly if I knew the objects around me. The moon was out just then, and I looked earnestly about. It was the spot where the gipsy tent had been pitched, from whence, only twenty-four hours before, my first memory had dated. The spring where I had found Cora, when an infant, flowed softly on in the hollow at a little distance; and before me, where the moonbeams lay like silver upon the wet grass, I saw the meadow which had once been my sole place of refuge.

"You know the place?" said Chaleco; "it was here she died. Wait a little."

He searched among the ferns and long broke leaves that overhung the bank, which I have described as rising abruptly from the spring, and drew forth a pick-axe and spade covered with rust. A fragment of rock lay embedded in the

bank, around which mosses and gorse of many years growth had crept.

With two or three blows of the pick-axe, he sent this stone crashing down into the water, which rose up in a wild shower all around as it recoiled from the rude mass.

Chaleco shook off the drops like a water dog, and continued to turn up the earth. Directly he threw up a slab of slate rock, broad, and some inches thick, which certainly could not originally have belonged to the soil in which it lay.

Throwing this slab back, the gipsy fell upon his knees, and, groping downward, brought up a bronze box or coffer, from which he brushed the soil with reverential slowness.

"Loose the key hung around your neck by that chain of hair," he said, holding the box up in the moonlight and searching for the lock. I started. This was proof undoubted that the gipsy had never lost a clue to my identity, for no human being except Maria was aware that a key of antique gold and platina had always hung around my neck.

I drew it forth with a feeling of awe, and watched in silence while Chaleco fitted it in the lock. It turned with difficulty, grating through the rust, and when the lid gave way, it was with a noise that sounded upon my ear like a moan of suppressed pain.

"What is it?" I said, looking into the open box as one gazes into a coffin after it has been long closed, curious, but yet afraid.

"It is all that you will ever know of her—of your mother!" he answered, with a touch of bitter sadness in his voice.

I received the box reverentially in both my hands.

"Take it," said Chaleco, closing the lid; "read them before you sleep!"

"It seems to me that I should never sleep again." I said this to Chaleco, but he answered me sharply, and thrusting the spade and pick-axe roughly aside with his foot, strode away telling me to follow. The sight of the box I held seemed to irritate him, as the scent of blood excites a wild animal. I folded it to my bosom with both arms, and though it sent a chill through every vein of my body, tightened my hold each moment with a painful feeling that I held the very soul of my mother close to my heart—the dead leaves of a flower that had been so beautiful when the life was in them.

Chaleco strode on in silence. The shadow from his broad leaved hat deepened the sombre gloom of his countenance, the moonlight, which struck across the lower part of his face, revealed the ferocious compression of his mouth.

With all my fatigue, I scarcely felt the distance as we walked rapidly through the park. Chaleco did not speak till we came in sight of my home, then he paused and turned.

"Zana," he said, speaking low and huskily—"Zana, remember you have a stern task for this night—your mother's death to revenge—your people's interest to secure. Read and act."

He spoke with an effort, and sprang away as if the presence of any human thing were a torture.

I was in the edge of our garden when he left me. A noise among the shrubs drew me onward, and I found Jupiter lying close to his stable, still saddled, and with the bridle dangling around his head.

I had no room in my heart for compassion, even for the poor old fellow. To have saved his life I would not have set down my box for a moment, so I left him and entered the house.

A night lamp burned in the lower entrance, for Turner was still absent; and Maria supposed us both at the Hall. I took the lamp and went to my room.

No sense of fatigue—not even the awe that crept over me could restrain the desire that I felt to examine the box. I placed it on the floor, fell upon my knees by it, and, with the lamp standing near, lifted the lid.

A quantity of folded papers, a fragment of crimson ribbon, and the gleam of antique gold, floated mistily beneath my gaze. My fingers trembled as they touched the papers, yellow with age, and blackened with the written misery of my mother. I took them up, one by one, reverently, and holding my breath. It was long before I could see clearly enough to distinguish one letter from another. But at last the paper ceased to rattle in my hand—the delicate letters grew distinct, and with eager eyes I devoured them.

At first, the writing was broken in its language and stiff in chirography, like the earliest attempts of a school girl to write; the sentiments too were imperfectly expressed, and full of wild fancies, that so appealed to my own nature that my heart answered them like an echo.

There was something child-like and exceedingly beautiful in the expressions of happiness, which broke out through all the imperfections of language and style. The poetry of a rich nature, just beginning to yield itself to the influences of civilization, spoke in every word. Never did the records of a human life seem so full of sunshine—never have I seen a register of affection so deep, and of a faith so perfect.

I read eagerly, turning over page after page, and gathering their contents at a glance. The dates changed frequently. At first, they were in

Seville, then in various continental cities, where, it seems, Lord Clare had taken her after their flight from Grenada, upon whose snow mountains she had at last perished.

Still, the record continued one of unbroken happiness. She invariably mentioned Lord Clare as her husband; but now and then came an expression of anxiety for the thoughtfulness that would, at times, resist all her efforts to amuse him. As the manuscript progressed, it was easy to trace the development of a vigorous mind under the healthy influence of an intellect more powerful than itself. There was a break in the manuscript. The next date was scattered. No town, no country, but simply the hills of Scotland.

Oh, how beautiful was the gush of affection with which she spoke of her infant. How thoroughly maternal joy expanded and deepened every feeling of her womanhood! Still it was here that I found the first trace of that sorrow which soon darkened every page. Her warm heart was dissatisfied with the measured affection with which Lord Clare received his child. She questioned the cause, finding it only in herself—her want of power to interest wholly a mind like his. She wrote of two old people who were kind to her and her little one, while Lord Clare was abroad on the hills, or absent on some of those long journeys which he occasionally made into England. Again the scene changed, and she was at Clare Hall, so happy, so more than pleased with the beauty and comforts of the home which promised to be permanent at last. She described the dwelling, the rooms, with their exquisite adornments, the statuettes and pictures, with the glow of a vivid mind and warm heart. She spoke of her child—the pretty room that was prepared for it—the devotion of a Spanish *bonne* that Lord Clare had procured from Spain, with every minute of her happy life. How fearfully strange it seemed to feel that I was the child so loved and cared for, that even then I was acting my part in the mournful drama that had left me worse than an orphan. How often did I find myself described, my eyes, the flowing wealth of my curls, the precocious vigor of my mind.

On a sudden the whole character of the manuscript changed, the delicate writing grew abrupt and broken, wild dashes appeared where sentences should have been, and a spirit of sadness pervaded every written word. She no longer spoke of Lord Clare with the exulting love that had, at first, marked her every thought; and every time her child was mentioned, the name seemed written in tears. Still it was but the shadow of her unhappiness that appeared—no

broad mention of discontent was written, but a foreboding of evil, a dread of impending bereavement fell upon the heart with every sentence.

At last it came. Lord Clare—her husband loved another—had loved another long before he found her—a poor Gitanilla—in the ruins of the Alhambra.

With what a burst of anguish the truth was written—how terrible it must have looked glaring on her, in words formed by her own hand. Poor thing—she had attempted to dash the sentence out, but the quivering hand had only scattered it with blots, soiling the records as with drops of mourning, but not obliterating a single word.

After this, there was no connection between the wild snatches of anguish—the pathetic despair—the pleadings for a return of love which were written in all the eloquence of desperation, and blistered with tears that stained its surface yet.

Trouble blinded my eyes as I read. My hands trembled as they grasped the paper on which her tears had fallen. My soul was full of my mother—tortured by her grief, swelling fiercely with a bitter sense of her wrongs.

I read on to the end. All my mother's history was before me—I saw her as she described herself, a wild, dancing girl of Grenada, thrown upon the notice of a romantic and imaginative young man—that gipsy marriage in the caverns of the Alhambra was before me in all its dismal terrors. Was it a marriage, or a deception by which my mother was betrayed? Whatever it was, she believed it to be real. No doubt that she was Lord Clare's wife ever appeared, till, in the last page, the cry of her wronged love broke out in one fierce burst of sorrow. The certainty that he loved another—had never really loved her, uprooted the very fibres of life. She never wrote rationally after that.

"I will go," she wrote, and great drops as of rain stained the paper, blotting out half the words—"I will go to him once more, and tell him of my oath. Surely, surely he will not let me die—me, his wife, his poor Gitanilla, whose beauty is not all gone yet. This woman, does she love him as I do? Will she give up—oh, heaven forgive me, I gave up nothing. What had I to yield, a poor, dancing gipsy, with nothing on earth that was her own, but the beauty of which he is tired, and the heart he is breaking? But she, this woman with one husband in the grave—what can she offer that Aurora did not give? Still oh, misery, misery, he loves her, I can see it—he thinks me blind, unconscious, content with the sparse hours that he deals out grudgingly to me and my child. Content! well, well, it may not be. I have read

of jealous hearts that create by wayward suspicions the evil they dread. What if I were one of them? Oh, heavens, what happiness if it rested thus with me? Let me hope—let me hope! \* \* \* \*

"It is over, he has struck my child—the blow has reached my heart. *She* is at his dwelling—I too will enter it—I too will strike. Have I not sworn an oath that must be redeemed? *His* oath is forgotten. The gipsies remember better! \* \* \* She sleeps in his house to-night, I will be there! How wakeful the child is! How wild and fiery are the eyes with which she has been watching me from that heap of cushions. They are closed, and I will steal away. But how come back? Will it be the last time? \* \* \* \*

"I have seen them both—he has told me all. He never loved me, not even then, among those ruins. Never loved me! Oh, my God, am I mad to repeat these words over and over as the suicide, frantic with the first blow, plunges the dagger again and again in his bosom? Why cannot words kill like daggers? They pierce deeper, they torture worse: but we live. Yes, if this pang could not wrench all the strings of life away, nothing can reach this shallow hold on existence. He has told me with his own lips that I am not loved, that in all his life that woman has ever stood between me and him. I rose from my knees then and stood up. Did I entreat? No, no! Perhaps he expected it—perhaps he thought the abject gipsy blood would creep to his feet yet. \* \* \* \*

"Why was Zana waiting in the darkness of that house? How much her eyes looked like those of my grand-dame. Ha, my oath. It is

well I kept silent there. Have I not sworn that nothing but death shall separate us two? Let them live, the despised gipsy has the courage to die. Zana, my child, gather up your strength, many dreary miles stretch between us and the caves of Grenada, but death is there. Without his love, my poor little one, what can we do but die?" \* \* \* \*

Here the manuscript ended. But upon one of its blank pages was written, in another hand, words that froze the tears in my heart.

It was a stern command to forsake the people of my father's blood; and after avenging my mother's death, return to my own tribe forever. The words were strong with bitter hate, that seemed to burn into the paper on which they were written. The fearful document was signed PAPITA.

The papers dropped from my hand. I remember sitting, like one stupified, gazing down upon a pile of gold that half filled the coffer, and fascinated by the glitter of two antique ear-rings, set with great rubies, that glowed out from the gold like huge drops of blood that had petrified there. I took them up and clasped them in my ears; their history was written out in the manuscript I had just read; and I locked them in my ears as a seal to the promise made in my heart that moment, to obey the command of my gipsy ancestress.

But while I searched among the gold for some other token, a strange stupor crept over me, and I fell exhausted on the floor, folding my arms over the bronze box and its contents.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE MOSS ROSE.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

THE Power that presides o'er all,  
The garden's lovely flowerets gay—  
Had danced at Nature's festival,  
And wandered forth one Summer day;  
O'er tired she lay'd her down to rest  
Beneath a blushing rose-bush sweet,  
Where leaves and dew beneath the feet  
Lay like a fragrant emerald vest!  
The mid-day sun was riding high,  
And not a zephyr's wing went by,  
She slept all sweetly in the shade  
Which that rich blooming floweret made:  
Awaking sudden from her dream  
Of golden beauty, which had wove  
Its pleasing spell of magic power,

In pictured scenes of Angel love!  
"Most lovely child," the Spirit cried,  
"Receive my thanks, for thou to me  
Hast been a grateful shelter now,  
Say what may I repay to thee?"  
The blushing Queen of flowers replied,  
(And bowed her head in graceful pride,)  
"Then grant another charm to me,  
That I henceforth more sweet shall be,  
And all unrivalled bloom among  
The flowery race—a theme for song!"  
The gentle Angel wreathed the rose  
In fragrant moss, all simply sweet,  
Giving the earth a peerless flower,  
Where modesty and beauty meet!

# DANCING, THEATRES, THE OPERA.

BY E. J. TILT, M. D.

DANCING in itself is excellent exercise. The ancients made it a part of their admirable system of gymnastics, and combined with music they thereby succeeded in calming mental derangement—an application lately revived with great utility in institutions devoted to the treatment of insanity; but there is nothing hygienic in the dancing of the present day, nor in the hours of its performance. Still we cannot admit the baneful influence which some medical ascetics have ascribed to this exercise, nor agree with some German writers that waltzing causes the degeneration of the race. We have no hesitation in saying that a party, now and then, is an excellent means of keeping down the redundant spirits of excitable girls, or of throwing a little life into those that are chlorotic. But there is a difference between a party now and then, and the daily succession of evening amusements. We might urge numerous reasons showing the evils to be derived from the aguish existence of the votaries of fashion, and perhaps none, after all, would be so convincing as the loss of personal beauty, for no constitution can withstand constant excitement; and the inevitable consequence of turning night into day soon turns the bloom of the damask to the tints of the yellow rose, while emaciation soon destroys all youthful appearance of form, and at the end of the season blooming girls have become semi-animous wrecks.

Dancing we have allowed to be good, but we must not omit mentioning what must be evident to all, that there are different modes of going through the very same dances; and even in the best circles gentlemen sometimes permit themselves to dance in a manner not altogether dictated by decorum. More than once have we heard of fashionable dressmakers effectually silencing the complaints made by their fair customers, that the flowers for the corsage of an evening dress were not sufficiently good, by saying, "We never put any better, and you will find them quite flat and destroyed before the party is over."

Whether this is as contrary to morality as it is to hygiene, we leave to the decision of experienced mothers who may remember what effect waltzing had upon themselves. In a medical point of view we must observe, that women who

have any tendency to diseases of the heart, the lungs, or the brain, should certainly abstain from waltzing, the gyratory motion of which must be prejudicial by its determining the blood to those organs.

Dramatic representations have so powerfully contributed to the advancement of human intellect, and are so susceptible of being enlisted in the cause of morality, and for the propagation of every ennobling virtue, that we cannot understand why they should now be so often devoted to the glorification of the ruling passion. Farce, comedy, melo-drama, or tragedy—it matters not which, for all are stuffed full of love—all hinge on matrimony, even if they do not derive their piquancy from something less fitted for the understanding of a young lady. Now all this may do neither good nor harm to those whose characters are formed; but we are of opinion that it is better to keep a girl from them as long as possible.

Admitting even that the stage does not openly preach vice now, as in the days of Sheridan, we should still observe on the theatrical performances of the present day, that it would be a grave and melancholy attempt to compute the amount of evil influence that plays have exercised on the malleable minds of youth during the long period of their admired representation. What contradictions have they not afforded to the lessons of the fireside and the promptings of a sound heart and a well-trained mind.

Instead of borrowing moral filth or melo-dramatic horrors from the French stage, why do not our dramatic writers, since they lack original inspiration, seek that of nobler models?—why not in Calderon, for instance, the greatest of all dramatists, whose stage conceptions of things are pure, and in harmony with Christian love, seen in its light, and painted with its celestial colors?

If what we have said of dancing and theatres be true, what must be their effects when combined with painting, in that most wonderful invention of modern times—the Opera?

Some people there are, indeed, blessed with a constitutional coldness which nothing can warm; but to others the Opera may be a potent engine of mischief, whenever it is not made a powerful

lever to ennoble humanity. The animated dialogue requires the most passionate poetry to express the enthusiasm of feeling. The emotions are represented to be so intense, that in the language of music alone can accents be found sufficiently acute or sufficiently imposing to express their overwhelming grandeur. The human mind is then represented in so deep a paroxysm, that it disdains the slow medium of words to convey its meaning, but adopts the instantaneous, silent eloquence of look and gesture; and is not the whole of man supposed to be so *possessed*, that his very limbs are impelled to movements, rhythmic, poetical, and in harmonious unison with the exalted state of all the other faculties? And is not all this represented in the midst of fascinating scenery, ever varying in changes which impress the mind with the conviction of its reality? Such is the Opera; and whenever it seeks to take the human heart by assault, attacking it in its weakest part, then, in our humble opinion, would it be advisable to keep sensitive young ladies from it, at least until they are married. Why should not the same magnificent machinery be more frequently made use of for the glorification of so many other noble emotions dear to the human feelings? Is the historic page so poor in scenes of heroic patriotism, that none can be found

grand enough to be adorned by the combined influence of painting, music, and poetry? "Masaniello," "William Tell," "Fidelio," and many others, not only interest us, but show that the Opera may be made a means of ennobling man.

Without wishing to see the Opera annihilated, we may hope to see it purified, renewed, ennobled; and so, doubtless, does Carlyle, who objects to it on the ground of its unveracity. He does not see the meaning of "women whistling and spinning there in strange, mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad, restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidding them rest with opened blades, and stand still, in the devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvelous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it; motion peculiar to the Opera—perhaps the ugliest, and surely the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world." His stern mind cannot imagine either why music, divine music, should be "condemned to go mad and burn herself for a kind of service which is rather Paphian, on such a funeral pile."

## TO THE LAST MORNING STAR.

BY REV. DR. BOOKER.

MEEK lamp of Heaven! thy splendors fade away,  
As proudly rises the bright king of day;  
Who, clothed in grandeur, all around him, far,  
Pours floods of radiance from his fiery car.  
Pale and more pale thy softer lustre grows,  
As ruddier, with his beams, yon orient glows;

So shall my little lamp of life decline,  
As that which never wanes begins to shine.  
Then, when has pass'd away this mortal night,  
Full, on my raptured view, shall visions bright  
Burst! while thy portals, Heaven! shall wide display  
The boundless glories of eternal day.

## MERRY ALICE.

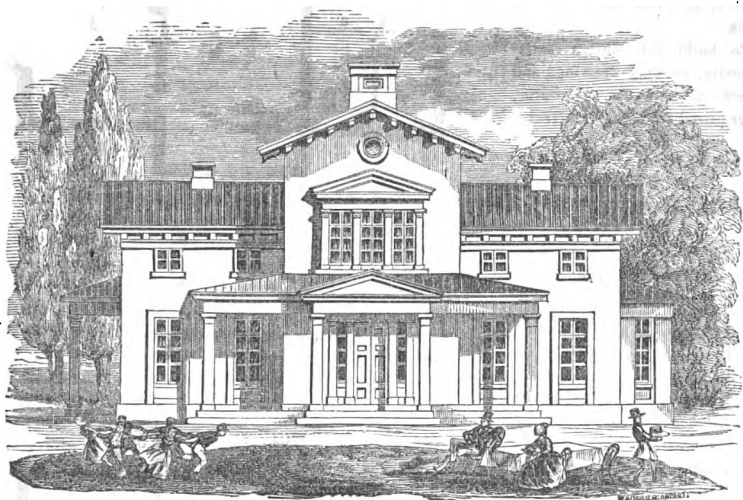
BY W. R. MANDALE.

Oh, Alice, merry Alice,  
As bird on Summer tree,  
Or o'er some wild flower chalice,  
As blithesome honey-bee;  
Thou art as full of happiness,  
With soul from guile as free!

Oh, Alice, merry Alice,  
Were all the world like thee,  
As destitute of malice,  
As full of harmless glee,  
This earth would be a Paradise,  
And merry angels we!

# COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

## A VILLA IN THE CLASSICAL STYLE.



It must not be understood that symmetry can only exist in regular buildings. This is not the case. On the contrary, the most irregular building, if composed by an artist of genius and taste, will always evince symmetry; that is to say, it will form an outline, in which there will be a central portion, a point, to balance and unite the parts or wings on either side into one symmetrical whole; and yet, if they do not balance each other in form and proportion, still balance in the general mass and grouping of the composition. Every building must show some balance in the opposite parts, otherwise it may be called odd, grotesque, or picturesque, but can never be called beautiful.

The hall, sixteen by eighteen feet, is itself a very fine apartment, and communicates with the other rooms in a satisfactory manner. It is quite sufficiently lighted by the transom over the door, and by the two narrow windows on either side. From this hall a door communicates with the staircase, and, opposite, another with the parlor. This parlor is seventeen by twenty-six feet, and forms a very handsome apartment; the bow window is well placed, and will produce a fine effect, particularly if filled with stained glass, of a quiet tone of color. This room communicates with the dining-room, which

is eighteen by twenty feet, communicating direct with the kitchen.

The arrangement of these rooms will be found both convenient and beautiful. All the apartments may be thrown *en suite* by the communicating doors, or each may be rendered quite separate and distinct. The entrance hall if paved with marble or encaustic tiles, would be a most agreeable saloon in summer, opening as it does on the veranda. The entrance door may be closed in the winter, and the door to the staircase used. The kitchen is twelve and a half by seventeen feet. There is a fine pantry, eight feet square. Between this and the kitchen is a passage, or rather, an entry communicating with a small veranda. This passage will be found very convenient in winter, as the kitchen door, leading out to the veranda, may be closed, and the door from this passage used, which will keep from the kitchen the cold and draught of air.

The second story is divided into five spacious bed-rooms, the sizes of which are given on the annexed measurements. There is a fine bathroom attached, eight by twelve and a half feet. There are two good servant-rooms, finished in the garret, lighted by windows in the gables, and ascended to by a flight of steps in the passage.



The first story walls may be thirteen inches thick, and the second nine inches, with inside studding. The veranda will be built of wood, painted and sanded, to harmonize with the walls.

To build this design satisfactorily, working drawings and specifications would of course, be required from the architect.

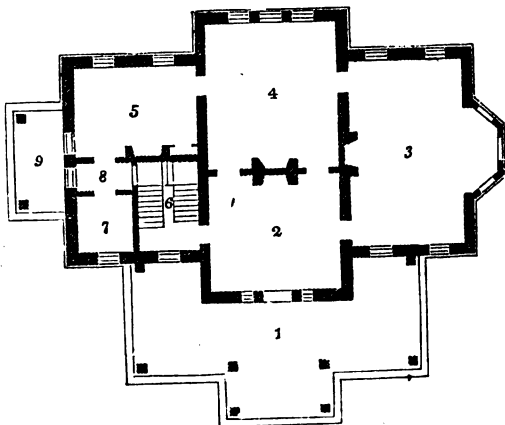
### DIMENSIONS.

#### PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

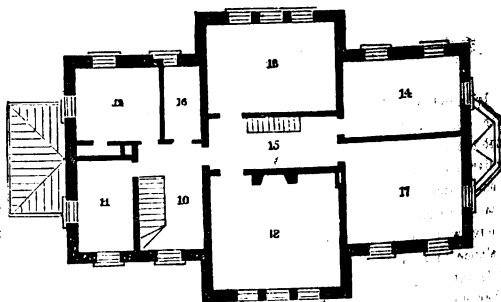
- |                       | FEET.       |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| 1. Veranda, - -       | 10 ft wide. |
| 2. Hall, - - -        | 16 X 18     |
| 3. Parlor, - - -      | 17 X 26     |
| 4. Dining-room, -     | 18 X 20     |
| 5. Kitchen, - - -     | 12½ X 17    |
| 6. Staircase, - -     | 8½ X 13     |
| 7. Pantry, - - -      | 8 X 8       |
| 8. Passage, - - -     | 8 X 4½      |
| 9. Kitchen veranda, 7 | X 14        |

#### SECOND FLOOR.

- |                      |          |
|----------------------|----------|
| 10. Staircase, - -   | 8½ X 14  |
| 11. Bath-room, - -   | 8 X 12½  |
| 12. Bed-room, - - -  | 10 X 11½ |
| 13. Bed-room, - - -  | 12½ X 18 |
| 14. Bed-room, - - -  | 11 X 17  |
| 15. Passage, - - -   | 18 X 7   |
| 16. Linen press, - - | 5 X 10   |
| 17. Bed-room, - - -  | 14 X 17  |
| 18. Bed-room, - - -  | 16 X 18  |



GROUND PLAN.



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

### INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB

OF AN ONLY CHILD IN MOUNT IDA CEMETERY, TROY, N. Y.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

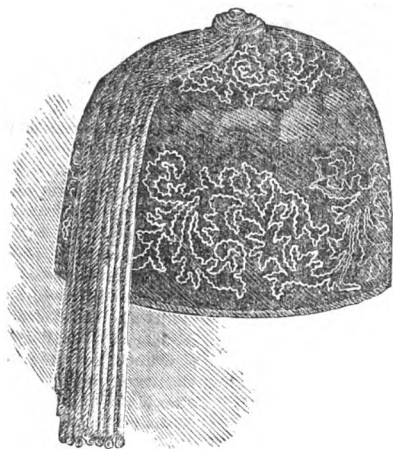
LITTLE flower of fragile stem,  
Love and beauties' treasured gem,  
We may weep not for thy doom,  
Thou art faded—but to bloom  
In the Spirit-land eternal,  
Blossom vales ever vernal—

Fanned by winds that know no sighing,  
Decked by flowerets never dying;  
Faith's bright wings to Heaven are spread,  
Christ is risen from the dead!  
He of light, and life, the giver,  
Lov'd one—thou art His forever!

## OUR WORK TABLE.

### BRAIDED LOUNGING CAP

BY M<sup>RS</sup>. DEFOUR.



**MATERIALS.**—Three-quarters of a yard of rich blue velvet, one piece of *soutache*, gold and silver blended, one yard of cord to match, and a bullion tassel of the same metals.

We regret that the size of this design enables us to give only the general appearance: nothing can, however, exceed it in richness or beauty, whilst at the same time the materials are not exceedingly expensive; and the labor is such as any one can accomplish in a couple of days.

*Soutache* is the generic name under which all braids and gimps are known in France. Some are exceedingly simple. Others, like the one with which our lounging-cap was worked, are extremely ornamental. This one, with several others, was made indeed expressly for ourselves. Some have chenille and gold or silver mingled;

others are of silk only; many are shaded in one or two colors, and these are very beautiful.

The depth of the head-piece is about six inches and a half, without allowing for turnings in. It is set full round a crown of about five inches in diameter. The design, which is a rich braiding pattern, occupies a depth of four inches, and the crown is entirely covered with it. The velvet must be marked as in ordinary braiding patterns. Of course, any combinations of colors may be used. Cerise or crimson and gold look very well on purple or green. All violets on green; green on claret, or black. The tassel should then be of gold only.

When braided, the cap must be neatly made up by lining with silk, and finished round the head with gold cord.

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## OCTOBER.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

Now brown October comes o'er hill and dale,  
The mists curl upward from the sheltered stream,  
Pipes through the chilly wood the rising gale,  
And all the plain glows with the sunset gleam.

The grapes, in clusters, hang upon the vine,  
The ruddy apples in the orchard glow,  
By every jocund sound and every sign,  
Bright Autumn—matron of the year—we know!

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Crystal Palace was opened in the evening, for the first time, on the second of September. No person, who can make it convenient, should omit to visit this exhibition. If, after going in the day time to study the articles on show, they will repair thither again at night, and see this fairy-like structure in all the brilliancy of an illumination, they will be reminded of Aladdin's Palace, as described in the Arabian Nights. The exhibition is, beyond all comparison, the best America has ever had. Our fair readers will be particularly delighted with the rich fabrics, the statues, the pictures, and the exquisite jeweler's work. The display is much more extensive now than it was earlier in the season; for at that time all the articles had not arrived. Though the Palace is not as large as the London one, nor even that erected since at Dublin, it is still an imposing edifice, and very much superior to anything ever used for the purpose in America before. Among the most striking of the statues are Powers' "Eve," and the famous "Amazon," by Kiss. But to enumerate even the best of the works of art would require more space than we can allow. Enough that the exhibition is a *gallery* of art.

COLORS STEEL FASHION PLATES.—We give, this month, another of our colored steel fashion plates. Match it anywhere, on this side of the Atlantic, if you can! Our rule is, when we undertake to do any thing, to do it so that "it can't be beat;" and hence, when we give colored fashion plates, they are from exquisitely engraved steel plates. Each of these plates costs as much to engrave and print as any other line engraving, and afterward we have to pay a large price for the coloring, which is done by hand. How many could a fair reader color a day? Let her try, when she will discover how expensive this process is, for the cost is in proportion to the difficulty. We have our reward, however, for this outlay, in the unanimous verdict of the public, that our fashion plates are immeasurably ahead of all competition. Says the Milton (Pa.) Democrat, "The fashion plates are vastly superior to those of any other Magazine published in America." The Macon Republican says:—"Peterson is always ahead of his contemporaries in fashion plates." The Mount Vernon (Ind.) Gazette, says:—"This is decidedly the *Ladies Magazine*, as it purports to be. It is always ahead of its contemporaries in giving the fashion plates."

THE SECRET FOUND OUT.—We are often asked how we can afford to furnish "Peterson" so cheaply. The Ballston (N. Y.) Journal has discovered the secret. That paper says:—"How such a splendid

work can be afforded for so little money, we cannot imagine, unless it be on the plan of 'large sales and small profits.'"

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Sketches of My Time.* By Sir Jonah Barrington. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—The author of this racy volume was an Irish cadet of ancient family, who began his career toward the last century, and died during the second quarter of the present one. He studied for the Irish bar, and rose rapidly to opulence. Mingling in the best society of his day, yet familiar also with the manners of the peasantry; spending his maturer years in Dublin, yet riding circuit in the wildest rural districts; cotemporary with Curran, Gratlan, Castlereagh, the Volunteer Association, the Irish rebellion, and the Union:—he brought to the task of writing these memories of his times, a rare combination of advantages, and such as he has availed himself of with even rarer skill. The volume is full of wit, graphic delineations of character, sparkling anecdote, and valuable historical reminiscences. A century hence it will be considered more valuable than a dozen histories of Ireland in 1790, because it will give a picture of the social state of the island, at that time, such as can be found nowhere else: indeed the work already is worth a dozen dull histories. A certain self-satisfied garrulity, proof that the volume was written in old age, is not the least pleasant, because one of the most characteristic, recommendations of the book. Mr. Redfield has published the work in excellent style, illustrating it with two of Darley's inimitable sketches.

*Collier's Pocket Shakespeare.* Vol. II. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—In addition to the imperial octavo edition of Shakespeare, as restored by Collier, which we notice in another place, Mr. Redfield has begun the publication of a 16 mo edition, in eight volumes, uniform with the celebrated Chiswick edition. The price of each volume, neatly bound in embossed cloth, is seventy-five cents; and the entire series will be finished in about two months. In many respects this edition is preferable to the octavo one. It will certainly be the most convenient for casual reading, as a volume may be carried in the pocket quite conveniently.

*The Text of Shakespeare Restored.* Nos. VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI and XII. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—This valuable edition of the great English dramatist rapidly approaches its conclusion. Lose no time in subscribing for it, if you have not done so already. The numbers are but twenty-five cents a piece.

*The Political and Military History of the Campaign of Waterloo.* Translated from the French of Gen. Baron de Jomini, by S. V. Benet, U. S. Ordnance. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—This is probably the best account of the Waterloo campaign extant. Everything connected with Napoleon has acquired new interest since the restoration of his dynasty. The translation is faithful, though not always elegant. Mr. Redfield has issued the volume in neat style, and accompanied by a map of the campaign, indispensable to all who would fully understand the operations of the armies.

*The Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Vol. VII. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This admirable edition of the works of Coleridge is brought to a conclusion in the present volume, which contains the political and dramatic compositions of "the old man eloquent." No library, which pretends to be even comprehensive, much less complete, should be without these volumes. The publishers have issued the whole series in a uniform style, with new type and excellent paper, and bound in cloth backs with red edges.

*The United States Illustrated.* Edited by Charles A. Dana. Nos. I and II. New York: Herrmann J. Meyer.—Under this title, Mr. Meyer has begun a quarto serial, each number containing four steel plates, illustrative of scenery in the United States. The two first numbers are devoted to the West. Each number is fifty cents. The letter-press is by C. A. Dana, a competent writer.

*Cranford.* By the author of "Mary Barton." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of "Mary Barton" and "Ruth" cannot write badly, even when, as now, she has almost nothing to write about. "Cranford" is a picture of life in a secluded country town; the sketch is graphic; and as interesting as an almost total want of plot can make it.

*Philip in Search of a Wife.* 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We have here a new edition of a popular fiction, the scene of which is laid in New England, and which abounds with graphic sketches of character. It is published in a cheap style.

*The Emigrant Squire.* By P. Hamilton Myers. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a new edition of a popular American novel, written by the author of "Bell Brandon," a celebrated two hundred dollar prize story.

*Meyer's Universum.* Vol. II. Parts II and III. New York: Herrmann J. Meyer.—This illustrated serial maintains its spirit. Twenty-five cents a number.

## USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*A Beef Steak Pudding.*—Make into a very firm, smooth paste, one pound of flour, six ounces of beef suet, finely chopped, half a tea-spoonful of salt, and half a pint of cold water. Line with this a basin holding a pint and a half. Season a pound of tender steak, free from bone and skin, with half an ounce

of salt, and half a tea-spoonful of pepper, well mixed together; lay it in the crust, pour in a quarter of a pint of water, roll out the cover, close the pudding carefully, and tie a floured cloth over. Boil it for three hours and a half. To make Ruth Pinch's pudding, a la Dickens, substitute six ounces of butter for the suet, and moisten the paste with the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, mixed with a little water; butter the basin very thickly before the crust is laid in, as it is to be turned out of it for table.

*Baked Ham.*—Unless when too salt from not being sufficiently soaked, a ham eats much better baked than boiled, and remains good longer. Lay it in plenty of cold water over night. The next day soak for an hour in warm water; wash it, trim off all rusty parts, and lay it with the rind downward in a coarse paste rolled to about an inch thick; moisten the edges, draw, pinch them together, and fold them over on the upper side of the ham, taking care so to close them that no gravy can escape. Send to a well-heated, but not fierce oven. A large ham requires five hours, a very small one three hours' baking. The crust and the skin must be removed while hot. A part of a ham may be well cooked in this way.

*To Preserve the Color in Drying Sea-Weeds.*—Dissolve in two-thirds of a small vial of turpentine, two or three small lumps of gum mastic. Dissolve by placing in a warm place. This solution must be carefully brushed over the sea-weed. To Preserve the Color in the Flowers of Dried Plants:—When they are flattened, and before their colors are injured, brush them over with a mixture composed of ten drops of vitriol to a table-spoonful of water. If the mixture be too strong the flowers will become red.

*Lemonated Kale.*—Finely powdered sugar sixteen pounds, tartaric acid four and a quarter pounds, sesquicarbonate of soda four pounds, all dried thoroughly by a gentle heat: mix, and add one ounce of essence of lemon; rub the powder through a sieve, in a very dry situation; put it in bottles, and cork immediately. It can, of course, be made in less quantity. A dessert spoonful, thrown into a glass of cold water, makes a cooling and effervescing beverage.

*To Boil Turnips.*—Young turnips when boiled in their skins and pared afterward, are said to be of better flavor and much less watery than when cooked in the usual way.

## FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. 1.—A WALKING DRESS OF GARNET COLORED SILK.—Skirt full and ornamented with nine rows of black velvet dots wrought in the silk, and placed on in groups of three. Cloak of dark blue velvet, slashed, and the slashes filled with puffings of blue satin. A quilling of satin around the slashes. The sleeves and deep collar are made to correspond with the bottom of the cloak. Bonnet of pink silk, with flowers and tails as a face trimming.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY, FOUR YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of gay plaid cashmere. Coat of the rough cloth which has been worn so much for the past year, cut in the loose saque style; sleeves partially loose, with deep turned-up cuffs. Small black beaver hat, with a heron's plume. Drab colored gaiters, and pantalets trimmed with English embroidery.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF STRIPED SILK.—Cloak of purple velvet, trimmed with two rows of gathered ribbon, and a row of deep fringe around the bottom. A loose, full hood, lined with white satin, and tied with long ends and bows. Bonnet of purple, trimmed with black velvet, and narrow black lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The most fashionable dresses just now are *robes nacrées*, mother-of-pearl dresses, made of silk and wool, admirably combined, which give to that dress the varying colors which justify its name. These dresses are made with three flounces, and each flounce is arranged differently. The sleeves do not come down lower than the elbows; they are very large, and are trimmed at the elbow with large flounce, flatly sewed on.

A very important question (the *Eastern question* of the fashionable world) is now under discussion; the point in dispute is the propriety of abandoning the *disposition* patterns for large squares shaded on taffeta. These squares are of a color varying in shade on a plain ground. For instance: on a white ground blue squares have four or five turns of a different shade. With these dresses, no flounces will be worn. The body, front of skirt, and sleeves are ornamented with plaits and bows of ribbon to match the silk. Some of the patterns are very large, the color fawn, pink, and white; others again are white and green chequered, the squares being formed of three shades of green. For later autumn and winter wear the colors are much darker. These plaids or chequers seem to have superseded the brocades, worn for so many seasons.

The make of dresses varies but little. They have either jacket corsages with basques at the waist; or corsages with full fronts gracefully gathered in fulness on the shoulders and in front of the waist. These full corsages are particularly becoming for ladies of slender figure; whilst those of more full form may in preference adopt the close tight corsage. An attempt has been made to revive the fashion of corsages having the fulness crossed *en cœur* in front; but they have not succeeded. Some of the tight corsages have been slashed, and the openings filled up with bouillonnes of tarletane, or any other thin material of which the dress may be composed. But this novelty is suited only to a slender figure. It increases the size of a full figure, and has a tendency to make the waist appear short.

A NOVELTY in evening negligé dress, which has just made its appearance, is worthy of notice. It consists of a corsage of black silk, and worn with skirt, or jupe of a different material. By this means one corsage may adapt itself to several jupes. The

lace corsage is usually made with deep basques, which are lined with silk and slashed, the openings of the slashes being filled up by lace embroidered with black velvet. The silk corsage is low, but the lace one which covers it may be made to any height required. The front of the lace corsage is open, and the opening is filled up by embroidery in black velvet and frills of black lace. The sleeves are trimmed with frills of lace one above the other, and separated by rows of spots in black velvet.

For young ladies, a charming style of dress, even during the autumn, consists of a plaid skirt, with a white muslin body, mounting high up to the throat, and crossed behind by two braces of the same material as the dress, descending in front to the waist, where they terminate with a bow, and two short ends. These braces are worn quite wide, are invariably edged with a narrow black lace, and are a most becoming finish to the hitherto somewhat crude effect of the plain white body with the colored skirt. *Caracos* or jackets of *pique* still maintain their vogue. They are still made perfectly tight to the figure, and rigorously closed to the chin. They are edged with a stiff English embroidery, without fulness, but open at the hips to give ease to the figure. The only novelty in these *caracos* lies in the wonderful variety of the buttons with which they are ornamented.

THE greatest novelty in dress is in the sleeves. The latest, and it is likely to prove most fashionable style, is called the *Sicilienne*. These sleeves are very wide, and separated into three puffs. The first is drawn in the middle of the upper arm, the second descends just below the elbow, and the third, which finishes the sleeve, terminates about the middle of the lower arm. To the end of the sleeve is attached a deep fall of lace in the pagoda style, if the material is thin, or with a ruffle, if of heavier manufacture. A lace under-sleeve is also worn. The *Anne of Austria* sleeve is also somewhat worn, but as it is composed partially of white silk, it is not so general. We give a description of it, however. This sleeve is composed of a long under-sleeve of white silk, cut the straight way of the stuff, tight at top, larger in the middle of the arm, and tight again at the wrist; then, of an outer sleeve like the dress, also cut the straight way of the stuff, half wide and reaching only to the elbow, and open from the arm-hole. It is bordered all round by a plaited ribbon; two large bows of ribbon fasten the sleeve at the middle and end, and leave an opening through which the white sleeve is seen. The cuffs are made of guipure lace with large vandykes, and stand away at the top, according to the fulness of the white sleeve, which bears against the vandykes.

BONNETS present the only novelty of being rather more closed round the face; this, however, depends much more upon the taste of the wearer than that of the milliner. Some few are quite close to the face, shading the lower part of the countenance, while the eyes and forehead are completely exposed to view.





*Linan & Sons*

THE OPERA BOX.









FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.



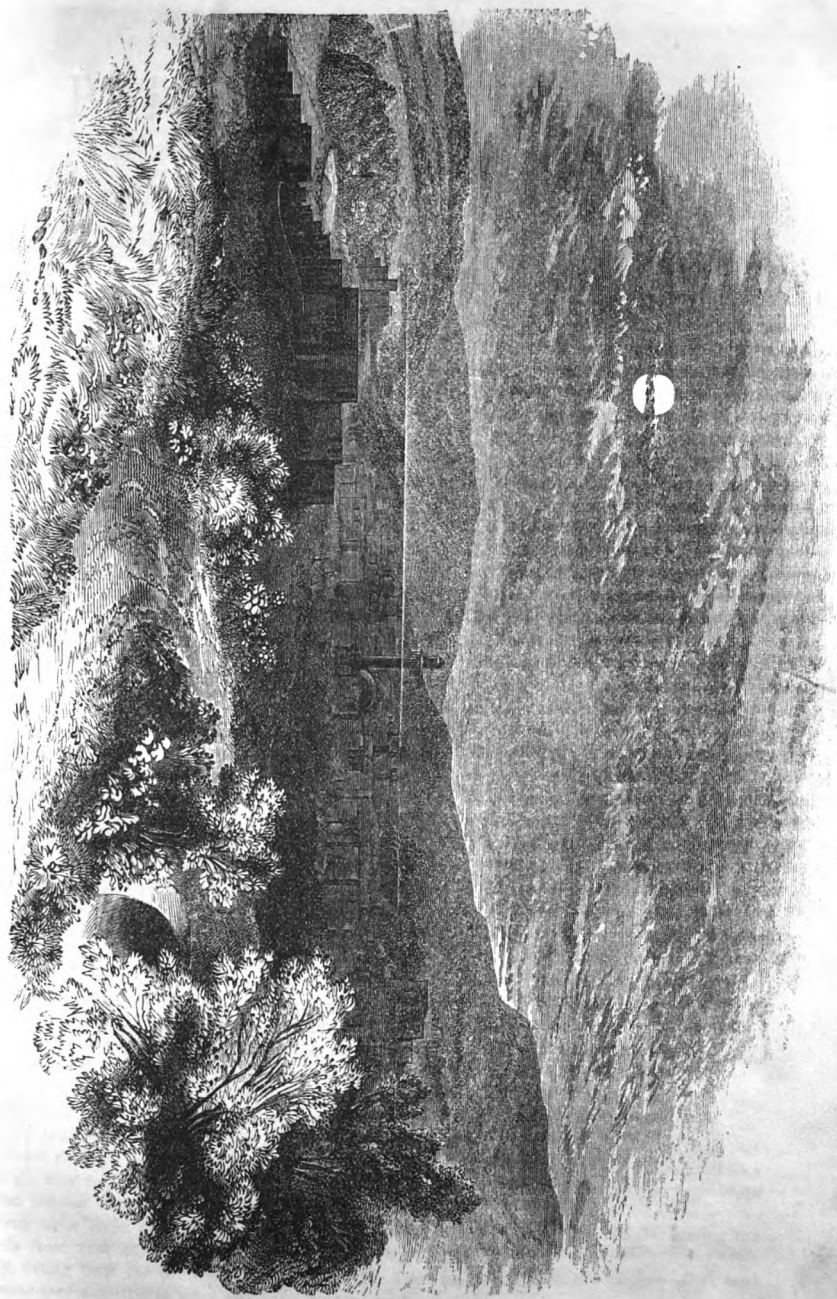


**FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.**





THE CITY OF NAZARETH.





# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1853.

No. 5.

## THE OLD MAID AND HER PETS.

BY MRS. COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

AUNT MARIA lived in an old-fashioned house in the country, where nobody ever visited her except her neighbors, who generally came on business—that is to say, they came to obtain from her, advice both for bodily and mental ailments. She was quite a physician in her way, and certainly her remedies were very efficacious. Besides, she was reputed a sybil—a true propheteess—for her predictions seldom proved false—and many a love-lorn swain and sighing lassie bent their footsteps at early morn or late at eve, to Aunt Maria's lonely dwelling.

Now, she was as kind-hearted and good an old maid as any one ever knew. All her neighbors loved her sincerely, and in return for her many kind offices, did all in their power to render her life easy and comfortable.

Her chief happiness, and I may say delight, was in her *pets*, which I shall enumerate: three cats, two Maltese kittens, one parrot, one monkey, two canaries, six rabbits, two squirrels, one poodle, one Guinea pig, a white rat, and a great black Newfoundland. That is all I remember—there might have been more—but these will do to illustrate my story.

Well, something new happens everywhere every day—and it so happened that a stranger came to dwell in the little village I am telling you of; and in truth, he was the *strangest* stranger that ever was seen by the good people of that place. He was a tall, thin, middle-aged man, had a hump on his back, and was blind of one eye—and of all the countenances *you* ever saw, his had the queerest, most grotesque expression.

Well, dear reader, this strange stranger, who called himself John Strange, settled down very quietly in a little dwelling, about a hundred yards from that of Aunt Maria. This good lady, dating from the arrival of said stranger, became very unsettled in mind and body, people

wondered what made her look and act so strange as she continually did—but although *they* wondered, *she* wondered a great deal more.

One night, just after sunset, in the month of November, Aunt Maria was alone in her pleasant sitting-room. No, not exactly *alone*—for all her pets surrounded her—the parrot, the canaries, and the squirrels in their respective cages, the white rat and the Guinea pig sleeping quietly together in a little box upon a shelf, the monkey playing with the rabbits in a corner, the poodle sitting in his mistress' lap, the cats and kittens snoozing together on the hearth-rug, and the great Newfoundland squatting before the fire, his red tongue lolling out with the heat, and looking very sagaciously in Aunt Maria's face. Indeed, it would have made an interesting picture—this “happy family”—even Barnum might have envied, had he looked on.

There was silence in the room, until some one gently tapped at the door. Aunt Maria started, but said, “come in!”

A modest, smiling, country lassie then glided to the side of the sybil, as the villagers called her, and, dropping upon her knees, said in a fairy voice, “tell my fortune, please.”

The good woman laid her hand caressingly on her young head. “Yes, Phebe.”

“Oh, ho!” screamed the parrot, winking one eye, “*I'll* tell your fortune.”

“Hush, Poll! Your hand, Phebe. Ah! you have quarreled with your lover—jealousy—ah! have a care—what's this? Phebe! you are wrong—make up with him and yours shall be a happy lot. That's all I can tell you *now*—leave me!”

“Go away!” cried Poll. Phebe, kissing the sybil's hand, departed.

Tap! tap! on the window shutter—tap! tap! tap!



"Bow wow! bow wow, wow, wow!" barked the big dog.

"G-r-r-r! snap! snap! snap!" said the poodle.

"Silence! Bepps! be still! Cupid!"

Tap! tap! rap! rap! on the door.

"Spirit rappers!" screamed Poll.

"Come—in," said Aunt Maria, hesitatingly.

The door opened, and, strange to relate, the stranger, John Strange, stood before her.

The dogs growled and barked—the cats and kittens puffed out their tails and *humped* up their backs as if in derision—the rabbits hid themselves under a corner of the carpet—the squirrels stopped whirling their wheels and flew into their little house—the monkey grinned and chattered—but the canaries slept on their perches, and the white rat and Guinea pig were oblivious. The parrot alone weloomed the intruder with, "stop thief! I'll have you hanged!"

"SILENCE!" roared the stranger, stamping his foot. In a moment the room was as still as the noiseless desert. Every creature was dumb and motionless, not even excepting the sybil herself.

"Woman!" said John Strange, taking hold of a chair.

"Well," was her reply.

"Do you know my destiny? Do you know *your own* destiny?"

"I may tell yours—but mine is unknown to me."

He smiled a ghastly smile. "Tell mine—and I will impart yours."

The sybil started. "How?"

"Go on!" he impatiently exclaimed, stamping on the floor with so much force as to frighten the good lady's pets half out of their senses.

Aunt Maria, with great repugnance, took the strange man's hand and looked upon it. She became disturbed, and almost trembled.

"Well," said the man, his harsh features strangely softening, "what are your discoveries?"

The sybil, with a pale cheek, replied—"you are not what you seem. You are neither blind nor deformed. Your name is not Strange," she faltered.

"Go on—go on!"

"Years ago—you *loved* a young girl somewhat older than yourself—you were to marry her—but poverty prevented it. You went to foreign lands, and returned rich and in disguise——"

"Yes, yes, I did. Go on!"

The sybil had fallen back on her chair trembling and pale.

"Maria! let me tell *your* fortune!" and he knelt at her feet and took her hand.

"I returned in disguise to know whether my early love had remained true to me—*she had!* and I have returned to marry you!"

With a sudden movement, he threw off his coat, cast away the roll of cotton that formed "the hump," and then jerking the patch from his eye, stood before Aunt Maria a tolerably good-looking man of thirty-three. With a scream of delight, she flung her arms around him, exclaiming—"Joseph Truman! why did I not know you? And will you—will you marry an old woman like me?"

"Thirty-seven is not old, dear Maria—and time has not robbed you of your comeliness yet. Your heart is *young* still—is it not, my friend?"

"It is, Joseph, it is!" and her eyes beamed fondly upon him as he pressed a kiss upon her yet unfaded cheek.

It was not a tableau of youth and beauty—but it was one of truth and happiness, constancy and love.

Aunt Maria's pets were all asleep—the room was still and calm, and pleasantly lighted by the glowing embers—and as the reunited lovers sat there hand-in-hand silently looking into each others eyes, they felt that this holy, happy hour was the reward of years of constancy.

## A NOVEMBER EVENING.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

—The winds are howling round the wood,  
Like wolves in search of prey.  
They snap and tear at twig and leaf,  
And wheeling troop away.

—The tawny waters down the hills  
Like angry lions pour.  
That leaping, lash themselves to foam,  
And answer roar for roar.

—The eve shuts in, the driving sleet  
Is rattling through the gloom,  
Like bony armies in the air,  
Death emptied from the tomb.

—All through the night, around the house,  
Children with sobbing breath,  
And mothers with their dead, young babes,  
Go wailing, "Death, oh! Death."

## THE INTIMATE FRIEND.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

WHEN little Kate Fernley first came home from boarding-school, her "education finished," she was the prettiest, brightest fairy that ever glanced like golden sunlight before an admiring lover's eyes. So, at least, thought Harry Broadwood, a young gentleman of independent fortune, who lived in her neighborhood; and who, being very young and enthusiastic, fell instantly, deeply and irretrievably in love with her.

Kate was small—considerably under middle size; but her figure was graceful and airy, as a spire of grass swaying in the wind—her hair was black, and waved naturally round a brow of purest white, beneath which, eyes of clear, heavenly blue gleamed tenderly, and merrily, by turns; a bright rose color dyed her rounded cheeks; a neck graceful and white as that of the beautiful Helen, and hands and arms of exquisite symmetry—such were some of Katy's external charms; add to these manners careless, graceful, and tender as those of a child, and you may, perhaps, imperfectly picture to yourself a being so very lovely.

Young Broadwood was completely bewitched by her; he found all the time not spent in her society intolerably dull, and by some pretence or other, managed to be almost constantly with her. Of course, this being the case, he could not be long in discovering that Kate was absorbed by one idea—one sentiment—that of the most romantic, and devoted attachment to her "intimate friend," Leonora Stanley. Did he praise a song, "oh, dear Leonora sings that so well;" did he admire a drawing—how glad she would be if he could only be favored with a glance at Leonora's drawings. Did he point out a fine view—Kate did so wish Leonora were there to enjoy it—as though Leonora, alone, of all the world, were capable of doing so. Worse still—whether her baffled admirer attempted to read, talk, sing, or amuse his little tormentor in any way, most ill-timed comparisons would continually steal unawares into her unschooled, and unguarded speech, such as—"that is a very charming story you have just been reading, Mr. Broadwood; but my dear Leonora has quite spoiled me for any reading but her own—she does read so splendidly—quite a different thing from reading as one commonly hears it"—and carried away by

enthusiasm for her friend, she would be entirely unconscious of the very unpleasant conclusions forced upon her companion, and his mortification would pass unobserved. Young Broadwood began to grind his teeth with vexation whenever he heard Leonora's name mentioned.

Of course such dear friends as Kate and Leonora were also close correspondents. Never since the world was made was there such indefatigable letter-writing—such passing and re-passing of lengthy epistles.

One afternoon young Broadwood called on his pretty neighbor to ask her to walk with him—"I would with the greatest pleasure," she replied, "but there is a letter to Leonora which I *must* write—"

"Nonsense," cried Broadwood, losing his patience, "you wrote to her yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that—you *can* have nothing more to write about."

"That is all you know about it," returned Kate, quite nettled; "pray don't wait for me, Mr. Broadwood, if you are disposed for walking. It will take me all the afternoon to write my letter, for it must be a full one, as my last two were very short." She smiled half in malice, half kindly, and tripped up stairs.

Young Broadwood, anxious above all things to convince Kate, (he could not deceive himself) that he could greatly enjoy a walk without her, sallied forth, whistling a lively air to conceal his vexation.

As he was crossing the lawn before the house, a sweet, rich voice called to him from the window—"Mr. Broadwood!—Mr. Broadwood!" He looked back—Kate, with her pen in her hand, was standing at her window, and bending forward to speak to him. Her attitude was strikingly graceful, and her lovely face was full of animation.

"She's angelic, by Jove," muttered Broadwood, who suddenly conceived the hope that she had relented, and would accede to his request; a few bounds brought him beneath the window.

"Might I trouble you, Mr. Broadwood," said Kate, smiling pleasantly, "as you are *going* to walk, to direct your steps to the village post-office, and see if there is a letter for me from Leonora?"

Broadwood turned hastily aside that he might not betray the irritation this ill-timed request excited, and the words—"I be hanged if I do," were ready to burst from his lips, when Kate shyly added—

"I shall not flatter you by intimating that my request is perhaps a *ruse* to ensure myself the pleasure of seeing you soon again—but if you *choose* so to construe it, you may."

His good-humor completely restored, Broadwood departed, and ere long returned with the expected letter. Kate, who had come bounding to meet him, took it with heightened color, and sparkling eyes, and her young admirer sighed as he asked himself what he would not give to know that a letter from him, would be received with equal rapture.

The missive in question conveyed the transporting intelligence that the beloved Leonora was actually coming, on the day after the morrow, to make the delighted Kate a visit. Never was any creature more overjoyed than Katy at this sudden stroke of good fortune; her whole face and figure were radiant with pleasure. Secretly annoyed, young Broadwood ere long took his leave, having first acceded to Kate's urgent request, that he should be present to meet her friend on her arrival.

On the important day Broadwood was at his post. He sat on the hall sofa pretending to read, but really employed in watching Katy's lithe figure, as she flitted restlessly about from place to place—putting flowers here, and books there, and looking from windows, and arranging music, and trying if the piano were in tune, and now and then running up stairs *once* more, "to see if dear Leonora's room was all quite right," till her jealous young lover was half wild for thinking what he should do to inspire such devotion for himself, as he now saw bestowed on Kate's "intimate friend."

The sound of carriage wheels was heard; Kate paused a moment in an attitude of anxious expectation—then her white robes fluttered along the hall, and almost ere the new-comer had time to alight, Kate's arms were flung around her, and the two friends looked each other in a close embrace. An interminable kiss followed; and then, without releasing her friend, Kate dragged her into the house and seated her on a parlor sofa, kissing and embracing her meanwhile, till young Broadwood, beginning to feel positively uncomfortable, was about to leave the room, when Kate fortunately recovered her presence of mind sufficiently to prevent him.

Miss Stanley was a tall, fine-looking girl—not pretty, but graceful and pleasing, with a face

expressive of more good sense than Broadwood was inclined to think her conduct would warrant. He was prejudiced against her, nor did his dislike decrease on finding himself become quite a nonentity to Katy. He had thought her indifferent enough to him before Leonora's arrival, heaven knows; but now he was utterly extinguished. Vain all his efforts to be agreeable—he found himself absolutely *nobody*, whenever the favored "intimate friend" was by.

Piqued and almost despairing, he changed his line of conduct. His attempts to win Katy's attention entirely ceased. He looked often and earnestly at Miss Stanley, and he took occasion to ask Kate "why she had never told him how very charming her friend was?"

"Never told you so?" cried Kate, surprised, "why I told you so a hundred times—till upon my word, Mr. Broadwood, I began to think you were tired of hearing it."

"But you never told me how extremely beautiful she was."

"Because," said Kate, hesitating, "I can't exactly say that I *do* think that Leonora is so very, very beautiful—though she is very lovely—something better than pretty."

"Not pretty? Oh, Miss Kate!" returned Broadwood, "how can you say so? She is positively beautiful."

Kate was silent.

An evening or two after this conversation, Miss Stanley was seated at the piano, singing, when young Broadwood whispered Kate—

"Never heard such a voice in my life! superb! what taste!—what feeling! I never heard any singing that pleased me so well."

Kate's face flushed, but she replied, quickly and warmly,

"I knew you would like Leonora's singing. Do pray, dear Leonora, give us something more."

Miss Stanley favored them with several more songs, and Broadwood's enthusiasm kept pace with her efforts. After a time she insisted on resigning her place at the instrument to Kate, who tremblingly did her best. Broadwood remained cold and silent, and with secret joy perceived a little pout on Kate's sweet lips as she left the piano. He saw that he had gained an advantage, and followed it up. He found whatever Leonora did perfect, and did not fail to make his opinions known to Katy.

The next day, when Leonora went to the piano, young Broadwood took a seat beside her, expressing now and then the extreme delight her performance afforded him. Suddenly she glanced up at him, and said, smiling,

"I understand—I will help you."

"Thank you—thank you," Broadwood returned, warmly, and their compact was sealed.

Broadwood's adjutant was a most efficient one, and rendered him invaluable aid, not only by sounding his praises to Katy, but by affecting to accept and return his attentions. It was curious, and charming too, to see how jealous little Katy was become. How entirely she ceased to sound her friend's praises to Mr. Broadwood; and yet she was a good little thing, and tried hard to overcome feelings she thought unworthy. Broadwood had never loved her so well.

One charming afternoon the young ladies, with Broadwood, set out for a ride. Now Kate rode extremely well, while Miss Stanley was but an indifferent horsewoman, yet as the latter cantered on a little in advance, Broadwood exclaimed,

"Look, Miss Kate—did you ever see such riding? magnificent, by Jove! why your friend is another Di Vernon."

Kate glanced at him to see if he were in earnest, and deceived by the gravity of his face, she pouted and turned away her head, without saying a word.

"The finest riding I ever saw," Broadwood continued, maliciously—"don't you agree with me?"

Forced to reply, Kate turned her face still further from him, and answered petulantly,

"I can ride better myself."

"You?" cried Broadwood, with rather an impolite intonation of astonishment.

"Yes," responded Kate, now quite roused, and turning her eyes full upon him, "I can ride as well as Leonora, and sing as well too—and," she continued, her voice suddenly changing, "I used to think you liked my singing, and—and every thing else I did, until Leonora came—but now," her voice faltered, and her long lashes hung heavy with tears, which she struggled angrily to repress, but finding it in vain, she turned sharply to her companion, saying,

"Oh, you needn't look so pleased, Mr. Broadwood, I'm not crying for what you think I am."

Ere Mr. Broadwood had time to reply to this strange assertion, Leonora rejoined them, and the words he longed to utter, and which would have set poor little Katy's proud, fluttering heart at rest, remained unspoken.

When, after their return home, Katy came down in the parlor, after changing her habit, she found Leonora and Mr. Broadwood seated in a window corner engaged in a close conversation, and one evidently of the deepest interest; her ear caught a word or two, and growing very pale, she turned as if involuntarily to leave the room.

Broadwood looking up at the moment was struck by the alteration in her appearance, which he had not before observed. She seemed thinner, taller, and much sadder than he had ever seen her; her beautiful blue eyes were heavy with languor; her face was very pale, and about her mouth hung a certain expression which seemed to tell of secret, lonely weepings. Broadwood's heart smote him; the poor child had been really suffering, and he had been treating her with such cruel levity. He rose to prevent her leaving the room, and begged her to come with him into the garden to see a very beautiful rose which he wanted to show her. Kate assented passively, and accompanied him in silence along the winding garden path, till at last when they had almost reached the boundaries of the garden, Kate asked her absent companion in some surprise, "where his rose was?"

Mr. Broadwood paused, and, taking her hand, looked earnestly into her face—"Katy! Katy!"

Kate turned her head aside one moment, and then calmly asked,

"Well?"

"There is something I wish to talk with you about, Kate——"

"I can guess what it is," said Kate, in a low, hurried voice—"about what you have just been saying to Leonora—I overheard—a few words."

"Yes, Kate, I was telling her of my love—my hopes, and she has encouraged me to think I have not loved in vain——"

"Yes, yes," gasped Kate—"I understand—you need not tell me any more," she made an attempt to fly back to the house, but Broadwood detained her.

"Don't—don't hold me now," cried the agitated girl—"another time I will congratulate you."

"Congratulate? Kate, darling, what do you mean? You do not—you cannot fancy I love any one but yourself—surely you have not been seriously deceived by the part I have been acting—surely you must have felt that I was yours, heart and soul, all the while—Kate, love—speak to me," he continued, for Kate's form hung almost lifeless on his arm, her sweet head sinking on her bosom, as though a sudden faintness overpowered her, yet a smile of heavenly joy played round her pale lips.

Broadwood drew her tenderly to him, begging her to look up, and give him but one word—but when Kate recovered herself it was to draw back, saying in a faint, faltering voice,

"I thought you loved Leonora."

"By heaven, no, Kate, never," replied Broadwood, energetically—but Kate was not satisfied.

"Surely she has cause to think so—surely she loves you. She is my friend—my dear friend," continued Kate, recovering all her spirit, "I will never break her heart—better—yes, better my own," she added, with a dignity which rose above disguise.

"But my own, best love, Leonora does not care a pin for me," cried young Broadwood, much touched; "trust me, dear Kate, Leonora will convince you of that. The fact is, I was afraid without some manoeuvre I should never win you; and we two have been in a league against you—I can't exactly explain it—but Miss Leonora will tell you about it, and make it all right."

"Yes, that she will," said a cheerful voice near them, and turning they saw Leonora ap-

proaching, accompanied by a tall, fine-looking man, on whose arm she was leaning—"and as the first step thereto," she continued, blushing, "let me introduce to you, Kate, my friend, Mr. —, who has somewhat unexpectedly favored me with a visit."

While young Broadwood was shaking hands with the new-comer, he overheard Leonora slyly whisper to Kate—

"Shall I be your bride's-maid, Katy dear? or will you be mine? or shall we be married on the same day?"

Kate blushing, bewildered, and happy, threw her arms round Leonora's neck, and a fervent kiss marked the renewal of their *friendship*, but not their *intimacy*.

## AUTUMN.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The leaves are falling on the ground,  
The vale is damp and chill;  
The wheat is gathered to the store,  
Which waved upon the hill:  
The Summer birds have taken wing,  
The sky looks wan and grey;  
And from the coppice calls the crow  
Through all the gloomy day.

The joyous bee is heard no more  
Amid the faded bowers;  
Low lying in their silent graves  
Are all the gentle flowers:

The azure fount is choked and dumb,  
And 'neath the rivulet  
The water-blooms have left the stalks  
On which they late were set.

The fall of leaves, and wane of flowers,  
Make sad a lonely heart;  
They, like the loveliest of our race,  
From this world soon depart:  
But as the dark is changed to light  
When morning's dawn-beams pour,  
So death's long night shall turn to day  
When Time itself is o'er.

## FAITH'S VIGIL.\*

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Oh, mother, ask me now no more  
Why night by night I stray  
To where the darkling waters bore  
My brother dear away—  
I know that, free from guilt and pain,  
He sleeps beneath the river;  
But we shall see him once again,  
More beautiful than ever.  
I know the spirits pure and mild,

That peer with angel faces,  
To lure away the little child  
To hollier, happier places—  
And these my brother dear have taken,  
Adown the darkling river;  
But we shall see him once again,  
More beautiful than ever.

We shall not see him as of old,  
A weakling human creature,  
But gifted with a crown of gold—  
A high, angelic nature!  
Then say not that my watch is vain,  
Beside the darkling river,  
For we shall see him yet again,  
More beautiful than ever.

\* It is said that the spirits who haunt lakes and streams very frequently entice children away with them, and bring them back after a lapse of years—not as they were when stolen, but always more beautiful, and with rich and valuable gifts. The above song was suggested by this legend.

## THE LITTLE STEP-DAUGHTER.

BY A. T. KRYDER.

"THERE, take that for your pains, and mind better the next time," angrily exclaimed Allie's step-mother, as she came up to the trembling girl, and gave her a blow on the ear when she found the coffee, that the little girl had been told to brown, had a shade too dark a color; "take that," repeating the blow; "and the next time you'll hear of the broomstick." Allie passed out at the kitchen door, and crept around to the sunny side of the barn; and, sinking on the ground, burst into a flood of tears and wept; long and bitterly she wept!

It was early March; the wind whistled cheerlessly by; heavy and sombre clouds, seemingly laden brimful of rain, and sleet, and snow, flitted frequently across the sun's broad disc; while the booming river, swollen with melted snow and drifting ice, spoke a language that sounded despairingly to the desolate soul of the more than orphan child.

The little girl's clothing, torn and tattered, corresponded illly with the severity of the weather. An old woollen dress, reaching but little below the knees, patched and repatched, with sleeves made of new and uncouth material; shoes that were full of holes; and a faded pink bonnet, that her mother—sainted being! of whom she had no remembrance, save those of love and kindness—had made for her long years before, constituted her sole outer clothing.

She wept! Alas! why should she not weep? What else could she do? As one by one the silken folds of memory began to unwrap, and bright, brief, blessed visions of her early childhood home, of her mother's love, and a sister's care and tenderness came careering as on angels wings before her mind's eye; what else could her young heart do? what other relief had it? it the heart that should be warmed by a mother's love, and cherished by a mother's counsel; it that meets with nothing but scorn, and contumely, and blows—shut out from the common meed of sympathy and love—all that makes life glorious?

The cold, merciless winds swept around her, and fearful shudderings came over her, as the trickling tears froze fast to the thin sleeves of her dress.

She is aroused by her step-mother's voice, calling, "Allie, Allie, my dear, come in quickly,"

recognizing at once in that tone of mocking kindness that there are visitors within. Mechanically rising she obeys the summons, and enters the house. She who arrogates to herself a mother's place, in her falseness of heart and obsequiousness of tongue, encumbers her auditors with twenty excuses for the girl's flight, and continues as if in astonishment, "why, dear me, Allie, you been down to the river playing in the water; only see how wet your sleeve is. You should be very careful, and remember, as I've told you, to keep out of the water, you might catch your death of cold," and she paused out of breath.

"And besides, my little dear," chimed in a dignified lady in black, with gold spectacles, "its dangerous about falling in."

"Certainly, my dear, you should remember," says her father, for an instant looking up from the book he was intently perusing, but in the earnestness of his abstraction he forgot to finish the sentence so happily begun. Though there may have been another cause, for it was always so of late—while "certainly" was echoed and re-echoed from mouth to mouth around the room.

Naturally timid, no wonder Allie shrunk into a corner overwhelmed with reproof. This afforded her step-mother another opportunity, which she was not slow in improving, for another threatening and reproof, and which ended with a command "to waken Willie. I'm so afraid the dear little angel will oversleep himself; besides I don't think so much sleep is good for children, do you, Mrs. Moncroft?"

"Oh, no," immediately replies that lady, and again another echo runs around the room.

And what with attending to Willie and bringing wood and water, and doing a score more things at once, tea-time brought a misfortune worse than all to the weary girl. This was a request from the stately and dignified lady in black, with the gold spectacles, for the little girl to bring her work-bag from off the window. She obeyed, taking Willie along, who, making a grab, snatches it from her, and flinging his arm around with such violence that the snuff-box flies out on the floor, scattering the contents far and wide.

And though Allie's heart seems ready to break, yet it but furnishes occasion for another boxing, with a warning to be more careful in future.

And throughout that long evening—and doubly long did it seem to the sick girl, for the fierce fever flashes were already wasting her strength—it was nought but toil, toil; tramp, tramp, to the weary one, sick in body and sorrowing of soul. *Pining for what?* Not for gaudy finery, not alone for a lost mother, but for that love and sympathy that should flow from soul to soul, as free and shoreless as the waves of mid-ocean?

Not until the visitors were gone was Allie allowed any supper, but she loathed the sight, and said she felt unwell.

"So you're sick, you hussy you, after playing in the water all the afternoon. I guess you may go to bed, its no use sending for a doctor, I never heard of them doing children any good."

Allie crept up into the garret on her pallet of straw, and was soon looked in the embraces of the friend of those who sorrow without crime. But her sleep was broken by fitful startings, and once she awoke murmuring, "mother! dear mother!"

"The husband's tears may be few and brief,  
He may woo and win another,  
But the daughter clings, with undying grief,  
To the image of her mother!"

And though others may forget; and suns rise and set in beauty; and moons silver leaf and tree, cloud and fountain, earth and ocean with a glorious sheen; and though scenes of pleasure may charm all other's grief away; yet nothing shall banish that mother's image from her daughter's heart, the last look of love, the last tone of that hallowed voice, now mingling with the angels far away.

With the morning light Allie, as usual, was first summoned to make the fire and sweep the room, though scarcely able to support herself on her tottering limbs. But no matter for that. It did not concern the heartless step-mother in

the least. No, not her! What were the sick child's complainings to her? Nothing. Though a pious and sanctimonious woman, an alms giver, and deeply interested in the conversion of the heathen:—yet the idea that her own step-child had any right to complain, though steeped in the veriest depths of misery and wretchedness, want and woe, pain and sickness, never once entered her thoughts.

Before the sunset shadows fell athwart the plain, the little girl was prostrated on a sick bed never to rise again. Throughout all that long night of pain, Allie lay moaning and in great misery.

But no loving eye kept watch around that lonely couch; no gentle hand ministered to her wants; no soft voice spoke words of soothing, of comfort to the stricken one; and why? Young and confiding, what great crime had she committed, that thus alone this gentle and loving creature, a being whose affection, had it been requited, would have flown in a blissful channel down the middle stream of time—that thus alone and unattended she should die? She had no mother! Oh, frightful crime! She was an orphan in a world that knows no higher guilt than that of being poor!

Yet there shall come a day when we shall learn, with marvel and awe, that some of heaven's chiefest martyrs and saints were not holier than they.

Toward morning she sank into a lethargic slumber never to waken more. The sunlight came, and with it the usual "Allie, get up," but the avenues of hearing were forever locked up; and the sunbeams fell upon an eye of beauty that was forever closed—in death!

She, though on earth weak, who

"——bathing there in streams of Heavenly light,  
Found strength to gaze upon the infinite."

## THE MAN OF SORROW.

BY S. HERBERT LANCEY.

I AM not old, though my hair is grey,  
Though my footsteps falter this weary way,  
I still am young in the years of life,  
But I'm old, I'm old in care and strife.

I'm young, though I stoop like an aged man,  
Though my eye is dim, and my features wan,  
'Tis the weight of the sins and sorrows I bear,  
That have made me an aged man of care.

The paths of the wicked are hard to tread,  
They dim the eye, and they silver the head;  
They bow the form once erect and proud,  
And enfeeble the step when the form is bowed.

Oh! why did I turn, in my youthful years,  
From a mother's voice—from a mother's tears,  
And seek the haunts of vice and crime  
That have made me old ere life's harvest time?

# THE OPERA BOX.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

## I.

"STUART! what a magnificent piece of woodland this is! Indeed it is a magnificent country you have altogether! If there was much probability of my remaining the poor devil I am, on five hundred pounds a year, instead of being the next heir of my old bachelor cousin, who loves me about as well as rich old bachelors generally love their next heirs, where there is a title and splendid fortune, I think I should be tempted to patronize republicanism, and become one of the 'sovereigns' of America. But Dunraven Castle and an earldom is too great a temptation—I don't think I can give them up," and Arthur Delange, as he finished speaking, energetically cut off a cluster of oak leaves with the small switch which he carried in his hand.

The two young men sauntered slowly along the grass-grown road which wound its way beneath the arching boughs of the fine old trees, gleams of golden sunlight breaking through the branches here and there, whilst birds sung above them, and squirrels and rabbits fearlessly crossed their path, glancing askance at them with their bright black eyes; and the perfume of the sweet fern and hickory leaves came pleasantly on the morning air.

"Come, curmudgeon! hurry yourself, those birds have to be cooked for our meal yet," said Delange, to an urchin of ten years, who was following them with a bag of game.

"My name ain't curmudgeon, it's Johnny Watson," replied the boy, sullenly, not quickening his pace a whit.

"Take care how you insult 'one of the sovereigns' at large," said Harry Stuart, laughingly; "but who in the name of Venus is this?"

At this moment, emerging from one of the many green alleys which threaded the woods, appeared a lady on horseback, rapidly approaching them. A long, white plume floated over her shoulder, whilst the motion of rider, horse and eather seemed to be one, so graceful and even as it, as she steadily rose and fell in the saddle, whilst with arched neck, glistening eye, and extended feet the horse passed on in a long, even trot.

"She trots splendidly *a la jockey*, by all that's real, and would beat a 'bold dragoon' in the

saddle," said Delange, enthusiastically, as the gentlemen stepped on one side, and stood with heads uncovered till the rider had passed. "Whew! our future President knows her, that's fortunate," continued he, as he saw her halt for a moment by the boy, then pass on again at the same pace as before.

"Pray, Mr. Johnny Watson, can you tell us that lady's name?" said Delange, to the lad who had now approached them.

The child gave a quick, shrewd glance at the speaker, and detecting in his face some anxiety to have his question favorably answered, replied, "I don't exactly know it."

"But I thought she spoke to you," said Stuart.

"Yes, sir, she comes to see my mother sometimes, sir," answered Johnny, more courteously to Harry, for he had taken a dislike to "the furrin man, with hair, that was always a poking fun at him," as he termed Delange.

"Well, Johnny, do you know her father's name?" again queried Harry.

"Yes, sir, he is Squire Rivers, up in that big house on the hill. He's proper rich."

"Why, you young scamp, I thought you said you didn't know her name," said Delange.

"Neither I didn't know it exactly—it's Miss Emma, or Miss Ellen, or Miss Edith, or some such high flown name," replied the boy, doggedly.

"Well, Johnny, you'll do! What a diplomatist you will make. I hope I'll live to see you Ambassador, or Minister, or whatever you call it in this country," answered Delange, laughingly.

Game seemed to become quite necessary to Arthur Delange's existence, for day after day he took a short cut through the woods to the places where birds were to be found, sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by Stuart; and morning after morning he met Edith Rivers cantering, or trotting along with the same breezy motion. Sometimes she would be humming snatches of a gay tune, sometimes patting her horse's neck, and caressing him in low words; but always, as Delange declared, the most bewitchingly beautiful woman he ever saw.

"Are the birds all killed, Arthur, or didn't you see Miss Rivers yesterday morning, that you are moping about at this time of day?" asked Stuart.



"I haven't seen Miss Rivers these two days, and I'm tired of gunning," answered Delange.

"Because you *haven't* seen Miss Rivers, I suppose," said Harry, laughingly. "Well, there's not much to interest us up here, anyhow; and as our little tavern don't rival 'the Irving,' suppose we put off. Let's go out though, and knock down a partridge or two for the first time, before the sun gets too high."

They had not gone far, when a bird rose. A shot from Delange brought it down immediately. Just then he heard a female voice say sharply,

"Steady, Selim! for shame, sir," and looking behind him he saw Miss Rivers, whose horse was plunging fearfully, with distended nostrils, ears erect and quivering limbs; whilst through it all she unconcernedly kept her seat, with a firmness wonderful even in so practised a horsewoman.

To Delange's astonishment, she was accompanied by a gentleman, who quietly looked on without an offer of assistance, so he quickly sprang to her horse's head and was about to take hold of the bridle, when the lady said,

"Please, do not touch him, sir, I prefer managing him myself," and with a few coaxing words and caresses, she soon brought him under control.

"My gun must have frightened him; I ask your pardon, madam, but I did not know there was any one in the field, but my friend and myself."

"There was no danger to be apprehended: he was only a little gay from not having been used for a few days," was the reply; and Delange inwardly pronounced the smile with which she finished the sentence the most fascinating one he had ever seen.

"My daughter is accustomed to taking care of herself. I never interfere with her rights over Selim," said the gentleman who accompanied Miss Rivers.

The two sportsmen walked beside the equestrians, for some distance, and when they parted it was with the promise to meet that afternoon at Mr. Rivers' house.

Two weeks passed, and Arthur Delange had become as fond of gunning as ever. His afternoons were usually passed in riding over the hills or through the woods by the side of Edith Rivers, and the evening always found him by her work-table, or piano.

Stuart in the meanwhile grumbled somewhat, as he complained that Arthur had appropriated the lady so unceremoniously, that he felt quite *de trop*; and threatened to leave his friend among the hills, if he did not decide upon shortening his visit.

"Propose to her, for mercy's sake, and let's

be off; these abominable fogs will give a fellow the bronchitis, if you don't get away."

"I'm as poor as a rat, or else I would, even at the risk of being rejected on so short an acquaintance. By George, but she's a splendid girl; she's not had all her nature rubbed off her in a ball-room. I never seen so much originality with such polished manners."

"No, I expect not," replied Stuart, dryly, "but I wonder whether that slip of aristocracy, Lady Flora Millwood, has not something to do with your hesitancy. I remember when I was in England that you were her most devoted cavalier. I do not think you will gain much renown, by trying to conquer the hearts of our American ladies."

Arthur Delange's eyes flashed for a moment, but he replied calmly,

"You are mistaken, Stuart. I should never hesitate a moment between Edith Rivers and Lady Flora, I value myself too highly to think that a marriage out of the circle of London exclusive, could disgrace me; but the old earl may hold on these twenty years, and twenty-five hundred dollars does not much more than keep me in gloves and percussion caps."

Two days of drenching rain confined the gentlemen to the parlor of the little inn; and on the third, when they went to call on Miss Rivers, the servant informed them that she with her father had been suddenly summoned to the city, by the illness of a near relative.

## II.

THERE is nothing like having to pass a day or so on board a dirty little Mediterranean steamer to create sociability. As for Lady Clendenning, her pretty Grecian profile was perfectly distorted with yawning. "Robert," said she, suddenly to her husband, after gazing around listless and *ennuied*, "do you know who that splendid girl is over there? She must have come on board at Genoa, as I have not noticed her before; do have compassion on me, and find out!"

Lord Clendenning bowed to his wife, and said it would afford him great pleasure to be acquainted with the lady, so he would go immediately and ask her name, and with much gravity he started off. In a few moments he returned and informed her impatient ladyship that the fair creature was an American lady of the name of Rivers, travelling with her father. Lady Clendenning puzzled her pretty head for a long while, to find an excuse for addressing one who had so much interested her, heartily wishing she would grow sea-sick, if it would only open a door for an introduction; but Miss Rivers sat gazing on the receding ships

with unmoved muscles, and not an increased shade of pallor over the richness of her complexion.

But Fate sometimes quietly steps in and does more for us than our own well-laid plans would accomplish in a month; and so thought Lady Clendenning, as she saw her little daughter of about four years old escape from the nurse's arms, and in running across the floor fell just before Miss Rivers.

Lady Clendenning knew perfectly well that her child was not hurt, but seeing the lady pick it up, she arose with all the semblance of motherly alarm and flew toward her. Miss Rivers was of course properly thanked, little Cora smothered with kisses, and her mother soon established in the full tide of conversation with the beautiful American.

What letters of introduction little children are to be sure.

The acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into intimacy. Lady Clendenning, who was enthusiastic in everything, was told by her husband that she fairly raved about Miss Rivers. They parted and met, and parted and met again at various places on the Continent; and when at last the Clendennings bid them adieu at Venice to proceed home, it was with the promise that when their tour was over, Edith and her father should visit them in England.

### III.

"Now Edith, *ma chère*, look your very best to-night in order to do credit to my taste. Really you are so passably good-looking, that you will be as great a *lionne* as Van Amburgh's," said Lady Clendenning, entering Miss Rivers' dressing-room, as she was putting the finishing stroke to her toilet for the Opera. "Dear me," continued her flighty ladyship, "your taste does more for you than all Paris full of *femme de chambres* would do. Why, there's my French maid, Florette, who would have been half an hour arranging that spray of flowers as gracefully over your *bandeaux*, as you have done it in half a minute. If you have made yourself beautiful to your heart's content we will go; but my dear creature, pray don't fall into the vulgar mistake of thinking that you go to the Opera to listen to the singing; I suppose you do such antiquated things in America, but we only go here to show a last new necklace, or carry on a forbidden flirtation behind the curtains of our boxes."

Lady Clendenning vastly enjoyed the sensation which her beautiful *protégée* created, as soon as she made her appearance in her Opera box. She

was chatting away and flirting her fan with all the graceful coquetry of a Spanish woman, when she suddenly reached over and whispered,

"Edith, look, quick! do you see those three gentlemen standing in the parquette, far back, conversing together?"

Edith followed the direction of her ladyship's eyes and gave a start; a sudden flush mounted over neck and brow, and her breath came more quickly as she thought she recognized as one of the group, Arthur Delange.

"Well," continued Lady Clendenning, "that handsome one is my cousin, the Earl of Dunraven, one of the greatest catches in England. He's somewhat Quixotic, to be sure, and goes tilting against all the windmills of society, but *n'importe*; he has an old title and a splendid fortune, and he's just as much courted as if he was like anybody else."

Edith had scarcely attended to what her friend had been saying. Her eyes were riveted on the gentleman whom she was every moment becoming more and more assured was Arthur Delange; and with a half smile parting her red lips, she could not but wonder at the infatuation of her ladyship in calling the Earl of Dunraven handsome, when he was by. A something, she knew not what, prevented her mentioning having known one of the trio before; but it must be confessed that it was with a glad flutter of the heart, that she hoped to meet him again.

At this moment Lady Clendenning turned around, and nodded carelessly to a couple of ladies, who had just entered her box.

"That's Lady Margaret Talbot, and the one just behind you is her sister, Lady Flora Millwood," whispered she, as the persons under discussion were divesting themselves of their Opera cloaks. "Lady Margaret married a man old enough to be her father, who spends his time in the sentimental occupation of eating, drinking, and being merry over a gouty limb; and as for Lady Flora, she's determined to be Countess of Dunraven; though before my cousin came to his title, she was careful how she threw out the bait, hoping for a better bite, as there was a probability of twenty years between her and the coronet. She's always glad to make use of my box, knowing that Dunraven's fond of me in a cousinly way, and there is a chance of meeting him here."

An introduction now took place to the ladies behind her; and when Edith again turned toward the audience, it was to find herself intently watched by the trio to which Lady Clendenning had called her attention. She looked away; and when again, after a few moments conversation with Lady Flora, her eyes were drawn to the

same place by a kind of fascination, she was sure that she recognized Arthur Delange, and that he half bowed, as if he feared he might be mistaken. The curtain now rose, and she turned her head resolutely toward the stage; but the music occupied her attention much less than she had thought it would. At the end of the first scene she involuntarily looked toward the *parquette* again, to again find the same pair of luminous black eyes watching her.

"Edith," exclaimed Lady Clendenning, "I really believe Dunraven is smitten at last, he has scarcely taken his eyes off you during the whole of that scene. What a good joke it would be, if you were to become Countess of Dunraven! Why, Lady Flora is so near a statue now, that she would turn into a petrification without any trouble, with amazement. She would as soon think he would marry a Camanche squaw. You shall have him though, in spite of her! what a funny idea!" and her ladyship laughed gleefully, and her busy brain was already at work to outmanœuvre Lady Flora.

"I am very much obliged to you, but I have no ambition to wear a coronet, Lady Clendenning," replied Edith, "so pray don't give yourself any trouble on my account. Keep all your faculties in reserve for that little puss, Cora, she'll need them some day. There is not a title in England that would tempt me, I would not sell myself for so cheap a thing."

"You really look superb when you blaze out in that way," smiled Lady Clendenning. "If Dunraven was only here, I have no doubt that he would insist on taking you at once from the Opera to the altar at St. George's, Hanover Square, provided it was only the canonical hour."

Edith smiled, and again turned her eyes toward the *parquette*, but Arthur Delange was no longer visible. Just then Lady Flora, who, with her sister, had been conversing with some gentlemen behind them during the whole scene, exclaimed,

"You naughty man! come render an account of yourself, it's been an age since I saw you; where have you been?"

"In tortures, ever since I last laid eyes upon your beautiful ladyship," was the reply; "but excuse me for passing you, I must speak to that lady in the front of the box, as I'm sure she is an old acquaintance."

At the well known voice Edith looked around, and blushed as she held out her hand, exclaiming, "Mr. Delange."

"Mr. Delange, indeed," said Lady Clendenning, and her fan, which was always in motion when she carried it, stopped in sheer astonish-

ment, "Mr. Delange, indeed; and pray, if I may be so curious, why did you not say you knew Arthur when I was talking of him?" and she eyed Edith keenly.

"Why I have not heard you mention him to-night! your whole conversation has been of your cousin, the Earl of Dunraven."

A pleased smile beamed upon her from the dark eyes of the gentleman, and Lady Clendenning laughed gaily, as she said,

"What a pity, Arthur, that you are Earl of Dunraven. Edith has been here casting titles and coronets aside to-night with the most superb disdain. In fact she can't bear anybody above an Honorable."

"I never knew your cousin, except as Mr. Delange, and was totally unaware that he even had an 'Honorable' appended to his name," replied Edith.

Lady Flora Millwood looked on in surprise, and wonderingly asked the officer behind her, "where the earl had become acquainted with that girl from the backwoods, whom that eccentric Lady Clendenning had introduced into society?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "but this afternoon when he caught a glimpse of her in the Park; and he left me *sans ceremonie*, and galloped after her as if he had been the wild huntsman."

Dunraven took a seat slightly behind Miss Rivers, shaded by the curtain, and what with snatches of conversation now and then, and a tumult of happy feeling, Edith heard but little of the singing.

"Progressing wonderfully well!" whispered Lady Clendenning in her ear, "I find your rusticity wears off rapidly. Didn't I tell you that fashionable women only come to the Opera to show a new necklace, or flirt behind the curtains?"

#### IV.

It was seemingly a gay party that met at the breakfast-table, that bright September morning at Beechwood Park, one of Lord Clendenning's country-seats. Lady Clendenning, in her character of hostess, fluttered the pretty peach-blossom colored ribbons of her breakfast-cap gaily over the coffee-cups. Lady Flora did the statuesque and aristocratic at the Earl of Dunraven, who sat and absently played with his teaspoon; Miss Rivers chatted gaily between her father and the Marquis of Hampton, whilst the other guests were arranging the day's shooting, riding, or driving.

We say a seemingly gay breakfast, for Lady Clendenning was puzzled as to the next move she should make with regard to her cousin and

friend; and Lady Flora saw with alarm that the coronet and fine acres of Dunraven Castle were slipping away from her; and the possessor of that title was watching with painful anxiety the game which he thought was being played by Edith; whilst she sat with smiles on her face, and gay repartees on her lips, and she felt sick at heart, to think that the future wife of Arthur Delange, must be taken from the titled beauties of England. As for the rest of the company, most of them were playing at cross purposes too. Some of the gentlemen of the shooting party would fain have staid at home and had a quiet game of billiards, with a lady who perhaps was to be driven out by an exulting rival; there was a lady or two of the riding party, perhaps, who would gladly have given up the exhilarating canter of the saddle horse for a seat in the landeau, or phaeton of an heir expectant; and there was a superannuated old lord or so, who was inwardly anathematizing the man who had drawn them into a party for the Abbey, as the damp grass did not agree with them.

"Miss Rivers, will you honor us by taking a seat in my barouche with Lady Clendenning?" asked the old Marquis of Hampton.

Edith assented, and Lady Clendenning cast a triumphant glance at Dunraven. A look of contempt passed over the young earl's face, as he arose from the table and sauntered to the breakfast-room window. Presently he turned and said, "Lady Flora, what do you say to a saddle horse instead of the carriage to the Abbey, it's a fine day?"

Her ladyship gladly availed herself on an invitation, which now came so seldom, and thus the party was made up.

"Really," said Lady Flora to her companion, as they were cantering down one of the broad gravel roads of the Park, slightly behind the rest of the party, "the manœuvring with which that Miss Rivers endeavors to secure the old dotard, the Marquis of Hampton, is disgusting."

"I do not see that Miss Rivers is manœuvring, and even if she was, it would be no more disgusting than that of any other lady," was the reply.

Lady Flora was silent for a moment, for the earl's unintended sarcasm went home.

"Except," replied her ladyship, after a short time, "that he is an imbecile, dissipated old man, whom no one else would marry but herself, and there can be no attraction to her but his title."

"I do not think England so destitute of ambitious women, that he could not find a wife in his own circle if he wanted one," said her companion; but his brow became more moody as he

rode along, and Lady Flora, upon whom a new hope had dawned, when invited by him to ride, again began to despair of ever being the Countess of Dunraven.

The visit to the ruined Abbey passed as such visits usually do. The same amount of champagne, sandwiches and *pate* had been consumed, as is customary, and the party had returned to Beechwood Park, some with more heart-burnings than when they set out, and some with life looking all *couleur de rose*.

Lady Clendenning hurried through her toilet, and descended to the drawing-room before the party had assembled for dinner, and, as she expected, found her cousin already there. She took his arm, and commenced carelessly promenading up and down, and, at last, as if accidentally, but in reality so as not to be overheard, she drew him to a window, where they were shielded from observation by the heavy curtains.

"Indeed," said her ladyship, in continuation of their conversation, "it was a terribly stupid ride to me. The Marquis was so devoted to Edith, that I felt myself quite *de trop*, and she was so fluttered, that I believe she really forgot I was in existence. I was glad enough to make my escape, when we reached the Abbey; and as his lordship offered her his arm when they alighted, and walked away with her in another direction, I have no doubt it was to make her an offer of his hand, and the place where his heart ought to be."

Her cousin bit his under lip but said nothing.

"Of course she would accept him. She could not fail being dazzled by such a brilliant rank as his," continued Lady Clendenning.

"If she should think of marrying him for a moment, I should consider her irretrievably degraded. He is an old dissipated *roue*, that a Circassian slave would not sell herself to, though there are plenty of English women who would," said the earl, impetuously.

Lady Clendenning stood in consternation. She had "reckoned without her host" entirely. The old Marquis of Hampton, who had stopped at Beechwood Park, for a few days on his way to a friend's, she had persuaded to remain, in order that with his title she might arouse her cousin's jealousy, and she had been tossing Edith about like a shuttle-cock between them; and "here was Dunraven on his high horse tilting at the windmills," as she secretly denominated it, whilst from the bottom of her heart she did not believe Edith Rivers had ever given the Marquis of Hampton a thought. She had intended to outmanœuvre Lady Flora Millwood, and now she had outmanœuvred herself. In her perplexity

she stood clasping and unclasping the bracelets on her arm, inwardly determining to use more skilful generalship in future.

Edith Rivers entered the drawing-room of Beechwood Park, that day just before dinner was announced, more radiantly beautiful than ever. The plainness of her pure white dress, was only relieved by the bows of broad, rich plaid ribbon which ornamented it; whilst her abundance of glossy brown hair was confined at the back with a net-work of gold, which allowed a soft, long ringlet to escape here and there on her neck, or about her ears. There was a flush on her face which Arthur construed into one of triumph, and her bearing was, if possible, more queenly than before. "She'll wear her title well," thought the young man; "and her higher rank, as marchioness, will certainly give her precedence of my Countess of Dunraven."

The party were about separating for the night, when the earl went up to Edith, and holding out his hand, said, "I must bid you adieu, as I shall not see you in the morning. I am unexpectedly obliged to go to Dunraven Castle; but remember that I have a promise of a visit from you and your father with the Clendennings. Emily says that perhaps they will be with me next week. Our party will not be a large one, but the quality will, perhaps, make up for the quantity. The Marquis of Hampton has promised to honor me."

Edith looked up, and imagined there was a half bitter tone in what Dunraven had been saying, but her thoughts were too much pre-occupied to let it dwell long on her mind.

## V.

LADY CLENNENNING'S carriage was winding slowly up the long oak avenue to Dunraven Castle, and her ladyship had been silent for quite half an hour. Edith Rivers looked up from a reverie, herself, and asked her if she had taken the vow of La Trappe.

"No," said Lady Clendenning. "But, Edith, are you going to marry the Marquis of Hampton?"

"Of course not," was the decided answer.

Lady Clendenning's face here brightened considerably, when she again asked,

"But he proposed, didn't he?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

Her ladyship's clouded brow now became perfectly radiant. Ever since her conversation with her cousin, on the day of the visit to the Abbey, she had been waiting for some intimation from Edith of the marquis' proposal, but her delicacy had forbidden her asking the question directly. She must

if possible, undo all the mischief she had already done by her manœuvring, and it was only by a grand *coup d'état* this could be effected, she alighted at the great hall door in the highest spirits.

"Mr. Rivers and Robert will be along in time for dinner," said she, to her cousin, on entering the drawing-room after changing her dress; "but who's your party, Arthur, except those I see here?"

Lady Flora and her sister, with some dozen others, were named; "but the Marquis of Hampton has not yet arrived. I am sorry on Miss Rivers' account," said the earl.

"It's on Miss Rivers' account that he's not here, I suspect," replied Lady Clendenning, "Edith has refused him," and, giving a sly glance at Arthur, she arose and crossed the room.

To Lady Flora's infinite disgust, the Earl of Dunraven passed by the titled dames of the party, and handed Edith Rivers out to dinner; and she watched with jealous eyes the magnificent hot-house bouquets, which were sent to her dressing-room every day. Arthur resumed his place now by Edith's side as familiarly as he had done in the days of gunning memory, was always by to hand her to the saddle, turn over the leaves of the music-book, or pick up her crochet-needle; but in spite of all Lady Clendenning's manœuvring he never was with her alone.

The riding, driving, boating and fishing parties for the day had been made up. It was too pleasant for any one to remain in the house; but Mr. Rivers had received letters from America, which he wished his daughter to answer immediately, as he was going with Lord Clendenning to look at a model farm in the neighborhood. Edith with inward regret gave up the delightful gallop through the park, which she was to have had with the earl and some others, and slowly betook herself to the library. She looked out sadly at the bright sunshine, and tried not to hear the grating of carriage wheels on the gravel, nor the pawing of horses' hoofs, and the gay voices of the equestrians.

Lady Flora Millwood was handed to her saddle, and the party all mounted except Dunraven, who turning to the groom that held his horse, told him to lead it away, and asked to be excused, as he had some business to attend to that morning.

Edith had been unable to resist the temptation of going to the window, to see the gay cavalcade wind down the hill, and was obliged to turn to recognize one of the horses when the library door

be a servant, she did not turn till she heard a step close to her, and some one say,

"Are your letters finished already, Miss Rivers?"

"No, but the day was so fine, and the scenery here is so beautiful, that I could not stay from the window. I think I shall draw my table up and write here. But I thought you were of the riding-party."

"No," answered the earl, "I am very proud of my place, and wanted to take you to the spot we proposed visiting this morning, so I thought I would defer it till you could be along."

There was something in his manner that embarrassed Edith, and she nervously replied, "you have a beautiful place, I never saw a finer one."

"Will you be its mistress, Edith?" was the query, in a low voice, and Arthur took her hand, which, as it was not withdrawn, he had the assurance to pass around her waist; and somehow, at the end of two hours, when the party returned for luncheon, Edith's letters had not been commenced, and Dunraven had attended to no business, except that which did not require the assistance of his steward.

Lady Clendenning was in raptures, taking care

to inform Lady Flora Millwood, the next day, as she was following Edith to the carriage, on their return to Beechwood Park, that Lord Clendenning and herself should not spend their Christmas as usual at Hollywell, for it was a favorite of Arthur's, and she had promised it to him and Edith to pass their honeymoon at.

"I am so glad she refused that old Marquis of Hampton," said she, giving a delighted glance at Lady Flora's disappointed face.

Her ladyship's busy brain is manœuvring still to find something unique as a court dress for Edith, when she shall be presented to her most gracious majesty as Countess of Dunraven, which shall surpass that of the *ci-devant* Lady Flora Millwood, who at the same drawing-room will appear as the Marchioness of Hampton.

"No matter if she does step out before you to dinner in consequence of her rank," says Lady Clendenning, "every leaf on the estate is mortgaged; and as to that court dress, my dear, you shall surpass her as far as Cinderella did her sisters after being arrayed by the fairy."

"Take care, Edith," says the earl, laughingly, "or Emily will ruin your dress, as she nearly did your happiness—by manœuvring."

## WILLIAM PENN.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Through Pennsylvania's wild-wood glades

There went a gathering cry,

As if red Areouski's\* call

Had doomed their brave to die;

Each dark-brow'd warrior grasped his bow

And quiver stored with death—

With hurrying footsteps forth they came

Dread as the simoom's breath;

They gathered thick along the shore

Those war-like men, and strong,

And dark-haired women clasp'd their babes

Amid that warrior throng;

There was no gun-flash thro' the gloom,

No hollow beat of drum—

Then from their ancient forest homes

Why do these chieftains come?

And whose that form beneath yon elm?

He bears no badge of power,

Yet 'mid these savage men he stands,

As stands a stately tower!

No knightly helmet veils his brow,

No cuirass guards his heart—

He asks no service of his sword,

No shield from spear or dart;

His weapon is the sword of Peace,

His shield the God of Love!

He asks not armies at his will,

His strength is from above!

And now he seals the bloodless scroll

With love and mercy fair—

The sword he sends to reap the corn,

The spear to form the chair!

That bond how sure—tho' often proved

'Mid havoc, blood, and flame,

Penn's gentle race uninjured stood,

The Indians love his name!

Was not this true and holy faith

That warmed his noble heart,

To face the wild waves of the sea,

The savage Indian's dart?

How sweet the laurel-wreath of fame,

That blooms unwashed in tears,

On Fame's too darkly crimsoned scroll

What name so pure appears!

\* Indian god of war.

## MY FIRST LOVE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

"Ah, me! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tales or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth?"

FROM amid the chaos of my youthful days arises the image of my first love! But stop—this is not the proper way of expressing it; even words, like dress, should be suited to the person for whom they are intended, and such a manner of introducing the subject would rather call up the idea of some majestic water-spirit, a thing half fearful, half divine—or some poet face that was "all my fancy painted it"—instead of the awkward, ill-contrived figure of a genuine Yankee boy, whose limbs seemed to have been thrown together at random, and who, beyond a certain good-natured expression, had certainly nothing in his countenance to recommend it.

I should rather say *straddles* the image of my first love—for to that species of locomotion was John Bancombe particularly inclined. He was one of that sort who, among men and boys, with a blackboard, geometrical puzzles, or sufficient provocation for a regular battle, are *men*; but in the drawing-room, under the stiffening discipline of their "Sunday best," and an idea that something rather soft and accommodating is expected of them, are perfect fools.

John was extremely bashful, and had a great trick of blushing, which, I think, first led me to notice him. He was about six feet high, although not more than seventeen, with light hair, and the sort of face which is usually termed "sheepish." Now-a-days, whenever I call to mind John Bancombe and all the love that I wasted upon him—which, had it lasted, he would have been entirely unable to appreciate—I am disposed to laugh and ask myself what, in the name of common sense, ever bewitched me.

And yet, when I came to think of it, it does not appear so very surprising. His was precisely the character to take with an imaginative person. Brought up by thrifty parents, who understood well the art of making a little go a great way, he had acquired the habit of being close and prudent in everything; and as he wasted very few words, I was puzzled to know what he really was. There was a blank to be filled up; and John Bancombe stood before me noble, intellectual, and possessed of every talent and

virtue. That he would make a brilliant figure in the annals of his country I was firmly persuaded; when I read the speeches of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, I thought to myself, "you repose now in fancied security, but wait a few years;" and I looked forward to the time when, led by John Bancombe, I should proudly assume the seat of Mrs. President.

He is now a country schoolmaster, and "boards around!"

I could not say much for John's appearance, to be sure; but then who wanted a handsome man to be always looking at himself instead of me? His name, too, might have been better selected; but as he had a brother Peleg, and a sister Consternation, he had certainly fared the best. His father boasted of having called the children whatever happened to come handy; though I always thought that he must have taken considerable pains to fish up the cognomen of his two eldest born—"Christian names" they cannot be termed.

My admiration for John did not include all the members of his family; but as Peleg was married to a "nice, steady young woman," and Consternation had a "likely young man" who came to see her every Sunday night, I thought that they would not give us much trouble.

The business of the farm afforded John sufficient employment during the summer season; for as the acquirement of knowledge was considered by his thrifty parents in the light of knitting—a something to be taken up at odd times, when there was nothing else to do—it was not until "killing-time" was well over, and the winter hay stored in the barns, that Mrs. Bancombe and Consternation took seriously in hand the business of looking over John's wardrobe preparatory to his winter start.

He lodged with a respectable widow, a relation of his father's, who had an invalid daughter by no means prepossessing in appearance, or agreeable in manner—and yet what a sweet creature Susannah Furwood was considered by us girls! How many kind inquiries about her health were instituted! how many delicacies carried in person!

Which deeds of mercy were sometimes rewarded by a glimpse of John Bancombe, as he bashfully made his escape through a back window—his retreat being effected with more of haste than graceful ease.

There was a report that John's board was taken out in potatoes and other "sass," and such would seem to be the case; for regularly every Friday evening, if there was snow on the ground, an old sleigh made its appearance, which, after being unloaded of sundry baskets and parcels, would stop a while to rest, and then drag off John to the bosom of his family. That old painted sleigh! with its wreath of faded roses on a yellow ground, of which I knew from long study, the position of every leaf and flower—no triumphal car could have appeared half so beautiful in my eyes.

Even the square figure of Mr. Bancombe, senior, with his fur cap and woollen comforter, derived some lustre from the glory with which John overshadowed every object around him. And then when the sleigh was really out of sight, and nothing remained to me but the tracks it had made in the snow, how suddenly it grew dark and cheerless! Even the closing of the window's shutters, usually a performance of deep interest, because it was executed by John, failed to arouse me; and the remembrance of Susanah's rheumatism faded from my mind, until the return of Monday morning brought the old sleigh and its precious contents back to Mrs. Furwood's.

John was always wonderfully cool and composed, (except when he jumped out of windows to get away from me) and this circumstance materially enhanced his attractions in my eyes. And yet the love was not all on my side either—at least, I supposed that it was not; John often went to the post-office for my letters, and made the entire circuit of the village two or three times before he could summon sufficient courage to knock at the door. He sometimes sent me flowers, with an express intimation to the messenger not to tell where they came from; and he has been known to accompany me home, when, harassed by anxious fears respecting Miss Susanah, I have spent the evening at Mrs. Furwood's!

One evening, at one of our winter parties, at which social gatherings our plays were of rather a romping nature, my hair became loosened, and floated around me; when, before I could gather it up, John, prompted by the others, seized a pair of scissors, and quietly placed a lock beneath the folds of his waistcoat. I had received repeated requests from him before, through obliging friends, or even a single hair—but I refused, only from

the fear of spoiling my head covering. I was quite provoked at him now; and half frightened at what he had done, John evidently avoided me.

I went home, and consoled myself with the idea that it would be cherished next his heart, as an invaluable keepsake; but the goose, not satisfied with what he had done, must endeavor to mend matters by making them worse. The next day I received a note from John containing my lock of hair, with an apology for having deprived me of it, and a hope that "as he had now returned it, I would not feel offended with him." The idiot! as though I had nothing to do but to tie it on, and let it grow again! No one but he would ever have done such a thing. I had lost my hair for nothing; so I threw that and the letter into the fire, and cried for very vexation.

But I have not yet told by what twistings and turnings of fortune my path happened to cross that of John Bancombe. It had long been decided in the family circle to send me to boarding-school for a year or two; and as Miss Crawlington's establishment at Little Rest had been highly spoken of, I was despatched thither. There, however, I should have been allowed no opportunity for falling in love; and weary and restless under such rigid discipline, I began to look about me for some means of improving my circumstances.

Not far from the seminary there was a very long, low house, which had originally been an hotel; but the present owner, having come from "out East," preferred farming to inn-keeping. They did not, however, refuse a boarder now and then; and having heard glowing accounts from those who had sojourned with the Briggs', I at length overcame the scruples of my indulgent mother, and behold me and my trunk transplanted to a more congenial soil.

Mrs. Briggs, to describe her properly, was the sweetest woman that ever lived. No one could do anything to offend her; she was always ready to listen to everything, to be interested in everything, and to do everything that a person wished. She exercised the most motherly care over her boarders; spoiling them for cold weather by heating their beds with warming-pans—allowing them to retire and get up when they chose—and laying siege to their hearts with such a battery of buckwheat cakes, sausages, doughnuts, and apple-dumplings, that they were vanquished at once.

I can distinctly see the snug little room, with its curtained bed and clumsy, old-fashioned chairs, in which I have passed so many nights; the immensely long, low parlor, with its roaring fire of hickory logs, where they all gathered of



an evening; while Mrs. Briggs sat in the corner with her knitting, smiling from time to time in the faces of all the others, and the wind drearily whistled around the old house. Montague Briggs, the only son, was generally absent on a courting expedition, which had already occupied his evenings for five years and a half; for not being particularly active about the farm, he usually spent his time in yawning, and perhaps feared that if he brought matters to a crisis by getting married at once, he might find the time hang heavily on his hands for want of a visiting-place.

The Briggs' tenement being just opposite Mrs. Furwood's, I had an excellent opportunity of watching all John Bancombe's out-goings and in-comings. I could distinguish him in an instant among a crowd; then I thought with the quick eye of love—*now* I think from a way he had of throwing his limbs about, and using them as though they were the stolen property of another.

Perhaps the interest which I felt in John was kept up by the fact of my having a rival in his affections, whom I sometimes dreaded and sometimes despised. Sarah Hilton was a fair specimen of country beauty; she was clumsily made, with bold, black eyes, a large mouth, filled with white teeth, and an excess of color in her plump cheeks. Then she was always laughing—not at all troubled with diffidence—and very partial to the society of gentlemen. She was just the one to suit such a character as John Bancombe, and had I possessed too atoms of sense I might have seen it. But their manner, I thought, partook too much of the brother and sister order; he was more respectful to me—more frank and cordial with her.

What wonderful scheme floated through my brain during my mesmerism by the blind god! Things that had hitherto possessed no interest suddenly assumed a most attractive appearance; and I began to feel an intense affection for house-keeping in all its branches. Conscious of my deficiencies in that important science, I applied myself seriously to overcome this difficulty; and I had just learnt from Mrs. Briggs the intricacies of bread-making, in order to be every way worthy

of John Bancombe, when I made the discovery that that treacherous mortal had withdrawn his affections from me, and transferred the entire stock to Sarah Hilton.

At first, I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses. I saw the half-blown rose which I fondly imagined had been procured for me, placed amid the dark looks of my rival—I heard him call upon her in accents of entreaty to "take him out of the well," a duty which had always devolved upon me—I saw them seated side by side as man and wife in "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows"—and the whole dark truth suddenly overshadowed me.

*"There, where I had garnered up my heart,  
Where either I must live, or bear no life;  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up—to be discarded thence!"*

I was more shocked, however, at this proof of bad taste, than grieved by the withdrawal of his affections; and, accepting the proffered hand of a noisy, Hercules-like boy, whom I had always laughed at, I entered the circles and became the merriest of the merry. The constant attentions of Ichobad Blowerscrew restored me to something like complacency; and in my utter despair I flirted with him most desperately.

I looked my trial steadily in the face until it disappeared; and then, with an enlightened vision, I turned and beheld John Bancombe. Imagine a beggar who had been dressed, for some occasion, in the habiliments of a prince, stripped of his bright apparel, and reduced to his former rags; not the fairy's wand in the days of Cinderella could have effected a more powerful change than did my altered views.

He appeared to me a very ordinary boy—or rather, a very extraordinarily awkward one; in short, I no longer loved John Bancombe. Before long, "we met, 'twas in a crowd;" and after several admiring looks—for I wore a new and very becoming bonnet—he approached me with the evident intention of seating himself; but I made a lofty bow, expressive of utter indifference—and then, as he walked away discomfited, I sat and admired my own dignity and self-command.

Thus ends my first love.

## SONG.

BY WALTER WELDON.

Bright eyes around us beam to-night—  
But the heart may be sad, tho' the brow be bright;  
But there's many a one who would wish with me,  
That we all were as blithe as we seem to be.

A smile may sit on a burning brow,  
And may mask but a troubled heart, I trow;  
And though many are merrier far than we,  
Would our hearts were as bright as they seem to be

## COUNSIN CLARISSA.

A SEQUEL TO "THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER THE ELMS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 181.

### CHAPTER IV.

*Monday, the 6th.*

I WONDER when Alexander will speak to me. He came down this morning while we were taking our places at table. He was putting on his hat in the hall to go out; for he disregards our breakfasts. He is inclined to lie a bed, or sit in his chamber, or saunter about, according as his mood is, until nine or ten o'clock. Then he is ready to swallow a few mouthfuls. Papa don't mind this; he gives him his medicines, without one word of advice or information; this is all. Aunt Ruth watches how he goes on, informs, reprimands and begs. If he gets well, I shall think it is Aunt Ruth's work, more than papa's. She called him back this morning.

"Alexander——"

"What say, ma'am?"

"I say, in the first place, good morning." Her tones were brim-full of cordiality.

"Good morning," he replied, looking back with a smile, a faint one, as if his lips were parched.

"A fine morning! isn't it?" pursued aunt.

"Fine." He was standing in the door.

"But don't go out without your breakfast. Here is the mail on the table. I will go and toast this slice of good bread for you."

"No!"

"Yes!" And the "yes" had it. Aunt went with strong steps to toast the bread; and when she came back with it, Alexander was in his place at the table, reading.

I was down a little while ago. Alexander was on the sofa, still reading foreign news to mamma and Aunt Ruth, who sat in their low chairs and sewed. Mamma and Aunt Ruth were glad to see me; they invited me to stay; but I saw that Alexander waited every moment for me to be gone, that he might go on again with his reading.

"Ah, you are a hard man!" thought I, looking at his pale, handsome face. "Very likely you are to ask me to be your wife! to take me away with you before Gustavus Spencer comes!" Tears came into my eyes; and to hide them, I turned to come away, telling them, as my reason for not staying, that I had writing to do.

*The 15th.*

To-day, we have all been to Amesbury, to Grandpapa's Jackson's, and had our tea at Capt. Alexander's. Ned Singleton and Miss Morse went with us and Uncle Hurlbut's family, including Amy, her husband and her baby. We, that is, our family went in one carriage; mamma and Aunt Ruth on the back seat; papa, Alexander and I on the front. I crowded Alexander. At first I did not. At first, it seemed that he would not allow himself to be touched by me; and so I snuggled close to papa, with the meek feeling as if Alexander were a mighty Bramin, and I a poor little Paria. But, as we rode along, I saw that nothing else cared for him; neither the birds, nor the breezes, nor the flying clouds of dust. A bobolink that swayed and tossed its wings on a tall clover-head, sung in a way that mocked his stiff bearing, "fing-a-ling, ling, ling," and then on, on, in a sweeping melody. Little the bobolink cared for him, or for any stiffness, whatever. The breezes, content a while with snapping our ribands and sweeping our shawls aside, suddenly turned upon Alexander. It was the only thing they could do in his quarter, wheedling his wide-brimmed hat off to join them in their gambols. They did it, and I was glad. Aunt Ruth and mamma were sorry.

"I am glad of it," said I, when he came back holding his hat on—for the breezes were not done with him yet. It was the first time I had directly spoken to him, since our little quarrel.

"H'm! I dare say!" throwing his head away, ostensibly to see to his coat-skirts, really to hide a smile, a legitimate, beaming smile. I saw it; I saw the smile; and thought that never before was one like it seen on his face; not even when he was a child; for they say that he was not genial even as a little child.

He turned back so as to speak to Aunt Ruth. I did not exactly understand what he said; but it was some classical thing, I know. And I know moreover that he let the full light of his smile beam on her. I know it, from the radiant character of her smile that answered his.

"I'll crowd him," thought I. "I'll not strain

every muscle in this way to sit close to papa. I will slip along, hair's-breadth by hair's-breadth, until I am positively crowding him."

Good! he moved a little. Then he moved a little farther, looking across to see what new need there was that he should be jammed and tipped off aside his perpendicular. A little farther—and I stretched my neck to look after familiar places in the landscape; I was so busy looking, and talking to papa, mamma and Aunt Ruth! I was so busy, that I moved nearer and nearer, crowded him more and more.

"I'd like to know," he began, looking down on the little room that was left to him.

I did not mind him. I talked with papa about the man and boy that hoed potatoes, just over the wall. I crowded though, with a steady force.

"What do you mean, Miss Clarissa?" said he, now looking me steadily in the face. "What are you doing this for?" showing me what I had done; how I had pushed him to the extremity of the seat. "What are you doing it for?"

"Cause," in a dogmatic way, as if that were sufficient reason.

"Cause!" laughing in an explorive manner. "Did you ever see such a mischievous thing, Mrs. Jackson? did ever you, Aunt Ruth?" By-the-bye, it is curious that he always says, "Aunt Ruth." She is only four years his senior, and is fresher, more vigorous than he. But she has a way of taking care of him, as if she were his aunt or his mother.

"Ah, you shan't crowd him in that way!" said mamma, quite shocked at my impoliteness, and taking hold of my arm to draw me back where I ought to be.

Aunt Ruth knew well enough what I meant, what I felt. She laughed with downright heartiness. So did I. So did we all, papa inclusive—as soon as papa could find out at what we were making merry.

Alexander and I quarreled whenever we came near each other, for the rest of the day; I laughing in an open, honest manner; he trying to hide it with grimaces, with looking at other people, with his "h'm's!" and other rebuffs. When we were at his father's, and when his father and his mother led us round to see their garden and their "henery," as the old gentleman called it, where were all sorts of hens, with all sorts of Chinese and Polish names, Alexander took Aunt Ruth this way, and that way, and the other way, to see every bush and every chicken. He was still enough; but Aunt Ruth caught the chickens in the thick grass, and made nests of them. She caught them so easily, while I went running in

all directions, still the soft little rascals evaded my hand.

For the rest, we went half way up "Pow Hill," to look away upon a landscape, one of the most beautiful in our land; to see how the silvery Powwow threads the green meadow in a graceful, meandering course, as if it knew all the beauties that abound, and were dallying with them; how the church-towers and noble dwellings, the proud elms and limes of the grand old town. Newburyport do meet and mingle in the distant view; and how the glimmering sea stretches beyond.

We passed by the white cottage of the poet, Whittier. It is in the midst of the village, in the corner of two streets. But it stands back a little, with a yard. The turf was soft and green around it; flowering shrubs hugged it close; catalpas, and, I believe, other large trees, overshadowed and half hid it; so that it seemed a holy, a most place of rest for him whose

"Life hath been  
A weary work of tongue and pen,  
A long, harsh strife with strong-willed men;"

and who falters now, as if soon he must be done working. God be with him through the rest of his days, and bless him!

## CHAPTER V.

*July, the 14th.*

COUSIN DAVY HURLBUT, who reads law at East Swamscott, has been here to-day. I let him know that I found Gustavus Spencer's letter in his Latin dictionary, that I read it, and that now I despise it and its author. He laughed as if my words were nothing; but he will see. I think he left the letter there purposely for me to see it; although, as Gustavus' friend, I do not know why he should. He says Gustavus has written that he will come before the middle of August. Oh, dear me!

I know what I will do! I will go down and be as civil as I can to Alexander. I hear him reading aloud to mamma and Aunt Ruth. He reads a great deal aloud to them of late. He is almost always in the sitting-room with them, when they are there. He took them out to ride, this morning, while papa was on his round, and I at Uncle Hurlbut's. He gains every way. Strength, flesh and color come. But he is no more than half pleased with congratulations; he says the flesh and strength will go, when he shuts himself up to his business again, faster than they come now. This makes Aunt Ruth and all the rest look sober, and I confess I can't care much for me. It is the same

not to buy farms for any of his boys, or to fill store-houses for them, or do anything for them, while he lives, but give them educations and then turn them adrift. The rest is to be done in his last will and testament. One ought certainly to have some pity for the sick son of *such* a father. I believe I have a little for Alexander now. I will go, while it lasts, and be gracious to him. Perhaps he will then be gracious to me. "A thing," he calls me oftenest, with the term variously qualified, but always with some disparaging epithet. I wish he could see, as everybody else does, that I have my good points. Perhaps he will this time.

*Later.*

He was reading aloud to himself some strong editorials. Mamma and Aunt Ruth were in the kitchen, with their heads together over the jelly Catharine had been making. Now, I can never say exactly the right thing to Alexander, when I do my best. And it is because I am ordinarily made fearful and self-conscious by knowing his want of friendliness toward me. To-day, I was more timid than usual; and, of course, deported myself more foolishly than usual. Until I was well vexed; and then I think I was more sensible. I think he liked me better then. But I see that it is all over between us. He would offer himself to a chair as soon as to me; while I would as lief have a regular Bluebeard for my husband. With Aunt Ruth he is so different! And well may be; for she has some dignity and self-possession. She came in while we were stumbling and tripping each other to-day. She smiled quietly, spoke quietly; and he the same. I thought that it was as if, uniting them, were silken threads on which the mutual words and even thoughts went back and forth; while between him and me all manner of abstractions and roughness lay.

Well, my mamma loves me, at any rate; and Aunt Ruth, the Aunt Ruth he thinks so excellent. She loves me better than she does him; for she lectures him; and me she never does.

*Wednesday, 27th.*

We are to give a very large party to-morrow, in consideration of—of Amy's baby, in fact. Everybody wants a chance to see and get hold of Amy's baby. And then we, his relatives, have a little pride to be gratified in showing him; for he is a superb fellow.

*The 29th. Morning.*

Baby behaved like a little prince. He had more dignity than any other of the company; for they passed him from hand to hand, tossed him, took him out into yard and garden, gabbled to him incessantly in unknown tongues,

and kissed him, as if they would take pieces out of his cheeks. He cooed a little, smiled a little; did not once cry, or go beside himself, in any way.

Cousin Davy rode over, and was here at supper. He followed me when I went to the office to bring a book for papa and Dr. Holmes. He shut the door after him, and came close to me.

"I've seen Bigelow to-day."

"Has he come?" starting; for Bigelow was of Gustavus' party in California.

"Yes, he's come. He says there was a great smash-up there the day before he left."

"A smash-up?"

"Yes. They've been speculating, some of them, there, with a high hand. Bigelow kept clear of it. He has brought home a pretty round sum. But Gustavus"—here he paused and looked at me; as if he were considering whether it was best to go on.

"Well, what about Gustavus?" I asked, looking in all the wrong places for the book papa wanted.

"Why, he has been at Sacramento, you know. Well, Bigelow was at San Francisco with every thing on board ready to sail, when news came down that Spencer, Slidell & Co., together with two other companies, had—can't you find the book, cousin?"

"Had what?—yes; I shall find it shortly."

"That they were, in fact, going to ruin; were, in fact, gone to ruin. Bigelow wanted to stay to see what could be done. His brother was going immediately to see. If anything can be done for Gustavus, he well do it. But I'm sorry for him."

I pitied him for the downfall of his earth-built citadel. But I knew that it would be good for him; and I trembled with gratefulness. My hands trembled; and I suppose my voice did, when I said—"I can't think where that book is. I wish you would help me find it, Davy." For I did not like to have him stand watching me.

"I will." But he did not. He came closer to me, looked me sharply in the face, stopped the hand that went here and there along the rows of books, and, holding it fast, said, "Cousin Clarissa, are you glad or sorry?"

"I am glad. Because I think it would spoil him to go on with his whole soul set on his money."

"But your face is troubled."

"Well, I pity Gustavus, he will be so torn and upset, for a while. I am thinking too, that he may determine to stay and go over the same rough ground again."

Papa and Dr. Holmes now came in; for they

would wait for the book no longer. Papa put his hand on it in an instant; it was just where he told me I would find it.

"Ah, Clarissa!" said he, looking up between his glasses and his eyebrows. "You never find anything. Your mother is worth five hundred of you."

Finding that they would sit there in the round arm-chairs to consult the book, at their leisure, Davy and I had nothing left for us, but to join the company in the other rooms.

Aunt Ruth was holding Amy's baby when we came out. Ben Frank and Amy looked on, every moment, from their seat on the sofa; while stiff Alexander—stiff no longer—had his hand on Aunt's chair, and bent a little over her and the baby, as if he were her spouse, and baby's pa. He did not notice us when we came; but Ruth did. She called us to hear baby say—"gov, gov;" which he did, simply upon her smiling upon him, and without any of the clamorous efforts others had made to induce him to talk. I watched Alexander, while he and others watched Aunt Ruth and baby. I saw that he had an air as if he were both proud and content. But I have no more to say about him or anybody, this night.

*August 3rd.*

There came despatches, telegraphic and other, verifying the report brought by Bigelow. Bigelow says that Gustavus has speculated in buying and selling. That he has guarded himself conscientiously against all manner of over-reaching and fraudulent proceedings; so that no man can say with reference to a single business transaction of his—"you wronged me, sir, in this;" but that, going straight-forward, with a clear brain and a strong will, everything has prospered in his hands. He says that "he's a frank, manly fellow;" and that "everybody off there likes him."

I wish some sort of despatch, telegraphic, or magnetic, would assure me how he will proceed. I want to see him. I have the feeling that he hinks of me in his trouble, and would like it very well, if he could sit or walk by my side, and spin out all his thoughts and feelings into words.

I met Judith Humphreys at Mr. Tracy's to-day. She has, all along, had blushing, smiling questions to put to Cousin Davy, touching his friend Gustavus. But, this day, she had lip-curlings and head-tossings.

"This is the way!" said she, twisting her parol vigorously. "People who begin in nothing, if they make ever so much show for a while, always end in nothing, at last, mind it when you will."

"No, indeed!" answered Mrs. Crane, who was playing with the three year's-old Tommy Tracy. "Not in this country, Judith! not by any means. I see you, Tommy." Tommy was at bow-peep now, by his mother's chair. "For instance, your father was the son of a very, very poor man, who had a troop of children to provide for. My grandfather, both my grandfathers, were rich. So that—Tommy, Tommy, come and see if you can find your marble. It is somewhere about me and in plain sight. So that, as I was going to say, your father began in nothing; now he is a wealthy man. Mine began in riches; but he died poor." She was filled now with tender thoughts of her father. Tommy hunted her skirts and lap for his marble, but she did not know that he was near.

Judith blushed and looked angry at what she said. She gathered the folds of her parasol, and said—"I don't know as anybody ought to be twitted for their poor relations."

Mrs. Crane looked up surprised. "Judith Humphreys, you know I could not mean to twit you, as you say. You know I do not think poverty the least thing against one. On the contrary, in my mind, the very thing that most recommends your father, is, his having made his own way; educated himself, established himself. I don't know whether he is ashamed of the poverty of his good old father. If he is, it is the thing that most condemns him."

Judith looked as if she were a little ashamed of herself. "To be sure—why, to be sure," she began, in an apologetic tone; but Mrs. Crane talked with the noble and excellent Mrs. Tracy, and again hid Tommy's marble.

*The 6th.*

To-day Uncle Hurlbut received a newspaper from Gustavus, with the hasty dash of a pencil at the commencement of the intended sailing of a certain ship, on a certain day.

"Wind and weather permitting," said Uncle Hurlbut, who dropped in to tell us about it, "he will be here early next week." He had a well-pleased look, as if he were speaking of a son's return.

*The 8th.*

Ah, there cannot be too much done up to Uncle Hurlbut's to make Gustavus' welcome a glad one. "Poor fellow!" they all call him, or all but uncle, and with tears in their eyes. Uncle does not stop to pity people who are made poor, if they have good use of their hands. He does not like to see it, if people who have good use of their hands, stop to be pitied. He is curious to see how Gustavus will carry himself under his reverses.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Thursday morning, the 11th.*

LAST evening, Uncle Harlbut came to our village, bringing Amy to sit with us while he was doing his business. Mamma and Aunt Ruth had gone out to see a sick woman; and so Amy and I sat in my chamber, as we used to sit, hour after hour, before she was married. We found it so good being by ourselves, going over the old times and the new, that, when uncle came, we begged him to go on, and leave us to walk up.

"Just as we have done, oh, so many times!" said Amy, with her loving eyes on my face.

We were very thoughtful, very happy on our way. I heard it from Amy how no human being has such reason to be grateful as she, with such a good, such a *dear* husband, such a blessed little baby, and so many good friends. She heard it from me that I am thankful, and, most of the time, happy; but that I have had many disturbances in the last three or four years. We laughed some over them; and I, at least, let a few silent tears drop on the way; for I was a little discouraged. In my utter ignorance of what was to come—between Gustavus and me, I mean—the future looked dark to me. I dreaded it. I wished that, some way, I might sleep and dream out the rest of my days.

By-and-bye we were there; and, while I sat resting for the walk back, they talked in the still way that suited the twilight time, about Gustavus' boyhood. Aunt told us little anecdotes of him, gave us accounts of his pretty, loving ways, as if he were her own boy. Uncle did not say much. He sat with his chin on his hand, and with a look as if his thoughts were far away. We knew, when he spoke, of what he had been thinking; for he said—"he was always a manly, sensible fellow. He had something that was reasonable and like a man, about him, even when he was a little thing; never exacting any thing; hardly ever asking for anything; taking what we gave—not as our own boys have always done; but often with moist eyes; and, always, as if he were grateful, as if he felt it was not his right. Did you ever think of it, mother?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied aunt, speaking earnestly, and with tears coming. "It was always grief to me. It has been ever since he went away; for we can know how eager he really was for money, and clothes, and books, and everything, by the way he has worked and saved to get them, since he has been gone. I am so sorry he has lost it all; because he won't let us do anything for him, as he would if he were our own child."

"I've got some cents in my box. I'll give him them, any way," said good little Johnny.

A quick, light step came up to the house. A tall, compact shape, with a certain air of dignified grace, both in attitude and outline, was in the door of the room where we sat. We all sprang to our feet and gave little thrilling cries of joy. One moment the shape halted in the door, and the dark eyes ran inquiringly over the group; then we heard a gushing voice say—"father—mother."

Aunt took him in her arms and wept. He too wept. I knew how tender and grateful his heart was toward those who were welcoming him out of the deep places in their hearts, as if they were his own parents, as if that were his own home. He kissed uncle too; laughing a little, as he did it; but with the tears starting afresh. He kissed us all. He held us in his arms, looking steadily in our faces; he did not say much, though. He seemed too much moved. He said, drawing a long breath as of relief after a turbulent time—"oh, I am glad to be at home once more."

I stayed until a late hour, and then Gustavus brought me home.

Oh, the night was so blue, clear and still! I am sure there was never before so still and blue a night. Gustavus looked up to the familiar stars, away to the dark, familiar woods and hills, and then home to my face. He seemed not to know what to say; how to express the deep pleasure and thankfulness. But he told me that he loves me with his whole heart; and that he would no longer have stayed so far from me, for all the gold in California.

"Good!" thought I. "He will be content with me, then, if he has no heaps of gold. And he will know that I don't love and accept him, for his money. This is good! I am glad!"

"Clarissa loves me a little, don't she?" asked he. He had been watching my face.

"Yes."

"Only a little?" gathering my hand close to his heart. I did not speak, at once; and he repeated the question.

"She loves you forty times more than you ever can her; ever!"

"We will see about that," laughing and kissing my finger-tips.

*Evening.*

Gustavus has been here. He and papa have gone out now together, to see some of the people.

See if this isn't outrageous bad! Spencer, Slidell & Co., lost only one speculation, and this comparatively a paltry one. He is richer than a Jew. I do not let him touch me, since this came out. I pretend that I will have nothing to do with him, since it was no rich Jew that I accepted; but a poor fellow who had neither

money nor home. He laughs heartily, gets my hand and keeps it, in spite of me. The rest laugh; even stiff Alexander. They think it rather a fine thing that he is so rich. I care nothing about it, beyond this; it would have been discouraging to lose all that for which he had been striving for so many years. And he can now have an easy, comfortable time; while I can help Cousin Henry along a little, can do whatever I wish for Mrs. Cormick and many

other poor people. Our minister has a hard time with his large family, and low salary. I will make his heart cheerful and strong, by giving him a hundred dollars every year that he and I live. I will—

But Gustavus comes without papa. I suppose I may as well let my diary go, after this. I suppose my head and my hands will be full of Gustavus, so that there will be no time or chance for writing in a diary.

## "WHEN YOU AND I WERE BOYS."

BY D. HARDY, JR.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
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| <p>Oh, do you not remember well our childhood's<br/>gleesome hours,<br/>When all around was beautiful, our life-path filled<br/>with flow'rs,<br/>When silver clouds o'erswept the sky and earth-land<br/>seemed so fair,<br/>That you and I but little dreamed of life's fast-<br/>coming care?<br/>And do you not remember well our childhood's<br/>transient joys,<br/>And all our dreams of future bliss when you and I<br/>were boys?<br/>So lovely then appeared the earth with its o'er-<br/>arching sky,<br/>That often-times we almost wished that we might<br/>never die;<br/>But seasons now have come and gone and years<br/>have rolled away,<br/>For Time in his swift march speeds on with unre-<br/>lenting sway;<br/>A change is stamped on all things now, and gone<br/>are childhood's joys,<br/>But o'er those days we love to muse when you and<br/>I were boys.<br/>I stately stood upon the shore of old Contoocook's<br/>stream,<br/>Where we once loved in days ago to wander and<br/>to dream;<br/>'Tis true the sun in tracks of red went down the<br/>Western sky,<br/>The stars as beautiful and bright were gleaming still<br/>on high,<br/>As when in boyhood's days ago, we shared each<br/>other's joys,<br/>But sad and strange had been the change since you<br/>and I were boys.<br/>The friends we loved so fondly then, who shared our<br/>scenes of mirth,<br/>Who cheered us with their loving smiles had left the<br/>scenes of earth;<br/>Ah! yes, the friends of childhood's years had perished<br/>one by one—</p> | <p>As stars as bright at morning time, are banished by<br/>the sun;<br/>Our old school-mates, those cherished ones, who<br/>shared our childhood's joys,<br/>Had roamed afar from childhood's home since you<br/>and I were boys.<br/>So sad and strange has been the change the world<br/>oft-times seems lone,<br/>But oh, the change is in ourselves for we have older<br/>grown;<br/>We've found that life hath many cares to cloud the<br/>youthful brow,<br/>Hath wrongs and ills, and sorrows deep to make the<br/>spirit bow;<br/>We've found that life is but a dream, that transient<br/>are its joys,<br/>And for those sunny days we sigh, when you and I<br/>were boys.<br/>And we have found our life-path here is not o'er-<br/>grown with flowers,<br/>For trials now are tempests wild where once they<br/>were but showers;<br/>We too have found that things of earth are subject<br/>to decay,<br/>The loved, the good, the beautiful must quickly pass<br/>away,<br/>That we, within the darksome grave "must bury<br/>human joys;"<br/>Ah! sad and bitter truths we've learned since you<br/>and I were boys.<br/>So let us spend our lives on earth, that when death<br/>seals our eyes,<br/>Our spirits freed will find a home, a mansion in the<br/>skies,<br/>Where Sorrow's train will enter not, where songs<br/>will never cease,<br/>Where streams of love are flowing from the crystal<br/>fount of peace;<br/>More lovely then will be our home, more lasting too<br/>our joys.<br/>More happy will our spirits be than when we both<br/>were boys.</p> |
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## ZANA.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

— CONTINUED FROM PAGE 208. —

#### CHAPTER XI.

I SLEPT heavily for hours, so heavily that all the sweet noises of morning failed to arouse me. It was a suspension of consciousness that probably saved me from a brain fever, or perhaps utter frenzy. It seems that I had looked myself in, and all day Maria, unconscious of my return, had not thought of looking for me till Turner came home, for a moment, to inquire after us. He found Jupiter still saddled, wandering around the wilderness, hungry and forlorn enough. This excited his fears, and, directly, the faithful old man was knocking at my chamber door. The noise was not enough to arouse me, and receiving no answer he grew desperate, and dashing open the door with his foot, found me prone upon the carpet with my arms around the bronze coffer, my soiled garments lying in torn masses around me, and my pale features quivering from beneath the scarlet kerchief, with which I had confined the riding-hat to my head.

The stillness of death, itself, was not more profound than the sleep into which I had fallen; but at last, the gushes of fresh air they let in upon me—aromatic vinegars, and the desperate shake that Turner gave me in his terror, had its effect—I stood up, stiffened in every limb, and in a sort of trance, for all consciousness was locked like ice in my bosom.

Slowly, and with many pangs, the remembrance of what had happened came back to me. The bronze coffer at my feet—the sight of my garments brought back a consciousness of all that I had learned and suffered during the last night. I took up the coffer and placed it, reverently, on a table. Turner and Maria watched me, with anxious curiosity. The box was a singular one, and covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, into which the red soil of the bank had introduced itself. I took no heed of Turner's astonishment; but, self-centred and stern, asked him if Lord Clare—I did not call him father—still lived.

"Yes," answered the old man, and all his features commenced to quiver, "he lives—he has

asked for you again and again. Where have you been, Zana?"

I did not reply. The stern duty that lay upon me hardened all my senses; the old man's right to question me passed for nothing. I asked what time it was, as if he had not spoken.

It was four in the afternoon. Lord Clare had inquired for me so often, that Turner determined, spite of Lady Catharine's prohibition, to bring me to his presence.

"Go," said the old man, gently—"go change that dress, and drive, if it is possible, that deathly white from your cheek; there is no resemblance now between you and *her*; that icy face will disappoint him. Look like yourself, Zana—like *her*!"

I went at his bidding and changed my dress, arranged and braided my hair with fingers as stiff, and, it seemed to me, as nerveless as iron. The pallor did not leave my cheek; the blood flowed still and icily in my veins: all the sweet impulses of humanity seemed dead within me. I remembered a scarlet ribbon which lay in the box, with a piece of gold attached. The journal had given me its history. The gold was my father's first gift to his gipsy wife. I remembered well finding the ribbon in his vest, and carrying it away with a sharp infantile struggle, full of glee and baby triumph. He allowed me to keep it. Yet it was her dearest maiden ornament, the earliest sacrifice that she had made to him. The event was impressed on my mind, because it brought forth the first angry word that I ever remember from my mother. On seeing me come forward, holding up the ribbon, and shouting as it floated behind me, I remember well the quick flash of her eyes, the eager bound which she made toward me, and the clutch of her hand as she wrested away my treasure.

My father laughed, lightly, at the struggle, but she bore the ribbon away, and did not appear again for hours.

As this memory pressed upon my mind, I entered the room where Turner awaited me,



took out the ribbon, and hung it with the gold around my neck.

"Do I look like *her* now?" I said, turning upon the old man with steady coldness.

He did not reply. His distended eyes were fixed on the antique rings in my ears—a sort of terror possessed him at the sight.

"Zana, where did you get those accursed things?" he said.

I did not answer, but took my mother's journal from the coffer and closed the lid over the gold.

Turner followed me from the room, evidently filled with awe by the cold stateliness of my demeanor.

With a heart harder than the nether millstone, I entered the house which held my dying father. No misgivings of humanity possessed me—my soul was cruel in its purpose, and my footsteps fell like iron upon the tessellated vestibule.

Upon the staircase we met Lady Catharine Irving. She confronted me with her impatient wrath and ordered me back, denouncing Turner for having introduced me a second time against her commands. I listened patiently till she had done, and then put her aside as I would have removed her lap dog, and sternly pursued my way, leaving Turner behind.

I opened the door of Lord Clare's chamber. A voice from the bed, feeble and sharp as that of an old man, called out,

"Turner, Turner, is it you? Have you found the child?"

I strode up to the bed and bent over the dying man. My hair almost touched his forehead. The glow of his great, feverish eyes spread, like fire, over my face.

When he saw me that sharp face began to quiver, and over each cheek there darted a burning spot, as if a red rose leaf had unfurled upon it. He lifted his long arms, and would have clasped them over my neck, but they fell back, quivering, upon the bed. With his lips drawn apart, and the glitter of his eyes growing fearful, he lay gazing at the ruby rings that weighed down my ears.

"Those, those!—the rubies! How came they here?—what demon has locked them into those ears? Out with them, Zana—out with them, they are accursed!"

He held up those pale hands and grasped eagerly at the ear-rings, but I drew back, standing upright by his bed.

"They are my inheritance," I said, "touch them not."

"They are accursed," he faltered, struggling to his elbow, "the symbols of treachery and

blood—they were in *her* ears—the sorceress—the poisoner—they were in her ears that night"

"I know it. They belonged to old Papita, the grand-dame of my mother, the Gitanilla whom you married in the vaults of the Alhambra. I am her child."

"And mine!" he cried, casting up his arms as he fell backward upon the pillows.

I drew back, repulsing those quivering arms with a motion of my hand. They fell heavily upon the bed clothes. A groan burst from his lips, and, from beneath his closed eyelids, I saw two great tears roll slowly downward.

For one moment the heart within me was stirred with an impulse of compassion. I took one of the pale hands in mine, the touch softened me still more. The word father trembled on my lips—another moment and I must have fallen to my knees by his side. But that instant Lady Catharine Irving laid her hand on my arm.

"Go," she said, in a hoarse whisper. "Insolent, begone!"

I shook off her detested touch and drew myself sternly up. "Hence, woman," I exclaimed, pointing to the door with my hand—"hence, and leave me alone with my father!"

She turned livid with rage, but kept her ground, attempting to force me from the bed: but she might as well have tried her puny strength on a rock.

"Catharine, go, it is my child," said a faint voice from the bed; "leave us together."

"It is against the physician's orders—his mind wanders—it is madness!" exclaimed the woman, addressing Turner, who followed her; "you will bear witness, good Turner, that at the last his mind wandered."

Lord Clare's eyes opened, and were bent, with a look of ineffable love upon my face, "my child—my child!" he murmured, repeating the name as if the sound were sweet to him. Then looking at Turner, he whispered, "there must be some new proof. Those rings, take them from her—for, before the God of heaven, she is my own child."

"He raves—he is insane!" cried Lady Catharine, attempting to dash me aside.

I have said that my heart was hard as a rock when I entered that chamber. A moment of tenderness had softened it, but the presence of this woman petrified it again. Still I could not share in this unholy strife around my father's death bed without a shudder: my very soul revolted from the contest which might ensue if I persisted in remaining. I took the hand which had been feebly extended toward me, and pressed the journal of my mother into its clasp. He

lifted up the papers, held them waving before his eyes, and muttering, "it is her's—it is her's!" cowered down into the bed and began to weep piteously.

"What papers are those?" almost shrieked Lady Catharine, attempting to possess them, but the dying man dragged them beneath the bed clothes. "It is forbidden him to read—he shall not attempt it!"

Lord Clare started up in bed, and pointed his long, fleshless finger toward the door.

"Woman," he cried, in a voice that made her creep slowly backward—"woman, intermeddle no more—leave me with these papers and my God!"

The astonished and terrified woman crept abjectly from the room with her pallid face averted.

Lord Clare still sat upright, unfolding the yellow and time-stained journal of my mother with his shaking hands.

"Fling back the curtains," he cried. "Nay, nay, my eyes are dim—bring lights—bring lights. Ha, yes, that is the sunset, let me read it by the last sun I shall ever see!"

Turner had drawn back the bed curtains, twisting the silk in rich masses around the heavy ebony posts. But this was not enough, with a sweep of his arms he sent all the glowing silk back from the nearest window, letting in a burst of the golden sunset.

And by this light my dying father began to read the records of a heart he had broken. It was terrible to witness the eagerness with which his glittering eyes ran over the paper. New vitality had seized upon him: he sat upright and firm as an oak in the bed which had quivered to his nervous trembling a few minutes before.

I entered the room determined to spare no pang to the dying man—to shrink from nothing that might send back an avenging torture for all that he had dealt to my mother, but I was young and I was human. The blood that beat in his almost pulseless heart flowed in my veins also. I could not look upon him there—so pale, so full of deathly beauty—and be his executioner. I turned away resolved to spare him the details of my mother's death. I met Lady Catharine again upon the stairs, and she shrunk back from me as if I had been a viper. It gave me no pain, I was scarcely conscious of her presence.

I awoke in the night from a broken and unhealthy sleep. Turner's voice and the tramp of Jupiter outside my window had aroused me. I raised the sash and looked out in time to see the old man throw himself on Jupiter's back and

ride swiftly away. Just then the clock chimed three and a half o'clock.

I could not sleep again. A remembrance of the scene by my father's death bed—the knowledge that now he had full proof that I was indeed his child, came with startling acuteness to my mind. I reflected that in that house my mother had lived her brief period of happiness, and known the anguish that at last drove her to death. Never had I felt her memory so keenly, or her presence so near. A craving desire to draw my soul closer to her's by material things seized upon me. The sitting-room which I could remember her to have occupied, and that had been so often alluded to in her journal, had never been opened since she left it. Turner and Maria avoided the very passage which led to it, and I had shared somewhat in this spirit of avoidance. Now a desire possessed me to visit that room. The key was lost, Turner had often told me that, but bolts were of little consequence to me then. I dressed hurriedly and let myself into the garden. Around the old stone balcony the vines had run riot for years, weaving themselves luxuriously around the carved tracery and the rich balustrades in fantastic and leafy masses.

I tore these vines asunder, baring the old steps and scattering them with dead leaves, as I made my way to the balcony, which was literally choked up with the silky tufts of the clematis vines, run to seed, and passion flowers out of blossom. The nails, grown rusty in the hinges, gave way as I pulled at the shutters closed for years and years. Then the sash-door yielded before me, and I stood in the room my mother had inhabited; the first human being that had trod its floor since she left it on that bitter, bitter night. How well I remembered it! Then I had stood by her side a little child; now I was a woman alone in its desolation. I sat down in the darkness till the first tints of dawn revealed all its dreary outlines. A pile of cushions lay at my feet, and gleams of the original crimson came up through the dust. On those cushions I had crouched, watching her through my half shut lashes as she sat in the easy-chair, meditating her last appeal to the merciless heart of her husband.

A cashmere shawl, moth-eaten, and, with its gorgeous tints almost obliterated, hung over the chair, sweeping the dim carpet with its dusty fringes. Pictures gleamed around me through a veil of dust; and vases full of dead flowers stood on the mosaic tables; when I touched the leaves they crumbled to powder beneath my fingers. I beat the cushions free from their defacement, and reverently shook out the folds of

my mother's shawl. These were the objects she had touched last, and to me they were sacred. The rest I left in its dreariness, glad that time and creeping insects had spread a pall over them.

Seated in her chair, I watched the dawn break slowly over the garden. It seemed as if I were waiting for something—as if some object, sacred to her memory, had called me to that room, and placed me in that chair. It was a dull morning. Tints that should have been rosy took a pale violet hue in the east. The birds were beginning to wake up, but as yet they only moved dreamily in the leaves. No wind was astir, and the shadows of night still lay beneath the trees of the wilderness. The stillness around was funereal.

Unconsciously I listened. Yet whom could I expect? What human being ever entered that room sacred to the memory of one unhappy woman?

At length there came upon this stillness a sound that would have startled another, but I sat motionless and waited. It was like the struggling of some animal through the flower thickets—the unequal tread of footsteps—short pauses and quick gasps of breath. Then a feeble clambering up the steps, and there, upon the balcony, stood my father.

My heart ceased to beat; for the universe I could not have moved or spoken. He was dressed so strangely, his under garments all white as snow, with that gorgeous gown of Damascus silk folded over like the great wings on an angel. His head was bare, and the locks curled over the pallid forehead, crisped with a dampness that I afterward knew was the death sweat.

He stood within the window, with those great, burning eyes bent upon me. Their look was unearthly—their brightness terrible; but there was no shrinking in my heart. I hardened under it as steel answers to the flame.

After shaking the dust from my mother's shawl, I had laid it back upon the chair as it was at first; but when I sat down the folds were disturbed, and fell around my shoulders, till, unconsciously, I had been draped with them much as was my mother's custom. Thus I appeared before her husband and my father, ignorant of the appalling likeness that struck his dying heart to the centre.

He stood for a whole minute in the sheltered window, never turning his eyes a moment from my face. Then with a feeble stillness, taking each step as a child begins to walk, he glided toward me, and, sinking on his knees at my feet, took my two hands softly in his, and laid his damp forehead upon them.

"Aurora—Aurora, forgive me—I am dying—I am dying!"

It sounds in the depths of my soul yet—the pathetic anguish of those words! I could not move; my lips clung together: a stillness like that of the grave fell over us both. He had taken me, the implacable child, for the wronged mother; his cold lips lay passive upon my hands, and I had no power to fling them off.

He meekly lifted his head, those burning eyes were filled with tears, in which they seemed to float like stars reflected in water.

"You will not speak it, Aurora, and I am dying?" he murmured, clasping his arms over my neck, and drawing his head upward to my bosom, till I could feel the sharp, quick pants of his heart close to mine. "I have been years and years searching for the thing forgiveness; and now, when your lips alone can speak it, they will not! I am waiting, Aurora—but you will not let me die! To wait is torture—but you will not speak!"

Oh, my God, forgive me; but the black blood of Egypt rose like gall in the bottom of my heart, when he spoke of torture in that prayerful, broken-hearted manner. I forgot him, though he lay heavy as death upon my bosom, and thought only of the real torture under which she, for whom I was mistaken, had perished. My heart rose hard and strong, repelling the feeble flutter of his with the heave of an iron shaft.

"It is not Aurora—I am not your gipsy wife, Lord Clare, but her child—the foundling of your servant—the scoff of your whole race. I am Zana!"

"Zana!" he repeated, lifting his eyes with a bewildered and mournful look, "that was our child; but, Aurora, how many times shall I ask! Where is she? Have I not come all this weary way to find her? Where is she, Zana?"

"I gave you her journal," I said.

"Yes, yes, I have it here under my vest: you will find it by-and-bye, but let it be a little while. She, Aurora, herself, this writing is not forgiveness; and I say again, child, I am dying!"

"I have nothing but what she has written," I answered, shrinking from his questions as if they had been pincers.

"But she does not tell all—not a word since that night. She was going somewhere—she talked about dying, but that is not easy, Zana—see how long I have been about it, and not dead yet. Tell me what she has been doing since that miserable, miserable night."

"Ask her in Eternity!" I said, attempting to free myself from his embrace. "If the dead forgive, ask forgiveness of her there!"

He drew back upon his knees, supporting

himself by the marble pressure of his hands upon my arms.

"Dead. Is Aurora dead?" fell in a whisper from his white lips. "Is she waiting for me there?"

"She is dead!" I answered.

"When, how, where did she die?" he questioned, with sudden energy, and a glitter of the eye that burned away all the tears.

I hesitated one minute—an evasion was on my lips. I could not tell him how his victim had died, it was striking a poinard into the last struggles of waning life. Suffering from the agony of his look I turned my head away; the fringe of my mother's shawl caught in the ruby ear-rings that was swayed by the motion. A fiery pain shot through my temple again; the gipsy blood ran hot and bitterly in my veins. His voice was in my ear again, feeble, but commanding.

"Speak—how did Aurora die?"

The answer sprung like burning lava to my lips. I forgot that it was a dying man to whom I spoke. My words have rung back to my own soul ever since clear and sharp as steel.

*"Your wife—my mother—was stoned to death by her tribe in the snow mountains back of Grenada!"*

My father sprang to his feet. For a moment he stood up, stiff and stark, like a marble shaft; then he reeled forward and lay prone upon the cushions, with a cry that made every nerve in my body quake.

That cry, that prostrate form, oh, God, forgive me, barbarian that I was—my voice had smitten him to the soul. I, his only child, had fiendishly hurled him down to die! I looked upon him where he lay, ghastly and quivering, like a shot eagle, among the cushions. All the sweet memories of my infancy came back: a remembrance of the first tender kisses those lilac lips had pressed on my forehead, seemed burning there in curses of my cruelty. I knelt down beside him, humbled to the dust with self-reproach, racked with an anguish so scathing, that while I longed to perish by his side, it seemed as if I were doomed to live on forever and ever.

I felt a shudder creep over his limbs as I bent over and touched him.

"Father, oh, my father," I cried, in terrible anguish, "speak! say that I have not killed you!"

He did not speak; he did not move; his eyes were closed; his pale hand lay nerveless upon the carpet. An awful chill crept over me. I felt like a murderess stricken with the first curse of my crime. Noises came from the balcony, people were scrambling up the steps, probably aroused by that fearful cry. I heard Turner's voice—

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other persons were with him. One a professional-looking man, who held a roll of paper in his hand; another followed, carrying an inkstand bristling with pens. The first man sat down by a table, upon which some vases stood, and, unrolling a parchment, looked keenly at Turner.

"Awake him gently, there is no time to lose: this terrible effort must soon terminate all."

Turner knelt down by his master, and I drew back, waiting breathlessly for him to speak; my very salvation seemed hanging on his first word. How white he grew! how those old hands shook as they touched the pale fingers that had fallen over the cushion. It was a long time before that good old man could master the tears that swelled to his throat. The stillness was profound. No one stirred; the barrister sat with one hand pressed on the will he had come to execute; the other held a pen suspended motionless.

"Will he sign now?" questioned the man, in a low voice; "it is all that is wanting."

Turner stood up, and his white face was revealed to the barrister, who began to roll up the parchment.

"Good heavens, is it so?" he exclaimed, in a suppressed voice, "and in this strange place?"

"My master, oh, my master!" cried Turner, falling upon his knees, and calling aloud as he lifted the pale hand of the dead, and laid it reverently on the still bosom, "oh, would to God I had died for thee!"

I looked on the old man with wonder and envy. He could weep, but I was frozen into stone—he could touch the beloved hand, I was afraid even to look that way. The curse of my gipsy inheritance was upon me; the first act in the great drama of revenge on my mother's enemies was performed, and it had left me branded, heart and soul. I sat cowering by the dead like a criminal, not like the avenger of a great wrong. I had built up walls of granite between myself and the dead, I, his only child.

The rush of all these thoughts on my brain stifled me. I could no longer endure the presence of the living nor the dead, but arose and descended into the garden. Turner followed me, weeping, and evidently with a desire to comfort me. I, wishing to avoid him, was still held by a sort of fascination under the windows of the death chamber. A litter stood beneath the balcony, on which a mattress had been placed; I knew what it was for, and lingered near it with my eyes uplifted to the room above. There was a faint conversation, smothered whispers, and a muffled tread of feet upon the carpet.

I know not how or whence she came, but Maria stood at my side, with her hands clasped in the

shock of a first terrible surprise, tearless and hushed, a picture of mute sorrow. We were both looking upward. We saw them as they lifted him from the cushions, and bore him forward over the trampled vines to the broken steps. The faces of these men wore a look of stern sorrow. They descended, very slowly, while Turner stood below with arms uplifted, prepared to receive the dead.

The men paused, half way down the steps, to free a portion of the Oriental gown which had entangled itself in the balustrade. Just then a first beam of the sunrise fell across that marble face—oh, how beautiful it was, how mournfully beautiful! Dim blue shadows lay around the closed eyelids. The deathly white of the forehead gleamed out from the golden auburn of his hair and beard, which the sunshine struck aslant, and the wind softly stirred in terrible contrast with the stillness of the face and limbs. A look of holy quiet, more heavenly than a smile, lay around his mouth; the very winds of morning seemed gross for disturbing the solemn stillness of that day upon him.

Years and years after, when I stood an old woman before "Rubens' descent from the Cross," in the cathedral at Antwerp, the remembrance of my dead father, as they bore him down those steps, rose before me vividly as the picture.

The women at the foot of the cross, dark and Oriental like us, dumb with grief as we were. The old man standing in sorrowful readiness to receive his lord—the stern faces above—rich drapery in contrast with the white which surrounds the Christ—the solemn hush that lies upon every object, even those in action. Above all, the wonderful beauty of that drooping face, the sublime stamp of suffering upon feature and limb—the holy stillness that lay upon the Christ, all reminded me of my father as they bore him away. With the shock of that remembrance I fainted, and fell upon the pavement beneath the picture, adding the force of actual, ever haunting grief to the pictured suffering that had struck me to the earth.

## CHAPTER XII.

ONCE more I passed the threshold of my father's house—the threshold upon which I had slept a child-beggar and an infant outcast; for the first time I trod over the spot not only without bitterness, but in humility of soul. I followed the dead body of my father, whose love I had repulsed, whose repentance I had rejected. That one idea drove all the evil blood from my heart; I would have crept after him on my knees

before every proud remnant of his race, could the act have appeased this thought within me.

It was early in the morning, so early that not even a servant was astir. The men trod lightly over the marble vestibule and up the broad staircase; often that thick carpet muffled their steps: and thus our mournful group entered Lord Clare's chamber without disturbing a soul in the house.

Even the valet that had been left to watch with him when old Turner was sent away, was not aroused from the deep slumber which had overtaken him, in an easy-chair wheeled to a remote corner of the room.

Life had passed out, and death entered the room, while that man, like the apostles of old, slept on his post.

They laid my father on his bed, and then gathered in a group near the window, pallid and anxious, whispering together. At times whispers are more distinct than words—I heard all. The lawyer held a parchment roll still in his hand; Turner looked wistfully at it, then at me.

"No, it is of no more value than blank paper," said the lawyer, answering the look; "and worse, the old will, which would have given all in his power to the nephew, was destroyed in anticipation of this. Lady Catharine sweeps every thing!"

"It was not that," said Turner, "but his memory, let it be saved from idle gossip. It is only known to us that my lord left this room last night. Why make the manner or place of his death a wonder for people that have no right to inquire about it?"

"We can be silent," answered the lawyer, looking at his clerk.

"Do, for the sake of all who loved him; and this parchment, it is useless, let us forget it. We know that his last wish was to provide for her poor, poor child." Turner beckoned as he spoke that I should advance.

"Zana," he said, taking the parchment, "he would have made you rich. In this will he left Greenhurst and much other property to you; had he lived only a few minutes longer all would have been well. But God, who has made you an orphan, leaves you still with old Turner. In this will and to me he has spoken of you as his child. Shall it be so proclaimed? So far the secret rests with us. Shall we darken his memory with it?"

Oh, how thankful I was for this power to atone in a little for the cruelty of my acts! For the first time that day tears came to my eyes.

"Save his memory," I said; "let me remain an outcast. No word or look of mine shall blacken his name."

This resolution reconciled me somewhat to myself. I stole toward the bed, and through my tears gazed upon that marble face.

"Oh, my father, can you hear me?" I murmured. "It is your child—not the demon who refused to forgive—but you *are* forgiven. In eternity you have seen the wronged one, and instead of curses she has filled your immortality with blessings. I see them upon this face, that in its ineffable calm forgives even me who was implacable."

The broken sobs and murmurs in which I uttered these words of grief awoke the valet, who arose and came toward the window. Turner advanced.

"Go arouse the family, the Earl of Clare is dead."

The man went out after one wild look at the remains of his lord.

Directly the chamber was filled. Weeping domestics crowded the ante-room. Lady Catharine and her son stood by the death couch; the mother lost in noisy grief; the young man white and tearless as the dead face upon which he gazed.

As Lady Catharine removed the embroidered handkerchief from her face, her eyes fell upon me where I stood by the window near the strange lawyer. Her face flushed, and she came toward us.

"How long has this girl been in Lord Clare's chamber? How dare she insult our grief by intruding here?"

She spoke anxiously, casting sidelong glances at the parchment which the lawyer still held.

"She came with me—she saw him when he died," answered the old man.

"And were you here also?" questioned Lady Catharine, sharply, of the lawyer.

He bowed.

The lady forgot her tears and the grief, which, at first, had disturbed the sacred quiet of that death chamber.

"Did he send for you?" she continued.

"He did, my lady."

"And for her?" she cried, with a disdainful wave of the hand toward me.

"His last wish was to see her."

This evasive, but lawyer-like reply, irritated her afresh.

"What is that in your hand?" she cried, and taking even this wary man by surprise, she reached forth her hand, secured the parchment, and eagerly unrolled it. She began to read; her thin lips grew almost imperceptible; and her light blue eyes, the most cruel color on earth, when filled with malice, became repulsive as

those of a venomous reptile. They darted from line to line, growing fiercer and more hideous each instant, till her face became perfectly colorless.

At last her eyes dropped to the bottom of the document, a glare of delight shot from them, and striking the parchment with her open hands, she looked round upon us, with a smile of triumphant malice, horrible in that place and presence.

"It is not signed—it was not his work, but yours!" she cried, forgetting all respect for the dead in her fiendish exultation. "Go forth, one and all, your presence here is an insult!"

She waved her hand haughtily toward the door. But the lawyer and his clerk alone answered it. She still pointed her finger toward the door. Turner withstood the gesture firmly, but still with that respect which men of his class habitually render to those of superior station.

"Madam," he said, "you have seen it written by his own order that this young girl was Lord Clare's child. Surely it cannot be that you wish her sent altogether from his dwelling while he is lying there?"

"I deny it; there is no proof that she is his child, not the least," she retorted, pale with anger, and casting a furtive look at the bed as if she feared those marble lips might move and contradict her. "What proof is there in an unsigned paper drawn up at a distance, and without his knowledge?"

"Before God and before the dead!" answered Turner, looking upward, and then bowing his forehead solemnly toward the death couch, "Clarence, Lord Clare told me with his own lips, not twelve hours ago, that this child, Zana, was his daughter, proven so entirely to his satisfaction. By his orders, and at his dictation, I took down all that is in that unsigned will, and myself carried it to the lawyer who hastened to put it in form."

"It is false; had this been true Lord Clare would have signed it."

"He was dead when we came back," answered Turner.

I saw her lips move, those thin, pale lips made a movement as if they would have said, "thank God!" But in the awful presence of death she dared not force them to utter the blasphemy in words.

All this time George Irving had been so overwhelmed by the sudden shock of his uncle's death, that he seemed entirely unconscious of what was passing. But at last the sharp tones of his mother's voice aroused him, and he came forward with one hand slightly uplifted. "Hush," he said, "this is no place for words."

His mother looked at him with a half sneer.

"Do you know that this creature and her miserable old father has been plotting to disgrace our name, to steal away your birth-right, George?"

"I only know that we are in the presence of death," answered the young man, solemnly. "Madam, let me lead you away, this agitation will make you ill."

"No—not while these vipers remain," she answered.

This scene had, from the first, wounded me as if every word had been a blow, but my heart received as a blessing every fresh pang, for it seemed as if by pain I could make atonement for all I had inflicted on the dead. But I could now no longer endure it. Without a word, and with one mournful glance at the beautiful marble that had been my father, I went forth alone. Turner remained, not all the malice of that bad woman could move him from the side of his master—command and insult were alike futile. Until the day of the funeral the old man remained by his master, still as a shadow, faithful as truth.

It was a miserable time with me after this. I wandered around that dwelling like a haunting and haunted spirit. They had laid my father out in state, and the meanest villager could pass in and look upon him; but I, his only child, driven away like a dog, could only look upon the walls that held him afar off, and through blinding tears. Still I said to myself it is right. Let me have patience with this cruelty—I who would not be merciful, who refused forgiveness, as if I were a God to judge and avenge, should learn to suffer. But it was grief, not contrition, that made me speak and feel thus. With the memory of his death green in my heart, I thought that the bitterness of my nature was all gone, and gloried like a martyr in the persecutions that threatened me.

At last I grew weary with watching. Maria strove to comfort me, but her own kind heart was full of grief, and we could only weep together and wish for old Turner.

But we had friends who did not quite forsake us, though it was known that even sympathy in our sorrow would be held as a cause of offence with Lady Catharine, who was now a peeress in her own right, and lady of the Hall.

The curate and my precious Cora came to us at once. They had seen Turner at his post, and, knowing the danger, came without concealment to comfort us. Cora did not seem well; her sweet mouth was unsteady as if with more than sudden grief; those pale blue shadows lay beneath her beautiful eyes, that I could never see without a

feeling that an overflow of tears had left them there.

She was very gentle, and affectionate as a child; striving with her pretty ways and sweet words to win me from the sternness of my grief. I felt this gratefully, but had no power to express the sense that I really felt of the kindness. As one answers and feels the pity of a child, I received the sympathy that she came to give. Would that it had been otherwise—would that I had treated her as a woman full of rich, shy, womanly feelings—in that time of confidence and tears she might have been won to trust in me entirely. But there was the old feeling of suspicion in my heart. We shared our tears together, but nothing else. The sweet, motherless girl had no encouragement to open her heart to me if it had been her wish. In the selfishness of my grief I forgot everything else.

With Mr. Clark it was otherwise, his counsels, his gentleness, and patience were so true, so beautifully sincere, that I could not but yield to them. I told him all:—my night at the Greenhurst, the papers which Chaleco had unearthed, and my last, cruel interview with Lord Clare. But the good man could give me no counsel here. His life had been too isolate, too tranquil for power to cope with, or even understand these wild events. He was shocked by the revengeful character of Chaleco, and urged me with tears never to see this man again.

"Come to us," said the good man—"come and learn to love God peacefully with Cora and your old friend. The little parsonage is large enough for three: it held three once, you know," he added, with tender mournfulness; "and I sometimes think Cora still pines for her mother as I do. The parsonage is very sad of late years, and you seldom come now, Zana."

"I will come to you more than ever if they will let me," I answered, touched by his sadness, and filled with remorse for having, in a great degree, forsaken his dwelling the moment a jealous doubt of Cora entered my mind.

"Drive all this wild man's advice from your mind," continued he, "see how it embittered the last moments of your father's life—those precious moments which God had bestowed that they might be filled with paternal blessings. Flee from this evil man, Zana."

There was something in the simplicity and gentleness with which this advice was given that touched my heart; while a haughty faith in my own more daring character made me receive it with forbearance rather than respect. But just then all opposition was passive in my bosom; I was silent, and he thought me convinced.

In some things this strangely good man was full of resolution, strong in courage. When I expressed a wish to see my father again, before the tomb was closed on him forever, he offered at once to lead me to his side; I did not dream that this act of Christian courage would harm him, though *he* knew it well enough. It was a fatal step, but how could I comprehend that the hatred sure to follow me, would be felt by all who regarded my forlorn state with kindness?

I saw my father once more in the dead of night, when no one watched beside him save old Turner. Mr. Clark went with me: and the two men, my sole supporters on earth, left me alone in the funeral chamber.

I will not attempt to describe the anguish, the sting of conscience which held me chained to that death couch. I knelt beneath the dim rays of light that gleamed like starbeams among the black draperies, and made an effort to pray. Was it my imagination, or did those fearful rubies burn in my ears? *I could not pray.*

As I rose from my knees with an oppression on my chest and brain, that held me as in chains of iron, the masses of black velvet that fell from the tall ebony couch on which the Lord of Clare Hall was laid, shook heavily, parted, and in the dusky opening I saw the head of Chaleco. The face was half in shadow, but those eyes and the gleaming teeth were full of sinister triumph.

He reached forth one hand, removed the linen from Lord Clare's face, and whispered in his native Romanny,

"Look on your mother's murderer, woman of the Caloes—look for the last time. He has covered your face with shame, driven you forth from his people. Come to us, it is time. The tribes of Grenada know that the true blood has avenged itself here. They will recognize those symbols of Papita, their prophetess—they will forgive the base blood in your heart, and you shall be a queen to them. Chaleco promises!"

With an effort that seemed like a wrench on every nerve in my body, I turned away my eyes from the dark head of the gipsy count, and they rested on the holy stillness of my father's death sleep. The light gleamed over him: the sublime repose of his features had deepened till he almost smiled. Contrasted with that heavenly face Chaleco seemed a demon tempting me.

I fell upon my knees once more; the weight left my brain and lungs; tears are sometimes sweeter and more holy than prayer, I wept freely.

When I arose Chaleco stood beside me, but the power of his fierce eyes was gone. The unnatural influence that he had obtained over me was

lost in the more sublime impressions left by that tranquil face.

"Go," I said, gently, "I am not prepared to follow yet."

"Wait till these Gentiles spurn you away then!" he answered, in a fierce whisper, "they will do it. No fear, I can wait."

"God only knows what they will do," I said, "but I was not made for an avenger; children do not turn and rend those who gave them life. Look there, how he smiles, and yet I killed him. You call it vengeance—it is murder!"

"Fool!" he exclaimed, "fool! but wait, wait!"

He waved his hand toward me as if to forbid any movement; and going to an antique cabinet which I remembered well, began to search in its drawers. I saw him take out two or three articles which he thrust in his bosom, then with a dark look toward the bed he disappeared. I know not how, for when I would have stopped his progress the velvet drapery swayed between me and him, as if dashed down with a sweep of his arm. When I searched behind that he was gone.

On the next day my father was buried. I did not attempt to join the procession, or force myself on the notice of those who had assembled to render the last honors to his memory. Strangers could walk close by his bier, I looked on like a wild animal through the thick trees that concealed me. It was a bitter thought, and something of old resentments kept me dumb as the funeral train swept by. I think it was three or four days after Lord Clare's funeral, when Turner received a message from the Hall. He seemed troubled, but made an evident effort to appear unconcerned. I saw him go with misgivings, for late events had left me in a state of nervousness that detected evils in every shadow. My presentiments were right. Lady Clare, the new countess, before leaving for her London house, among some other old and favorite servants, coldly ordered the old man away unless he would send me, her brother's orphan, from beneath his roof. Other changes were about to be made. The Greenhurst living, which had been vacant, and which controlled this church at the Hall, was promised to George Irving's tutor, who would take orders and assume it at once.

Everywhere was I hedged in and surrounded by foes: an Ishmaelitic feeling took possession of me amid my grief. The only friends that clung to me on earth were driven forth like dogs because they gave me shelter. I knew well that Turner would not hesitate, that he would beg by the way-side rather than forsake the poor foundling he had cherished so long.



But he was now an old man, united to a woman scarcely more capable of working her way through ordinary life than a child. Should I permit him to be thus unhoused and thrust into new phases of life that I might share his little means of comfort? He loved that beautiful old dwelling: to send him from among the trees of that park would end like uprooting the oldest oak there. Not for me—not for me should this be done!

But Cora and her father, they had offered me a share in that pretty home by the church. This thought, for an instant, gave me pleasure—but was not the good man also dependant on a friend—I had almost said menial—for the soul renders easier services, sometimes, than the bare hands can give. Was not he also indirectly at the mercy of this new countess?

All night long I thought over these little reflections, and, spite of myself, an indignant sense of oppression—cruel, undeserved oppression, filled my soul. The iron of my nature broke up through the soil that had covered it for a time: the sybil's ear-rings grew precious to me. If cast out from one race, there were burning links which drew me to the darker and fiercer people, to whom persecution was an inheritance.

I arose in the morning and went to Clare Hall. The countess would have had me driven from her steps like a dog had I desired admission; but, well aware of this, I entered alone and unannounced, and made my way to her dressing-room.

The contrasts in that woman's character were most repulsive. She had all the girlish softness which marked Nero when meditating his ferocities. While her aims were all deep and cruel as the grave, their exhibition was even frivolous. While planning the ruin of a fellow creature, she would sit rapidly curling the hair of her lap dog, as if that only occupied her mind.

When I entered her presence, she rose hastily from the depths of an easy-chair, in which she had been buried with her dog, and arranged the folds of a violet silk dressing-gown, with what seemed fastidious regard to the effect her delicate attempt at mourning would have upon the young gipsy. I was surprised at this, it seemed impossible that a woman so relentless could occupy herself with trivial attempts at display like this. Now, it seems the most natural thing on earth, inordinate vanity and a savage want of feeling have linked themselves together through all history; the bad man or woman is almost invariably a vain one.

I think the woman took a mean pleasure in making her dog bark at me, for her hand was playing about his ears, and a contracted smile

warped her lips as his snarling yelp died into a howl.

I took no heed, but walked up to her chair and rested one hand upon it. She shrunk back.

"Madam," I said, "you have made it a condition with Mr. Turner that he shall thrust me from his door. Because he refused this you wish to drive him from the estate. He refuses no longer, I have come to inform you of this. Tomorrow you will have rendered your brother's child homeless."

"I am glad," said the woman, with her weak smile—"very glad that Turner has come to his senses. No one wishes, of course, to send him away, he is a good servant enough; but we cannot make that pretty cottage a nest for impostors, you know. So long as he lives there, quietly, and alone with his old wife it does not signify, though I had a fancy for tearing the place down. But he must not harbor objectionable people: give him to understand this before you go. Above all things, strolling gipsies and their children must be kept from the estate: he will understand!"

"Madam, have I your promise that Mr. Turner shall remain in his old place so long as I keep from his house?" I questioned.

"Why, yes," she answered, smoothing the dog's ear over her finger; "he is a good old man enough. No one will disturb him, I dare say, unless my son's bride should take a distaste to his ugliness when she comes down."

I received the sidelong glance of her eyes as she said this without flinching, and she went on. "Estelle has fastidious fancies in such things. Now, I think of it, she may be in want of a handy maid—did she not approve of your talent in that way, once? If the situation would keep you from want, I have no earthly objection."

"Madam!" said I, standing upright and speaking, as it were, a prophecy, for the words were not formed by a moment's thought—"madam, when I come back to Clare Hall, I shall be its mistress, not a servant."

She turned white with rage or fear; her eyes gleamed; she clenched her hand fiercely among the thick curls of her spaniel, who lay crouched in her lap eyeing me like a rattlesnake.

As I spoke, a low laugh reached my ear from a window; and, for an instant, I saw the face of Chaleco looking in through the rose colored curtains. Lady Clare covered back in her chair, frightened by the glance that I fixed upon her, by my words and the fiendish glee of that laugh.

"Go," she said, at last, "leave the estate, you and your old supporter; root and branch you shall all be exterminated."

A slight noise at the window, a flutter of silk, and Chaleco stood by me.

"No, madam," he said, "*she* shall go because it is the will of her people; but as for that old man, touch but the dog he loves at your peril!"

"What are you?" faltered the lady, gathering up her spaniel in an agony of terror. "How came you in this place?"

"I have been here before," said Chaleco.

"When?"

"On the night Lord Clare's wife died." He stooped down whispering the words in her ear. "If a hair of that old man's head suffers for his kindness to this child, *I will come again.*"

"I will promise," she faltered.

"Bah, I want no promise; your white face is truer than a false tongue. You dare not touch him—we of the Caloes have soft steps and potent drinks. We know how to wait, but in the end those who tread on us are stung."

"You need not tell me that," she answered, bitterly, and struggling with her terror.

"Be cautious then: you who owe this vast property to us should be considerate!"

"To you?—to you?"

"Yes, to us. Had not Lady Clare drank too freely of harmless cold water—had not Lord Clare known it, and so tortured himself to death, where would your chances of property have been?"

"And you did this?" cried the woman, aghast.

"Who else? The Gentiles have no relish for vengeance, they swallow it at a mouthful—we take a life-time for one meal—don't make us hungry again!"

Chaleco turned away with a scornful smile, and, stooping to my ear, whispered,

"At the Greenhurst, to-night, I shall wait!"

He glided toward the window, lifted the curtain, and was gone before Lady Clare knew that he had moved; for, overcome with cowardly terror, she had buried her face in the cushions of her easy-chair.

I did not wait for her to look up, but left the room, satisfied that my poor old benefactor was saved from all attempts at persecution.

I went to the parsonage after this, where I might be another day. What course of life would be mine was uncertain, all that I knew was that my life at Clare Hall had ended.

Thus cramped in its affections, my poor heart turned with longing tenderness toward Cora, the only child companion I had ever known. I would see her, and with my secret kept close, have the joy of one more loving interview. My heart grew gentle with tenderness as I approached the house. She was not at the window. An air of strange gloom pervaded the place. I entered the parlor:

it had not been swept that day: books, drawings, and Cora's guitar lay huddled together on the table; all the blinds were close but one, and that kept in constant motion, now letting in gushes of light, again filling the room with shadows.

In a dim corner stood Mr. Clark's easy-chair with the back toward me. I approached it and leaned over. There sat the curate exactly as he had the morning of his wife's death, pale, tearless, the most touching picture of grief that I ever saw.

I looked around for the cause: where was Cora and her father in this state? I ran to her room, it was empty. Into the kitchen—the servant sat moping by a dresser: she did not know what had come over her master, or where Miss Cora was. He had not spoken a word or eaten a mouthful since she went out.

Sick at heart, I went back to the parlor, and, kneeling by the good man, took his hand in mine.

"Speak to me!" I said, "oh, speak, what has happened? Why are you thus?"

He looked on me as he had done that first day in his grief, laid his hand on my head and burst into tears. He did not speak, but put one hand into his bosom, took out a letter and attempted to unfold it. But his poor hands shook so nervously that the paper only rattled in his grasp.

With painful forebodings I took it from his hand. I did not read it all, for a sickness of heart came over and blinded me; but enough was plain, Cora Clark, my little Cora had left her father's house to be married, so she wrote, and her companion—who was he?

George Irving left Clare Hall on the very night that letter was written; she mentioned no names, but this was a part that all might read. His tutor still remained with Lady Clare.

Mr. Clark looked wearily at me as I read the letter. His lips moved, and he said in a meek, broken-hearted voice,

"What can we do, Zana?"

"We will find her—love her—take her home again," I said. "Cora shall not remain with this villain even as his wife!"

"You see," said Mr. Clark, looking meekly downward, "God has taken away my strength, I cannot walk."

It was true, *his limbs were paralyzed.*

"I will find her. Get well and wait patiently, father, I will not rest till Cora is at home again."

"God bless you my child."

He kissed me on the forehead, and with this holy seal upon my brow, I went forth from among my father's people an outcast, an Ishmael among women, but strong to act and to endure.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## LIGHT AFTER DARK.

BY ELISE GRAY.

DID you ever pass through a long, wild winter? Not an ordinary one of three moons, when freezing and dissolving alternate; when old Boreas blusters fiercely a few days and nights; when the snow drifts high up to the windows and makes curious, lace-like curtains over the panes; then the storm is past—the gentle south wind blows softly like a strange breath from the sweet summers you remember, and all the snow melts from the grass, that still retains a little of its native hue. But one of those winters that come like angels's visits, only *not welcome*, when almost as soon as the dead, dry leaves begin to fly in the chilly autumn winds, merry children cry out in glee that the first snow-flakes are falling. But you go to the window and look out very *sadly* to think that winter is coming so early. Very soon you find that it has indeed come, and oh, what a winter it proves to be! The snows seem eternal as those that crown the high mountain peaks; the piercing winds unrelenting. You never see the blue sky, or only now and then, when there is a little opening in the ashes over your head, but soon the beautiful spot is covered again. You think of glorious azure heavens—of earth covered with green velvet carpet, painted with roses—of perfumed breeze and gentle dews, but all this seems to you like a mysterious dream, while you look out at the storm; and that all this beauty should *return*, seems to you as impossible as when an old man mourns his childhood, and know it cannot come back. As you watched the drifting snow, you seemed to yourself to be in another world. But you were *not*. The storms and gloom *did*, at last, pass away. Do you remember one summer morning, long after, when you stooped down by a dark-leaved forget-me-not, with shining dew-drops on it, and your tears fell there too; how just then you heard a bird sing high above you, in the top of a green tree, and your heart sent up a song to God, thanking him for winter as well as summer; for storm as well as calm; and for darkness that makes the after light as much brighter?

Rich man in the velvet chair, counting the piles of bank notes and bright golden coins lying on the white marble tablet. Do you remember when you were *poor*, and had hard oaken chair

and table of plain pine; when instead of your rich palace with soft, mossy, flowery carpets, you had uncovered floors in two small upper rooms high above the pavement of a dusty, crowded street? You do. You know how you struggled then with poverty and despondency, yet in your low estate determined to be rich and noble in your heart, though purse were poor and garment mean? You remember the day you gave the penny bun to the pale, thin, beggar child you met shivering in the crowd, and now your heart felt a keen pang of hunger for greater power to bless!

You remember well, too, that strange day when Fortune, nay, when *Providence* did change your lot; how after this, in bank and counting-house, men bowed low to you? You know how strange it seemed to have ability to gratify your tastes for the intellectual and the beautiful, and scatter to the needy your hundreds and thousands, where once you gave the little penny bun.

Honored man, do you remember when you were stricken by the poisoned lash of slander! when though your conscience was sustained, a black blot fell upon your name, and all for a little gold, that when weighed in the balance with integrity, was in *your* scale lighter than a grain of dust?

You remember the day when he who had smitten you was forced to own the wound he made, and before many witnesses wipe off with his own mean hand the blot he dropped upon your name? That name has *added* honor now.

Author of well known fame.

You remember when you chose for your life to dig in the mines of thought, and dive to the depths of the soul for hid treasures? You knew that this was *labor*, and not all graceful *play*, as they who know not falsely say? You knew that as the rough ore of the golden mine, and as the curious things of the sea, so must *your ore* and *your pearls* be purified and polished?

So while others slept, you worked alone at midnight to try your ore in the crucible, and brighten your gems. At last they were ready for the world's eye. How your manly heart trembled then. Was it for fear that gaze would not *praise* you?

No, it was not *fame* you sought as your great aim. You were *poor*. You wanted gold—not to buy bread, *not this*; but far away there grew a flower, more needful to you than your daily bread. You longed to transplant it, but you had no spot where it might bloom, and they who cherished it in its own garden would not give it to your care.

You sent your costly goods to the place where such are bought and sold, but alas! the vender could not buy, for the world's market was too full. So your pearls came back to you, but you sent them forth again, and so did you many times till at last you despaired. One night there came to you, not your rejected treasures returned to you again, but they had remained, and instead came many bright golden coins!

It was your *first success*! How it bewildered you! You thought you must be dreaming. So you went to the open casement to breathe the cool air of night.

But you were *not* dreaming. You know it *now*, for you have a garden—a sweet one—*your own*; and in it blooms that *flower*—*yours* now. Your presence is its sunlight. Its fragrance is more to you than the incense of the world's praise that floats around you.

Fair is Hope when she treadeth on the dark foot-prints of Despair.

Loving, gentle mother, you remember the youth of forehead high and raving locks, you called your only son. You remember the bright promise, the praise, the love that were like beautiful garlands around him. You can recall that hour when you were wakened from a sweet dream of your boy by a kiss on your cheek, and a grasp of your hand, and opening your drowsy eyes, you saw your darling just come from walls of school to rest at home. You know how your pulse quickened with joy! and then in an instant was almost deadened with fear, as you beheld the cheeks and lips that when last you touched were full and rosy with health, now white and thin as if by long and deep disease. Then you heard a hollow, half-suppressed cough, and it fell on your ear like the sound of earth on coffin lid.

Memory brings clearly back the next night. Your boy had gone early to his chamber—the dear room always *his*. He was only tired, he said.

It was a cool, autumn evening, and by a gentle fire on the hearth you and the boy's doting father, and his two young sisters, and your kind physician were gathered round. While the doctor gave his grave counsel that *cough* often sounded through the house. Oh, what a knell! solemn as toll of funeral bell.

You were not despairing. No, but fear had fallen upon you, a shadow so dark, so awful, that for a little you forgot the star of hope. \* \* \*

A few more days and nights and you were far away, you and your feeble son. You were on the broad ocean. It was midnight, and your boy slept, but the rocking of the vessel did not close your eyes in slumber. You heard the sailor's tread on deck, but it was not this that kept you waking. You were weeping and wandering, and longing to lift the veil of the future, to see if your sorrow would darken into death or brighten into bliss. Oh, would your boy's living form bound in again at his father's door, or his cold clay be borne in there? Ah, you *could not tell*. So you prayed to Him who pitieth His children, and thanked Him that your child was a child of God.

A few more days and you were on a beautiful island of the sea. The air was warm and the sky sunny. You were wandering on the beach with your pale son. You gazed at him earnestly while his eyes sought a far-off ship, and you thought his cheeks had grown a little fresher, and the cough a little lighter, and you trembled almost painfully. You did not dare hope much, and when you wrote those anxious watchers at home, you knew not what to say. A few weeks had passed and hope had strengthened. The cheeks were *surely* fresher—the cough vanishing—the step stronger! A little longer, and that tiny island seemed too small for joy so great as yours! \* \* \* \* \* On sped the days.

One bright morning a carriage stopped at the door of your home. You were in it, and *your boy*. Over the stone steps he leaped at one bound. A father's arms received him and sisters clung to him!

Ever after when you heard the storm beat against your windows, it brought no gloom to your spirit, for you always thanked God that the rain and snows were not falling on your son's grave. Oh, how much more bright and beautiful was life because the shadow of death had passed over it.

Maiden of glance radiant with an earnest joy. You remember the fair ideal Fancy painted as the only one *you* could ever "love, honor, and obey!" You remember when the real *embodiment* first appeared before you? You know how you admired—how different seemed *one* from all others around you—how soon you learned to love the speech of *one* more than voices of rare singers, or music of harp—how that forehead and eye grew so dear to you, that when you had seen them you asked to go alone to weep—how others grew dull to you, and life was dim when you saw

not the one light so dear, yet when near it, your heart dared not rejoice in its presence. In your prayers you know *what you pleaded for*. Oh, you remember too, deep, far in your heart, when the hope first entered there that you were *beloved*; aye, and that holy hour when this sweet hope was changed for vows soon to be sealed—never to be broken. Bright is the morning joy that cometh after the midnight sorrow.

Happy Christian, loving God and loving earth; joying in the life of faith; its perfect rest; its blessed confidence; its certain hope; its fervent prayer; its gladsome praise! Oh, you remember well the weary life of *doubt*; the shadows; the honors; the gloom; the agony; the mists; the anares; the wild storm; the deep darkness; and brighter is the true light that *now* shineth for the darkness that was *before*.

## ASPIRATIONS.

BY H. W. PAYSON.

A MOUNTAIN bird whose jetty wing,  
Some ruthless hand had clipped,  
In vain essay'd to wear again,  
The plumage from him stripped;  
Then turning to the Heavens his eye,  
He spread his pinions as of yore,  
Above the forest tree tops high,  
He aim'd but could not soar.  
Yet with a never flinching eye,  
He strove and fix'd his mark as high  
As he at first design'd to fly.  
When strength no longer would remain  
He sought repose, then rose again.  
Till one fair morn with joyful cries,  
His jetty feathers grown anew,  
Above the tree tops to the skies,  
Beyond his mark he flew.

One at Parnassus' foot was standing,  
And gazing with intense desire  
Upon the glorious laurel'd summit,  
And to those laurels dared aspire.  
With unremitting toil he work'd,  
His eye forever on the goal,  
And only at long intervals

Some morsels of repose he stole;  
Sometimes his eye grew dim with tears,  
But then its fire would dry it soon;  
And thus he labor'd day by day,  
Till life had reach'd its noon.  
Then stood he on the topmost point;  
On proud Parnassus' lofty head;  
Play'd with her laurels as he would,  
And stamp'd them 'neath his tread.

It is not all may reach the point,  
The dizzy point of earthly fame,  
It is not all can hope to win  
On earth a deathless name.  
One mark there is which all may gain,  
One summit none cannot attain,  
High as the Heavens, yes, higher far  
Than proud Parnassus' laurels are,  
That radiant mark is Heaven.  
Oh, worldly fame—be still! be still!  
Sound not those clarion notes so shrill,  
Lest from that high, that noble goal,  
Spell-bound beneath thy charm'd control,  
The heart to thee is given.

## TWILIGHT WHISPERS.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

SOFTLY round me fall night's shadows,  
And the winds have gone to sleep,  
Where the gloom is dark as midnight,  
In the forest still and deep;  
And the stars like blessed angels,  
With their soft, sweet looks of love,  
Are dancing to a joyous measure  
On the azure plains above.

Yonder, too, in all her beauty,  
Comes the pale, sweet queen of night,  
Silvering o'er the stream and meadow  
With a soft and radiant light—

Telling many a fairy legend,  
In loved Fancy's tones so low,  
As she used to, in my boy dreams,  
In the happy long ago.

And sweet Memory, with soft pinions,  
Gently fans my weary brow—  
Like the breathings of a prayer,  
Come her whispers to me now;  
Telling many a by-gone story,  
With its dreams of joy or woe—  
Of the loved, and lost, and cherished,  
In the dear old long ago.

# COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

## SUBURBAN COTTAGE IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.



THE object of all real art, as of all science, is to elicit truth. It is not enough that a building is beautiful and harmonious in its form and details, but its construction and its ornamentation must also be satisfactory to the mind. The intellect must approve what the senses relish, and the eye admires. In order, therefore, to give a country house its right character, that is, a character corresponding with all its domestic purposes, it must satisfy the rational desires of the senses, the affections, and the intellect; it must be at once useful, beautiful, and significant. These three characteristics may be specified in the three following truths: first, that the building is intended for a dwelling, which is the general truth; secondly, that it is intended for a town or country house, which is the local truth; and, thirdly, that it is intended for a certain kind of country house, as a cottage, villa, or farm-house, which is the specific truth. If a country house is not expressive of these important truths, it is a failure, in an artistic point of view; no matter how convenient and comfortable it may be in its internal arrangement. True art must always treat objects, so as to give them a moral significance, and it is the business of the architect to stamp both feeling and imagination, as well as utility, upon his work.

This design belongs to a class of cottages, very generally in the neighborhood of our larger country houses. We have not endeavored to give it much architectural style. The projection of the roof supported by brackets, and the simple, but bold window-dressings, are in the character of the Italian style.

The veranda along the front of this cottage, with a bay window on each side, convey, at once, an expression of beauty, arising from a sense of superior comfort, or refinement in the mode of living; and the whole exterior effect, without having any decided architectural merit, is one, which we should be glad to see followed in suburban houses of this class.

The parlor, is a handsome apartment for a cottage, being eighteen by twenty-two feet, with a bay window square in its opening, as all bay windows should be in this style. To this room is attached a library, twelve feet and a half, by sixteen feet.

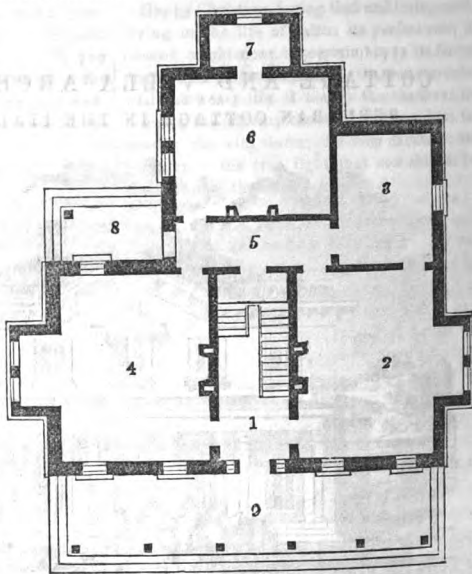
The bay window is of the same size as that in the parlor. The width of these bay windows is eight feet. The vestibule is nine feet wide, by twenty-two feet long, containing the stairs. The back entry, or passage, is five feet and a half wide, by nineteen feet long; it communicates with a porch, seven by twelve feet. This pas-

sage gives an excellent communication with all the rooms.

The kitchen is of good size, being sixteen feet and a half by nineteen feet, and has a fine pantry attached to it. There may be a cellar under the whole house, or part of it, with a furnace, if desired.

The second floor is divided exactly as the first story, and is so simple, that it requires no explanation. There will be two rooms in the garret, which may be used as servants' rooms.

This cottage should be built of brick, the first story to have thirteen inch walls, and the second, nine inches with inside studding. If built of common brick, the walls may be stuccoed; if of smooth brick, painted of some pleasing neutral tint. The window-dressings, lintels, and sills, should be of dressed stone, either Connecticut or freestone. The veranda to be of wood, finished to harmonize with the walls. The roof to project three feet. The front door should have the two long panels glazed, so as to light the main entry.



GROUND PLAN.

### DIMENSIONS.

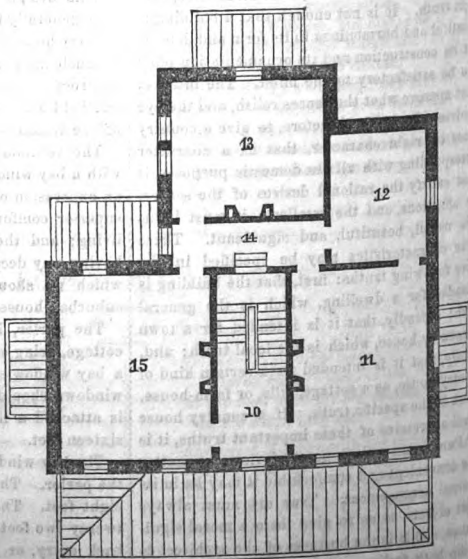
#### PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

##### FEET.

- |                 |     |     |   |    |
|-----------------|-----|-----|---|----|
| 1. Vestibule,   | - - | 9   | × | 22 |
| 2. Parlor,      | - - | 18  | × | 22 |
| 3. Library,     | - - | 12½ | × | 16 |
| 4. Dining-room, | -   | 18  | × | 22 |
| 5. Passage,     | - - | 5½  | × | 19 |
| 6. Kitchen,     | - - | 16½ | × | 19 |
| 7. Pantry,      | - - | 5½  | × | 10 |
| 8. Porch,       | - - | 7   | × | 12 |
| 9. Veranda,     | - - | 10  | × | 45 |

#### SECOND FLOOR.

- |                |     |     |   |    |
|----------------|-----|-----|---|----|
| 10. Staircase, | - - | 9   | × | 22 |
| 11. Bed-room,  | - - | 18  | × | 22 |
| 12. Bed-room,  | - - | 12½ | × | 16 |
| 13. Bed-room,  | - - | 16½ | × | 19 |
| 14. Passage,   | - - | 5½  | × | 19 |
| 15. Bed-room,  | - - | 18  | × | 22 |



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

## BLOSSOMS OF TRUTH.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

### LIFE.

WHAT lessons of change that strange thing called life presents to the view. How little we know in the night what another day may bring; and how little at day what may be the night; the rich may become poor, the poor rich! The wheel of fate seems unceasing in its revolvings, ever rolling forth happiness or misery to the countless throng of human souls that wait to receive their portion of good or ill, as it may be. Then why is it that we are so fearful of that change from—not what *I* would call life to death—but from death to life?—for I fully agree with the writer who says,

"They are the living, they alone  
Whom thus we call the dead."

Strange! if there is a clime (and should we not believe it?) where the "mourner looks up and is glad." Strange, indeed, it is that the human heart should shrink from the glory of such a resting-place, and yearningly cling to the frail and perishable things of earth, preferring its dim and care-worn paths to the "green pastures and still waters" of Paradise: the deceitful hearts that beat in mortal frames to the sinless spirits that dwell in Eden's land: the changeful ties that bind us for a season here, to the unbroken links of love that chain bright souls in heaven.

Here, (we are told) all is "vanity and vexation of spirit:" there, is harmony, and the music unceasing that falls from seraph tongues: here, pain, sorrow, and tears—there, health, joy and smiles. True, there are times when the rainbow of joy appears in the sky of hope, and the star of faith gleams brightly on the human heart—and then dark shadows fall, the rainbow has passed far away, and the mist of fate envelopes the rays of faith. And then again, we may not be truly unhappy even in this world, if the mind is philosophical enough to balance itself aright against the chances and changes of human destiny! We must ever "look aloft," that is the great secret of much happiness: are we sad and oppressed by the cares and sorrows of poverty, let us look upward! there, at last, if we live aright, riches far above those of mortal life may be our portion; riches of eternal life and peace!

Have our fellow beings wrung our hearts with the conviction that there is no faithful love, no permanent friendship here? "Upward and onward!" "excelsior!" there, the "mortal shall put on immortality, and exceeding great" may be our joy in the love and friendship of heaven.

"THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE IS NO GOD."

Who pencils with divine art the fine blendings of light and shade upon the summer cloud? Who bends the 'bow, with its delicate and beautiful colors, into a graceful arch? Who scatters the evening stars like drops of gold upon the azure floor of heaven? Who lights one resplendent orb to illumine the day, and another to beautify the night? Who is the keeper of the deep, deep sea? Who bids it cease to rage, and wear a tranquil smile? Who descends amid its waves and directs the seeds of the crimson coral, or weaves upon its fearful loom in such pure and fadeless hues the robe of the singing shell? Who tunes the organ of the winds and plays the furious tempest, or the milder breeze? Who speaks in the rolling thunder, or fires the vivid lightning athwart the pathway of heaven and earth? What limner paints the plumage of the wild-wood bird? What power causes such melodious strains to come forth from its little throat? Who tells it where and how to build its innocent home? Who weaves upon the carpet of earth such gorgeous and beautiful flowers? Who guides the streamlet in its peaceful course, as it meanders through the verdant glade? What artist tinted the blue eye of the sapphire, or the crimson cheek of the ruby? Who moulded the golden crown of the topaz? or gave to the diamond its veil of dazzling sheen? Who breathes upon the sere branches of the tree, and lo! it bringeth forth its leaves, its buds, its blossoms, and then its delicious fruit? Who gives all the blessings that fall like drops of dew "upon the just and the unjust?" Who comes in a tone of sorrow to the guilty, but in the still, sweet whisper of mercy to the penitent? Who but Him the Divine Architect and Giver of all we see and hear? Oh! bow thy head upon thy breast, thou who hast said in thy heart, "There is no God."



## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR LITERARY MERIT.—The first object of the editors of "Peterson" is to make the *most readable* Magazine of the day. That they have succeeded in this is proved by the universal testimony of the ladies, as well as of the newspaper press. The Rhineback (N. Y.) Gazette, in noticing the September number, says:—"One of the contributions in this number alone, is worth the year's subscription; it is written by E. W. Dewees, and entitled 'The Fortune Hunter.'" And it adds:—"This is unexceptionably the cheapest and best Ladies' Magazine now published." The Fulton (Ind.) Flag, says:—"This exquisitely beautiful and great favorite is not only sustaining its already high reputation, but is daily gaining new friends and admirers, and if fully appreciated would be found in the possession of every lady in the Union." The editor of the Western (Ohio) Emporium, says:—"The reading matter of 'Peterson' is always the choicest in the market." Finally, the Jersey Shore (Pa.) Republican, says—and we may add hits the nail *exactly* on the head—"A gentleman could not do an act for his lady that would be more appreciated, than by sending two dollars to Charles J. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, for this excellent periodical."

A fair Kentucky correspondent and subscriber, who has long been familiar with other Magazines, writes to us respecting the superior literary merit of the "National." She says:—"I believe it to be unquestionably the best Magazine now published. The reading matter is perfectly unique; the ladies are delighted with it. Next year we shall form a larger club here, or, perhaps, several. Talk about it being only two-thirds as expensive as Godey's, or Graham's! There is really scarcely any comparison between the books. If it was two-thirds more expensive than those other two, I would greatly prefer it still. Give me 'Peterson's National' always." And scores of similar letters are on our file. In 1854, the literary merit of the Magazine will be even better than ever. Remember that, fair friends!

PUTNAM AT HORSE-NECK.—The memorable escape of Gen. Putnam at Horse-Neck is the subject of a fine illustration in this number. The incident occurred at West Greenwich, Ct. The general was shaving, when, reflected in the glass, he saw the British approaching up the road. He rushed to horse, marshalled his men, and made a bold effort to defend the town from the enemy who had surprised it. But the foe was too numerous. Discovering this, after a few volleys, he ordered his men to fly to the woods, while he himself, after waiting to see them safe, galloped toward Stamford. Hotly pursued by the dragoons of the enemy, he wheeled his horse from the

road, just where the highway sweeps around a long hill, and plunged, at full gallop, down the almost precipitous declivity, as represented in our engraving. The dragoons, afraid to follow, retired, after a vain discharge of their pistols at the general.

THE CITY OF NAZARETH.—The town of Nazareth, in Galilee, where the parents of our Saviour resided, lies among hills, as most of the cities of the Holy Land do. The view, which we give, is from a drawing taken on the spot.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Autobiographic Sketches.* By Thomas De Quincey. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—If there has ever been a writer, in any age, worthy to dispute with Chrysostom the epithet of "golden-mouthed," that writer is, perhaps, De Quincey. His style seems absolute perfection; for its fitness and beauty go hand-in-hand. No man can be more eloquent when the occasion demands it, none more playful, none more idiomatic, and none at times more full of stately pomp. There are passages in "*Suspiria de Profundis*," and others of his best works, which are scarcely equalled by anything in the language. To Messrs. Ticknor & Co. American readers generally owe their knowledge of this noble writer, these gentlemen having collected and published his works, heretofore fugitive. The series thus issued has led De Quincey to revise his productions himself, and republish them in England; and the present volume is the first of this improved edition. The author, in a handsome letter, prefixed to the book, expresses his gratitude to Ticknor & Co., for having given him, unsolicited, a share in the profits of the volumes they have sold. It is the intention of De Quincey to revise all his writings, and we believe Ticknor & Co. are to issue a new edition thus amended. Readers of taste will be glad to hear this. The present volume is neatly printed, as indeed are all of Ticknor's publications.

*Lorenzo Benoni. Or Passages in the Life of an Italian.* 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—The universal voice of the press, and the approbation of all readers of taste, have placed this book among the most interesting published for many years. It is the autobiography of Signor Ruffini, an Italian gentleman, who, becoming involved in the political troubles at Genoa, in 1830, was compelled to fly into exile. The narrative begins with his earliest childhood, and is continued to the period of his escape. It is written with a charm indescribable, and in a pure idiomatic English, that is really wonderful in a foreigner: indeed any native-born author

might be proud to write so chastely. The book offers the best picture extant, perhaps, of the mode of education pursued in Italy. It also unveils the secrets of conspiracy, with a frankness that is invaluable, at least to the political student. There is a love story running through the volume, which we have no reason to suspect to be otherwise than true, and which is certainly most exquisitely told—a story of an impassioned Genoese Marchesa, who loves our hero, and who is one of those impulsive creatures, that can be born only under an Italian sky. Massini figures largely in the work, as the friend and fellow conspirator of the author, before either had to fly from Genoa.

*The Book of Nature. Illustrated by Six Hundred and Ninety-Seven Engravings on Wood. 1 vol. Philada: Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a neat octavo of nearly seven hundred pages, designed as an elementary introduction to the sciences of Physics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, Zoology, and Physiology. It was originally prepared by Professor Schedler, of the University of Worms, and is now translated from the sixth German edition, by H. Medlock, F. C. S. At this day no young lady can be considered educated unless she has some acquaintance, at least, with the natural sciences; and we know no work which so successfully condenses and popularises the principles of those sciences, as this. In the present edition, additions have been made, so as to bring the book up to the existing state of learning. Perhaps no better manual for private study, or for a collegiate course, whether in male or female institutions, can be had in any language.

*Moore's Life of Sheridan. 2 vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—The established reputation of this work is such that no eulogy is needed at our hands. The late death of Moore having given a new interest to the book, and rendered a fresh edition desirable, Mr. Redfield, who is always as active as he is shrewd, has hastened to put one into the market. The volumes are handsomely printed, are embellished with a portrait of Sheridan, and are bound with much taste. The life of this celebrated wit, orator and dramatist is as fascinating to read as a romance. Its brilliant meridian, contrasted with the chill evening in which it set, forms a story full of pathos, and one that teaches a deep moral. Poor Sheridan! perhaps, after all, he was as much sinned against as sinning. For sweet charity's sake we will think so at least.

*The Forged Will. By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—A story of absorbing interest, and one that will have an immense sale. The author seizes the reader's attention, in the very first chapter, and triumphantly retains it until the very last. Mr. Bennett is always successful in his fictions, but he has never, we think, been as successful as in this. It is published in a handsome style. A cheap edition is in paper covers, and one bound in cloth extra at a higher price.

*The Roman Traitor. By H. W. Herbert. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—The truthfulness of this novel to the age it describes, is not less extraordinary than its merit as a fiction. The period is laid in the declining days of the Roman republic, at the time when the conspiracy of Catiline evoked the thunders of Cicero's eloquence; and consequently the great orator, as well as the great conspirator, figure prominently in its pages. From first to last the most intense interest is felt by the reader. Few novelists have been successful in their efforts to recall the classic age; with most it seems a vain attempt to breathe life into a skeleton: but Mr. Herbert, triumphing over every difficulty, has reproduced the days of Cicero as vividly as Scott did those of feudal times. Mr. Peterson has issued the novel in a beautiful edition of two volumes, either bound in one with embossed cloth covers, or bound separately in paper covers.

*Tanglewood Tales. Another Wonder Book. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—In this pretty little volume, Hawthorne tells the old classic myths, in a style especially adapted to young people; but nevertheless so bewitchingly that old age, or even busy manhood, is fascinated in reading them. We recommend the book as pleasant for all seasons, but as particularly appropriate for the approaching holidays. The illustrations are full of spirit, while the typography and binding are in the usual elegant style of the enterprising firm, who have published the book.

*Kirwan's Men and Things as I Saw Them in Europe. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A vivacious book, written by a keen observer, who knows the world and is always well satisfied with himself. The author is an avowed partisan and does not even pretend to impartiality; but this makes him characteristic, which is a merit that, like charity, "covers a multitude of sins." He visited England, France, Switzerland and Italy, and has something amusing and fresh to say of each.

*Whately's Elements of Rhetoric. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.* The best book on the subject in the language, at least as a class book for scholars. Campbell's Rhetoric may be superior for the library, perhaps; but even it wants the method and perspicuity of this. No person should pretend to write without having thoroughly mastered Whately.

*The Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a handsome library edition, with a portrait of the author and numerous illustrations. The volumes are uniform in style with Harpers' editions of "Copperfield," "Domby & Son," and "Christmas Tales."

*Stuyvesant. A Franconia Story. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Like all its predecessors, this story is graphically told, and inculcates a useful lesson. The volume is prettily got up. It should be in every library for the young.

*Collier's Pocket Shakespeare. Vols. III, IV, V, VI, VII. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—Six volumes of this convenient edition have now appeared. Two more will finish the set. We repeat the encomiums in our last number, that it is the most convenient edition for casual reading, that has yet been published with the famous Collier emendations.

*The Text of Shakespeare Restored. Nos. XIII, XIV, XV, XVI. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—This fine octavo edition of Collier's Shakespeare is now complete. Those desirous of having the dramas of the bard in one volume will find this edition to their taste.

*The Story of an Apple. Illustrated by John Gilbert. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—This is a capital story for young children, which parents would do well to bear in mind, as Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's approach.

*The United States Illustrated. New York: Herrmann J. Meyer.*—Two more numbers of this elegant serial have been issued: they are "The West, No. 3," and "The East, No. 3."

#### FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF RICH BROWN SILK; skirt made plain and very full. Cloak of the Talma shape, of dark blue velvet, trimmed with a galoon figured with velvet, about four inches wide. Bonnet of white silk, trimmed with blond.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF VERY DARK GREEN SILK, made quite plain. Cloak of black cloth, the under part square, and the cape of the Talma shape. This cloak is trimmed with two rows of black velvet riband, one much broader than the other, and a very deep fringe. Bonnet of dark green velvet, with plumes.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Large plaids, whether in silk, cashmere, or de lain, are all the rage. Brocades are still worn, but not as universally as the plaids. Some few close and high corsages are made, but the open body is more popular, especially when not intended entirely for a street dress. The *Sicilienne* sleeve, composed of three puffs, is worn by the ultra fashionables, but is not likely to prove as popular as some other styles, as it is only suited to a slender figure. Basque waists are very universally worn, some slit upon the hips, when they are trimmed with knots of ribbon, others fitting to the figure, but closed. Sleeves, corsages, basques, and even flounces are trimmed with bows of ribbon, sometimes with ends, but usually without. One of the most beautiful dresses of the season, has been made in the following manner:—The skirt has four flounces; the body is made with lappets slit up on the hips; at the top of each opening is placed a bow of cherry ribbon, forming a tuft with long, floating ends. The body, open very low in front, is ornamented, as is

also the lappet, with a similar trimming, but smaller, laid on flat, and having in front a bow composed of four loops with long, floating ends.

THE sleeve is elbowed, wide toward the bottom in the pagoda style, and trimmed with three bows before and four behind. These bows are set lengthwise, at equal distances, with long ends like those on the body.

BONNETS are trimmed with a profusion of lace, blond, flowers and feathers. The shapes have not altered materially. Very full face trimmings are worn, the flowers or blond quillings invariably extending over the upper part of the head. Feathers are employed in the greatest profusion, and from their gracefulness must always be popular. Embroidery of all kinds, is also much used. We see applications of satin on satin, but of different colors, such as maroon on black, blue on brown, green on black, etc. We also often see applications of satin on velvet, and velvet on watered silks.

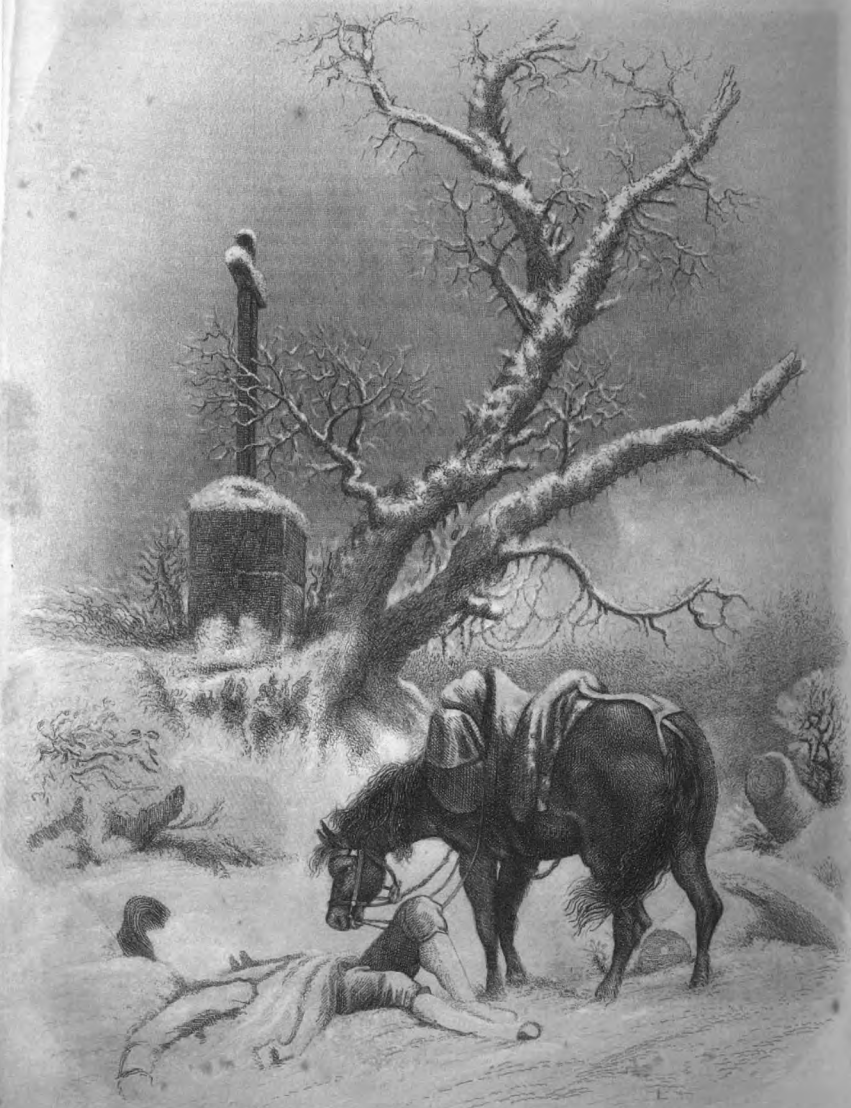
CLOAKS and mantelets are almost without exception of the Talma shape, trimmed principally with galoon and velvet riband figured. The more expensive kinds, however, are heavily embroidered. Many of the cloaks and mantelets have a small collar pointed behind, and trimmed with a bow of ribbon or velvet with long ends. The shawl still retains its old position as a favorite article of costume. Some of which are made in imitation of the veritable camel's hair shawls, are very beautiful, having a very wide border in palm leaves, of a golden color. The scarfs of this description are equally elegant.

THE novelties in pocket-handkerchiefs comprise several ornamented with embroidery in colors, and in very elegant designs. Handkerchiefs trimmed with frills are also much used. But the newest style of ornament for pocket-handkerchiefs which has yet been introduced consists of rows of Valenciennes insertion. This lace insertion is disposed in waves, and on each side of the lace there is a wreath of small flowers worked in beautiful embroidery, the flowers following the undulations of the insertion. Some of these handkerchiefs have no less than four rows of Valenciennes insertion and eight rows of needlework.

HAIR ORNAMENTS of jewelry were never more in favor than at the present time. Many novel and elegant designs for brooches, bracelets, &c., have been introduced. Among the most remarkable productions in the beautiful art of hair working, is a set wrought with small globes, resembling beads of various sizes. These globes are transparent, and are wrought in a style of such exquisite delicacy that they seem to be made of the finest lace. They are clustered together like drooping bunches of grapes, and between each bunch there is a small tulip formed of diamonds. The ear-rings consist of pendent drops formed of hair beads with tops consisting of diamond tulips.

Next month, a magnificent colored plate, of cloak patterns from Paris, will be given.

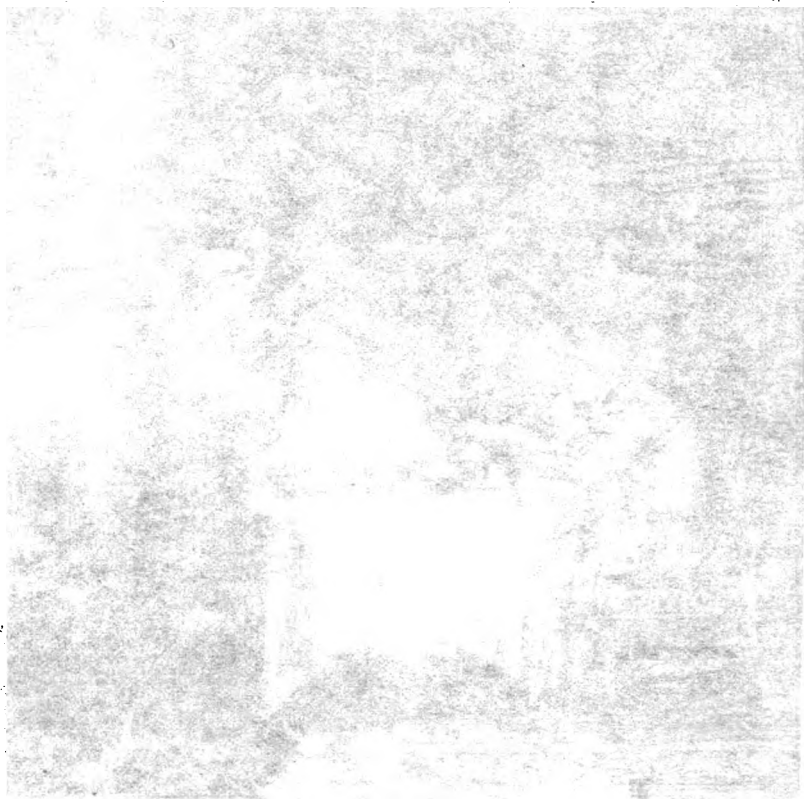




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LES MODES PARISIENNES

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CLARE HALL, (SEE "ZANA," PAGE 314.)



# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1853.

No. 6.

## A DECEMBER REVERIE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

### I.—LOST IN THE SNOW.

WINTER is in the air, on the hills, everywhere. The bit of blue sky, a mere strip, seen between the roofs of the long street, has the cold glitter of Damascus steel. How the tempest rattles the casement, roars around the chimnies, or shrieks down the avenue! Out in the country it is blowing a hurricane. The woods writhe and groan as men do upon the rack; and the wind comes down the hill-side sighing piteously like an old grey-beard asking alms.

At sea what a night! No moon, not even a star, but everywhere utter darkness. We are there in imagination now, swinging, midway, in a black abyss. Swinging, did we say? Yet more than that, beaten, flung about, almost drowned at times. The monsters of the deep, hideous and gigantic presences, unseen, yet all around us, now hurl mountains of waters down, now fling the stout ship as a child would a stone far into obscurity, now prostrate her helpless on her side, hold her down, and trample her under their tempest feet. Oh! for morning. Think of shipwreck and death out here, a thousand miles from shore, with a grave ten thousand fathoms down:—if, indeed, that can be called a grave, where rest never is, but an eternal tossing to and fro, like the limbs that Dante saw seething in the black cauldron of hell. Lightning would be a relief! It is a fevered dream realized, one of those where, forever and forever, we fall; and still, after countless ages, after periods that created worlds measure as eternities, are falling and yet falling.

We are on the Alps! A storm has surprised us between two stations, a December tempest such as is seen nowhere else. How ghastly everything around looks. The vallies below us no longer reveal, far down their sides, the farmhouse or even village; but an ocean, apparently

bottomless, yet churned into foam on top, rolls above them, lashing its shores wildly—the spray rising in great clouds, in spectral columns, as from the awful feet of that mightiest and most weird of Nature's enchanters, Niagara. High aloft, the white peaks lift their dreadful fronts, like the sheeted ghosts of some Titanic world, dead before Time began. The winds, at those tremendous heights, seem winds from another sphere, where neither attraction, nor other earthly influence has power—winds that come commissioned, like spirits from the abyss of woe, to work evil and death at will.

The icy hand of the monster is upon us. The fine snow penetrates our nostrils, distils into our blood, freezes at last our very heart. We try to struggle on. We urge our weary horse forward, and, in our eagerness, would have pushed him over the precipice, had he not himself drawn back. He seems to know that our life is being chilled at its fountain, for he often turns his head, and looks pityingly at us. But we are fast losing consciousness now. We have a dear one, pledged to be ours on our return—alas! our return. The thought is too much for us. But we choke down the tears. Then we think of home, of the dear old parents, of the warm breakfast-room, and of the long, long years they will wait in vain for the return of their lost son. Again it is too much for us. The church-yard rises before us now, where our ancestors have been laid for three generations, but where the last of the line will never, never find sepulture. In wild dreams like these is it a wonder we hear a bell? That we fancy it the sweet Sabbath bell of our boyhood? That we are, in imagination, a sinless child again? That, as we cross the violet-scented meadow to church, we hear angel voices alternating, as we used to, with the silver clangor of that airy messenger? That borne upward on

the wings of a holy rapture, we behold heaven's gates open, and see, as Christian did, when he had crossed the river, the shining walls and jeweled streets of the New Jerusalem? That then——?

The wind howls, the air darkens with the thickening tempest, and around the prostrate form of a traveller gathers a winding-sheet of snow. Up over his feet, up over his body, up across heart and face, some unseen, pious angel draws the pallid grave-cloth. The wind, still raging for its prey, drifts the veil continually aside, uncovering the limbs, as if to mock at the ministrations of the pitying spirit. But the face is still reverently hidden. Type of the great mystery beyond death! For is not the countenance the physical revelation of the soul?—the soul immortal, and sacred forever, God be thanked, by his good blessing, from the powers of darkness and death.

The bell tolls on. Is that angelic hand, which reverently covered up the face, busy in ringing the soul's passing? At least one mourner is there. Meekly the faithful horse stands over his master, gazing earnestly at what can still be discerned of the well known form, regardless of the gale that blows so wildly, of the air so full of the blinding tempest. Ah! thou rich Dives, dead on thy stately couch, beneath the canopy of purple velvet, thou hast no friend, even as humble as this, to watch over thy remains! In this world thou hadst thy fill. But in the next——

Still the bell tolls. Still the tempest rages, the snow-drifts accumulate, the night, the inexorable night, draws on. And still, true amid all, the faithful horse stoops down and gazes at his master, occasionally lifting up his head to utter one of those cries, such as God has given even to dumb animals, to summon help in their utmost need.

#### II.—THE VISION.

How fragrant this chamber! The breath of flowers is all around us, but sweeter than all is the presence of maidenhood, asleep in its innocence. The snowy curtains of the bed are not purer than her own stainless soul. There is a white statuette on the mantel-piece; it is a guardian angel; but it looks not holier than would her face, if we could see it. The moonlight, falling across the floor, seems like a strip of heaven's own pavement, laid along her chamber. Angel presences guard her! Beautiful as Imogene she lies there, as beautiful, and, if that can be, purer.

"Fresh lily!  
And whiter than the sheets!

\*\*\*\* 'Tis her breathing that  
Perfumes the chamber thus."

She dreams. Pleasant are the fancies that gather in her brain, as that smile shows, and makes the impossible possible, by increasing her loveliness. She sees herself, in a vision, a bride. The church bells are ringing merrily, young girls are strewing flowers in her path, the robed priest stands waiting with the book open before him. Never seemed the heavens so blue, the air so sweet, the landscape so beautiful. A very glory fills the time-stained old church, as if a light not of earth had flooded its aisles. Oh! what delicious sunshine, that really seems musical, or rather seems music, and graceful motion, and whispers of love all together.

But a cloud comes over her face. Her dream changes. She has reached the altar, but instead of the bridegroom, whom she glances blushing up to see, she beholds a skeleton, in grave-clothes, who extends his bony hand. Yes! death is there. She is the bride of the dead. The awful conviction flashes down and into her brain, like lightning shattering through mid-sky to the central earth: and, with a shriek, she rises up in her bed, looking herself like a sheeted ghost, just startled from the tomb.

The sky too has changed. Clouds have covered the moon. The December wind has risen, and wails around the house. As she listens, trembling and in fright, the storm increases; the gale howls as if evils spirits had come to mock her; and flurries of snow dash against the window-panes, like the wet garments of outcast sisters, who go by driven by pitiless Fates. Gradually, through the black night, she half discerns shadowy forms outside. Faces of brides, widowed in the nuptial hour, glance mournfully in, and then vanish. Faces of angel children, such as climb around a young mother's knee, press themselves wistfully against the panes; but, just as she opens her arms for them to enter, a taunting laugh is heard, and they are borne ruthlessly away, as if by some shapeless, gigantic shadow. While ever, in the pauses of the gale, a moaning voice is heard, as if wandering about outside, now faintly tapping at the casement, now sobbing in the street below, but never, oh! never, assuming shape, even for an instant, to her straining eyes.

When morning breaks, a pale figure prematurely old, leaves the chamber, where a bright, sunny-faced young girl had entered the night before. Days pass, yet still she droops, nor can all the reasoning of friends convince her that her vision had been only a dream.

"He was to have been here at Christmas,"

she invariably says. "We shall not have long to wait. Bear with me till then. When he last wrote, you know, he was expecting to leave Italy soon, and cross the Alps. Christmas will soon be here, and, if he is alive, I know he will come."

They know it also, and can say no more. But Christmas comes and goes, yet he is still absent.

### III.—THE WINTER BREAKFAST.

BREAKFAST is on the table, and the little family has gathered to partake of the meal, all except the daughter. She cannot be persuaded to leave her room. She has not left it, indeed, for weeks. Widowed before she is wedded, she secludes her grief and herself from the world, nor can all the efforts of her parents rouse her from her apathy.

The good mother sits nearest the fire, carefully shawled by the loving hand of the father, for the morning is bitterly cold. The physician, who has thus early called to see his patient, partakes of the meal with them, glancing over the morning paper as he reads. A serious aspect is on all. For they know that death hovers about the threshold, waiting his time, which is sure to come.

Christmas has long since gone. The New Year is many weeks advanced. Hope has long ago died out even in the hearts of the parents. Thus it is, that, as the bleak winds without shriek, in alternate rage and laughter around the house, they seem like merciless destiny exulting and mocking in its revenge. Exulting that it has broke the heart of that darling, only child. Mocking at the agony of the parents, which love for her, as yet, compels them to conceal.

Suddenly the door opens, and a fair white form, like an angel of purity come down from heaven, enters the room. Paler than whitest marble is that sweet face no longer, for a vivid flush of excitement is upon it; the lately languid eyes sparkle; the form has ceased to droop, and is erect, animated, electric in every movement.

The parents, the physician start to their feet: and the servant stands amazed. But the intruder is the first to speak.

"He is coming, he is coming," she cries, and rushing to her mother, she falls on that ever welcome bosom.

The parents look to the physician, who sadly shakes his head and touches his forehead. At that instant the invalid glances up. She sees the gesture, and rising eagerly, exclaims,

"You think me delirious. But I am not. As sure as I live, he is coming home. This day. This hour. I know it, because I feel it. Have you never heard of such things, doctor? Think you his soul, in the agony of expected death,

would not come to me? Think you, if he were still living, his spirit would not come to me? Stranger things are done every day, under the name of science; and yet you doubt me."

She speaks so earnestly, so coherently that they are staggered. They look at each other in strange doubt.

"Hark!" she says, suddenly.

It is a group for a painter. They have left the table, as we have said, and stand in the middle of the room, the mother in the centre, and the others around her. As the daughter speaks, she half rises from her parent's shoulder, with finger lifted, and head inclined to listen. A white rose, recovering from the shower that has beaten it down, is but a faint type of her graceful beauty.

"Hark!" she says again, "those are wheels. I told you so."

Oh! the triumphant tone of those words, the radiant joy of that countenance.

It was as she said. Wheels were actually heard crunching on the snow, rapid wheels, wheels that drew nearer and nearer.

They all stood breathless. Would the carriage go on, or stop at the door?

The carriage stopped.

Could you have heard that cry of joy as she broke from her mother's hold, flew to the door, rushed into the hall, and traversed the space to the front entrance!

She was the first there. The tardy servant had scarcely emerged from her room, the parents and physician were still but half way, when the daughter undid the fastenings, and a sinewy form, furred to the chin, clasped her to its broad bosom, kissing her wildly, again and again. She clung to him, she gazed into his face, and then, for a moment, looking back at her parents, as if to say, "I knew it," fainted dead away.

### IV.—SUNSHINE AFTER STORM.

WHAT more we have to tell, may be told in few words. Few were the days before that fair face was as bright as ever, and that step once more like the step of a young fawn.

But she was never tired of listening how her lover, lost in the snow, had been found by some monks; how he had been with difficulty recovered, so that it was long before he could travel; and how, braving every danger, he had, as soon as able to leave his couch, set out to return, lest those at home might think him dead.

Early in spring there was, as you may know, a happy wedding, where the four good parents renewed, in the grateful sight, their own days of early love. And so let us leave them.



The wind still howls around the house as we write; the reverie is over; the vision fled. But was it all a dream? Is the tale we have told as evanescent as will be the frost-work on the window by to-morrow's noon? Believe it not. For sometimes truth is stranger than fiction, and, as we thus sit, the past comes up to us and re-enacts itself in our reveries.

## MY FIRST BILLET DOUX.

BY FRANK MERTON.

'Twas in the early morning—  
The morn of early youth,  
When life is so poetic,  
And the soul so full of truth;  
When the heart leaps up with gladness,  
Which the tongue can scarcely tell;  
When there's pleasure e'en in sadness,  
'Mid the scenes we love so well.

When our dreams appear so real,  
And things real—so like dreams;  
When we feast on midnight fancies,  
Not less than noontide scenes;  
When our guileless hands are raising—  
On a fairy base—'tis true—  
Yet still intent—are raising  
Airy castles, bright and new.

'Twas in the early morning—  
The morn of early days;  
When Life's sun, so full of promise,  
Gilds our path with golden rays;  
When the buds of youthful feeling  
Bloom out in flow'rs of Love—  
And the fairy forms we cherish  
Seem like angels from above.

A little maid with eyes of blue,  
And cheeks of brightest rosy hue,  
And ruby lips that wore a smile  
That would another's heart beguile;  
A brow serene in beauty fair,  
And wavy curls of auburn hair,  
That fell in tresses o'er her neck,  
As if its snowy charms to deck;  
A form—but ah! I cannot tell  
The grace which in that form did dwell—  
A winning grace, as o'er the soul  
Like fairy spell its influence stole—  
A grace! the coldest heart to thrill—  
A form! above the artist's skill,  
He sees it oft in the ideal,  
But cannot make it living real.  
The glowing canvass strives in vain,  
Or loftiest poetic strain,  
Or sculptured marble, to impart  
To their dull forms, the living heart.  
The canvass breathes not—words are tame,  
Then there is not the living flame—

Pure marble, tho' in beauty rife,  
Was not that higher beauty—Life.  
It is not in the power of Art;  
God only can this gift impart.

To such an one—I see her now—  
A look of love lights up her brow;  
A dimple nestling in her cheek,  
More beauteous far than words can speak—  
The sweetest smile is on her lip,  
Sweeter than honey bee doth sip—  
Her fairy fingers weave a wreath  
Of flowers gathered on the heath,  
Beside the school-house, where each day  
The happy schoolmates met for play;  
And then too in our guileless hearts  
Sly Cupid sent unerring darts:  
A smile, a dimple, and a look  
Were barbs which Cupid's arrows took;  
Thus barb'd, their course right onward kept,  
Till thro' and thro' the heart they swept.  
One then, I think, is more expos'd  
When the young heart is all unclosed—  
Cupid scarce ever doth engage  
In vain attempts to stir old age;  
Blind tho' he be, he seldom errs,  
'Tis tender hearts the boy prefers.  
But wayward Fancy hies apace;  
My wandering steps I must retrace.

To such an one—and such are few—  
I wrote a tender *billet doux*.  
It was my first, a precious thing,  
Its worth the muse can scarcely sing:  
The work was then so strange and new,  
My words, in truth, were very few,  
But they were words sought out with care  
To win a maid so young and fair.  
The circuit of my choice was small,  
But then I scrutiniz'd it all;  
Until I thought—indeed I knew  
I had a faultless *billet doux*.  
It praised her beauty—spoke of love—  
Call'd her an angel from above;  
And then I wrote it with such skill,  
It did my highest wish fulfil;  
'Twas folded too exactly square,  
And in it placed a lock of hair:

The sealing wax was red and blue,  
 To show my love was warm and true;  
 So small and neat—so white and pure,  
 Of its success I felt most sure;  
 I dar'd not trust it with the mail,  
 Fearing to reach her it would fail;  
 This care upon myself I took,  
 And slipped it in her writing book,  
 Between the hours of noon and night,  
 The hour that Mary us'd to write.  
 I then retir'd to just the place,  
 Where I could well observe her face,  
 Yet seem not thus on her to look,  
 But all intent upon my book:  
 I watch'd her closely—saw her start,  
 A strange excitement thrill'd my heart,  
 It flutter'd like a leaf in storm  
 Till Mary sat upon the form  
 Where school girls ranged themselves to write,  
 Then ceas'd that throbbing wild affright.  
 My interest deepening, grew intense,  
 It linger'd in profound suspense.  
 The book was opening to her view,  
 And there appear'd the *billet doux*!  
 In stealth she caught it—broke the seal—  
 My brain began almost to reel.  
 With youthful wonder as she read,  
 She linger'd not, but on she sped,  
 Along the lines she well nigh flew,  
 And quickly read the *billet doux*.  
 And as she read the blushes came  
 As if her heart were all on flame.  
 To telegraph her very soul  
 Upon her cheek the roses stole,  
 These I was reading as she read.  
 When all at once the blushes fled,  
 And in their place a pallor came—  
 She at that moment read the name,  
 The name I hoped would have a charm  
 To win her love—her fear disarm—  
 But how from Hope's bright noontide light  
 We sometimes sink to realms of night.  
 Her lip now curl'd in proudest scorn—  
 My precious *billet doux* was torn  
 In thousand fragments—sent to fly  
 On Wintry winds now sweeping by.  
 The driving storm I could have brav'd  
 To rescue them from snowy grave!  
 But on they flew—on, out of sight,  
 As if to gratify her spite.  
 She toss'd her head in high disdain—  
 She caught her paper, ink and pen,  
 A brief but tantalizing note  
 In scrawling lines she quickly wrote,  
 My name she scratched upon its back.  
 She seal'd it with a wafer black,  
 And by my rival sent it me,  
 Who brought it safely, postage free—  
 He laughed just as he turned about  
 For she had let the secret out.  
 And now with a triumphant bound

Right o'er the seat she whirled around,  
 And in her turn my thoughts to trace  
 Observ'd the movements of my face.  
 I broke the seal—I read the note,  
 The tantalizing words she wrote.  
 My soul with indignation fir'd—  
 Instant revenge my breast inspir'd—  
 With thoughts in conflict still I strove,  
 But soon I threw it in the stove.  
 I saw it wasting in the fire—  
 And with it felt my love expire,  
 And as the youthful passion quell'd  
 The mists of Fancy were dispell'd.  
 Those curls—that form—that fairy grace,  
 The glowing beauty of that face—  
 With fleeing Fancy fled away  
 The charm, which till that very day  
 Had held me with supreme control,  
 And unresisted away'd my soul—  
 Thus fickle young affection seems,  
 The child of fancy and of dreams,  
 So frail our youthful love appears—  
 Not so the love of riper years.  
 The one by trial fortifies—  
 The other drooping, quickly dies—  
 The gust that rends the younger vine  
 It makes the older closer twine—  
 The tender flame will soon expire  
 By winds that fan the living fire—  
 The visions which allur'd my view  
 Were ruin'd with my *billet doux*—  
 At once a sage, I now perceiv'd  
 That I had sadly been deceiv'd—  
 The brow so mild I saw could lower—  
 The gentle soul in passion tower—  
 The smile so sweet change to a sneer—  
 The voice grow harsh I lov'd to hear—  
 Her beauty a mere thing of Art—  
 'Twas not the offspring of the heart.  
 Love had with ardor fir'd my mind,  
 But surely Love is always blind—  
 As on the change I musing dwelt,  
 A disappointment sad I felt—  
 Gone was my cherish'd *billet doux*  
 Like morning cloud and early dew.  
 Hope falsely promis'd me success—  
 Hope is a flattering propheteess:  
 Her's is a world all bright, ideal,  
 Unlike this world, the living, real,  
 There, noontide skies and flowerets bloom—  
 Here, sometimes thorns and midnight gloom—  
 There, souls exult in full success—  
 Here, disappointments oft depress.  
 Hope there to conquer need but stoop—  
 But here, alas! her pinions droop—  
 The harsh realities of life—  
 Dismay, even Hope in earnest strife  
 She cheers us first with visions fair,  
 But fainting leaves us to despair!  
 Sad memories rise as I review  
 The fate of my first *billet doux*.

## THE THREE JONESES IN ONE BLOCK.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

IN one respect I am the most unfortunate of men. I live in a block, where there are two others of the same name, and am always, in consequence, being mistaken for them. The grocer sends in his bill to me, for things that some other Mr. Jones bought; the ward committee calls on me to "pay up" the subscription another Mr. Jones made; the doctor is forever knocking at my door when I am not sick, and the apothecary leaving villainous phials; and it would not surprise me, if, some day, the undertaker himself should march in, and, whether I will or not, clap me in a coffin ordered for a different and defunct Jones.

If the block was a large one, having some three-score houses in it, as respectable blocks in a great city ought to have, my sufferings, perhaps, would not be so overwhelming. But it is a small block, a very small block in fact; and, in addition, it is a most peculiar block. It is led off by a big, brown, ornate double house, like a corpulent militia colonel at the head of a petty squad. It has side-walks of stone flags, instead of a vulgar brick pavement. It is on a street that has high pretensions to gentility. That any Jones at all should be able to live in such a block is rather a tax on public credulity. But that three should domicile in it, all on the same side of the way, and all within half a dozen doors of each other, is what no one will believe. "Tell that to the horse marines," is the usual reply, even of the most polite, to what seems so preposterous an assertion.

Nor is this the worst of it. As if some malignant fate had presided over the whole affair, the Christian names of my two neighbors are almost as much alike as their surnames. I am Smith Jones, Jr., as an admiring world already knows—Smith Jones, Jr., written S. Jones, Jr., for short. My nearest neighbor Jones is Samuel Jones, Jr., for convenience called Sammy, and sometimes humorously Samivel, but invariably written S. Jones, Jr., also. The other Jones was baptised Sennacherib Jones, Jr., vulgarly called, in the block, Snatchcrab Jones the younger, and written likewise, *horrible dictu*, S. Jones, Jr. All our bills are made out alike to S. Jones, Jr., and generally sent in to me as the "oldest inhabitant" of the block. If one of my neighbors is sued, the

summons comes to me. If my neighbor, the politician, offends the "sovereigns," they come and groan under my windows. If my other neighbor, the philanthropist, has promised aid to some one of his hobbies, the collecting committee, who are always sure to be ladies, call on me. And I have no doubt, if either was to get into difficulties—which I most devoutly pray may never happen—the sheriff would snap me up on a *capias* immediately.

To rehearse all my evils would tire the reader beyond patience. A solitary illustration will better suffice, I trust, to win me that compassion which I so well deserve. But first let me premise, that, in the hope of obviating the evil in a measure, I caused my name, "S. JONES, JR." to be engraved in large capital letters on my door. "Now," said I to myself, "as the others have no names on their door, they will be particular hereafter, not only in giving their exact number, but in stating that they are not the Jones who has a silver door-plate." Alas! never was the infirmity of human wisdom more plainly shown. But I must not anticipate.

Mrs. Jones, dear creature, has a weakness for canvass-back ducks. I mean, of course, Mrs. S. Jones, Jr., the wife of the writer, and not Mrs. Sammy Jones, Jr., nor Mrs. Snatchcrab Jones, Jr., though both, I have no doubt, are excellent ladies in their way. And in this liking for canvass-back ducks, done brown, and without currant jelly—for this last is important, as marking the difference between people who know how to eat and people who don't—I am, I confess, "flesh of one flesh and bone of one bone" with Mrs. Jones. A canvass-back, indeed, is our common failing. We like nothing better, or even as well, unless it is ourselves, always excepting the seven olive plants who flourish by our family hearth, but especially around our table.

Unluckily canvass-back ducks are dear, and, what is more, not always easy to get. Imagine my gratification—no! that is too weak a word—my unbounded delight, when, one morning lately, I saw, in the market, a pair of the plumpest, freshest, and altogether handsomest canvass-backs I had ever laid my eyes on. They were the first of the season also, which vastly increased their value. So eager was I to secure

them, that I bought them at once, and without attempting to beat down their price, a thing I never before neglected in my life, and an oversight I would by no means recommend, especially to young housekeepers. I bought them, and ordering them to be sent, within an hour, to the direction which the poulterer took down at my bidding, I went joyously to my store.

The whole morning my head did little but run on the canvass-backs. "What will Mrs. Jones think," I said, "when she sees them come home?" If I had a check to draw, ten to one I drew it to the order of "Canvass, Back & Co." If I made an entry it was of six pieces of canvass-backs, instead of six pieces of de laine. A broker brought one of my own notes for me "to discount," as he said, "if in funds." I agreed mentally to do it, I remember, at so much off the face of it; but instead of saying "off the face," I said "off the canvass-backs." My mouth watered for those ducks as it used to for strawberries, when I was a boy, on the first day that we had that fruit for dinner. So entirely did they monopolize my thoughts, that, having to write to a correspondent in England, respecting a late importation, I concluded the letter, as I was afterward informed, by signing, "Yours, truly, Canvass Back."

Never, in my whole life, did the way home seem so long. I tried walking at first; but my progress was too lingering for my wishes: and so I hailed an omnibus. But how agonizingly slow the omnibus was! I thought the old women would never stop getting in and out; or that the driver would never be done making change; or that the nurses with children would never cease mistaking us for another coach and compelling us to halt for no purpose. At one place on the route we had to go out of the way for a whole block, the paviors being engaged in mending the street. But at last, though not till my patience was entirely exhausted, we drew up before my own door. With nervous haste I fumbled for my latch-key, and, after several ineffectual attempts—the result of my eagerness—finally succeeded in getting into the aperture. "Now," said I, exultingly, as the door opened, "for the canvass-backs:" and instinctively I dilated my nostrils, throwing my head up, to sniff the delicious odor.

But a far different fragrance met my olfactories than what I had expected. And here I must digress a moment to ask if any of my readers likes corned beef and cabbage? I don't wish to hurt their feelings, if they do, but I must nevertheless say, that, if there is anything edible I detest more than another, it is that dish. No doubt it is a very pleasant and digestible delicacy

for some people. Ostriches like ten-penny nails, it is said; and I see no reason, therefore, why some people should not like corned beef and cabbage. But unfortunately I am not of that number. I have, in fact, a constitutional distaste to it. What assafœdita is to some men, that corned beef and cabbage is to me, but particularly the cabbage. The mere smell of it teaches me, as Yellowplush says, "what basins was made for." Imagine what effect the prospect of having to eat it, or go without dinner, had upon me.

For that was just my destiny, as I suspected immediately, and discovered to my entire satisfaction on rushing into the kitchen. Instead of beholding my canvass-backs done to a turn, as till that minute I had fondly expected, I saw a huge dish of corned beef with boiled cabbage, the odor of which was enough to knock me down.

And knock me down it did. Clasping both my hands on the lower part of my waistcoat, I uttered a cry of despair and fell back, just as Mrs. Jones, who had heard my latch-key, descended from the nursery above stairs.

"Jones," she began, "what, in the name of sense——"

But I had now recovered my power of speech. Horror, amazement and indignation, all combining, had burst the flood-gates of that momentary paralysis. I interrupted her sternly.

"Mrs. Jones!" I began.

As if struck dumb before a basilisk, she stopped at my commanding gesture, her mouth not even closing over her last word.

"Mrs. Jones," I cried, extending my arm majestically in the direction of the odious dish, and speaking in my most awful manner, "Mrs. Jones where are my canvass-backs?"

"Canvass-backs!" shrieked Mrs. Jones, after a second of thunder-struck silence. "What canvass-backs do you mean?" And then the suspicion flashing on her that I was jesting at her expense, she bridled up, answering sharply. "How dare you send home such a nasty, vulgar, sickening, beastly dish, and then come in to dinner asking," and here she mimicked my voice, "where's my canvass-backs?"

"My dear," cried I, in a calmer mood, for I saw there was cause for it on more accounts than one, "what do *you* mean? Certainly you got that pair of ducks I sent home?"

"No ducks have come to this house to-day," replied the dear creature, only half mollified.

"And that ——" I could not name the hateful dish, but pointed to it with marked aversion.

"That," said she, also pointing, and emphasising the word, "was left here by the butcher, who said you had sent it home, and particularly wished it cooked for to-day's dinner."

A thought flashed across me.

"Did you look at the basket?" I said.

"No. The girl took the odious stuff out and carried the basket down cellar."

"A hundred to one its the basket of that Snatcherab Jones," I cried. "Snatch by name and snatch by nature," I added, lugubriously, with a melancholy attempt at a joke, "and my ducks, in that event, are swimming, before this, in his gullet."

"I never thought of that," answered my wife, in a gentle voice, mutely apologizing with her eyes. "Though how I could think, *dear Jones*, that you could send home such a dinner, and for the first time in thirteen happy years of married life, is beyond my comprehension. But I'll have the basket brought up at once."

The basket came and confirmed my suspicion. The ducks were irrevocably gone, for my neighbor dined two hours earlier than we did; and, to "make assurance doubly sure," on going to the

back street, and looking out, we saw before his gate, where the servant threw her slops, the breast-bones, walkers, and other remains of two canvass-backs. They were polished, too, like ivory, showing what an excellent appetite my neighbor had. I made a free-will offering, on the spur of the moment, of the corned beef and cabbage, to the *manes* of the departed ducks, ordering the servant to throw it, plate and all, on top of the heap of bones.

I dined, that day, on some bits of cold meat, which had been laid away for the next beggar: but I'm afraid I wasn't half as thankful for them, as the poor fellow would have been.

What will be the next catastrophe, arising out of this triad of Joneses in one block, I dare not attempt to conjecture. Nothing worse can happen, however, than has already occurred, unless one of the other Mrs. Joneses should leave her husband, and the courts should divorce me instead of the real culprit. Or, unless Sammy Jones, or Snatcherab Jones, should advertise their wife, or wives, and the public should think it was dear, angelic Sarah Ann that had left my "bed and board."

## DIRGE NOTES.

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

HERE beneath this willow tree,  
Lieth all that loveth me;  
Heart and soul and mind are gone,  
Loving me, and me alone.  
Where so much of love hath been,  
Something surely must remain.

Breathing o'er thy name to me,  
They have said, "in Heaven is he."  
Heaven is far, how far from earth?  
Distance makes of love a dearth.  
Therefore say I, "not alone—  
Still he lies beneath this stone!"

Not alone! oh, buried love,  
Heaven is far, too far above!  
Go not, till with placid face,  
By thy side I take my place.  
Then, wherever thou may'st be,  
Will be Heaven alone for me!

Art thou sleeping, silent one?  
In thy slumbers, does the tone  
Of my voice glide pleasantly,  
Giving thee sweet dreams of me?  
Oh, my heart is like to break!  
Loved one! lost one! wake, oh, wake!

Wake! for thou hast left me here,  
Where all hearts are cold and drear.  
Never love like thine can come,  
Making in my heart its home;  
Dead, or living, I shall be,  
Bride and wife alone for thee!

Speak to me! the grave hath power,  
But its shadow cannot lower  
'Twixt our hearts when they would meet,  
Though thine lieth at my feet.  
Surely death, though cold and strange,  
Unto us can bring no change!

Oh, my idol shrined in clay!  
Soul of beauty, fled away!  
Art thou not beside me here?  
Liest thou not upon thy bier?  
Darkness comes upon my heart—  
Answer me—how can we part?

Lost one, speak! in mercy speak!  
Kiss these tears from off my cheek!  
Say this grave can hold thee yet—  
Say even death may not forget!  
Bid me quickly come to thee—  
Speak—oh, speak once more to me!

## BORROWING FROM ECONOMY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THERE is a certain class of people, who, without intending or even being conscious of it, are a source of great trouble to their neighbors—I mean the class of habitual borrowers. Like all other habits this grows by exercise, and its growth is as imperceptible as it is rapid.

MRS. Putnam was quietly seated at the fireside, examining with interest a new number of Peterson's Magazine which had just come to hand, when the door bell rang, and Mrs. Ruggles was announced. The latter was a fashionable lady—the wife of a successful merchant—with whose increasing income his wife's expenses found no difficulty in keeping pace.

MRS. Ruggles was fond of literature at the expense of others, as the frequency with which she borrowed of her neighbors amply testified. She glanced at the book which Mrs. Putnam laid down at her entrance.

"A new number of Peterson," said she: "ah, that reminds me, my dear Mrs. Putnam, I haven't returned your last number yet. I am afraid you will not be willing to lend me another, for my little Charlie took it the other day just to look at the pictures, (you can't imagine how fond he is of them, the little dear: I expect he'll make an artist one of these days,) and was unlucky enough to tear the engravings out. I am very sorry indeed."

MRS. Putnam looked a little grave, for she was intending to bind the numbers at the close of the volume. Politeness required her to say it was of no consequence, and she said it. It was not, however, without stretching her conscience a little, for she remembered that Mrs. Ruggles had borrowed the number in question before she had had time to read it through herself.

MRS. Ruggles continued: "I am glad to think you don't care, for it emboldens me to make another request. I shall be at home this afternoon, with nothing to occupy me. Would you be kind enough to lend me the Magazine, and I will return it as soon as I have finished reading it?"

MRS. Putnam had just commenced reading a story in which she was much interested, and she felt that Mrs. Ruggles had no right to make such a request.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Ruggles," she could not

help saying, "but I am surprised that you do not subscribe for the Magazine. The price is but small, and it is much more comfortable to read anything of your own than to be forced to borrow. Then, at the end of the volume, you can have the numbers bound, which will give you a handsome book for your centre-table or library. I will lend you this number, however, if you wish it."

"I admit the truth of all you say," was the reply, "and I should like nothing better than to become a subscriber to Peterson, but the fact is that I have so many expenses of various kinds that I am obliged to practise economy, and forego many things which I should like."

The idea of her visitor's practising economy was so novel to Mrs. Putnam, whose husband possessed an income of less than one half that of Mr. Ruggles, that she could hardly forbear smiling. Politeness restrained her, and she said nothing.

MRS. Ruggles soon proposed a shopping excursion, to which Mrs. Putnam assented.

"I am told," said the former, "that Lawson has just received a fine assortment of wrought collars. I don't think of purchasing, having more now than I can make use of, but I should like to examine them, and see whether they are really as good as they have been reported."

The ladies arrived at Lawson's in due time, and the lace collars were laid before them.

MRS. Ruggles, who was always very enthusiastic in her likings, quite fell in love with one, the price of which was five dollars, and which, the shopman assured her, had not its equal in the city.

"Really," said she, "I cannot resist the temptation; such a love of a collar!" and she ordered it to be put up for her. She was about to leave the store, when the clerk arrested her attention.

"We have just received," said he, "some very superior lace veils, which it would afford me great pleasure to show you. I can assure you, you will be well repaid by the trouble of an examination."

MRS. Ruggles' curiosity was aroused, and she eagerly acceded to the clerk's invitation.

She looked at them with a critical eye. They

were really very beautiful, and Mrs. Ruggles, whose taste was exquisite, readily admitted it.

"What a beauty this is!" said she, calling the clerk's attention to one which she held in her hand. "What is the price?"

"Ten dollars," said he, "and not at all dear at that. You have, as I judged from your well known taste, selected the best article we have. Shall I not put it up for you?"

Mrs. Ruggles shook her head. She was flattered by the compliment paid to her taste, but even she shrank from the idea of giving ten dollars for what she could just as well do without.

"It is very beautiful, I admit," she said, "and I presume not dear for the quality, but I do not need it."

"It would be most becoming to you," persisted the clerk; "I showed it to Mrs. Stanley, this morning, and she was quite delighted with it. If you do not take it, I presume she will."

The clerk had, by accident, struck upon the right chord. Mrs. Stanley was, so to speak, a rival in matters of fashion with Mrs. Ruggles.

"Will you let me look at it once more?" said she.

Mrs. Ruggles' economical resolution did not stand the test of a second examination. The perseverance of the clerk was rewarded, and the veil transferred to Mrs. Ruggles.

As they left the store, Mrs. Putnam could not help calling to mind the declaration of Mrs. Ruggles a little while before, that she was obliged to

use economy, and forego many things which she would like.

Mrs. Ruggles seeing her plunged in thought, inquired the subject of her reflections.

"Frankly," was the reply, "I was thinking that the money which you have just expended for articles which, by your own confession, you did not need, would pay the subscription to Peterson's Magazine seven times over. Now tell me, candidly, would you not derive more rational gratification from the latter than they will afford you?"

"I believe you are right," said Mrs. Ruggles, in a thoughtful tone, "and I am sorry I purchased the veil and collar, for I really do not need them. I will be more cautious hereafter, and, as the first step toward a reformation, I will send on a subscription for the Magazine this very afternoon."

Mrs. Ruggles kept her word, and henceforward Mrs. Putnam was allowed to enjoy the first reading of her Magazine. She bought a number to supply the place of that which little Charlie had spoiled, and was thus enabled to have the numbers bound at the end of the volume.

My dear reader, if you have patiently read this little sketch to its conclusion, you will see that it inculcates two things. First, *do not depend upon others for what you can procure yourself.* Secondly, *that it is not always economy which wears its semblance.*

## SCENE AT SEA.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

UPON the sea, the fresh blue main,  
What feelings crowd into the soul,  
While bending masts and cordage strain,  
And flashing waters round us roll!  
Onward we speed like eagles free,  
The dim hills fading on our lee;  
Freshly and fair the breezes blow,  
The main expanding o'er the bow;  
Red sunk the sun, the lowering sky  
Glared o'er the purple waters by,  
And bursting from their prison bar,  
The warring winds conflicting jar!  
The mountain billows feel the power  
Of the fierce spirit of the storm,  
Who stands revealed in this dark hour,  
With thunder-clap and giant form!  
While o'er the decks in fury dread,

Broad sheets of foam terrific spread:  
Mantled in night the stooping sky  
Is blended with the heaving deep;  
And on the storm-tost billows high  
Black Death high carnival did keep.  
List to the tones of yonder bell!  
It rings a death-knell on the wave;  
Ask not the pilgrim's lip to tell  
Who sinks into that watery grave,  
His spirit may no answer give,  
She died for whom he pray'd to live,  
She—the sole partner of his woe:  
Her heart is cold—her head is low  
Where sea flowers bloom and corals grow:  
Watch her ye genii of the deep,  
Her briny couch in odors steep,  
For she shall wake no more to weep!

# CHRISTMAS, "WITH VARIATIONS."

BY ELLA RODMAN.

A TEAR to the memory of that joyous season when we believed that birds were to be caught by throwing salt on their tails—when the existence of fairies seemed both possible and desirable—and when Christmas presents were supposed to be brought by a little, old man, who was

"—dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot."

Why *must* all these delightful believings crumble and vanish as we reach the years of discretion, and the veil of mystery prove to be only a delusion? Who cares half as much about Christmas without Santa Claus? And how much more satisfaction there is in fishing up a present from the toe of a stocking, than to have it given in the usual matter-of-fact way? There is a sweet little poem which contains this verse:

"Oh, for that faith in story  
With which my heart would glow  
When I was nearer Heaven,  
In the days of long ago!"

How distressing were the first incredulous thoughts that crept into our hearts! With what a sinking we admitted that the very doll which we had but just extricated from its stocking-chrysalis had beamed upon our optical organs from the window of the toy-shop around the corner! With what misgivings we opened letters from St. Nick, and felt indeed that where ignorance is bliss "'tis folly to be wise!" How like the death-knell of departed enjoyments rang the conviction, "There is no Santa Claus!" And then with what a feeling of angry shame we were laughed at for having ever been so foolish; and how some childish Columbus triumphed in the fact of having discovered it before!

Ah! that is a dreary day in childhood's calendar—whether, or not, as the almanacks say, there is "rain about this time"—when, disregarding even the new baby-house, with its chairs and tables, we betook ourselves to solitude, and mourned the non-existence of St. Nick as heartily as though he were a pet kitten just dead. Our dream was then over. On the next anniversary, with a still bleeding heart, we put forth our efforts to deceive "the children"—and by-and-

bye we began to smile at the idea of ever having been deceived ourselves.

And yet there is something left. Although Santa Claus is nothing but a name, Christmas is Christmas still. The solemn beauty of Christmas Eve, when the pale moonbeams fall upon the crusted snow, thrills the heart with a sensation of awe; and even the tall, leafless trees, that stand there like sentinels, seem extending their arms to the world, and joining in the glad announcement that "A star has arisen in the East!"

If it is Christmas Eve in the country, there is the church to dress—delightful occupation! Seated in the vestry-room—living flowers in a bower of green—how the long wreaths grow beneath the nimble fingers, while young cheeks are flushing at the words and smiles that seem tenfold sweeter on Christmas Eve. Oh! those well-remembered days! when hands mysteriously came together over the Christmas wreaths—and "dressing the church" would have been only a story without a moral but for the supervision of certain active spirits, who took good care that the evening should not be "all for love."

At length, the making of wreaths is stopped, and in silent consternation the workers hear the dread word "enough"—for now the fun is at an end. There are some who could have gone on making Christmas wreaths forever. The wreaths are up, and all come to look.

In the corners of the pulpit tall boughs rest against the wall, and festoons of green hang from the desk and galleries. The mystical letters "I. H. S.," gleam darkly out from the front of the pulpit, and the small windows of stained glass throw a sombre light over the Christmas tokens. Then from the organ peals forth a joyous strain—and the light of the moonbeams without is resting on each heart.

The moonbeams played hide and seek among the dark angles of an old-fashioned house, that looked like a parent-nest to which young fledglings, after trying the strength of their wings in the outer world, might return, with their flocks and herds, and find a warm welcome in its capacious bosom.

And it was just such a house.

In the drawing-room were assembled a merry



Christmas party—married sons and daughters and cousins of every degree, some of whom had met for the first time in many years; and old memories would cause tear-drops to glitter in the eye even while a smile was dimpling the cheek.

The most conspicuous person in the circle around the fire was Dr. Hammersfeld, a most gigantic M. D., but while his figure reminded one of the imperial lion, the expression of his face was that of a lamb. Not that the term "sheepish" was at all applicable, either; the doctor's face was a sort of kaleidoscope, which displayed in different lights as many hues as a chameleon. The predominant expression was a mingling of fun and good-humor that was perfectly irresistible; and his well known wealth had nothing to do with the fact of his being a universal favorite.

Next to the doctor sat his wife; an elegant-looking woman, whose still lovely face had won his heart in early youth. There was a pleasant mingling of young and old and middle-aged; some were dancing—some were playing games—and others were dispersed around in groups.

There was a general gathering around the fire when the doctor proposed that all, who had any thing to tell, should either give extracts from their own personal history, or furnish amusing recitals borrowed from the experience of others. The proposition was eagerly acceded to; and the doctor, having been called upon to begin, cast a glance of inexpressible affection upon his wife, and gave them "My First Patient."

"When I was married I had scarcely sixpence in my pocket. But I was rich in anticipation—was I not J. S. Hammersfeld, M. D., as my door-plate could testify? And were not patients to turn to me by some magical attraction, like that of the needle to the pole? And were not fees to drop in as thickly as the leaves in October? Of course they were! So I glanced hopefully about our two rooms, until they seemed to grow, in imagination, and become the stately dwelling that was to crown my success.

"You remember our little parlor, Ellen? Ah! I have often since thought that those were our happiest days. I can see the round table, with its crimson cover, and beautifully polished lamp—the plain, but cosy-looking window-curtains—and the old sofa, on which I have stretched during the long evenings, when fatigued by the day—and you are seated at your sewing, or kneeling beside me with your face uplifted to mine, discussing our visions for the future with all a child's faith in fairy tales. Ah! those were happy days!"

Here the doctor seemed wrapt in a silent retrospect of the past; but presently he continued, with a half sigh:

"Well, you will think that 'my first patient' is long in coming—but not, my dear friends, so long as the reality. Having provided and adorned my cage, I waited patiently for a bird to fly into it; but it did not prove as attractive as I expected. No one rushed hastily in to inquire for me—there were no violent rings at my bell in the dead of night—and I could attend the whole three Sunday services without the least fear of being called out of church.

"Time passed, and I was scant of patients in both senses of the word. I had banded up a sprained wrist for an old woman who was too poor to pay, and to whom I gave fifty cents on her departure—not exactly as a reward for coming, but because I thought that she needed it; and this was for some months nearly the extent of my medical practice. Butchers' and bakers' bills came in; and as I glanced at my neglected vials, I could not help wishing that they would take out the pay in rhubarb and calomel; but such a proposal would, doubtless, have ended in the cutting off of my supplies.

"I was almost in despair; and had just concluded to take down my sign and go to farming, when, like a criminal's reprieve at the last moment, arrived a messenger for Dr. Hammersfeld. I needed no second bidding; had the man insisted upon binding my eyes, as in those stories of gold castles and deserted country-seats, I would have offered no objection; there was in 'my first patient' a peculiar charm that sounded like a trumpet call to the field of battle—I was to go forth and distinguish myself.

"Following with alacrity in the wake of my guide, I soon found myself in a well enough-looking apartment, whose occupant lay tossing upon the couch in all the restlessness of fever. He was a fine-looking man, with an intellectual brow, and large, dreamy eyes that were now glaring upon me in the wildness of delirium. In the room was a musical instrument, some books, and several items that indicated a refined mind. He boarded with the people who had sent for me; and from what I saw, I soon decided that my patient was a man of property and education—in short, he was to be the stepping-stone to all the grandeur I had pictured.

"In the evenings my wife and I sat talking and conjecturing; my fee would soon be forthcoming, for the patient improved rapidly, and in imagination it was already spent. Indeed, we had laid it out in a variety of ways; for in those days we were obliged to consider what was

wanted *most* before parting with so slippery a thing as money.

"Well, the days wore on, and the sick man became convalescent. His gratitude to me was unbounded.

"*'Doctor,'* said he, one morning, *'I owe my life to you, and would do anything for you in return—but I am afraid that I can only pay you professionally.'*

"How my hopes fell at this announcement! Ready money was so much more desirable than any other way of remuneration—but perhaps this might prove better than anything, I inquired the nature of his 'profession.'

"*'It is,'* said he, *'pointing to his instrument, that of a violin player.'*

"In spite of my disappointment, I laughed—I really could not help it; an uncontrollable fit of merriment seized me on the spot, and I laughed until the tears stood in my eyes. The air with which my patient pointed to his violin would have told well on the stage—and then the idea of calling it a *profession!* He had given

"*'——to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.'*

"*'Music has charms to soothe a savage.'* I forget whether *'ear'* or *'breast,'* but it has *not* power to put bread into hungry mouths; and my patient was rather surprised at the lack of enthusiasm I manifested for the noble art. He was a good-natured fellow, and expressed so much regret at his inability to satisfy my expectations, that I smilingly accepted half a dozen of his concert tickets, and concluded that Ellen and I might as well enjoy an amusement that cost us nothing.

"By-and-bye the concerts ceased; and my musical patient expressed a desire that I would take out the rest of the debt in serenades. This seemed rather unsubstantial, to be sure, but I complied; and many a time have Ellen and I sat at the window, in the moonlight, watching the manoeuvres of a maiden lady over the way, who evidently considered the music her own especial property.

"But one chilly night the lady took cold, and I was summoned in to her relief. So that, after all, you see that the violin player was really the cause of my advancement; for no sooner had Miss Briggs arrived at a state of convalescence than my fame spread abroad, and patients flocked in from all quarters. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have risen like a Phoenix from the ashes."

As the doctor pronounced these words, he gradually rose to his feet; and his tall figure

seemed towering up into a lofty column, like a genii from his copper vessel. All laughed at his lordly air; and seating himself in the position of a listener, he called upon his next neighbor, Mr. Chester, for a recital.

"No one," said Mr. Chester, "can accuse me of having married Mrs. Chester for anything save her own sweet self, alone; for on the day of our first meeting, she had very little superfluous clothing about her. She had no shoes or stockings—her hat was not worth mentioning—and her scarf, if she ever possessed any, had taken to itself wings and flown away."

"Now, Mr. Chester!" exclaimed his wife, "this is really too bad!"

"Not at all, my dear—though now I do remember me of some 'airy nothing' that prevented the breezes from visiting you too roughly."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mrs. Chester, "for fear of your putting a wrong construction upon his words, I beg leave to mention, that I had all my proper accoutrements, with the exception of my shoes and stockings, which I had taken off for the purpose of wading."

"The fact, my dear friends, is simply this," continued Mr. Chester, "I had gone, with some friends, to a lonely country place that was quite celebrated for its fishing facilities; and on a lovely afternoon in June we set forth across the beautiful pond that was to furnish the wherewith for our suppers.

"In the middle of this pond there was a large rock; and seated on the rock, we beheld a slight figure upon whose sex we had some difficulty in determining. Indeed, we didn't know but that it might be our good fortune to capture a mermaid. Our old geographies tell us that 'the monkey is the connecting link between man and beast;' the figure before us appeared to be an indescribable something between girl and boy. On her head was a boy's straw hat, ornamented with a wreath of water-lilies—her feet were entirely bare, and thrust into the water—and her expression seemed to say that she could never be surprised enough at her position. For a description of her features, 'see frontispiece.'

"As we steered our course toward this modern Undine, she looked quite ready to sink into the ground, if there had been any—but she had evidently not decided upon a plunge into the water. With some difficulty, we persuaded the distressed damsel into our boat; and there learned a story of 'wrongs and desertion' that put vigor enough in our arms to—row her to the shore.

"There we found two wicked sprites of country

cousins, who had deluded the city-bred visitor into their boat, and then landed her high and dry upon the rock, under a false pretence of leaving her sojourn there entirely at her own option. She thanked us with an agitated voice. Had it not been for our timely aid, she trembled to think of her probable fate? Possibly some rough countryman, whose whole soul was absorbed in 'a mess of crabs,' and whose boat was polluted with the presence of oysters, and other shelly abominations, would have offered the aid it had been our glorious privilege to bestow, and conveyed her in quiet obscurity to the cosy farm house which now presented itself to our view!"

"I am sure that I said nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester, joining in the laugh which this description raised.

"No," replied her husband, "but there is a silent kind of woe, where words are useless, and your look spoke all sorts of horrors. We forgot all about the fishing, and spent the evening at the farm-house.

"The next day, I was obliged, of course, to call and inquire after Miss Undine's health; and I lingered, fascinated, like the knight at the fisherman's cottage. The cousins were in disgrace, for she had vowed *never* to forgive them; and they really appeared quite penitent.

"Had any fortune-teller said to me, before leaving home, 'you will find your future wife seated, half dressed, upon a rock in the water,' I should have been quite as much amused as was Agil, in the Arabian Nights, when told by the young man that he was his predestined murderer. And yet so it was. I met with the fate of the poor fish whose capture I had meditated; and after a few ineffectual struggles, found myself landed upon the shore of matrimony. I would say to young men, in a friendly way, 'beware of fishing!' but, alas! who can tell in what form the dangers may lurk?"

"By-the-bye," said one of the culprit cousins, who was seated next to Mrs. Chester, "have you ever forgiven us, Matilda? I really trembled before your rage."

"Yes," she softly whispered, "*I forgave you one moonlight night, as I stood in the old orchard!*"

Low as had been the whisper, her husband heard it, and his smile spoke eloquently for the thoughts her words had awakened.

"Now," said the doctor, "who else 'can a tale unfold?'"

Scarcely had he pronounced these words ere the door opened, and Mr. Ormsby, the clergyman, entered. A warm welcome instantly greeted him from the master of the house, by whom he had been invited to join the Christmas party;

and the circle around the fire made room for him with respectful alacrity. His appearance presented quite a contrast to that of the merry party assembled. Small particles of snow, that were rapidly melting on his boots before the warm influence of the cheering blaze, showed that he had been wandering in some bye-road, where his own footsteps had probably made the first path. His face was blue with the cold; and his coat was buttoned closely around him, as though he had prepared himself to endure. His sudden appearance threw a momentary quiet over the whole party; and he, himself, sat absorbed in the contemplation of a solemn scene he had just witnessed.

"My friends," said he, at length, "may I be permitted to add my story to the recital, which, I doubt not, are more suited to the merry thoughts of Christmas Eve? There are many varied scenes enacted on the eve of this gay festival; and I would remind you that while to us come the light and the blessings, to others is 'darkness and the shadow of death.'"

The merry party were instantly subdued; and listening in respectful attention, they waited for Mr. Ormsby's narrative.

"Some distance from here," said he, "surrounded by trackless snow, there is a small cabin that stands by itself, lonely and isolated. In summer a thick grove on one side imparts an air of quiet beauty to the humble dwelling; but when the trees are bare and leafless, it is indeed a dreary spot.

"In this cabin a lonely mother has watched and waited for the return of a son who was to her the one bark freighted with all her earthly hopes. For long years she lived a lonely woman—far removed from those whom birth and education entitled her to call her equals—living on in her lonely dwelling with the one hope clinging about her heart, and buoying her up above the sorrows that encompassed her weary lot.

"In earlier years she had toiled beyond her strength to educate the boy who alone remained to remind her that life was not *all* desolate; and he grew to the years of manhood with his own wild dreams cherished and strengthened by his mother's counsels. He was to achieve a triumph of Fate; his name was to be enrolled in the annals of Fame—and wealth and honors were to compensate the two world-abandoned ones for all their deprivations.

"I have listened to such recitals from that mother's lips—and her excited manner and kindly eye fully proclaimed her faith in the fulfilment of these extravagant visions. The

realization of this one dream constituted her only hope for the future. *It was the boy's religion.* It had fled his mind from his earliest infancy; and he had grown to manhood with that one thought still uppermost in his heart. As the mother gazed upon the pale and silent boy, whom the sports of youth failed to allure, and marked the slight hand that held the pencil, she hailed with delight these evidences of the soul-absorbing genius that was slowly consuming the springs of life. For he *had* talent; his mother has shown me sketches and pictures that would not have disgraced the first efforts of Titian or Da Vinci—but, alas! he had neither money nor friends, and without these unprotected genius may struggle in vain against the rough blasts of the world.

"Years ago, she had sent her son from her; he had gone to the old world to compare with his the works of the old masters, and catch from the glowing sky of Italy the inspiration that has rendered them immortal. And then the lonely mother came to the humble cabin; and there she waited and watched for him whose return was to open a new life to both.

"Her son's letters had spoken of a painting on which he was engaged, that would probably achieve a triumph at the exhibition that was soon to take place; and the poor mother lifted her head proudly from the precious paper, as she said,

"*'He will return on Christmas Eve.'*

"*'And why on Christmas Eve?'* I asked, for her tone was that of one who had some private reason for making the assertion.

"Her eye kindled with a strange fire as she answered, 'You have often spoken to me of that goodness which showers benefits on the poor as well as the rich—the good and the bad alike—think you that I shall *always* be forgotten? *He will return on Christmas Eve.'*

"Many times had she repeated this with a defiant air; and I half trembled as I pictured Christmas Eve at the widow's cottage.

"This evening, I had just buttoned my overcoat in the hall, to set forth on my pilgrimage hither, when a messenger arrived from the widow, who requested my presence at the cabin. The man was an illiterate countryman, and I asked him no questions, but pursued my lonely way in silence—almost forgetful that he was beside me. The houses that I passed sent forth bright gleams to welcome the Christmas Eve; and the sound of sleigh-bells broke on the air as though in mockery of all gloomy thoughts.

"But as I approached the cabin, the houses were fewer and more humble in appearance, and

the road dreary and unfrequented. Trackless snow-drifts blocked up the way; and I arrived at the cabin cold and weary. A single light burned in the widow's apartment, and with a foreboding heart I knocked at the door.

"It was opened by the lonely occupant, but her face was turned from me; and in silence she led the way to a couch, where reclined the emaciated figure of her son. He *had* returned on Christmas Eve—but *it was to die.* She sank beneath the stroke, and covered her face with her hands in speechless agony.

"Opening his large, dark eyes, which had been closed from extreme exhaustion, the young artist softly whispered, 'Tis true, dear mother, that I have lost the Fame so long pursued—but I have gained what is of far more value. *You never taught me that, mother—or it had been better for us both.'*

"A deep sigh burst from the depths of her heavy heart, and I turned aside to hide the tears I could not control—for 'he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.'"

Several of the company, much affected, expressed their intention of visiting the widow's cabin after the Christmas service. Mr. Ormsby shook his head sadly.

"The wanderer," said he, "has now a home on high—but the poor, lonely mother may, perhaps, be softened by friendly sympathy."

A party was instantly organized to visit the cabin to-morrow; and subdued by the picture of actual grief which had been thus vividly brought before them, they sat quietly dwelling on the contrast between their own lot and that of the poor widow.

The fair, pale moon looked brightly through the old-fashioned window at the head of the staircase-landing; and young hearts paused on that Christmas Eve, and looked dreamily out on the stillness, ere they went to the slumber from which they would awaken to a glorious morrow.

And maidens dwelt fondly on the tones of the magic "good night" that had greeted them from lips beloved; and mothers thought of their sleeping cherubs, wrapt in innocent dreams of Santa Claus; and old people remembered the Christmas Eves that had passed like a fleeting vision.

And the moon shone down on the cold, still features of the *dead*—and the moonbeams played idly with the scattered locks a *mother's* hand had so often caressed, and mocked the dull place with their unwelcome light.

Hundreds of years ago, they had bathed the earth in a silver flood, when came the glad tidings, "A star has arisen in the East!"

## ELIZA GREEN'S WEDDING.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"Did you hear that Eliza Green is soon to be married?" inquired one of two ladies who were making a morning call on their friend, Mrs. Minley.

"No. I understood that the marriage was not to take place for some time," was the reply.

"So it was rumored; but I met Eliza, yesterday, while shopping, and ascertained that it is to be on next Thursday week. I went with her to select her purchases: a beautiful light silk for a bridal dress.

"Is it possible?" interrupted Mrs. Minley, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; and a very handsome cashmere; beside crimson merino for a travelling dress, to be trimmed with black velvet."

"They are going on a journey, then?"

"Oh, I suppose only to see Robert's people, who, you know, live at some distance: but you seem surprised, Mrs. Minley?"

"I am, indeed, surprised to hear of Eliza Green having made such purchases. They are quite unsuited both to her present condition and that in prospect."

"I do not think so; she is to have a wedding party, and, of course, needs a handsome wedding dress; and, for the others, she would not like to go, without something new and fashionable, among her new relations."

"Who are, I believe, plain, old-fashioned country people," rejoined Mrs. Minley, with a smile, "to whom novelty and fashion are things of no consequence."

"Well, I thought her very economical," persisted Miss Hardin. "I wished her to choose a pretty bridal dress, but she said the silk which she was obliged to have, would answer for that occasion; and I could not persuade her to the contrary, though I tried my best."

"Very inconsiderate in you, Frances," replied her companion, Mrs. Ridgeway. "A handsome light silk will be as suitable for her wedding night as white satin and blond, on which I know your thoughts are bent."

"Far more so, I think," chimed in Mrs. Minley.

"Why, what is the matter with you both this morning? One would imagine your leige lords had been reading you impressive lectures on

economy," said Miss Hardin, laughing, though evidently not well pleased. "However, I did not propose to Eliza to get satin or blond; a pretty Swiss or mull looks very well, for a bridal dress, far better, to my taste, than a colored silk, although *that* is necessary afterward. Jane Carpenter wore a beautifully embroidered robe the night she was married, and indeed her purchases were far more extravagant than Eliza's; yet I have never heard you speak so of *her*, Mrs. Minley."

"You do not consider the difference in the two cases, my dear Frances," replied Mrs. Minley, seriously. "Mr. Carpenter has been doing a good business for many years, and Jane as an only child has been always indulged as much as possible; so that it was no wonder he thought proper to give a large party on occasion of her marriage, nor that she should be, as you say, somewhat extravagant in her expenditure. Eliza on the other hand is but one of a large family, and her father only partner in a manufacturing establishment, which, if it were all in his own hands, would not enable him to maintain his family in the style to which the Carpenters have been accustomed. Neither is there anything more encouraging in Eliza's future prospects. As clerk in one of our retail stores Mr. Bird's salary must be trifling."

"Only three hundred dollars a year, I believe. Jane's husband, on the contrary, has a large salary in one of the extensive firms of —. Can you not perceive the difference in the circumstances of your two friends, Frances; and that what is wilful, unauthorized extravagance in the one, is natural and proper in the other?"

"None are so blind as those who will not see," replied the young lady, gaily, as she rose to take leave. "There is to be a very nice wedding—about twenty persons will be invited, Eliza told me—and I always maintain that a bride should look as well as possible before so many people."

"How strange Mrs. Minley is," she resumed, when once more in the street with Mrs. Ridgeway. "To think of her criticizing poor Eliza in such a strain. It is only proper in Mr. Green to give her two or three handsome dresses, the last he will have to purchase for her: and she has as much right to them and to a wedding party, too,

as Jane Carpenter had. I was almost angry with you for taking part with her."

"I know very little of the parties concerned," replied Mrs. Ridgeway, as she paused at a corner from which diverged their paths homeward, "but it struck me that Mrs. Minley was more than half right."

And Mrs. Minley *was* more than half right; she was altogether right in her views.

The wedding night came in due time, and everything passed off pleasantly. The bride looked very sweetly in her delicate silk; the supper was by general consent pronounced excellent; and the younger members of the family, who, as some one maliciously observed, were wild with delight at finding themselves so handsomely attired, added much by their innocent mirthfulness to the joy of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Green dispensed their hospitalities pleasantly, and if an occasional shade of gravity was for a moment visible in either, surely that was natural on an occasion that separated their eldest child in name and fortune from them.

The following morning the young pair set out for the distant farm, where dwelt in humble and peaceful tranquillity the aged parents of the groom. "The crimson merino travelling dress trimmed with black velvet," of course received a due share of notice in the various conversations for which the wedding furnished a fruitful theme during days succeeding. Most persons concurred in censuring the whole affair as shamefully extravagant, particularly as Mr. Green's embarrassed circumstances were generally known to the towns-people. Severe losses had been sustained by the manufactory during the previous year, and with the increased expenditure incident to his daughter going into company, he had found it extremely difficult to provide for his large family, and the rent of his comfortable dwelling house necessarily remained unpaid. But hoping for "better times," and calculating on a great reduction in household expenses after the departure of his daughter, and the eldest son, who was now apprenticed to a tradesman in a neighboring town, Mr. Green had felt but little uneasiness respecting the rent; especially as the landlord was an old acquaintance, who readily received his apologies for non-payment, and professed himself willing to wait till a more propitious season.

Now, however, indignant at the reports and rumors everywhere circulating, Mr. Abell waited on Mr. Green with a peremptory demand at once to pay the arrears or leave the house. In vain the delinquent tenant urged his inability to comply, and the oft-expressed willingness of

Mr. Abell to wait his convenience; while, to increase his perplexity, the dry-goods merchant and others to whom of late he had become indebted, having an inkling of his embarrassments, presented their bills and pressed for immediate payment. His partner, who had long desired to have the manufactory in his own hands, listened coldly to the distressed man's account of his situation; but generously offered to buy him out as the only means *he* could devise of freeing him from his difficulties. This proposal, bitter as it was to Mr. Green, he felt at length compelled to accept. With a heavy heart he transferred his share of the business at a sacrifice to his grasping partner; and on the very day his daughter returned in high spirits from her wedding trip, her father entered as workman the establishment in which the best years of his life had been spent as master; crushed and broken in spirit; not more by the change in his condition and the prospect of ceaseless toil, than by the consciousness of his inability to provide for his large family by daily labor at his advanced age.

"What a sad termination to Eliza's wedding festivities!" said Mrs. Minley, when on next meeting with Miss Hardin, the misfortunes of Mr. Green were duly commented on. "If, as I have heard, she prevailed on her father against his better judgment to incur the expenses which have brought him into this trouble, how must the thoughtless girl now suffer from her own reproachful feelings."

"Eliza was not aware that her father's means were so very limited," replied Miss Hardin; "and I cannot see why she or her parents should have any cause for self-upbraiding. It was all the fault of that old Abell, the miserly, unfeeling man! I always thought him covetous and selfish; but I could not have deemed him capable of an act so utterly contemptible and heartless."

"Mr. Abell only acted as most others in his situation would have done," returned Mrs. Minley, smiling at her young friend's vehemence. "He showed indeed neither generosity nor magnanimity toward his unfortunate tenant, but these virtues, Frances, are seldom exhibited in the dealings between debtor and creditor. Nor do I think that he is altogether to blame in this matter. If Mr. Abell's conduct was contemptible and heartless, Mr. Green's was certainly rash and imprudent. You remember the remark of that shrewd observer of human nature, Franklin, in his advice to mechanics:—'The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or at nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice in a tavern, when you

should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.' The justice of this observation every day's experience confirms. There are few creditors who will not extend some indulgence to those whom they see to be frugal, industrious and persevering; but when they find them need-

lessly incurring new debts, and rushing into expenses which even their best friends must deem unjustifiable, though in other respects their conduct be admirable, it is scarcely wonderful that the indignant creditors should withdraw the leniency that has been so much abused."

## THE EASTERN BRIDAL.

BY FRANK LEE.

With idle songs they wreathe  
The champak blossoms in my flowing hair,  
Nought but unquiet thoughts their perfumes breathe—  
They must not linger there.

Take them away,  
And bring to me a wreath of scentless flowers;  
I lay my hopes and girlhood off to-day—  
These bloom'd within their bowers!

How oft my giddy feet  
Have trod in wantonness these blossoms out,  
While my soul reveled on the rising sweet—  
A fragrant mist about.

This is my recompense!  
E'en as I crush'd those buds to scent their soft  
perfume,  
They ope my heart and drag its treasures there  
To gild a living tomb.

Oh, how these big tears scorch!—  
I hear the coming maidens shout my name:  
They burn my heart upon a bridal torch,  
These drops but feed the flame.

Yet for a Sultan's bride  
The gems they bind my raven hair between—  
Yet rather death by that young Christian's side  
Than life—a harem queen!

Leaning from my casement,  
While soften'd tones swept down the Summer air,

A sudden thrill was o'er my being sent,  
That left me trembling there.

My bounding heart drank in  
A thousand feelings strange and sweet and new;  
I, if those fond delights had aught of sin  
From Love's own soul they grew.

A stranger from afar  
Upon whose lip a cold clime's accents rung,  
Whose eyes had glowing brightness as a star,  
Beneath the casement sung.

I push'd the vines aside  
And gaz'd out on the night with fragrance dim,  
Then clos'd my eyes to hide the speaking tide  
They madly pour'd on him.

He rais'd his slender hand—  
I flung some blossoms with a silver clasp,  
I saw him then in fondness kiss the band,  
As misers treasure grasp.

I felt my cheek grow white,  
Then flush like crimson blossoms at their core.  
There was a sound—he hurried through the night  
And then—we met no more!

Now bridal flowers wave  
Amid my hair and bind my vestment's fold;  
A bride—yet nothing better than a slave—  
Bought with a Pasha's gold.

## LINES FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

Undo the links—unbind the chain—  
And give me back my heart again!  
Be kind for once—thou hast the key—  
And set my heart from prison free.

Those eyes entrapped me—oh, those eyes!  
Such strange enchantment in them lies;

I tried to 'scape them—but in vain—  
Oh, give me back my heart again!

Undo the links—the chain unbind—  
I would not have this heart confined;  
Must it repine while thine is free?  
Oh, give the prisoner back to me!

## A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

I HAD been many years successfully established in practice in Cincinnati, and was no longer a young man, when one day pausing with a foot on the steps of my carriage to read a letter my servant had placed in my hand, I chanced to overhear the conversation of some young men who were loitering near where I stood.

They were commenting in extravagant terms on a young lady who was approaching. She was superb—queenly—glorious, if one might believe the encomiums of her admirers. My curiosity somewhat roused, I glanced up, and beheld, as I thought then, and think still, the handsomest woman I had ever seen. Her appearance was as majestic as it was beautiful; yet, as she returned the gentlemen's salutations, a sweet, and gracious smile spoke of as much gentleness as pride of character.

I recognized her as the much admired Miss Madeline C——, who, with her mother, had but recently taken up her residence in our city.

When she had passed, I endeavored to resume the reading of my letter; but again the conversation of my talkative neighbors attracted my attention.

"I'll tell you what it is, Fred," cried one, "all conquering as you are, you'd not find success such a certain thing in *that* quarter."

"No?" carelessly asked the young gentleman addressed, a man of remarkable personal beauty—"I'm rather incredulous of these invincible women, myself."

"They say Miss Madeline has already refused many excellent offers; and I fancy, with *her*, you would fare no better than the others, notwithstanding your fortune, unless you chanced to strike *her* fancy."

"The probability is that I *should* strike *her* fancy," returned Fred Thornton, coolly, yawning as he spoke.

"I lay you a bet of a hundred dollars that you do not win *her*," retorted his companion.

"Done," said Thornton, and further I heard not, for becoming conscious of the impropriety of so long playing eaves-dropper, I stepped into my carriage, and thought no more of the matter.

About six months from that time I was summoned professionally to the house of Mrs. C——. On arriving there, I found my patient to be the

same young lady who had been the subject of the above conversation. She was greatly changed, but if possible more lovely than ever. Her brilliant complexion had faded to purest white, scarcely tinged with the rose; her large, blue eyes were clear, indeed, but languid and heavy; she complained of constant headache, and general weakness, while her whole appearance wore such an air of hopeless apathy, that I should have had no hesitation in attributing her illness to some secret grief, had not every happiness seemed to surround her.

She was understood to be engaged to be married to a most excellent young man, Mr. Charles Leman; kind friends surrounded, a doting mother was devoted to her; rich, and so very beautiful, I could imagine no cause for any sorrow, and was completely puzzled.

The preparations were already going on for her wedding, which if Madeline's health permitted, was to take place in two months. It crossed my mind as a passing thought, that Fred Thornton had lost his wager, and I confess the idea gave me pleasure, for the young man's vanity had not pleased me.

I visited my patient daily, and soon became intensely interested in her—nay, more, I grew extremely fond of her; for indeed I have never seen any one so capable of attaching all who surrounded her—her's was truly a tender and noble character. I felt the pitying tenderness of a father, for the poor suffering child, and naturally manifested the affection I felt for her, in a thousand little ways. My visits to her absorbed an undue proportion of my time—I seldom came without bringing her some token, proving that my thoughts had been occupied with her during my absence—a flower—a bunch of grapes, or a book; sometimes too, I took her short drives into the country with me, hoping to divert and amuse her.

Madeline understood the sincerity of the affection I always manifested for her, and ere long returned it with all the generous warmth of her nature.

Notwithstanding all my endeavors, however, I found with concern, that I was doing nothing for my patient. She grew daily more pale and delicate. The exertion that she was equal to



one week, was too much for her the next. I became satisfied some mental trouble must be at the root of the evil, and conjectured that some misunderstanding between her and her lover might be the cause. I determined to watch them narrowly.

A few days later I had an opportunity of seeing them together. Mr. Leman entered the room during my visit, bearing in his arms two immense volumes of rare engravings, which he designed as a present to his mistress, knowing her fondness for works of art. His manly face was radiant with pleasure as he saw Madeline's gratification at his gift, and he proceeded in an animated manner to explain to her how he had been so fortunate as to meet with the work in question, which he said he had heard her praise several months previously. Madeline thanked him for his kindness by a grateful look, and held out her hand to him; but when he took it eagerly, and would have kissed it, she shrank visibly, and grew pale as death—I placed my fingers carelessly on my patient's pulse, and found it beating nervously and agitatedly.

"She does not love him," I said to myself, and fancied I was now at the bottom of Madeline's heart.

On calling the following day, the servant, as I imagine, showed me to my patient's room without announcing me as usual. On entering I saw her with her head buried in her arms, which rested on a table before her. Unaware of my vicinity, she was indulging in a violent fit of weeping. I approached her, and laying my hand gently on her shoulder, said with emotion,

"Madeline, my poor child, my heart aches for you."

She looked up, and with a voice and look of agony cried,

"Oh, doctor, it is killing me."

I sat down beside her, and drawing her to me, said,

"My child, it is indeed killing you, this sorrow of yours which you are too proud to reveal. I think, Madeline, you know I love you—if you were my own daughter you could not be more dear; come, confide in me—it will not be difficult, for I fancy I already half guess your secret—you do not love Mr. Leman."

"That is not all," said Madeline, greatly agitated, and breaking from me, she walked up and down the room, wringing her hands despairingly.

"My child, be calm—do not agitate yourself thus, or I shall fear for your life."

"Life," she cried, bitterly, pausing as she spoke—"what charms do you think life has for a woman of any sensibility, who is about to

bestow her hand on one man, while her whole heart and soul are given to another?"

I drew the excited girl to the seat beside me, and after a time succeeded in quieting her agitation so far that she was able to give me a connected account of her story.

It appeared that this same Fred Thornton, whose wager to win Miss C——'s affections some months before I had accidentally overheard, had immediately afterward sought her society, and paid her the most marked attentions.

Young Thornton was handsome, most attractive in his manners—his mind was well cultivated, and he was not without some good qualities, which he knew well how to display, while his more unamiable traits of selfishness, vanity and want of principle, he as well understood how to conceal.

Madeline, of course, never doubting the sincerity of his unusually pressing attentions, and believing herself ardently beloved, gradually yielded up her whole heart to him. It was not till it was too late for her to recall her affections, that some officious friend came to her with the story of the wager.

Naturally extremely proud and sensitive, Madeline was hurt to the quick, at the idea of having been made the subject of a vulgar bet by the man she loved. The thought that the love she was cherishing in the "innermost shrine of her heart," had been merely esteemed a light trifling thing—the subject of a wager—that feelings she had trembled even to analyze, were already known and talked of by half the town—all this was torture to her. Worse than all, was the conviction which forced itself upon her, of the unworthiness of the man who could be guilty of such conduct. Still the story might not be true. Should he deny it, not all the world should make her believe it.

When her lover came to her the next day, the words Madeline had long expected were spoken. Thornton declared his love, and offered her his hand. Madeline heard him, and then with what calmness she could, informed him of her knowledge of his wager—entreated him to deny it if he could, and finding him convicted by his silence, ended by saying,

"Farewell then, forever, Mr. Thornton. Whatever it may cost me, I thank God that he has saved me from uniting myself to one capable of the cruelty and heartlessness of making one innocent girl's affections the subject of a wager."

In vain Thornton eagerly protested that however faulty at first, his heart was now really and entirely her's, and urged his suit with all the eloquence of passion; Madeline was firm. Thornton

at last losing his temper, proceeded in words of rude violence to accuse her of having lured him on with seeming encouragement, in order to punish him finally by a mortifying refusal. This unjust and ungenerous accusation pained Madeline extremely, and when the agitating interview was over, her strength all gone, she fell into a long, fainting fit, from which her friends feared she would never wake. This swoon was but the first open sign, that the cruel trial she had passed had broken her heart and undermined her health.

Mr. Thornton left the city immediately, and shortly afterward an old and faithful admirer of Madeline's once more made her an offer of his hand. She would have unhesitatingly declined it, but her mother's entreaties, joined to those of Mr. Leman induced her to waver. She confided to Mr. Leman the state of her heart, assured him of her determination never to marry Mr. Thornton, but also of her resolution never to unite herself to any man, unless her heart went with her hand. She told him she considered it her duty to struggle with, and if possible to conquer her unfortunate attachment; if he were willing to wait and abide the result he might do so. I believe at the time the poor girl was not without hopes of overcoming her ill-placed love; but she over-rated her strength. Mr. Leman was satisfied. He loved so truly, that he was willing to accept, for a time, the second place in the heart where he hoped, one day, to gain the first.

But Madeline's over anxious mother, and the world, chose to consider her connexion with Mr. Leman in the light of an engagement; and she felt all the unhappiness of the position into which she was forced—the betrothed wife of one man, while unable to conquer the love for another.

Madeline concluded her confession with bursting tears, saying,

"I was very proud, doctor; I do not know that I repent it, but it has cost me my life."

"Do not say so, my child," I said, trying to soothe her, "my art may do wonders now that I know all;" and after waiting till she was again calm, I left her recommending quiet.

On my return home, I immediately wrote to Mr. Thornton. I had become convinced that my only hope of saving my patient, was in the chance of a change for the better resulting from seeing him once more. I informed Mr. Thornton of the state of Madeline's health; coldly, but frankly, told him my reason for sending for him, and desired him to lose no time.

On visiting my patient next day I found her much worse than usual. She had had a long conference with Mr. Leman after I had left her,

and having confessed to him her inability to conquer her first attachment, begged his consent to the dissolution of all ties between them.

Mr. Leman, with true love and generosity, acceded unhesitatingly to her wishes, even attempting to conceal the deep disappointment her decision cost him.

This exciting interview, in addition to the one she had had with me, had been altogether too much for my poor Madeline's strength. She was evidently beginning to sink.

With a bursting heart I exerted all my skill to revive her: she followed my directions, smiled on me kindly, but shook her head significantly. On Mr. Leman, who sat beside her couch, she looked now and then with such glances of gratitude and confiding trust, that I saw the poor fellow could scarcely bear it. Her mother, greatly alarmed, sat on the other side holding her daughter's hand, and seeking my face with those questioning, despairing looks, which every physician knows so well, and finds it so hard to meet. Unable to control my feelings I was obliged to leave the house.

Many times that day, and the next, I was beside my gentle patient, and saw no change excepting increasing weakness, which was in itself a most alarming symptom. My only hope was now in Thornton's speedy arrival. To see him once more—to know that he still loved, if anything could rouse her and enable her to rally her strength, it would be this. I was in Madeline's room, when the bell rang and afterward a distant step was faintly heard in the hall.

Madeline, who knew nothing of my letter, raised her head from her pillow, and said to me calmly,

"Doctor, that is Mr. Thornton; bring him here at once."

I obeyed.

Thornton entered the room, and overcome by the sight of the dying girl, sank on his knees by her side, bursting into a passion of grief.

Madeline gave him her hand—Mr. Leman already held the other. I stood with her mother at the foot of her couch, looking with eyes full of tears at a sight strange as it was touching.

Madeline, calm and beautiful as an angel, lay between the two men who both loved her, (but oh, how differently) holding a hand of each, her serene, heavenly face contrasting forcibly with the agitated countenances on either side. Her eyes were closed for a moment, as if she were collecting all her strength. A change had indeed taken place in Madeline at again seeing her lover; but, alas! it was not for the better. The distress I felt, she must have seen in my face

on unclosing her eyes, for she motioned me to approach, and whispered in my ear,

"Do not grieve, dearest doctor, that you could not save me for a wretched life. For a woman who has misplaced her love there is but one fate."

She paused, and then said aloud,

"Yea, Frederic, you I have loved—love still;

but you, Charles," and she turned her eyes gratefully upon him, "you have *deserved* my love. To you I leave the task of comforting my mother."

The sweet, low voice ceased; a heavenly serenity rested on the lovely face; and by the superhuman sweetness of the smile that settled round her mouth, we knew that our poor Madeline's sorrows were over, and her joys begun.

## SEA, EARTH, AND HEAVEN.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

LONG fathoms down beneath the deep,  
To know how many corsees sweep  
With streaming hair—each one alone,  
By billow rock'd or tempest strown,  
Tossing forever;

Where the land-breeze sounds no sigh,  
Where the reddened corals lie,  
Upon whose summits peak'd and high  
The doom'd barks shiver;

Oh, Sea! it is a fearful thing!—  
To hear the birds above thee sing,  
Yet know how many a hope is furl'd  
That flew beyond thy watery world

To the tropic's glow!  
Or, Northward plumed, the storm defying,  
Still the outworn pinion plying  
Toward some cold land where love undying  
Should melt the snow!

To know, on every shore we tread,  
That some to stranger-graves are led,  
And deem—poor joy!—the grass grows best  
Where never loving foot hath press'd

In sorrow's crushing:  
By East—by West—far isles away,  
To wist not where Death next may lay  
His icy touch—till none i' the clay  
Hears the heart rushing!

Oh, Earth! it is a thing of woe!—

To feel sweet gales around thee blow,  
Yet know that there be some who ne'er  
Shall feel again that breathsome air,  
Joyful or sad;

Ne'er mark again the hues that streak  
Thy nighted brow or sunbright cheek:  
Dear Earth!—dear Earth! the thought to speak  
Makes the heart mad!

To know there is a land far-off,  
Beyond the doubter's, scorner's scoff,  
Too high for mortal bliss to deem—  
Out of the region of all dream,

Where not a pang  
Shall wring the pulse that maddens here;  
Where there are joys that ask no tear,  
And sorrow's serpent ne'er shall rear  
Its poison fang;

Oh, Heaven! it is a blessed thing!—  
To wait yon trumpet's summoning,  
When, life's fierce battle lost and won,  
That peal shall shake the steadfast sun!

And all shall meet  
Where His great way the angels keep,  
Who "giveth his beloved sleep"—  
Where is nor grave, nor storm, nor deep—  
At God's own feet!

## A LOVE SONG.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN.

WHERE the river is flowing soft wood-banks between,  
And the hawthorn tree snowing its buds on the green,  
Who waits me, with dew-drops that glance in her hair?

—'Tis May, the blooming May!—but my lady's more fair!

She is lighter of foot than the merle on its wing,  
She has youth on her cheek that outrivals the Spring;  
Come forth to the greenwood, for Beauty is there:

—'Tis May, the golden May!—but my lady's more fair!

Never tell me of Prudence than Winter more cold;  
Never tell me that Gladness can ever grow old;  
I'll enjoy my heart's Spring-time, unclouded by care:

—'Tis May, the joyous May!—but my lady's more fair!

## "KEEPING UP APPEARANCES."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

THE Bentleys were famous for "keeping up appearances." They lived in a handsome house at the fashionable end of the town; had costly rose-wood furniture and velvet carpets; went to Saratoga, Cape May, or Newport every summer; and lived altogether in a style that entitled them to be considered among the "best society." at least so far as spending money is concerned. Yet it was a wonder to more than one person how Mr. Bentley managed to afford all this, for his business was known not to be very good, and was suspected of being actually indifferent.

The Bentleys had risen, as the phrase goes, "from nothing." This would have been no objection to them, if they had been people of real worth—people of correct principles, good taste, cultivated minds and elegant behavior. But the Bentleys were as vulgar as they were ignorant, and as ignorant as they were false. The paste diamonds which Mrs. Bentley sometimes wore, and which deceived her whole circle of fashionable friends, were a type of herself, her daughters and her husband. The existence of the family consisted, in fact, in substituting glitter for gold, in a word "in keeping up appearances." For they not only lived as if they had twice the income they really had, but they pretended to be connoisseurs in music and the arts: and as the set among whom they moved had plenty of people as ignorant as themselves, this game of deception succeeded better than might have been thought. Sometimes, however, those who were better informed, had occasion to laugh in secret at the absurdities the Bentleys committed. "Your wife is a fashionable woman," said an acquaintance to Mr. Bentley. "Why don't she have a *dejeuner*? They're all the rage." "Oh!" answered the husband, ignorant of what a *dejeuner* was, but thinking to carry it off with a high air, "she went out, this very morning to buy one."

With all his easy nonchalance, however, Mr. Bentley carried a sad heart in his bosom; for his expenses greatly exceeded his income, and he was rapidly going to ruin. For years he had carried on business by borrowing from day to day; by discounts from banks; or by loans on temporary mortgages of his fine furniture. Often, on looking back at the end of the year, he

wondered how he had managed to get through. But, in some respects, Mr. Bentley was an extraordinary man. Among other things, he was the perfection of plausibility. Few men could borrow money with more grace, and still fewer, it must be owned, could pay it with less punctuality. The world, however, is full of dupes, and in a large city, a man like Mr. Bentley can go on, for many a year, without exhausting his victims.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bentley to her spouse, "we must give a ball on Ada's birth-night."

"Really," answered Mr. Bentley, "I'm afraid it can't be done, Eliza. I'm shockingly short."

"I know that," was the reply, "you're always short of course. Men with a large family like yours are necessarily short. But when the girls are married, there needn't be such occasion for spending money; we can economize then, you know. Now Ada will be eighteen next month, and young Howard is debating a proposal: a ball, I'm sure, will bring him to the point."

"You think he's serious? Old Howard is as rich as a Jew, and it would be a splendid match. But, unless the son is really in earnest, I shouldn't be willing to go to the expense of a ball, just now. Honestly, Eliza, I don't see how I'm to get through next month."

"I don't think there's the least doubt that a ball would settle the affair. Ada looks charmingly in a ball dress, but as the Howards are among our old families, who are very exclusive, her lover hasn't had a chance to see her in one, for they haven't met at a ball since their acquaintance."

"Well, well," said Mr. Bentley, somewhat impatiently, "do as you please. If Ada had old Howard for a father-in-law, perhaps one might —"

But Mr. Bentley did not finish the sentence. Even he, sanguine and plausible as he was, doubted whether the elder Howard was the man to be his dupe, so he broke off into a whistle, and left the room a moment after.

Mrs. Bentley lost no time in preparing for the ball, which she determined should be the most brilliant of the season. She had long wished to get into the Howard set, and now seized the opportunity to invite several ladies, members of

it, whom she had met in the summer at Saratoga. Her acquaintance with them did not, indeed, warrant such a liberty; but as young Mr. Howard was coming, she hoped they would come also: at any rate she resolved to make a bold push, or what she called, in her Anglo-Saxon French, "*koop de mane*."

Enormous bills for the ball now began to come in, for nobody would supply the Bentleys without the cash in advance. Poor Mr. Bentley was driven to his wit's ends to find means to liquidate these accounts. In one or two cases, he called personally with his order, hoping that it would be filled if part of the amount was paid; but confectioners, florists, and wine merchants were, by this time, pretty well acquainted with their customer; and not a pound of cake, a solitary bouquet, or a single bottle of wine could Mr. Bentley obtain without, as the inexorable dealers phrased it, "cash in hand."

Two days before the ball, Mr. Bentley went, in despair, to a monied acquaintance, offering to pledge his furniture for an advance of a thousand dollars.

"You can go with me to the house, this morning," he said, "at the hour when Mrs. Bentley and Ada receive visitors, and examine the things, on a pretence of sauntering about the rooms with me to look at the pictures."

The bargain was struck, for the terms offered, by the desperate husband, were liberal; and accordingly, at the usual time when Mrs. Bentley and her daughter, in their most elegant morning costume, received visitors, the husband made his appearance with his companion, whom he introduced as a friend he was desirous the ladies should know: and then, after some brief chat with the mistress of the house, the two rose and walked about the rooms. Little did young Mr. Howard, as he conversed in whispers with Ada, think that Mr. Bentley and his companion, as they sauntered around, talking in a low tone, and looking at pictures, statuettes and other articles of *virtu*, or occasionally pausing by a magnificent piano or *console*, were discussing a mortgage of all this superb furniture. But stranger scenes occur, almost weekly, on the Fifth Avenue, or out Walnut street, among those who are "keeping up appearances."

The day of the ball came at last. Servants had been busy all day in transforming the Bentley's mansion into an *impromptu* palace of fairy land. The hall was crowded with rare exotics; the reception rooms were ornamented with the costliest bouquets; and the conservatory, at the end of the suite, was fragrant with the finest specimens from the hot-house of Buist. The

supper table was laid for three hundred guests. Every delicacy of the season—the choicest game, the most exquisite wines—was in preparation for the evening. Ada, in whose honor all this expense had been incurred, was already under the hands of a dressing-maid, her elaborate attire lying displayed upon the bed, while the exulting mother stood by flattering her on her beauty.

We have neglected to describe the daughter. But it is a task that will not detain us long. Miss Bentley was silly, selfish and conceited; in looks a vapid doll; in manners a piece of sentimental affectation. She despised her parents, because she knew just enough to detect their ignorance, and knew too little to feel how much she owed to them, who to her at least had ever been indulgent. Her whole thoughts, at this particular juncture, were devoted to securing her lover. Not that she had the least bit of affection for him. But he was rich; he was of an old family; he was handsome, well-bred and popular: and there was not enough heart in this vain creature to pause at the sacrilege of marriage without love.

"Everything is ready, my dear," said Mrs. Bentley. "You had better finish dressing. The company will soon begin to arrive. I wonder what can keep your papa."

"Oh! papa is never punctual, you know," carelessly replied the young lady. "It's provoking, however, he isn't here, for he'll hardly have time to dress."

An hour later, and mother and daughter stood ready to receive their guests, who might now be expected to arrive every minute. The parlors were blazing with light; the white-gloved servants were on the staircase; and the band of music for the waltzers had arranged its temporary orchestra and waited the opening of the ball. Everything was prepared for the festival, except the presence of the host. Mr. Bentley, strange to say, had not yet come home, and his wife began to grow anxious, as her face plainly showed. More than once Mrs. Bentley whispered her alarm to her child, but Ada was in such a flutter of selfish vanity that she could not participate in her mother's fears, and her invariable reply was that "papa would be home, by-and-bye; he was never punctual."

And now the guests began to arrive. Mrs. Bentley, wearing her blandest smiles, received arrival after arrival, and forgot, for a time, in the excitement, the unaccountable absence of her husband. But as the evening wore on, without his return, her anxiety began to return. Yet she still smiled and smiled, striving to "keep up appearances."

By-and-bye she noticed also that many persons who had been invited, and even sent acceptances, had not arrived. Young Mr. Howard himself was missing. People, too, began to gather in little groups, and to whisper together, glancing at her and Ada: but, if she approached, they suddenly ceased, and with evident embarrassment. What could it all mean?

She was not left in doubt long. While the music was at its loudest, and the waltzers in their giddiest whirl, a pale, horror-stricken face appeared in one of the doorways, and beckoned for Mrs. Bentley. The owner of that face was her sole surviving brother, a man never seen at her gay parties ordinarily, and whose presence, therefore, was a proof of some dire necessity.

The band stopped, the waltzers ceased revolving, and a general rush to the door was followed by a universal cry of terror. For, coming up the hall, borne on a settee, was the corpse of Mr. Bentley, the broken merchant, the discovered felon, the suicide.

Yes! that was the end of all. A few weeks

before, in the hope of retrieving himself by one bold stroke, Mr. Bentley had entered into a heavy stock speculation. But stocks had fallen, almost from that hour. On this day, large liabilities had matured, growing out of the speculation; and being unable to meet them, he had, in a moment of desperation, committed a forgery. The crime had been almost immediately discovered. Mr. Bentley had made a vain attempt to fly. But, being followed to his hiding, he had, when he heard the officers on the stairs, taken his own life.

The guests dispersed like affrighted birds, when the hawk pounces upon one of their number. In half an hour, the mansion, so lately brilliant with light and reeling with music, was dark, and still, and silent as the grave.

Mrs. Bentley now keeps a third-rate boarding-house. Her daughter is still unmarried, and almost useless, for she is peevish and in ill-health, and is always complaining of their misfortunes. And thus ends one tragedy, the result of living to KEEP UP APPEARANCES.

## THE DEPARTED.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Though each beam Hope flung round thee is faded,

To kindle to brightness no more—

Though the dark grave thy fair form hath shaded,

And all thy brief beauty is o'er;

My heart, oh! no other shall fill it,

Though lovely that other may be,

However the cold world may chill it,

Its beatings shall still be for thee.

Thy sweet deeds, unknown to the many,

On that faithful tablet are traced,

Thy virtues, unequalled by any

Whose lustre Time's annals hath graced—

The tender remembrances vying,

Of all which in life thou hast been,

And the image thou left me dying,

So passionless, calm, and serene.

My life, like a river which glasses

A pure beam received from above,

Though drear be the way which it passes,

Still mirrors the light of thy love;

Hushed where that soft radiance is shining,

The dark waters silently roll,

So my sad spirit glides, unrepining—

The spell o'er its waves is thy soul.

## "THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS."

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

THE heart knoweth its own bitterness—ah! well—

The Monarch of the old world-time was wise!

For many a suffering soul could sadly tell

What mournful meaning in that brief line lies!

Who has not given this strange heart sinking test

Unto the loneliness of our inner life?

Aye—buried in the stillness of the breast

The heart with its own bitterness is rife!

How many such the social world might show,

Could we its burden of concealment know.

Our joys, and pleasures, are soon known and shared,

For these are things that all can comprehend;

But the heart bitterness may not be bar'd,

Not even to our nearest earthly friend.

## ZANA.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 251.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

I HAD made all my preparations, packed up a few clothes, such as I could carry upon the horn of my saddle, and carefully sealed up the little coffer which was half full of gold. Turner had been absent most of the day, and Maria, luckily, had been summoned to the village for some household purpose. All this was fortunate for my purpose. Knowing that a few hours would separate us, perhaps forever, I could not have sustained my part in their presence.

When they came home my eyes were red with weeping, and I sat down helplessly between them, so sick of heart that it seemed to me like death. They had heard of Cora's elopement, and did not wonder at my grief.

We parted for the night about ten. Oh, how I yearned to throw myself once more into those kind arms and ask a last blessing! But it could not be. A suspicion that I was about to leave them would have defeated my plans. I knew well that they would go forth into the highway homeless beggars rather than see me so depart.

With calm sadness, though my heart swelled painfully in my bosom, I went to my room. Oh, that dull, mournful hour of solitude while I waited for those two friends, all I had on earth to sleep, that I might creep like a thief from beneath their roof. I shall never forget that hour. A life-time of dreary pain was crowded into it. Remember I was very young, and could only recall as a dream the time when that park had not been my home.

True, I had a purpose that gave me strength. Cora must be brought back to her father: then what was to be my fate? The gipsy caves of Grenada, those caves at whose bare remembrance my poor mother had shuddered even in the zenith of her happiness? But where else should I go? Ismael was not more thoroughly cast out by his father's people than I had been—while more fortunate than me, his mother went with him into the desert. I went alone. In the broad world there was no human being from whom I could

claim the draught of cold water which poor Hagar gave to him.

I went forth, braving all the woes that were divided by the outcast mother and her child. The rival that I had loved better than a sister had taken the soul that was mine, and cruelly left me to perish or to suffer. It mattered as little which to her as it did to Sarah, that her hand-maid died in the wilderness, or passed heart-broken to the other side. Driven forth from my last shelter by my father's sister, hunted down like an evil thing, I felt like the poor stag which I had once saved from the very foes that seemed chasing me to death. As I sat there alone in my pretty chamber, with the coffer in my lap, and the bundle at my feet, I thought of the stone cairn beneath which my mother lay, deep in the snow mountains, and wished that I too were under it.

Everything was still. Nothing but the faint flutter of autumn leaves as they fell to the earth reached my ear. Yes, one thing more, for the beatings of my poor heart sounded loud and quick in the stillness, like the laugh of winter winds when they beat upon masses of dead foliage.

I got up at last—oh, with what heaviness of heart and limb. With the coffer in one hand, and the bundle in the other, I passed like a ghost from my beautiful chamber, leaving it bathed in the autumn moonbeams, all the more quiet that a weary heart had passed out of it.

I went through the little picture gallery. The moonlight threw my black shadow on the lovely pictures and statuettes, veiling them, as it were, in mourning at my approach. As I looked back through my tears they were poised gracefully as ever, and smiling in the pale light heartless as my human friends. It was only in my path that the darkness fell.

One moment I paused at the door of Turner's room; I held my breath listening at the key-hole for the faintest noise: a sigh from those loved sleepers would have fallen upon my heart like a

bleeding. Nothing reached me—nothing but the sound of the wind, which was beginning to sob among the leaves out of doors.

As I listened something reeled against my ankle, and the soft paw of a house cat, whose instinct had recognized me in the dark, made me utter a faint exclamation. I stooped down and caressed the cat a moment, and then hurried away, fearful that my sobs would arouse Turner. The cat followed me to the stable, and looked on while I saddled Jupiter with a sort of grave wonder, which seemed to me like regret. She watched me as I fastened my bundle and mounted the poor old pony. When I rode away looking wistfully back at the house, she kept her place so long as I could distinguish her.

I believe it was a beautiful night, certainly the moon was at its full, and the sky crowded with stars luminous with that deep glow which precedes an early frost. Without being boisterous, the wind filled the leaves with their mournful whispers, and the fragrance of broke leaves and forest flowers, that always breathe their sweetest as the frost kills them, floated silently on the air, saddening the atmosphere with the perfume of their decay.

I received all these impressions passively, for my heart was too heavy for anything but that dull, consciousness which is blunted by pain. All the way I was comparing myself with the boy Ishmael, and thinking of Hagar with yearning sympathy, such as a woman only who has been wronged and cast forth into that great desert the world, alone, can feel.

I reached the Greenhurst, but the imposing beauty of those walls, the picturesque effect which the broad moonlight produced among its carved balconies, low eaves, and great entrance doors, made only a dream-like impression on me. My heart was full of one thought. Here and now I must part with old Jupiter forever, my last friend. I reached the steps, let myself down from the saddle and unknotted my bundle with cold, trembling fingers, that blundered painfully in their task. Then—it was because I wanted to prolong the moment of parting—I knotted up the bridle short upon his neck that he might not tread on it. When this was done, I stood a long time with my arm over his neck crying like a child. Poor old fellow! when I stood up and shook his bridle, telling him as well as I could for my sobs to go home again, he turned his head and fell to whimpering as if he understood my desolation better than any human creature had done.

"Go," I said, for all strength was leaving me. "Go home, Jupiter—home!"

He went tramping heavily over the tangled ground homeward as I had commanded. I watched him till he disappeared among the thickets, and then listened breathlessly for his last footfall. When that came I felt, for the first time, how utterly, utterly I was alone in the world. I sat upon the steps of that old house a long time, without thinking or caring what was next to be done. Perhaps I fell asleep; but at last a hand was laid on my shoulder, and Chaleco stood beside me.

"Come," he said, "this is no place for you; the night is cold."

"Is it?" I said, rising languidly, "I did not know it!"

"Not know it. Why you are trembling like a willow branch now."

I was indeed shivering from head to foot; my garments rustled as I stood up, for the dew upon them had turned into frost.

Chaleco had kindled a fire in the huge chimney of his turret room, and the flames sent a thousand shadows dancing among the grotesque marble coverings that overhung them. He had evidently made some preparations for my coming. A huge easy-chair, cushioned with tarnished velvet, stood on the hearth: and on a little work-table, with curiously twisted legs, was a plate of biscuit, and one of those old-fashioned goblets of Venetian glass which have since become so rare.

I was about to sit down somewhat cheered by the warmth, but Chaleco prevented this, while he shook the frost from my garments and carefully removed my bonnet.

"There, now, you may warm yourself without being wet through," he said, kindly, and taking a silver cup from the hearth, he filled the goblet with Bordeaux wine, spiced and warm.

"There," he said, "eat and drink: then we will have some talk together."

I obeyed him, spite of my grief cheered and comforted.

"There now that you have got a dash of color, and have ceased trembling, tell me how you got away. Did any one attempt to stop you?" said Chaleco, at length.

"No one knew—I ran away!"

He laughed. "That was right—the old blood there. But Papita's money—you did not leave that behind?"

"No, I have it here. Do you want it?"

"Me? by the Sphinx, no, it would burn my soul. The gold is yours—everything in the coffer is yours. Papita's curse would consume any other who touched it."

"But what can I do with it?"



Chaleco laughed till his white teeth shone again.

"What can you do with it?" he said. "Any thing, anything. It will take you to Grenada, make a queen of you."

I shook my head.

"So you reject it: you still despise the Caloes, I, who would adore you—still cling to the Gentiles who have spurned you as if you had been a dog."

"Not so—I scorn no one—I cling to no one—God help me, I have nothing on earth to which I can cling."

"Your mother's people—are they nothing?"

"They murdered her!" I said, with a shudder.

Chaleco turned white; his eyes fell, and he muttered, "I—I did not do it!"

"No, but they did," I answered.

"It was the law—an old law made among the people of Egypt centuries ago; no man among us dares withstand the law."

"But you would have me acknowledge these laws—enforce them?"

"Our people are ready; go to them with those blood red rubies in your ears; give them of Papita's gold, and they will make you greater than Chaleco—greater than Papita ever was."

Again I recoiled from the thought.

"Where else will you go?" asked the gipsy: "who else will receive you? What other friend have you on earth but me—me the man whom your mother betrayed? Yet who has spent his life in guarding her child. If not with your own people, where will you go, Zana?"

Where could I go? Deserted by the whole world, who would receive me save the gipsy hordes of my mother's race, or those to whom friendship for me would bring ruin to themselves?

I did not attempt to answer. On the broad earth that strange gipsy man was the only human being that would not turn from me in scorn, or become imperiled by defending me.

"You will go to Grenada, Zana," he continued, beuding over me with paternal interest. "Had Lord Clare but lived to sign that will, then, indeed, you might have remained here to triumph over your mother's foes. Many of her tribe could have crossed the sea to render homage to Papita's great-grandchild—the inheritance of her gold, and the symbols of her power—in these old walls, Zana, should your court have been—these great oaks clothing the uplands should have sheltered a thousand tents—oh, Zana, we would have built up a little kingdom here in the midst of our enemies. Why did you not have that will signed, Zana? It was for

this we brought you back to England—for this you have been left among her destroyers so long."

"Hush!" I said, shuddering—"hush! I dare not think of it. Great heavens, were all his estates mine at this moment, I would give them to forget that death scene. Thank God he did not sign that will!"

"Bah! it was a bad move—but let that drop. Grenada is still open, and Papita's gold will do wonders among our people there!"

"But they are ignorant, rude, untaught. My poor mother pined among them even before Lord Clare came to turn her discontent into aversion."

"But they are capable of learning—they will follow Papita's child in all things. She has but to will it, and the young ones of her tribe can be wise and deeply read as their queen."

This idea filled me with a new life. Yes, I might be the means of improving this wild race—perhaps God had permitted me to be spurned and cast forth like a rabid dog from among the Gentiles, that I might become a benefactor to the Caloes. Surely they could not deal more treacherously by me than my father's people had done. These thoughts were succeeded by a remembrance of Cora, and they gave way before the great duty that I had imposed on myself.

"Chaleco," I said, with energy and decision, "there is yet something for me to do here. I had a friend—"

He interrupted me. "I know the parson's daughter, a little golden-haired, blue-eyed thing that will always be a child. You would find her—for what?"

"That she may return to her father—that she may be saved," I answered.

"Nay, nay, let her go. What has Papita's child in common with this easy traitorress? What is there worth loving in one who could become the victim of a wily boy like that?"

I felt the blood rush to my forehead at this scornful mention of the man I had loved with all the fervor of my mother's race, and all the pride of his. But was he not a traitor? How could I speak, though the swart gipsy did revile him? But the anger I dared not form in words broke out in the decision of my purpose.

"Stay with me—help me till I find Cora—till I send her back to that broken-hearted man, and I will then go with you to Grenada."

"Heart and soul?" questioned the gipsy.

"Heart and soul!" I replied.

"You will abandon these people?"

"If you insist I will!"

"Then let us linger!"

"But where?—how?" I questioned. "What course can we take?"

"That which they took—the way to London!"

"Let us start at once," I cried, fired with a thousand conflicting feelings, in which there was jealousy, doubt, and a generous desire to rescue my friend; but my limbs gave way beneath all this eagerness, and I fell back gasping for breath.

"Not now—you must have rest, poor child," said the gipsy, smoothing my hair with his palms.

I drew back, recoiling from a repetition of the mysterious influence which had possessed me the last time I was in that room.

"Do you fear me—me, Chaleco?" he said, with saddened eyes.

"No; but let me act independently—let my brain be clear, my limbs free—let my own will control me—none other shall!"

He smiled quietly, and kept his softened black eyes fixed on mine. I began to struggle against the drowsiness that possessed me; my eyelashes fell together, and I could muster neither strength nor wish to open them. A languid repose stole over my limbs—I did not awake till morning, and then Chaleco stood before me, holding an antique china cup and saucer in his hand full of smoking chocolate.

"Drink!" he said, raking open the embers; "here are roasted eggs and bread, they will give you strength."

I took the cup. "When shall we start?" I asked, eager to commence my search for Cora.

"Not till after night-fall," was his reply; "one day of entire rest you must have. Besides it will not do for us to travel so near Clare Hall by daylight."

My heart fell at the thought that no one would trouble themselves about us—no one except old Turner, and secrecy was the only kindness I could render him.

After I had breakfasted Chaleco left me, and all day long I wandered through the vast desolation of that old building, as a ghost might haunt the vaulted passages of a catacomb.

The reaction of all the exciting scenes I had passed through was upon me, and with dull apathy I strolled through those desolated chambers, regardless of all that would, in another state of mind, have filled my brain with the keenest emotions. Everything was so still in the old house—the sunbeams that came through the windows were so dulled with accumulated dust upon the glass, that I seemed gliding through a cloudy twilight quietly as a shadow, and almost as lifeless. I literally cared for nothing; my heart beat so sluggishly that I could hardly feel the life within it. Now I remembered every object in the old house with

perfect distinctness. Then everything ran together like an incoherent dream.

Night came, and then I began to wonder about Chaleco, who had been absent all day. I had no apprehension, and but little anxiety; nothing just then seemed important enough for me to care about. I thought even of my father's death-bed with a sort of stolid gloom.

Lifted high up among the old trees, and opening both to the east and west, the turret in which I sat took the last sunbeams in a perfect deluge, as they broke against the tall windows and shed their golden warmth all around me. I knew that these bright flashes came from behind Clare Park, and that I might never see it again. This saddened me a little, and a throb of pain was gathering in my bosom when Chaleco came in. I did not know him at first, so completely was he changed. The broad sombrero, the tarnished gold and embroidery of his gipsy habiliments were all gone. A suit of quiet brown, with knee buckles of gold and leggings of drab cloth, such as the better classes of England wore on their journeys at that time, had quite transfigured him. His coal black beard was neatly trimmed, and though his flashing eyes and peculiar features bespoke foreign blood, no one would have suspected him of being the picturesque vagrant he had appeared in the morning.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, "are you rested and quite ready to start? I have been making inquiries."

"Do you still intend going to London?" I asked. "What have you found out?"

"That they went to London—so must we. Here I have brought some food—the dusk is gathering—eat and let us be off. Old Turner tracked your pony across the park in this direction, he may be for searching Greenhurst, and then all chance of coming again will be over. I would not have this eagle's nest discovered for the world."

"But when Lady Catharine comes in possession they will discover it," I said. "She will not leave the noble building to fall away thus."

"I have taken care of that. The door leading to the rooms below was walled up when I first came to England. You have not noticed, but the staircase winds down within the walls, and has a passage outward through the wine vaults. We entered through a great oak panel which opens from the picture gallery; close that and no passage can be found to the turret. I have formed a sung bower here off and on ever since you were left in the tent, Zana."

"And were you here then?" I asked, remembering the suffering of that period.

"No, I fled. Old Papita's death and her work at the Hall drove me off. I went into Spain for a little time—and then farther still."

"And since then have you been always here?"

He laughed in derision at my ignorance.

"What a Caloe Count of our tribe, and always in one place? what a child it is! No, no, I only found a roost up in this tower now and then, long enough to see how it fared with you and the enemy. I have been a great traveller, Zana, sometimes on your father's track for months and months—sometimes hovering over your pretty nest—sometimes with our people in Grenada!"

"Why did you follow Lord Clare?" I inquired, filled with wonder and respect for energies so indomitable.

"That my share of vengeance should not be lost. Our people had heirs—Papita had her's; but I, the most wronged, the disgraced, torn up by the roots, I had received nothing but pangs and shame. The tribe had *her*. Papita swooped up Lady Clare—but the greater criminal, the most hated thing of all, was left to me. No dog ever scented his prey as I tracked Clarence, Earl of Clare."

"What for?" I cried, thrilled with a horrible suspicion. "Why did you so hound out my father?"

"Why?" he repeated, with shut teeth and gleaming eyes. "What do we follow the trail of a snake when it has bitten us for, but to kill it?"

My heart was seized as with the talons of a vulture, as he said this. I remembered the subtle poisons so often mentioned in my mother's journal, and rapidly connected them with my father's terrible appearance when he returned home to die. Some of these poisons I knew to be of slow action, eating up vitality from the human system like the sluggish influence of miasma. Had my noble father been thus poisoned, and by the man who stood before me?

I could not speak—the horrible thought paralyzed me; my throat was parched; the breath panted and swelled in my lungs, but I could not draw a deep respiration. Was it indeed so?—had I sought shelter with my father's murderer?

He read my thoughts and smiled fiercely.

"You are wrong," he said, "I did not do that, it needed not the drow, his own thoughts were enough to poison a dozen lives stronger than his. I watched him night and day—night and day, Zana, at a distance sometimes, but oftener close as a brother might, in those safe disguises that our people study so well. Month after month I was alone with him in the desert—on the hot sands of Africa—on the sluggish waters of the

Nile. I was his dragoman, his confidential companion, for in the desert, Zana, even that haughty being, an English nobleman, learns something of that equality which he finds in the grave. Ten thousand times I could have killed him like a dog, left him in the hot sands for the jackalls, and no one have been the wiser; but that would have been like a Gentile, who, in the greed of his revenge, ends all with a blow. It was sweeter to see the flesh waste from his bones; the light from his eyes: and to watch the death-fires kindle in his cheeks, set to blaring and fed by the venom of his own thoughts. I tell you, girl, not for the universe would I have shortened his misery for a moment. To watch it was all the joy I have tasted since your mother's last death wail."

While he spoke, I struggled with the storm of breath driven back upon my chest as one wrestles with a nightmare. It seemed as if I was given up to the power of a demon. At last my voice broke out so sharp and unnatural that it seemed like another person's.

"Stop, stop, I will not endure this, he was my father—he was not deserving of this cruel malice, this murderous revenge. He was my father, man, remember that, and spare me."

"It is because he was your father that I hated him—that I gloated over the pangs that rent away his life with a keener anguish than I could have dealt him," answered the gipsy, hissing the words forth as a serpent shoots venom through its jaws.

"My God—my God, is the murderous blood of this man's race in my veins too?" was the wild response that broke from me as I writhed in the torture of his words—"must I too become a fiend like this?"

Instantly Chaleco seemed transformed, the evil light went out from his face, leaving that look of subtle cunning almost universal among Caloes. With sinister gentleness he strove to soothe me into forgetfulness of all the tiger so late rampant in his nature.

"Come, little one, look up and weep if you can: this hot and fiery look never was your mother's."

"She had only her own wrongs to suffer and forgive; while I—oh, Father of merces, how great is the load of evil that I inherit and must endure. Am I doomed like Ishmael?—must my hand be raised against all races and all people? Is there no brotherhood—no sisterhood—no humanity left for me on earth?"

"Hush!" said Chaleco, softly, and gliding to the back of my chair—"hush, little one, this is madness!"

As he spoke, I felt the soft touch of his hands upon my head. What unearthly power was it that possessed this man? Scarcely had his palm smoothed down my hair twice when the oppression upon my chest was gone. A feeling of ineffable calm stole over me; the hate, which a moment before had burned in my heart against him, sunk quietly down as a tiger falls asleep. I remembered all that had been said of my father, it is true, but vaguely as one thinks of a dream; the sting and anguish, the sense of reality was gone. I slept a little, probably ten minutes, for it was not wholly dark when I awoke, but it seemed as if that sweet slumber had refreshed me for hours.

"Come now," said the gipsy, bringing my bonnet, and a habit of dark green cloth that I usually wore over my usual dress, in cold weather when on horseback, "get ready and let us ride. We must make a good night's work of it!"

"My poor Cora," I muttered, gathering up the riding-habit, "when you are found what will there be for me to accomplish? What is before me after that?"

"Hush, Zana—have you no belief in the God you talk about? We of the Caloes, who expect nothing beyond this earth, fear nothing while here; but you, this hereafter makes cowards of you all; you are forever and ever flinging the present—all a man ever is sure of—after the past, or filling it with fears that blacken the future. Bah! what is your faith to be counted for if it gives no better courage than this?"

I felt the rebuke, and without another complaint equipped myself to depart.

I saw no more of the old building that night, for we passed the secret panel in the winding staircase which led to the main building, and penetrating downward through cellars and vaulted passages, came to the open air through the floor of a dilapidated summer-house.

"Look," said Chaleco, holding his lantern down that I might examine the tessellated pattern worked in with colored marbles. "Should the old house be inhabited at any time, and you wish to seek our turret yonder, press your hand upon this little flag of verd antique, the only block of that noble stone that you will find here. See how easily it works!"

He touched the diagonal fragment, and instantly the centre of the floor sunk an inch or two and wheeled inward, leaving a circular entrance and a glimpse of the winding stairs we had just mounted, where a large mosaic star had a moment before formed a centre to the radiating pattern of the pavement.

"You understand," he said, wheeling the star

back to its place, "this passage may yet be of use, who knows? at any rate it is our secret. I found the passage and blocked up the turret door. No one remembers much about the old house now, and the change will never be noticed. No human soul that ever breathed here save you and I are alive; and my lady countess must take the old pile as she finds it. Twenty years of ruin will make changes; the rooks and I have held possession a long time," he added, lifting his eyes to the rook's nests that blackened the topmost boughs of a group of elms just above us.

In the shadow of these elm trees two horses were standing, one equipped for a lady. They tossed their heads as we came up and backed restively from the sight.

"They are fresh as larks, you see," said Chaleco, patting the near horse with his hand. "So, so, Jerald, is this the way you stand fire?" and he swung the lantern full in the creature's face, which made him rear and plunge backward. "Come, Zana."

I stepped forward, and with a laugh Chaleco lifted me to the saddle. "There is the true blood again," he muttered, smoothing down my skirt, while I gathered up the bridle.

A pair of leathern saddle-bags, such as were often used by travellers in those times, were swung across Chaleco's saddle. They contained, he told me, the clothes I had brought in one end, and the bronze coffer in the other.

While he arranged these saddle-bags, I sat upon my horse looking gloomily around. It was a dull, cloudy night, and everything was black around me. The dense masses of foliage seemed like embankments of ebony; the tree balls loomed among them like Ethiopian sentinels stationed in their vistas. All around was still and dark as chaos, save elm tree boughs overhead that began to bend and quake beneath the disturbed rooks that swept back and forth among them, sending out their unearthly caws. They seemed like dark spirits calling out from the blackness, "go, go, go!"

Chaleco took the candle from his lantern, extinguished it beneath his foot, and, flinging the lantern away, mounted. Thus, amid darkness and silence, broken only by the hoarse rooks that seemed hooting us away—I, the only child of Clarence, Earl of Clare, left his domain and went forth into the wide, wide world.

We rode fast and steadily on during the whole night, only pausing once at a field of oats, from which Chaleco gathered food for our horses. The day revealed a level and very beautiful country, embowered with hop-fields, and rich with the most exuberant cultivation. With the bright

October air, the sunlight, and all the strange features of scenery that presented themselves before me, my spirits began to revive. The warmth and ardor of youthful curiosity heightened, doubtless, by the gipsy fire in my veins—a fire which finds its natural fuel in adventures, rendered me almost happy. The strange world on which I gazed looked so broad, so brave in its morning beauty, the air at once balmy and bracing, awoke all the sparkling exhilaration of my nature; and nothing but pity for my tired horse kept me from breaking into a canter along the highway.

We stopped at no public house, but ate the cold capon and bread which Chaleco took from his saddle-bag, at the foot of an old oak growing out alone on a broad heath or common which we were crossing at the time. Close by our seat upon the little mound of turf lifted up from the level by the gnarled roots of the oak, a spring of the purest water gushed over a shelf of rock nearly overlapped by rich moss, and with the appetites a long ride had given, our breakfast was full of fresh enjoyment.

Chaleco's wandering habits had fitted him well for this out-door life. When I asked for drink, he ran down to a thicket below the spring, gathered some huge leaves, and, while walking leisurely back, converted them into a drinking-cup with two or three dexterous turns of the hand. I must have smiled as the leafy cup was presented, swelling out with the most delicious water that sparkled in drops all over the outside.

"Oh, you smile," said Chaleco, "this is our free life, Zana. In Spain, my girl, your drinking cups shall be made of orange leaves: your sherry cooled with the snows of Sierra Nevada."

I uttered a faint cry—the leafy cup fell from my hands—the snow mountains seemed looming all around me. My mother—my poor mother—how could that man bring you thus to my mind? Was it hatred of the Gentile blood in my veins? Did he wish to kill me also?

We mounted again and rode on in silence. By his inadvertant mention of the snow mountains Chaleco had filled his own soul with gloom. I began to pity him, for his face grew haggard with much thought.

We rested at noon and slept some hours. Then on again all night and till dark the second day.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

We entered London late in the afternoon amid the peltings of a steady, dull rain, that gave that great city an aspect of dreary vastness that my imagination could never have pictured. Water,

water, everywhere was water pouring from the sky, dripping from the roofs, overflowing the gutters, and forming pools in every hollow of the pavements. Not a glimpse of the sun, not a vestige of the blue heavens—overhead was one dense sea of blackness, falling low down among the chimnies, and floating murkily among the gables, opaque and impenetrable, as if the soot of a million chimnies were mounting and condensing between me and the sky.

Through the gloom, and wet, and mud, we penetrated into the heart of the city, our garments dripping, our horses circled by a thin cloud of smoke, the exhalations of their exhausted strength; and our hearts, mine at least, sinking down like lead at this first view of the great world.

"Where are we going?" I found strength to inquire at last, terrified by the narrow streets, the intricate windings, and the discomfort of all I saw. "Surely there must be some end to this—some way out where we can breathe freely again."

"The Caloes breathe freely in their tents!" answered Chaleco, shaking the rain-drops from his beard, and smiling till the edge of his teeth gleamed through.

"But I am so tired, Chaleco, I can hardly keep the saddle with this rain beating against me."

"We shall soon have a shelter, Zana. Keep up, London is not always so miserably black and draggled as this, though bad enough always."

As he spoke, Chaleco turned his horse down a street leading to the Thames, and after winding round in and out through what seemed to me the narrowest lanes I ever saw, we stopped before a house dull and gloomy, like all the rest within sight, and Chaleco dismounted.

"Come," he said, lifting me from the saddle, "they are expecting us here!"

He lifted me from my horse, and mounting a step or two, sat me down in a dingy hall where two women were standing. The rain dripping from my hat blinded me, but I was conscious that these women conversed with my companion in the strange language, which I now remembered to have learned from my mother's lips even before my lips could syllable English.

"The rooms are ready—my lord count has been obeyed," they were saying. "Shall we take the Gitanilla up at once?"

"Yes," answered the gipsy chief, for now I heard him recognized as such for the first time, and in his own tongue—"yes, and see that her comfort is cared for, the poor child is weary, she has been enervated among the Gentiles. Be careful and not disgust her with your ways!"

"Is she the daughter of a count," inquired one of the women, "that we must do all this?"

"She is more than that! Listen, the Gitanilla is the last descendant of Papita."

The two women bent themselves before me reverently as to a queen, and I saw that they were clad after a strange fashion, that I could remember to have seen upon Maria long years ago, before she adopted her costume to the English prejudices of her husband. Their black locks were braided and gorgeous with ribbons, their jackets were crimson, their skirts deep blue, with horizontal stripes of gold. Both these women were of middle-age, and exceedingly haggard and shriveled, but with eyes full of fire and teeth white as snow.

They spoke to me, asking if I would take off my wet hat there, or go to the room which had been got ready for me.

"Speak English!" said the gipsy.

I answered in his own language, "that I would rather go up stairs at once."

The women looked at each other, laughed aloud, and clapped their hands in an ecstasy of what seemed joyful astonishment; but Chaleco remained perfectly unmoved, though I had never uttered a word of that language in his presence before.

"Are you surprised?" he said, to the women. "Are you surprised that the descendant of Papita speaks Romanny?"

"No, count," they answered, subduing their astonishment, "but we thought that the Gitanilla had been brought up among the Gentiles."

"She has been ever under my care. See you not Papita's rings in her ears? Have the stones lost the color of blood yet?"

The women reverently took off my hat, and grew solemn and still when they saw the antique jewels in my ears.

"Will the noble Gitanilla allow us to serve her?" they said, at length, bending their eyes to the earth.

I answered that I was wet and weary, longing for nothing so much as rest. So they led the way up a narrow flight of steps, one carrying my hat, the other reverently holding up my dripping skirt.

The room to which they conducted me was dark and dull, like everything I had yet seen in London; but a fire blazed on the hearth, an easy-chair stood before it, and upon a little sofa lay a variety of warm, dry garments; a dressing-gown of palm leaf pattern on an orange ground, and a pair of Oriental slippers blue and gold, with linings of quilted silk, all luxurious articles for a house like that.

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The women commenced at once to remove my wet garments, with their little withered hands that played around me like autumn leaves. They undid the braids of my hair, curled, brushed and dried it with their palms: then, with wonderful dexterity it was gathered up, woven into bands, and knotted turban fashion around my head exactly as I had worn it before.

A few words of Romanny were spoken during their task, but I was too weary for any attempt at conversation, and submitted myself listlessly to their hands.

In a few minutes they had wheeled the queer little sofa to the hearth, and wrapped in the warm dressing-gown I was sound asleep. Some food was brought me during the evening; and Chaleco came up to assure himself that I was comfortable. I heard other voices than his, many voices conversing in his language, but they gave me no apprehension, I was too completely exhausted even for perfect consciousness, and was soon in a slumber so heavy that nothing short of an earthquake could have aroused me.

The next day I was left almost entirely alone: refreshments were brought at intervals, and I gave way to the sense of fatigue which oppressed me, remaining drowsily passive till night, when Chaleco came to my room. I had been conscious of noises in the house, heavy footsteps as if of men, and of voices speaking in Romanny about the stairs. I asked Chaleco the meaning of this, and he answered promptly that some people of his tribe had been there to receive orders regarding Cora, and that he had sent them off in various directions in search of intelligence.

This promptness pleased me, and my confidence grew stronger and stronger in Chaleco's powers and faithfulness. There was something in his self-dependence, and in the spirit which inspired him, that awoke the energies of my own quick nature. I began to relish the air of adventure which my fate was taking.

The two gipsy women were calculated to excite this feeling to the utmost by the wild poetry of their language. The picturesque grace of their costume, and something ardent and yet reverential toward myself rendered them objects of strange interest.

But the second day found me restless and ardent for action. The vitality had returned to my frame, I longed to go forth and see the great world of which I had so often dreamed.

Chaleco entered my room near night-fall, so changed in appearance that at first I did not know him. His thick hair, untouched with silver and of raven blackness, was neatly trimmed; his coat was of purple velvet over a vest of white

satin delicately embroidered; his small clothes of buff satin were fastened by buckles at the knee, above silk stockings of spotless white that covered his shapely limbs to the neat shoes fastened with gold buckles like those which glittered at the knees; richly laced ruffles floated over his bosom and wrists: altogether his air was distinguished, and his dress evidently that of a fashionable man of the times.

He laughed quietly at my amazement, and, telling me that I had been idle long enough, bade me prepare to go out. He was ready to escort me to the Italian Opera.

I started up eager for excitement. The gipsy girls came in as Chaleco left, and brought garments that he had ordered. Directly I was arrayed in a robe of ruby colored satin, long and flowing with short sleeves that revealed my arms, and out square across the bust, leaving the entire curve of my neck to view. In this dress and with my hair braided in raven bands over my head, after a style more picturesque than fashionable, I went forth with the gipsy count.

The opera had commenced when we entered, and gushes of the most exquisite music filled the vast arena. The lights, the sparkle of diamonds, and above all the rich waves of sound bewildered me, and I sat down like one in fairy land, my eyes full of fire, my heart beating wildly in its delight. After the mist cleared from my brain, I looked around with a keen desire to see every thing. The vast building was paved from floor to dome with smiling and beautiful faces, now revealed in the broad light, now half lost in the shadow of the boxes.

Of the opera itself I had no idea. Like one who drank deep of wine for the first time, I was intoxicated by the cadences of the music, bewildered by all the combinations of beauty with which they were blended. But Chaleco seemed impassive as a stone. No one watching him as he reclined indifferently in his seat, holding a glass between his gloved fingers, as if too indolent for any thought of using it, would have dreamed of him as the bitter, fiery, indomitable character he was. True, he had a foreign air; no one could have mistaken those sparkling eyes, and that deep olive complexion for an Englishman's; but in all that vast assembly there was not a man of more distinguished bearing.

It might have been this peculiarity in my companion, or perhaps my own somewhat singular appearance, but we two soon became objects of very general attention. I felt the blood mounting to my brow as glass after glass was leveled at our box: but when the music and the acting became more impassioned I forgot the audience, and

everything but the delicious sensations which they gave a soul listening, for the first time, to expressions of love embalmed and consecrated in music. Let no one be astonished that I forgot all causes of grief, all absolute sorrow in the sensual enjoyment of that hour. An enthusiast in everything, doomed to suffer greatly, and to enjoy keenly by an organization at once strong, sensitive, and ardent, the sensations of the moment swept aside the sorrow that still lay in my bosom, as humming-birds flutter their wings through the dark night-shade.

The curtain as it rolled heavily down between me and the singers alone aroused me from this trance. I started, drew myself up and looked over the house. Again a host of impertinent glasses were leveled at us, amid that commotion which usually follows change of position in a crowd that has been held quiet for a long time.

Chaleco did not appear to heed it in the least, but leaned back in his seat, quietly sweeping the boxes tier after tier with a richly mounted glass; self-possessed and insolent as the greatest fopling among the crowd. All at once he dropped the glass, and I saw a strange smile creep to his lips, while his glittering eyes flashed and kindled beneath his black brows like those of a serpent. I followed his look, and in an upper box, leaning timidly forward, saw the face of Cora Clark. Behind her, buried in the shadow of the curtains, was a man who seemed to shrink from observation, but yet to be in attendance on the young girl. I started up and made an effort to leave the box, forgetting everything but that she was in sight.

"Sit down!" said Chaleco, with authority, and yet without moving, "you will frighten them away." At the instant I saw him lift one hand quite carelessly, and make a telegraphic motion of the fingers toward an opposite box from which a man went out.

I sat down, but only to see that Cora had risen and was glancing round the house with a look of wild affright, while she eagerly gathered a shawl over her white dress. She saw me, for I was leaning over the box and looking upward, doubtless with an expression that must have seemed strange to any one.

Instantly the poor girl darted back into the box, and seizing the arm of her shadowy attendant, went hurriedly out.

"Let us follow—she is gone—I must go after her!" I cried, starting up.

"Well!" answered Chaleco, quietly, clasping the cover of his opera-glass, "go if you desire, I thought, however, that the music would have pleased you!"

"I could not listen! it would be torture after this. Poor Cora, did you see how pale and thin she was, how large her sweet eyes have become?"

"They were keen enough to discover us. But yours, did they serve to make out her companion? If I remember rightly Lady Catharine's son was of that height and air."

"Yes," I replied, forcing the word from my husky throat.

"And his face, did you see that?" he inquired, rather eagerly, I thought.

"No, it was in shadow all the time, besides I could not see clearly, the lights dazzled so!"

Again that incomprehensible smile parted Chaleco's lips. He arose.

"Then you have no wish for more music?"

"No!"

"Nor the dance—that is beautiful—not equal to—to——" He paused, a cloud swept over his swart face, and brushing his hand across it, he said in a low voice, "I was thinking how your mother danced, Zana. In the woods of the Alhambra with her pretty bare feet and castanets I have seen her—but you are right, child, let us go."

Forgetting his assumed character, the gipsy strode across the box, and, without pausing to assist me, plunged into the dim passage beyond.

I followed, with a beating heart, resolved to find Cora before she left the house. But that narrow passage seemed interminable. When we reached the entrance I was about to dart off in search of her, but Chaleco seized my arm, and, with that strange smile on his lips, pointed to the street below.

I saw Cora folded in her white shawl stepping into a carriage. The gentleman had evidently sprang in before her, for a gloved hand was extended through the door to help her over the step.

"Cora—Cora," I cried, running down the steps recklessly as I would have followed her through the hazle thickets at home. "Stop, oh, stop, let me speak one word?"

My voice was drowned in the noise of retreating wheels, for the carriage dashed away and turned a corner toward the Crescent while I was calling after her.

I went back wringing my hands with bitter disappointment. "What can I do?—how search for her in this wilderness of human beings?"

"Rest quiet, Zana," answered the gipsy, "the carriage is off, but they will not escape us!"

As he spoke, a little boy came up to where we stood in front of the Opera House and asked alms. Chaleco refused him, muttering some-

thing about being of the same trade, and we walked on, for I had no money, and at that time scarcely knew its use. The boy followed us doggedly, now and then whining out a renewal of his petition till we entered our dwelling.

Some days of painful inaction followed, during which Chaleco often went out, and occasionally received men whose flashing eyes and dark faces were of the same type as his own; but he said little, and remained to all appearance quite inactive regarding the object of our search. But one night he came in, arrayed in the dress worn on our journey up to London, and asked if I was ready to leave town in the morning? I inquired for what purpose, and where the proposed journey was to end? And he replied promptly, "that we were going up to Scotland in search of Cora Clark."

Not doubting that the sources of his intelligence were to be relied on, I prepared to follow him with hope and animation. Perhaps this search after my friend served to keep my mind from dwelling upon the future—a future which my soul even refused to contemplate steadily: the refinements of life, all the sweet blessings of civilization are not to be flung aside so readily. With all the wrongs heaped upon me in that land, I could not think of the barrancos of Grenada without repugnance. There was something of disgust in this remembrance. A purely savage people might have aroused my enthusiasm, but this blending of savage and civilized life found among the Spanish gipsies destroyed the dignity of both; they had neither the vigor of savages, nor the refinements of civilization—no religion, no hereafter. If I went among them it must be to adopt their habits, and abide by their laws. But I dared not reflect on this, and this search after my friend served to keep such thoughts in the back-ground.

We started for Scotland, travelling rapidly by stage-coach till that conveyance failed us among the mountains. I do not speak of the scenes through which we passed, because this memoir is already too long, and my hands are getting weary of the task. At a little tower in the highlands we found two of the gipsies that I had seen in London, evidently waiting for us. After an earnest conversation with these men, Chaleco came to me apparently somewhat elated.

"Well, child, we have tracked them out at last! One of our people, you must have known, tracked them from the opera that night to their lodgings in the city; but the sight of us frightened them terribly, and before we could make use of our knowledge of their whereabouts off they flew northward. But our people are used



to this kind of work, and a few gold pieces from Papita's box kept them on the track."

"And have you found them?" I inquired, rejoiced, and yet with a strange aching pain at the heart, for Cora once found my promise of joining the Spanish tribes must be redeemed.

"Behold," he said, drawing me to a window of the public house, which overlooked one of those pretty sheets of water that lie like mirrors in the rugged frame-work of the Scottish mountains. "Look yonder on the opposite hill."

I saw a small dwelling perched above the lake, and sheltered by a vast cedar tree.

"Well," I said, "I see nothing but a farmhouse, and some sheep in a hollow of the mountains."

"You will find the Gitanilla up yonder, I think," he answered.

"What, Cora—my Cora? Come—come, it is but a walk, and we are with her."

"Better than that," he answered. "The distance is more than it looks; we will be rowed across the lake by our people. Get your plaid and let us be off."

I went for the Tartan shawl which Chaleco had bought as we approached the chilly north, and we descended to the lake.

It was early in the morning, and long shadows from the mountain fell sheer across the little loch, letting in gleams of light only in one or two places where the hills were cleft into fissures and vallies, their sides rich with heath, through which the sunshine poured upon the waters in purple and golden splendor.

Through these cool shadows and glowing ripples of light our boat passed to the opposite shore. A footpath led through the public beach along the side of a valley winding upward, with gradual ascent, to the house we had seen. It was a stone building, evidently the abode of a sheep farmer, whose flocks were scattered over the hill-side, cropping the short grass from among the heath.

It was strange, but this scene seemed familiar to me, the old stone house, the lake, the opposite mountains, bold and rugged, the very sheep whitening the hollows, like masses of snow, reminded me of some foregone impression vivid as the reality. I bethought myself, with a start, and stood breathless, gazing upon the house. It was that house, those mountains, and the sleeping lake below that I had seen in my sleep that night at the Grennhurst, where, amid storm and lightning, the history of my parents was pictured in fragments like that before me.

I looked at Chaleco, but he was gazing indifferently around; evidently the scene had no

such associations for him. The power which he possessed had been sufficient to awaken memory, not create belief in a thing that had never existed.

A mountain vine, whose leaves were red with their autumnal death sap, clambered up the front of the old house, hanging around the windows and eaves, like fragments of hostile banners, in wild keeping with the rugged scenery. Two or three narrow windows were almost choked up by its red foliage; but from one, overlooking the lake, it had been forced back in gorgeous festoons, revealing a lattice full of diamond shaped glass, upon which the sunbeams were shining.

As I stood looking at this window, it was gently opened, a face peered out, and the lattice closed again, before the cry of surprise and joy had left my lips.

"What is it?" said Chaleco, turning sharply at my exclamation.

"It is *her*! It is Cora!"

"Oh, is that all; I expected to find her here."

"But she saw me and shrunk away."

"Very likely; but you shall see her, little one, nevertheless."

"Oh, why should she avoid me?" I said, twinkling my tears away with the lashes that could not keep them back.

"Come—come—don't be a baby, Zana; weep when you can do nothing better," said the gipsy, out of patience with my childishness, "wait a moment and I will send the girl out to meet you."

"No, no, only ask if I may come in—that is all," I cried, breathless with fear that he might be rough with the poor girl, "tell her that we come from Mr. Clark; tell her anything that is kind."

He did not hear half I said, but entered the house; directly he returned and beckoned with his hand. I advanced into a large kitchen, furnished comfortably, but rudely, after the Scottish fashion, in houses of the kind.

"Go in yonder," said Chaleco, pointing to an inner door through which I heard the faint rustle of a dress.

I entered a small room, fitted up with some attempt at elegance. A faded carpet was on the floor, and some old-fashioned oak furniture stood around. Two or three good cabinet pictures were on the walls, and some dainty ornaments of antique and foreign manufacture stood upon a table near the lattice. By this table stood Cora, stooping wearily forward and supporting herself by the window frame, with her great, wild eyes, black with excitement, bent upon the entrance.

The long golden waves that ended in ringlets on her shoulders seemed to light up the pallor of her cheeks, and I saw that she shrunk and trembled at my approach.

"Cora!" I said, with a gush of loving joy, "dear, dear Cora!"

She shrunk back, folding her arms, and eyeing me with a look of affright.

"Cora, I come from your father; speak to me, I am so glad to see you."

"But why have you come here? I did not ask it—I did not want it," she answered, her eyes filling, and her sweet lips quivering.

"I come to ask—to entreat—oh, Cora, come back, come back to your poor father, or he will die."

"I know it—I know that he will die without me; but how can I go? what can I do?"

"Go home," I answered, imperatively, "why, oh, Cora Clark, why did you leave us?"

"Don't ask me—don't speak to me on this subject; I will not be questioned," with a gleam of temper in her blue eyes, and a wilful pout of the lips, the remnants of her wayward infancy, "you have no right to come here, Zana—none in the world. We ran away from London to avoid you, and now, oh, Zana, *he* will be so angry."

Something of the old love was in her voice. Encouraged by it, I went and softly encircled her shrinking form in my arms, leaning my wet cheeks against the golden thickness of her hair.

"Cora, dear, is it your husband that you speak of?" I said, with a heart that trembled more than my voice.

She threw herself on my bosom, clasping me close in her shaking arms.

"Oh, Zana, Zana!"

I understood it all, and the heart, but an instant before trembling with hope, lay heavy and still in my bosom.

"Cora," I said, in a whisper, parting the hair from her forehead, and kissing it with affection deeper than I had ever known before, and yet with a shudder, for I knew that *his* lips had touched that white brow last, and spite of the knowledge, felt in my soul that he was dear to me even then, traitor and villain as he was, "Cora, love, come home, the little house is desolate without you; your father——"

"Don't, oh, don't, why will you speak that name so cruelly? I cannot bear it," she cried, struggling in my arms; "but—but tell me how he is," she added, clinging closer and closer, that I might not look in her face.

"Ill, Cora, ill, and pining to death for the sight of his child."

Her head fell heavily on my shoulder, and she gasped out "no, no, he is *not* ill."

I would not spare her one pang, she must feel all the desolation that had fallen on her good parent, or my errand would fail.

"Yes, ill, Cora, helpless—stricken down like a child. I left him in the old chair—that by which you and I stood to comfort him on the day of your mother's funeral; that was a mournful time, Cora, but the day when you left him, think what it must have been—think of that noble man, calling in anguish for his living child, and she silent as the dead—gone not into the sweet peace of the grave, but——"

"Hold! oh, Zana, Zana, you are killing me—killing me, I say."

She broke from my arms, and pushed back the hair from her face with both hands as she spoke: then, as her eyes met mine, full of sorrowful reproach and moist with compassion, she let the hair sweep down, and clasping those two dimpled hands over her eyes, wept till her sobs filled the room.

"Will you leave this bad man and go back to your father, Cora?" I said, circling her waist with my arms again.

"He is not bad—I cannot—I *cannot* leave him. It is of no use asking me. It would kill him; oh, Zana, Zana, don't call him bad—he is so kind, he loves me so much."

"And yet brings you here—steals you away from your innocent home to—to——"

I could not go on, grief and indignation stifled me.

"He does not deserve this—I will not hear it," she cried, breaking from me. Her sweet face flushed red and warm through the tears that streamed over it, and her eyes flashed a defiant glance into mine, "say what you will of me, I am wicked, cruel, worse—worse, if it pleases you to say it; but as for him, did I not tell you, Zana, that I loved him? I do—I do better than life, better than my own soul, better than ten thousand friends like you, than ten thousand fath—oh, my God, I did not say that—no, no, I dare *not* say that."

I sat down by the table, shocked and almost in despair. She crept toward me, and sinking down to the floor, laid her head on my lap, exhausted by this outbreak of passion.

"Hush, Cora, hush, and let us talk quietly a little," I said, after a pause, during which we both cried bitterly together, as we had often done over our petty sorrows in childhood. "Tell me, darling—don't, don't cry so—tell me why it is that this man does not make you his wife?"

"He dare not; he is afraid of Lady Clare, he expects everything from her."

"I know it—I know it well; but——"

She interrupted the bitter speech on my lips.

"Oh, she is a terrible woman, Zana, and he fears her so much; she has got everything that ought to be his, and would quite crush him if he were to marry me before all is settled between them."

How beautiful she looked with her pleading eyes, soft with love and dim with tears—so unconscious, too, of her terrible position, so confiding—my heart ached for her.

"You will go back and tell this to father," she said, kissing my hands and folding them to her bosom, "tell him only to have patience for a little time; cheer him up, Zana, he loves you so much, almost as much, you know, as he did poor me. Tell him I am quite comfortable here among the hills; that I read some, and think of him more than is good for me. Will you say all this, Zana?"

"Don't ask me now, darling—take time, I shall stay here by the lake a week yet; we will consult and think what is best to be done. Stop crying, dear, it will do no good——"

She interrupted me, with a faint smile, "I know it—if tears would help one, I should be very happy, for I do think no human being ever shed so many. It is lonesome here sometimes, Zana."

"But you are not alone," I said, with a gleam of hope, "he cannot find much amusement here to take him away from you."

"Oh, *he* is scarcely ever here. They keep him so constantly occupied."

"Who?" I inquired, surprised.

"Oh, the countess and the young lady they call Estelle. Do you think her handsome, that Estelle? some people do, but——"

I interrupted her, sharply.

"Lady Clare—is she in the highlands, then?"

"Yes, they came up to a hunting lodge, some miles back in the mountains, that Lord Clare used to live in years ago; his death made them all too gloomy for society, and they came quietly up here."

"And does Lady Clare know—that is, does she consent that you reside so near?"

"I never asked; he thought it best, and I could not endure to stay in London alone; but after a little, no one will care if she does know. When all is settled we shall be married, and then, you see, papa can come and live with us at the Greenhurst."

I shuddered; how cruelly each word went to my heart—they would live at the Greenhurst

then. A jealous pang shot through me at the bare idea; and yet if her dream should prove unreal, how terrible must her fate be. The interview was becoming painful beyond endurance. I arose, she clung to me, caressingly,

"You will come again, Zana; I have some things on my mind that troubles me besides my poor father."

"But shall I find you alone?"

"I am almost always alone," she replied, sadly.

"To-morrow," I said, "be ready and we will go out on the lake together, and talk over everything. Would you like that, Cora?"

She smiled, and her soft eyes sparkled through their mistiness; poor, young thing, she was half unconscious yet of the misery that lay before her. She kissed me over and over again as I left, and when our boat was upon the lake, I looked back and saw her standing in the little casement, framed in, like a sorrowing cherub, by the crimson vines.

I spent a most anxious night, my heart racked by a thousand wild emotions. Need I describe them? Has any human being the power of conveying to another in words the storm of jealousy, compassion, rage and love that filled my bosom? I know that there is a great want of dignity in acknowledging that I still loved this vile man, that I could for an instant think of him without virtuous detestation; but I am writing of a human heart as it was, not, perhaps, as it should have been. To me George Irving seemed two beings. The man I had known, generous, wise, impetuous, all that my heart acknowledged to be grand in humanity: and the man I had heard of, treacherous, full of hypocrisy and vile in every aspiration. I could not reconcile these clashing qualities in my mind. To my reason, George Irving was a depraved, bad man; but my heart rejected the character and always turned leniently toward the first idea it had formed. I could not then cast him from me the debased and worthless thing he appeared. While I pitied Cora from the bottom of my soul, and loved her so dearly that no sacrifice would have been too dear a proof of this devotion, there was jealousy in my heart that embittered it all. Alas, it is often much easier to act right than to feel right. While I would have given worlds to have seen Cora honorably married to the man who had persuaded her from home, I knew well that the marriage would complete my utter desolation, for there is no after love to a soul like mine.

When I went for Cora, the next day, she took me to an oaken cabinet in her room, and with a

sad smile—for all her pretty smiles had a shade of sadness in them now—asked me to examine some old books that lay huddled upon one shelf.

"It is singular," she said, "but your name is written in some of these books, and Zana is a very uncommon name. Would you like to see how it is used?"

She took up a small, antique Bible, and after unclasping the cover of sandle wood, on which some sacred story was deeply engraved, placed it open in my hands. On the fly-leaf was written in a clear and very beautiful hand, "Clarence Earl of Clare to his wife Aurora." A date followed this, and lower down on the page was a register, in the same bold writing, dated at the hamlet, some months after the presentation lines were written. This was the register: "Born, June ———, Zana, daughter of Clarence Earl of Clare, and Aurora, his wife." The book fell from my hands; I did not know its entire importance, or what bearing it might have on my destiny, but my heart swelled with a flood of gratitude that almost overwhelmed me. I had no idea of its legal value, but the book seemed to me of inestimable worth. In it were blended, in terms of honor, the names of my parents; how it came there I did not ask.

Cora stooped down to recover the book, but I seized it first, exclaiming, amid my sobs,

"It is mine—it is mine, Cora. Cora, I bless you—God will bless you for giving me this great happiness."

#### CHAPTER XV.

WE went down to the lake, where Chaleco waited with the little boat. He looked hard at me, as I came round the tiny cove, where he lay as if in a cradle, rocking upon the bright waters as they flowed in and out, forming ripples and ridges of diamonds among the white pebbles of the beach.

"What is it, Zana?" he said, springing ashore, as Cora seated herself in the boat, and interrogating me in a whisper on the bank. "You look sharp set, like a hawk when it first sees its prey. What has happened up yonder?"

I took the antique little Bible from under my shawl, and opening it at the blank leaf, pointed out the writing.

He read it two or three times over, and then thrust the book into his bosom. His face was thoughtful at first, but as he pondered over the writing, muscle by muscle relaxed in his dark features, and at last they broke forth in a blaze of the most eloquent triumph; his questions came quick upon each other, like waves in a cataract.

"Where did you get that? Is it all? Who has had possession so long? Speak, Zana, I must know more."

"Why, is it so important?" I inquired, excited by his look and manner.

"Important! why, child——" but he checked himself, inquiring more composedly how I came in possession of the book.

I told him how it had been pointed out by Cora. Without more questioning he slipped into the boat, and bade me follow him.

When we were all seated, and the boat was shooting pleasantly across the lake, Chaleco began, in a quiet, indifferent manner, to converse with Cora. At first she was shy and reluctant to answer him, but his manner was so persuasive, his voice so winning, that it was impossible to resist their charm. After awhile he glided into the subject of the book, speaking of its antique binding, of the rare perfume which she might have noticed in the precious wood, and he went on to explain that it was one of those rare specimens used of old in the building of the Tabernacle. All this interested Cora greatly, and when he began to wonder how this singular volume could have found its way into the farmer's dwelling, she commenced to conjecture and question about the probabilities with more apparent earnestness than himself.

"The old people might perhaps know," she said. "Oh, now I think of it, they did tell me of some persons, a gentleman, lady and little child that lived with them long ago—probably they left the book; but then, how came Lord Clare's name in it?"

"Yes, sure enough," murmured Chaleco, cautious not to interrupt her.

"Besides, Lady Clare's name was not Aurora, and he never would have lived here with that beautiful hunting seat only five miles off, you know."

"That is quite true," acquiesced Chaleco, while I sat still, listening keenly to every word.

"You see," continued the young girl, quite animated on the subject, "you see how impossible it is that the writing means anything; but it is in other books—that is, names are written in them, Clarence sometimes, sometimes Aurora, now and then, both names; but, Zana, I have never found that name but once."

Chaleco fell into thought, and the oars hung listlessly in his hands for some minutes; at last he spoke again, but on indifferent subjects, about the lightness of the air, and the beautiful, silvery glow that shimmered over the waters. But once in a while he would quietly revert to the book again, till I became impressed with its importance

to a degree that made me restless for more information.

After sailing around and across the lake for several hours, we drew up at a little island scarcely half a mile across, that lay near the centre of the lake, green as a heap of emeralds notwithstanding the season was advanced, and embowered by cedar and larch trees, with the richest and most mossy turf I ever trod on carpeting it from shore to shore.

Chaleco brought forth a basket of provisions from his boat, and bade us wander about while he prepared our dinner. We waited to see him strike fire from two flint stones that he gathered from the bank, and kindle a quantity of dry sticks that lay scattered beneath the trees. When he had spitted a fowl, which, gipsy like, he preferred to cook himself after the sylvan fashion, we went away, and sat down under a clump of larch trees, sadly and in silence, as was natural to persons whose thoughts turned on a common and most painful subject.

I had resolved, here and then, to make my last appeal to the infatuated child. She must have guessed this from my silence and the gravity of my face, for she became wordless as myself, and as I glanced anxiously in her eyes they took the sullen, obstinate expression of one prepared to resist, and, if driven to it, defy.

We sat down together upon the grass; the delicate green foliage of the larches quivered softly over us, and the brown leaves of some trees that had felt the frost rustled through the air and spotted the turf as with the patterns in a carpet. We remained a long time gazing on these leaves, in sad silence, but holding each other by the hand, as was our habit when little children. My heart was full of those dear old times; it killed me to think that they were over forever—that again on this earth Cora and I could never be entire friends again, friends between whom no subject is forbidden, no respect lost. When I thought of this, and knew that the impediment lay in my heart as much as it could in her conduct, the future for us both seemed very hopeless. I can hardly describe the feelings that actuated me; perhaps they arose from the evil felt in my own person, the result of a step like that which Cora had taken, entailed by my mother. True, the cases were not alike, my poor gipsy mother had not sinned consciously, no high moral culture had prepared her to resist temptation, no fond parent graced her with his love—but her act had plunged me, her innocent child, into fatal troubles that must haunt me through life.

It is possible, I say, that these thoughts

prevented me feeling all the charity for the worse and more deliberate sin of the poor girl at my side; perhaps, and this is most probable, I could not forgive the companionship of her error, for it is a terrible trial to feel that one, you cannot entirely respect, is preferred to yourself. In striving thus to analyze the feelings that made me drop Cora's hand for a time as we sat silently together, I have failed to satisfy myself now as I did then; but one thing was certain, I did not cordially love her with the affection of former years. Still, feelings swelled in my heart stronger and more faithful than love—gratitude, and my solemn promise to the good father, compassion for her, not unmixed, but powerful enough to have commanded any sacrifice, a firm desire to wrest her from the man who had wronged us both, all these motives influenced and urged me on to rescue that poor girl, if human eloquence and human will could accomplish it.

I attempted to speak, but my throat was parched and my faculties all lay dead for the moment, but struggling with myself, I took her hand and compressing it between my own cold palms, "Cora," I said, still in a whisper, for my voice would not come, "have you thought all this over? will you go with me to your father? Remember, love, he is ill and may not live."

The hand began to tremble in mine, but she turned her face away.

"Let the subject drop," she said, in a voice low and full of pain, like mine, "it is of no use talking, I will not leave him. It would kill us both; I should perish on the way."

Now my voice returned—my heart swelled—words of persuasion, of reason rose eloquently to my lips. I reasoned, I entreated, I portrayed the disgrace of her present position, prophesied the deeper shame and anguish sure to follow. I described the condition of her father in words that melted my own heart and flooded my face with tears. I prostrated myself before her, covering her dimpled and trembling hands with my tears, but all in vain. My passion was answered with silence or curt monosyllables. She suffered greatly; even in the excitement of my own feelings I was sure of that. At length she broke from me, and rushed off toward the beach, evidently determined to protect herself from my importunity by the presence of Chaleco.

I had no heart to follow her, but went off in another direction, walking rapidly toward the opposite extremity of the island.

As I neared a tiny cove that shot up like a silver arrow into the green turf, I was surprised to find the gay streamers of a pleasure boat

floating over the rushes that edged the cove. With my tearful eyes and flushed countenance, I was in no condition to meet strangers, and turned to retrace my steps, heart-sick, and at the moment recoiling from the sight of anything human. Scarcely had I walked twenty paces, when footsteps followed me, and some one called me by name. I looked around and saw William Morton coming up from the boat. I would not appear to fly from this man, though my heart rose against him in detestation.

"Zana," he said, approaching me more slowly, after I paused, and speaking with forced cheerfulness, "how came you here, of all places in the world; are you the goddess of this little island—a fairy? In the name of everything beautiful, explain this meeting?"

I did not at first reply; indeed it was difficult to account for my presence thus alone on a remote spot never visited perhaps once a year. Important, as I felt secrecy to be, I could not speak of Chaleco or explain anything regarding Cora, whose position above all things must be kept from a man so intimate with the Clares.

He laughed, uneasily, and looked around, casting one glance toward the mountains, where the farm house was visible. "Pray, speak to me, fair one, if you are indeed mortal; have you walked the water, or flown through the air?"

He had given me time to collect my thoughts. I attempted to answer in his own light way.

"The spirits of air and water do not offer themselves so readily, sir; I am afraid to shock you by saying that I came from the little public house yonder, in a very common place boat, which will come after me when I am weary of walking about this lovely spot."

"Then you are alone?" he questioned, with a quick sparkle of the eye, that filled me with courage rather than terror.

"At present, yes."

"And how long have you been in Scotland, may I presume to inquire?"

"A single day."

"But you are not all this distance from home alone?"

"No, I have friends with me."

"Oh, yes, old Turner, I suppose, on his way to Lady Clare. I did not know that he was expected. Of course, you will not remain at all in this neighborhood?"

"No!" I replied, allowing most of his speech to remain unanswered.

"I thought so," he rejoined, promptly, as if freed from some apprehension, "and now, sweet Zana, let me say how happy, how very happy I am to meet you again; it seems like a dream,

"Oft in my fancy's wanderings,  
I've wish'd this little isle had wings,  
And we, within its fairy bowers,  
Were wafted off to seas, unknown,  
Where not a pulse could beat but ours,  
And we would live, love, die alone—  
Far from the cruel and the cold,  
Where the bright eyes of angels only  
Should come around us to behold  
A Paradise so pure and lonely.  
Would this be home enough for thee?"

I cannot describe the look and tones of ineffable sweetness with which these words were uttered: the last melodious interrogation was uttered with flute-like pathos, that would have charmed anything human. No question could have been applied with more humility; his eyes drooped; his limbs fell into a deprecating position; and while his voice haunted me still with its music, he stood like a culprit awaiting sentence for the exquisite offence.

It was impossible that I should not feel this; besides what had I ever received from this man but kindness? His only fault was that of having offered love, protection, honorable marriage, when all others of his race shrunk from me as if I had been a leper. Still there was aversion in my heart. While he charmed my senses that remained firm. Aroused from the spell of his voice I walked on, but not in the direction of our boat. He followed me.

"Can you forgive it, Zana, that I am still true?—that I cannot cease to love you?"

"It is not a crime to love any one," I answered, touched by his earnestness. "I do not scorn, but am grateful for all kindness!"

"Then you will listen to me?—you will yet be mine? I will protect you, Zana, in the face of all these haughty Clares."

"It cannot be," I said, firmly, but not with the austere repulsion of former days. "I shall never love—never marry. My destiny is fixed."

Morton leaned against a rock that choked up our path, and, folding his arms, stood over me while I sat down, determined to silence all farther importunity, by giving his arguments free hearing and firm replies.

"Oh, Zana," he said, still in those tender and flute-like tones, "why do you repulse me thus? What have I done to deserve it? Have not all others forsaken you?"

"Alas! yes!" I said, weeping.

"Have they not treated you worse than a Russian serf or negro slave, while I have always been firm in my devotion, true as heaven itself in my love? Is this love and at such times nothing, that you cast it so scornfully away?"

"I do not cast it away scornfully—but am grateful, very grateful; still it is impossible that I should ever love you, or become your wife."

"Tell me why, Zana!"

"Because I have no power over the affections of my own heart, they are the only tyrants I cannot overcome," I said.

"But give me time, only endure my presence," he murmured, persuasively, seating himself by me so gently that I was almost unconscious of the act; "these tyrant affections must yield to the power of love like mine."

I shook my head and made a motion to rise, but he held me down with a gentle pressure of one hand on my arm.

"Do you know what it is to break up all the hopes of a man's life, Zana—to send him forth into the world without affection—without an object to which his heart can turn as to a second soul? Can you—can you know, my Zana, for I will call you mine this once—can you know how much love you are trampling to death?"

"I only know that no one feeling in my heart answers to it."

"And yet, oh, heavens, how I have lavished the first fruits of my life away upon this one hope; all other women were as nothing—to me, Zana, are as nothing. The proud Estelle, before whom Irving bends like a slave, could not win a thought from a heart too full of you for anything else. And little Cora, whose beauty and childish grace divided Irving's heart with Estelle, was to me vapid and uninteresting, because my soul had room for but one idol, and that idol Zana."

I grew heart sick and felt myself turning pale. Was it true?—could the heart of man be so vile? George Irving the slave of Estelle, and Cora, my poor Cora?

I interrupted him, for in my pain his words had lost all meaning.

"You speak of Irving," I said, in a voice that shook, though I made such efforts to compose it; "and of Estelle, tell me—tell—where is that lady?"

"What, are you ignorant that she is in Scotland, she and her mother, consoling the countess, and only waiting for the decencies of mourning to be over for the wedding?"

A faintness seized me. Poor, poor Cora, this would kill her, it was killing me. Estelle Irving, her husband, the thought was a pang such as I had never felt before; to Cora I could have given him up, but Estelle, from my soul I abhorred her.

"You are silent, Zana," said my companion. "You will reflect on what I have said. Remember it is not the penniless tutor who would have divided his crust with you before, who asks your

hand now; I possess expectations—certainties that even the haughty Estelle would not reject. Lady Clare has promised me the Greenhurst living, it is one of the best in that part of England, I take orders in a few weeks; do not look surprised at this, I have a right to more! As heir at law to Lady Jane Clare's first husband, the whole Greenhurst estate should have been mine, but in his dotage my uncle left it by will to her, and thus it came into the Clare family. The living which Lady Clare has promised is a cheap way of appeasing her conscience."

"But I thought the Greenhurst living was promised to Mr. Clark, poor Cora's father," I exclaimed.

"By Lord Clare, yes; but his sister, you know, has her own ideas, and since that unpleasant affair of the daughter she refuses to think of it."

"Oh, Cora, Cora, what have you done?" I cried, weeping bitterly: then struck with sharp indignation I looked up dashing the tears aside. "And that lady—that vile unwomanly countess—she dares to punish a good old man for the sins of his child, while she urged him, the traitor, who tempted her to ruin, into a position which compels him to abandon her."

"Of whom do you speak?" he asked, almost in a whisper, so deeply had my desperate words excited him.

"You know—you know," I said, breaking forth afresh; "why force me to utter that detested name?"

He took my hand. I did not withdraw it, for, at the moment, even his sympathy was welcome. Sighing deeply he lifted it to his lips, "forgive me, Zana, but I have been so often the object of your anger, that for a moment it seemed as if these harsh words were intended for me, not the miscreant I condemn as you have done."

The touch of his lips upon my hand went through me like the bite of a viper, notwithstanding those soft words, and I arose determined to leave.

"You will not leave me thus without answer, without hope?" he said.

"I have but one answer to give, and no hope," was my firm reply.

He looked at me an instant, growing pale as he gazed.

"You love another still, and believe he loves. George Irving is fortunate, very fortunate in having three women believe his professions of love at once, Estelle, Cora, and —," he said, with a slow curve of the lip.

"Hold," I cried, stung with shame at the remembrance that I had once confessed this love and gloried in it, "I do not love another. It is

not in my nature to give anything but detestation to treachery and vice like his."

"Then spite of your words I *will* hope," he cried, seizing my hand and kissing it.

Before I could remonstrate he was gone, disappearing down a grassy hollow that sloped to the little cave where his boat was lying. As he sprang into the boat, I saw, out upon the lake, lying sleepily on the water, another shallop in which a single fisherman sat with a rod in his hand. His face was toward me, and it seemed that he was gazing upon the spot where I stood. How long this solitary individual had been upon the lake I could not conjecture, but my heart told me that it was Irving.

Anxious to escape from his sight, I went round the rock against which Morton had leaned, resolved to shelter my return to Chaleco by the trees that grew thick behind it. But in springing down from some fragments of stone that lay close by the rock, I almost trod on the prostrate form of Cora Clark. She lay upon the earth, her face downward, and clutching the turf with both hands.

I almost shrieked and fell back from her in dismay, startled by the suddenness of her appearance there.

She remained still, and save a faint quivering of her fingers in the grass, I should have believed that she had dropped down dead in striving to reach me.

"Cora!" I cried, "how is this?—what brings you here? Are you hurt?"

I bent down and attempted to lift her from the earth, but she shrunk from me moaning and shuddering. But this repulse was not enough, I wound an arm around her and covered her golden hair with my kisses.

"Don't—don't, your kisses sting me! I would rather have vipers creeping through my hair!"

Wounded by her words I desisted and drew back. After a little she moved, and I saw her face. It was pallid and stony; her eyes were heavy, and a pale violet tinge lay beneath them. A look of touching grief impressed that child-like mouth, which began to quiver as her eyes met mine.

"What does this mean?—what have I done, Cora?" was my tearful question, for the anguish in those sweet eyes filled me with pity.

"I heard all that he said—all, every word!" she answered, laying her head helplessly down on the grass again. "Every word, Zana!"

My heart sunk. I remembered what had been said of Irving's perfidy, and of his approaching marriage with Estelle. She knew how worthless he was now, when knowledge was despair. We

had been rivals before she became a victim, that she knew also. No wonder she shuddered when I touched her—no wonder those sweet features were pallid, and those white fingers sought to work off the agony of her soul by tearing the senseless turf.

"Cora," I said, full of the most tender compassion, "I have done you no wrong, and never will. Since the day I was sure that you loved him, I have never willingly been in his presence. Is this no sacrifice, Cora?"

"Then you did love him once?" she said, looking up as if surprised. "No wonder, who could help it. But he, Zana, Zana, it kills me to think of that. He *loves you*—and I—I, oh, my God—my God, what have I done?"

She began to weep, and for a time her form was convulsed with tears. I too wept, for the same hand had stricken us both. When this storm of sorrow had passed, she lay quite passive and inert upon the grass, a single tear now and then forcing itself through her thick lashes, and a quiver stirring her lips as we witness in a grieved child.

During some minutes we remained thus, when she arose and began to arrange her hair sitting on the ground, but her hands trembled, and the tresses fell away from them. I sat down by her and smoothed the heavy masses with my hand. She leaned toward me sobbing.

"It does not feel like a viper now, Cora!" I whispered.

She threw herself into my arms. "Oh, Zana, Zana, what shall I do? What will become of me?"

I folded her in my arms, and kissed the quivering whiteness of her forehead till it became smooth again. "Come with me, love—come to the good father who is pining to death for a sight of his darling."

"Yes, I will go, Zana. I will never see him again—never, never. Oh, God help me—never!"

I could not avoid a throb of selfish joy as she said this: but grateful and relieved folded her closer in my arms.

"Come now," she said, struggling to her feet, "take me away, I will not return to the house yonder. Let him go there and find the room empty, perhaps—perhaps that will make him feel."

She began to weep afresh, and fearing that she would sink to the earth again, I cast my arm around her. "Let me help support you, Cora."

"Yes, yes, for I am a feeble creature, Zana, but stronger in some points than you think!"

We moved on through the larch groves, uttering broken sentences like these, half tears, half



exclamations, till a sudden curve brought us close to Chaleco. His sylvan meal was ready, but neither of us could partake a morsel of it; with natural tact he did not urge us, but observed everything, doubtless making his own comments. We entered the boat, and without asking a question the gipsy rowed us toward the little public house, as it had been arranged in words that Cora should accompany us.

Poor child, she begged for solitude, and I gave up my little chamber that she might weep alone. When I had seen her on the bed passive, and worn out with the storm of sorrow that had swept over her, Chaleco joined me on the beach.

"Let her sleep if she can," he said, "you and I must go up to the old house yonder, we have some questions to ask of the old people."

I stepped into the boat, and directly we were clambering up the hill-side toward the farmhouse where Cora had lodged. Chaleco took me to the kitchen. An old woman was on the hearth spinning flax; and at a back door where the sun lay warmly, sat a stout old man smoking. I had not seen, or more probably not observed this couple before, but now they struck me as familiar, like persons lost sight of from childhood. Chaleco went out and sat down by the old man, while I drew toward the woman and asked some questions regarding her work. She gave a little start, looked up, and evidently disappointed, began fumbling in her pocket for a pair of horn spectacles, which were eagerly placed across her nose.

Never did I undergo a perusal of the face like that. It seemed to me that the grey eyes under these glasses grew keen and large as they gazed. At length she started up breaking the thread from her distaff, and hurried toward the back door with every appearance of afright.

"Guidman—guidman, coom here," she said, "coom and see the young gipsy leddy! As God is above all she is here, body and soul!"

"Gang awa woman, these new fangled barnacles are deceiving things. Ye dinna see things as ye did," answered the old man, deliberately knocking the ashes from his pipe by tapping the bowl on his thumb nail.

"Well then look for yoursel, guidman," said the dame, taking me by the shoulders, and half pushing me toward the door.

When the old man's eyes fell on my person he stood up and dropped his bonnet.

"Weel, weel!" he exclaimed, "wonders will never cease; na dout its the leddy hersel with hardly a year on her heed sin she went, years sin sine with the bairn in her arms." Then turning to Chaleco, he said, "ye wer speerin

about the stranger leddy, there she stans 'id lady afore ye."

"But the lady you speak of would have been older than this," said Chaleco.

"It's just the truth," answered the Scotchman, sinking on his benoh, "seventeen years wad na ha left her sa bonny, whil mysel an the guid wife ha sunk fra hale, middle-aged fouk inta owid grey carlins—but then wha may the lassie be?"

"You spoke of a child!"

"Aye, gude faith, it's the bairn grown to be what the mither was. Weel, weel, time moun ha its ain—but wha may be the laide hersel?"

"A-whow is it sae, an she sa bonny!"

"You remember her well then?" persisted Chaleco.

"Mind her, wherefore no, what sud gin me forget her, or her gowden haird, guidman, a bonnier pair n'er staid in ahoon. It wad be na easy matter to forget them, I tell ye!"

"Then they were married?"

"Wha iver cud dout it, an their bairn born here," cried the staunch old man, proudly; "d'ye think we harbor lemans? There was guid reason why it sud na be clash'd about; but the Earl of Clare was na ane to put shame on an honest man's name."

"Then he told you that he was married to the lady?"

"Teld me, yes; wha but him sud tell me?"

"And you will swear to this?" questioned Chaleco, allowing none of the eagerness that burned in his eyes to affect his voice.

"Swear, d'ye think I wad say at any time in my life what I wad na swear till?"

"And the lady—what did you call her name?"

"Aurora, it's a kind a strange name, but my lard said it had a fine meanin, something about the dawn o' the day."

"Yes—yes, it was a pretty name—but when together how did they seem? Was he in the habit of calling her his wife? Did she call him husband?"

"Aye—aye, baith him an her; she, puir thing, took great delight i' the name."

"Then you knew this man to be Lord Clare? Had you seen him often before?"

"Seen him? wha else learned him to shoot o' the hills an fish i' the loch yonder?"

"And you would know this girl by your memory of her mother?"

"Sud I ken the lassie by mother's look, d'ye speer?—sud I ken my ain bairn, think ye? The twa are as like as twa pease—the same blink o' the ee—hair like the wing o' the raven—a step like the mountain deer. Aye—aye, I ken her weel."

I drew near to the old man, impatient to learn more of my parents, and was about to interrupt him with questions; but Chaleco promptly repelled me with a motion of the hand, giving me a warning look which I dared not disregard.

Too much excited for a passive listener, I left them and entered Cora's room. This little chamber had a double interest to me now. It was doubtless the place of my birth. The furniture and ornaments so superior to the dwelling itself had been my mother's. I stood by the window looking upon the lake which had filled her vision so many times. Sad thoughts crowded upon me as I walked to and fro in the room, determined not to interrupt Chaleco with my impatience, and yet panting to hear all those old people had to say of my parents. As I stood by the lattice, Chaleco passed it with the sheep farmer, conversing leisurely as one does who coolly collects minute facts. I could hear that the old dame had resumed her spinning, and I was about to go forth and obtain what information I could from her, when a quick step came through the kitchen, the door was opened and closed again, leaving me face to face with George Irving.

We gazed at each other breathless. He was much excited, and looked upon me with an air of impetuous reproach.

"It is you then and here, Zana—I did not believe it—I would not believe it even now, the whole thing seems false!"

"You did not expect to find me in this place I can well believe," was the sarcastic reply that sprang to my lips.

"No," he said, passionately, "I did not; they told me you had fled from home in the night, but that you would come here, and that I should find you thus, the thought would have seemed sacrilegious. Great heavens, is there nothing trustworthy on earth?"

His passion confounded me. By his words one would have thought me an offender not him. I did not know how to reply, his air and words were so full of accusation. He saw this and came close to me.

"Zana," he said, in a voice rich with wounded tenderness, "leave this place; go back to Clare Park, Turner will receive you as if this miserable escapade had never been. This is no shelter for you, these honest old people are too good for the cheat practised upon them."

"Cheat—I—explain, sir! your language is incomprehensible," I cried, breathless with indignation. "If there is imposition, let him that practises it answer: this air of reproof ill becomes you, sir!"

"I may have been too rude, Zana, but the

shock, the pain of finding you here—for I saw all that passed on the island, and hoping still that distance had deceived me came to convince myself."

"Convince yourself of what?" I questioned.

"Of your unworthiness, Zana." His voice sunk as he said this, and tears came into his eyes.

"Of my unworthiness?" I said, burning with outraged pride. "In what one thing have I been proven unworthy?"

"Are you not here?—have you not fled from your natural protectors?"

"And your mother has allowed a doubt on this question to rest on me, even with you!" I said, calmed by the very force of my indignation.

"Listen, I left home because it was the only way to save my benefactors from being turned helpless upon the world by your countless mother. I left secretly, well knowing that if those good people knew the price I paid for their tranquillity, they would have begged on the highway rather than consent to my departure. I had one other friend in the world, an elderly man of my mother's people. He is a safe and wise person, and with him I go to the tribe from whence my mother fled when the curse of your uncle's love fell upon her."

"But this is not the way to Spain. William Morton cannot be that friend," he answered, "how came you here with him in the hills of Scotland?"

"I came to save——" I broke off suddenly, struck with the imprudence of informing him that my object was to rescue Cora from his power.

"To save whom? oh, speak, Zana, let me believe your object here a worthy one."

This was strange language; had he not guessed already that my love for poor Cora Clark had brought me to the highlands? Had he not yet missed her presence, or would he not seem to regard it? Such hypocrisy was sublime; I almost found admiration for it rising in my heart.

"See," I cried, pointing out Chaleco, who stood at some distance down the hill conversing with the sheep farmer, "yonder is the man with whom I left Clare Park, and with whom I leave these hills in less than twenty-four hours."

He leaned out of the window, searching Chaleco with his eyes, the cloud went softly out from his face, and when he turned a look of confidence had supplanted it.

"Zana, is this the truth?"

"Why should I tell you aught but the truth," I answered. He looked eagerly into my eyes, his own flashed, his face took the expression of one who forms a sudden decision.

"And you leave to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"And for Grenada?"

"For Grenada, I suppose."

"With that man, and no other?"

"With no other man," I answered, laying an emphasis on the word man; but he did not seem to heed it as I expected.

"Zana, one word more—answer from your soul—do you love me yet?"

Outraged and insulted, I drew myself up. "How dare you, the promised husband of Estelle, the lover of—of—" passion stifled me, I could not utter Cora's name.

He seemed surprised. "I am not the promised husband of Estelle; I love no woman living but yourself, Zana."

"Me?—can you say that here—here in this chamber, and not shudder at the treason?"

"I can say it anywhere, Zana."

He looked sincere, his voice was sweet as truth, and so like it that a thrill of exquisite joy stirred my whole system as I listened.

"You believe me, Zana?"

I thought of Cora, and could not answer. Had he in truth ceased to love her? Could villainy so deep appear so honest? He mistook my silence and went on.

"Forgive me, Zana, if I read my answer in that bright face. You love me as I love you."

I made an effort to contradict him, but the words died in my throat, and he went on.

"It is true, my mother desires me to marry another; but while you love me I never will. True she would cast me off and leave me adrift on the world for seeking you as I have this day; but I love you, Zana; speak but the word, and I will take you by the hand, lead you down to those two men yonder, and proclaim you my wife."

"Not me—not me, there is another whom you must so proclaim."

He did not heed me, but went on impetuously as at first, "My mother may disown me, thank God, she cannot altogether disinherit; we may have struggles; but what then, we have youth, strength, ability and love to conquer all. Come with me now, and in ten minutes all the laws under heaven cannot separate us."

"In ten minutes?" I questioned, thinking of poor Cora with painful self abnegation, for never was a heart tortured like mine, "ah, if ten little minutes can redeem your allegations to her, why wait?"

"Can you counsel this, Zana? even you desire me to wed a woman whom I neither love nor respect."

The blood began to burn in my veins. How dare he speak thus of the poor girl whose sole fault was her fatal affection for himself? These indignant thoughts sprung to my lips, but as I was about to utter them, Chaleco came toward the window. Irving saw him, and addressed me hurriedly once more.

"Speak, Zana, before you strange guardian comes. I give up all—I offer all; speak, and you are my wife."

"Never!" I exclaimed, almost fiercely, "never, so help me heaven, will I marry a man whose honor binds him to another, and that other—"

"Enough!" he exclaimed, wringing my hand hard, and dropping it, "you never loved me; farewell!"

He left the room, darted through the back door, and when Chaleco came up, was half way down the hill, leaving me with the heaviest heart that ever cumbered a human bosom.

"What does this mean? who was the young man who left you just now?" said Chaleco, looking around the room suspiciously, as he entered it.

"It was George Irving; he wished to make me his wife—" I could not go on, my voice was choked by sobs.

"His wife," said the gipsy, with a scornful laugh, "so he has found out the old books, has seen the register, knows the road to save himself—cunning young fellow!"

I looked at Chaleco in astonishment, his hateful laugh annoyed me terribly, "What is the meaning of this, these old books? how could they affect him or his offer? he knew before that I was Lord Clare's child!"

"But he did not know before that you are Lord Clare's heiress, a countess in your own right—one of the richest women in England!"

"Are you mad, Chaleco, raving mad?"

"Almost, but with joy, my Gitanilla. Listen! your mother was married to Lord Clare—I do not speak of the Alhambra ceremony, but here, legally by the laws of Scotland, under which you were born. In this country, a man has but to live with a woman, acknowledge her as his wife, before witnesses, and she is a legal wife, her children legal heirs before any court in Great Britain. We have this proof here, in Lord Clare's own writing, in the old people with whom he left your mother."

"And how did you know of this law, Chaleco?"

"Zana, there is not a thing that could affect you which I have not studied to the centre, half my life has been given up that you might prosper; and now, my beautiful countess, comes our triumph as the despised gipsies."

## CHAPTER XVI.

WE were in London, Chaleco, Cora and myself, seated in the little room which I had occupied on my first visit to that mammoth city. The gipsy chief sat at a small table reading some pages of manuscript that had been a little before brought to him. Cora lay upon the crimson marine sofa, with one white hand under her still whiter cheek, gazing with her great, mournful eyes upon the dim wall opposite.

I was watching Chaleco; the burning fire in his eyes, the savage curl of triumph that now and then revealed his teeth, as we sometimes see in a noble blooded dog, when his temper is up. This expression deepened and burned as he read on, leaf after leaf to the end. He did not then relinquish the paper, but turned back, referring to passages and comparing them with others, sometimes remaining whole minutes pondering over a single line.

At last he laid the manuscript down, dashed his hand upon it with a violence that made the table shake, and turned his flashing eyes on me.

"It is so, Zana; it is so!"

"What is it you have been reading to yourself?" I inquired.

"Wait a minute—let me think it all over. Well, this paper is from the best solicitor known in the London courts. I laid your case before him, the Bible, some letters that I found among other books at the old sheep farmer's, and my own knowledge."

"Well," I said, "what does it all amount to?"

"Nothing but an opinion," was the tantalizing reply.

"And that opinion?"

"Is, my little Zana, that Aurora's child, the scouted, insulted, outraged gipsy girl is beyond all peradventure Countess of Clare."

"And Lady Catharine?"

"Is Lady Catharine still, nothing more."

"But her son?"

"Oh," replied Chaleco, with a hoarse laugh, "he is the pitiful dangler to a woman's apron strings that he ever was."

My blood rose, I could not endure to hear the man I had loved so deeply thus spoken of.

"Hush," I said, looking at Cora, as if anxious to save her feelings rather than my own, "Irving does not deserve this; he is no idler, whatever you may think."

I had expected to see Cora angry, as I had been, by this scornful mention of her lover, but she lay perfectly still, passive and listless, without a flush or a glance to prove the wounded feelings that were torture to me. This indifference, so unlike her usual impulsiveness, sur-

prised us both; but for her paleness and the blue shadows under her great eyes, we could not have guessed how much she had suffered since our departure from Scotland. No sick child ever resigned itself more passively to a mother's arms than she had yielded herself to us, and no child ever pined and wasted away as she did; all her bloom was gone; cold and delicate as wax was the hue of her countenance. The azure shadows I have spoken of, and the veins threading her temples, gave the only tinge of color visible in a face rosy as the dawn only a few weeks before.

She did not seem to hear us, though this was the first time we had mentioned her lover's name when she was by. Even Chaleco seemed to feel compassion for the poor child, and dropped his voice, drawing closer to me.

"She does not heed," he said, "but still it seems like hurting her when we speak of that young villain."

"Then do not speak of him," I rejoined, sharply, "where is the necessity?"

"But we must speak of them—they have possession of your rights."

"What are those rights?"

"A title—an immense property—power in this proud country—power to help the poor Caloes," he answered, with enthusiasm—"the power to redeem your mother's name among the haughty souls that reviled her—to give back her memory to the gipsies of Grenada pure as the purest among their women."

"But they murdered her—innocent as she was, they murdered her!" I cried, shuddering and cold with memories that always froze me to the heart.

A gloomy frown stole over Chaleco's face, his hand fell loosely down and he whispered huskily, as if to convince himself,

"I could not help it; she gave herself up. They all thought the stain of his unmarried lips was on her forehead. She would die—it was *he* that killed her, not the gipsies—never say it again while you live, Zana, never."

I could not answer, but felt myself turning white and cold; he saw it, and grasped my hand, crying out with fierce exultation, "But she is avenged on *him*, and now we have the power, this proud woman and vile boy shall bite the dust at your feet, Zana. We will strip them, humble them, trample them beneath our gipsy feet in their debasement. Aurora shall be once more avenged."

"Let me think," I said, drearily pressing my forehead to still the pain there, "I have tasted this revenge once, and it was terrible; when such fruit falls, dare we shake the vine again?"

"Again and again," was the fierce cry, "till power itself fails. Are you thinking of meroy, child?"

"I am thinking of many things," was my vague answer; "but God will help me."

Chaleco sneered.

"He has helped us, if you choose to fancy it," he said, "are not her enemies in the dust—have you not revenge on them all in your grasp?"

"No," I said, filled with the holy spirit my soul had invoked, "no, Chaleco, God gives revenge to no human thing; it belongs to him. The memory of my dead father is before me—never again will I wrestle with these weak, human hands for power which belongs to omnipotence alone."

Chaleco looked at me sternly, a dark frown was in his eyes.

"If I thought this," he exclaimed, grasping the paper as if about to rend it.

He stopped and held the paper motionless between his hands. Cora had risen from the sofa and was leaning forward looking at us.

"You learned that of my father, Zana," she said, while a tender smile stole over her lips, "if anything troubles you go back to him; I will."

I was touched to the heart by the pathos and sweetness of these words; my soul yearned toward the suffering child, and that instant the resolve which had been floating mistily through my brain took form and shape. If the Clare estates proved to be mine, I would so endow that gentle girl, that Irving would rejoice in the chance of redeeming his prosperity by a marriage with her.

"You are right, my Cora; I did learn all that is good in me from that noble hearted man. You and I should never have left his side."

"I know it," she answered, sighing heavily, and sinking back to the sofa again, "but you can go back, as for me——"

Cora broke off and began to weep. I was glad of that, poor thing; since the first day she had not once wept in my presence after our adventure in the highlands. I left her unmolested, and went on talking with Chaleco more connectedly than we had yet conversed. In a little time he convinced me that my birth was legitimate, and my claims as heiress to Lord Clare would scarcely admit of dispute. The chain of evidence was complete. Though driven away for a little time, Chaleco had hovered around Clare Hall till assured that I had found a protector, then he lingered in England under various disguises till I was safe under the roof from which my mother had fled. More than once he had

penetrated to my sick chamber, where I lay delirious with fever, when I was by chance left alone, or when the nurse slept at night. From time to time he had visited England after that, assuring himself still of my welfare and identity. In short, from the time of my mother's death he had never lost sight of me, and up to that period the evidence of old Turner, his wife, and the Scotch farmer left no thread wanting in the tissue of my claim.

"And if this is so, what steps must be taken?" I inquired.

"They are taken," answered the gipsy, "Lady Catharine has been notified, so has her son."

"Well, have they returned any reply?"

"The lady is here."

"In London?"

"Yes, in London."

"Did the mother come alone?" I inquired, observing that Cora had risen to her elbow, and was eagerly regarding us.

Feeling that, like myself, she was anxious to know if Irving was in town and was with the family, I asked the question half in kindness to her, half to still my own craving desire for knowledge on this point.

"Lady Catharine, her son, and Mr. Morton came together."

Cora uttered a faint cry, and starting up began to pace the room, as if the mention of that name had stung her energies into painful activity.

Still I was not fully answered. "And is no other lady with them?" I persisted.

"And what if there is, how should you care?" was the answer he gave, accompanied by a look so penetrating that I shrunk from it. Cora also turned and gazed at me with her great, tearful eyes, as a gazelle might look at the hunter that had chased him down. I felt the whole force of that appealing look, but went on asking questions, determined to comprehend everything, and then act as my own soul should teach.

"And did they decide on anything?" I inquired.

"The mother wishes to contest—the son advises her to yield; their friend, as usual, is on both sides."

"And so nothing is settled?"

"Nothing."

"I will go to them myself—be of good cheer, Cora, you shall not always be so miserable."

She gave me a wild glance.

"Be tranquil, and trust me, Cora," I said, full of my project for her happiness, "it is for you this good fortune has come."

"There is no good fortune for me on earth,"

cried the poor girl, clasping her hands, "don't, Zana, don't smile so; it will set me to hoping impossible things."

"Nothing is impossible," I said, smothering the selfish regrets that would, spite of my efforts, rise against the sacrifice I meditated. "To the strong heart there can be no impossibility—here there *shall* be none."

Cora came close to me, smiling so mournfully and shaking her head, as I can fancy Ophelia to have done, with a world of sorrow and one little glow of hope in her poor face.

"Perhaps he thought that I was within hearing, and so did all that to tease me."

As this soft whisper dropped from her lips, the determination of self-sacrifice grew strong within me. Had we stood at the altar, I think, at the moment, I should have given Irving up to her; she was so childish and helpless. I seized upon the idea: better far was it that she should fancy Morton had uttered a slander regarding her lover and Estelle, than encourage a belief in his faithlessness after all that I intended for her.

"It was all unfeeling pleasantry, I dare say; careless gossip that meant nothing."

"Do you really think so?" she inquired, stealing closer and closer to my side.

"I do indeed think that he has no real love for any one but you, Cora."

"In truth?—in solemn truth, Zana?—oh, Zana, Zana, say that *you* did not believe it again."

"I do not believe in his love for—for that other person," I said, shrinking from the utterance of Estelle's name.

"Solemnly, you think this, Zana?"

"Solemnly, I do."

She drew a deep breath, looked at me so long that I could watch the joy as it broke and deepened in her violet eyes, and then, satisfied that I was sincere, she sat down with the most heavenly smile I ever saw beaming over her face. I sat down by her; she wove her arms around me and pressed her cheek to mine, resting thus so tranquilly, so full of that exquisite happiness which follows a crushed suspicion against those we love, that I could not resist a pang of jealous envy, for it is so much easier to make sacrifices to one that suffers than to witness the joy which our self-bereavement gives. The contrast between the rich swell of happiness that broke in sighs from her lips, and the heavy sense of desolation that lay upon my poor heart, made me long to put her away.

But soon I felt her kisses wandering amid my hair and over my forehead, mingled with whispers of gratitude and smiles of hope. After all,

Cora loved me, and I was making her happy. Most solemnly did I believe all that I had said of Irving. That he did not love Estelle I was certain, that self-interest had actuated his professions to me I was equally convinced, for Chaleco's words had fastened upon me when he said that Irving had sought me because he knew of the evidence I had obtained regarding my own legitimacy, and Cora, when I asked if she had mentioned the register which she had found to any one beside myself, answered, "only to him."

This was on the day we left the highlands, and from that time I looked upon Irving's pursuit of myself as a mercenary effort to retrieve his own desperate fortunes by a marriage with his uncle's heiress. With these impressions, I could not believe that Cora had any rival in his heart, whatever his interests might dictate. So I soothed her, and strengthened the confidence that was bringing the roses back to her cheek even then. Poor thing, she trusted me so implicitly, and her weary heart was so glad of repose after its anguish that she believed unquestioningly, like a child.

That night, I wrote to Mr. Clark, saying that his child was found, and that she trusted very soon to tell him her love in the dear parsonage.

With regard to him, also, I had my benevolent dreams. There was the Greenhurst living vacant yet. If Lady Catharine had no right to the estate she had no power to appoint an incumbent to the living; but I had, and dear Mr. Clark, God bless him, how my heart swelled at the thought of rescuing him from his present dependence. I went into no details, but wrote a cheerful letter, full of hope, determined to wait for the unfolding of events before I explained everything.

I knew that the Clares had a town house in Piccadilly, and quietly stealing out in the morning, when Chaleco was out, I called a hackney coach and drove there at once. A ponderous man, in mourning livery, opened the door and looked well disposed to order me down the steps when he saw my humble equipage. But there was a native haughtiness in me that men of his class are sure to recognize, and though new to the world, I was neither timid nor awkward: besides, assumption of any kind was certain to arouse all the contempt and resistance of my fiery nature.

I inquired for Lady Clare.

"She was in, and at breakfast, would I call again?"

"No, I must see the lady then."

"An appointment?"

"No, but still my interview with his lady must be at once."

"He did not think she would admit me, her ladyship and Mr. Irving had been closeted with their solicitors all the morning."

"You will send up my name and inquire," I said, weary with his objections, and conscious that this was my time to speak with Lady Catharine when fresh from her consultation with the lawyers. My imperious manner impressed him, he inquired my name.

"Zana."

His round eyes opened with astonishment. "Miss Zana, is it?" he said, after a moment of puzzled thought.

"Zana, that is all."

He beckoned a footman and whispered with him. The man disappeared up some mysterious staircase in the back part of the hall. The porter returned, seated himself in his great gothic chair, took a position, and began to eye me as stage kings sometimes survey the supplicants that come before them.

The footman came back walking quickly, and with noiseless step, as well-bred servants usually do in England. Her ladyship would be happy to receive the young person.

I followed him in silence. Would her son be there? This thought made my limbs tremble, but I think no visible agitation marked my demeanor or my countenance.

Lady Catharine was in her dressing-room, with a small breakfast-table before her, covered with Sevres china and glittering silver. The delicate breakfast seemed yet untasted, save that one of the cups was stained with a little chocolate.

Lady Catharine arose, and, though she did not come forward, stood up to receive me. It might have been the light which fell through curtains of pale, blue silk, but she certainly looked unusually white and haggard. I saw her thin hand clutched upon the folds of her mourning gown, and her eyes wavered as they met mine.

There was an awkward silence as I advanced toward the table; I think she was struggling to speak calmly, for her voice was unnatural when she did address me.

"Be seated," she said, falling back to her lounge, not with her usual languid ease, but abruptly, as if in need of support, "be seated, I—I am happy to receive you."

I sat down, firm and composed; he was absent, and as for that woman, there was nothing in her to discompose me; we seldom tremble where we do not respect.

"Your ladyship probably knows upon what subject I come," were my first quiet words.

I saw by the motion of her whole body that she could with difficulty restrain her rage.

"Yes, and I thank you for saving me another interview with your very singular friend," she said, with a smile that was intended for playful, but faded to a sneer.

"What, madam, has Count Chaleco been with you?"

"If you mean that dark browed man who calls himself your protector, he has given us the honor of his company more than once."

"I do mean him, and he is my protector!" I answered, stung by her look and tone rather than by a comprehension of her words.

"Of course. No one would think otherwise. After eloping with him in the night from Clare Park, visiting the highlands, and domesticating yourselves together in London, there can be, I fancy, little doubt left on that point!"

I began to comprehend her meaning. Isolated as I had been from the world, and independent of its usages, I could not mistake the sneering expression of that evil face had the words failed to impress me. But I was not angry: scorn of the very thought that she applied these vile imaginings to me curved my lips with a smile. I could not have forced myself into a word of explanation or defence. The woman seemed to me only a little more repulsive than before.

"Then, madam, if my friend has preceded me I shall have little to explain, and our interview will be more brief. You comprehend, doubtless, that evidence of Lord Clare's marriage with my mother is in our possession; that the best legal counsel consider me, and not your ladyship, the inheritor of his title and estates."

"Yes, all these things have been repeated to me, but the opinion of lawyers, fortunately, is not exactly the decision of legal tribunals."

"Then you are determined to contest my claims?"

"I am not disposed to yield mine without contest certainly."

"Madam," I commenced; and now every limb and nerve in my body began to tremble, for the great moment of my fate had arrived—"madam, in this contest, if it becomes one in an English court of law, the life and reputation of your only brother must be cruelly brought before the world; would you make no sacrifice to avoid that?"

"But if this same brother was your father also, it is for you, not me, to save his name from the scandal of a public court," she rejoined, sharply. "The fact that he married one wife while your mother was alive I would willingly conceal."

"No, madam, there you mistake. My mother died months before Lord Clare's marriage!"

"How and when did she die?"

"The how does not concern your ladyship. As for the when, I was present when she died near the city of Grenada, and though a child at the time can never forget it; would to God it were possible. After that—months after it must have been, for we had travelled from Spain between the two intervals—I saw the cortege pass the tent where I lay, returning from my father's marriage with his last wife. In this he committed no legal fault—and let us hope intended no moral wrong—though a deep wrong it was, from beginning to end."

"Then what is there to conceal? Why should we shrink from investigation?" she cried.

"The wrong done to my poor mother, alas! that remains, and I would do anything, give up anything rather than have it heaped upon my father's memory."

"And what were these mighty wrongs, if—as you are trying to prove—he married her, a dancing gipsy beggar, a——"

"Hush!" said I, with a power that must have been imperative, "you shall not malign my mother."

"Well," she answered, waving her hand scornfully, "you are right. Her history cannot be publicly coupled with that of our house without leaving infamy upon a noble name."

"Not *her* infamy, madam!"

"This is useless and impertinent, Miss," she cried, starting up fiercely, "you came for some purpose. What is it?"

"I came, if possible, to save the scandal of a lawsuit regarding the Clare earldom and estates. I would shield my father's memory, and redress the wrongs of one whose fate is dearer than my own, at any sacrifice."

"And how is this to be done unless you yield at once these preposterous claims?"

"Madam, your son!"

"Well, what of him?" she cried, sharply, and with gleaming eyes.

"The succession will be his when, when——"

"When I am gone you wish to say, but that is a frail hope. I married when a child, and the difference between Irving and myself is so little."

The puny vanity would have seemed odd of character to one so full of malice as the woman before me; but extreme vanity is more frequently found connected with bad qualities than with good ones, so it did not surprise me, and I was too sad for a smile even of ridicule.

"But with your son some compromise may be effected. You would doubtless rather surrender the title and estates to him, than to one so hateful to your ladyship as I am?"

"That may be readily supposed?"

"Well, madam, to one or the other you must resign them; to me if you persist in useless and wicked resistance; to him if——"

"Well, if what?"

"If by marriage with the person who will possess them, he secures the rights which I claim, to himself."

"That is, if my son, like his uncle, will degrade himself with a gipsy stroller," she replied, with insulting bitterness.

"Madam, this is base; that which I propose saves your son from degradation, does not impose it. It was not of myself I spoke!"

"Of whom then? Is there another claimant?"

"No. As the legitimate and only daughter of Lord Clare, who died without will, I have the sole right to all that was his. You know that the courts will confirm this right, or I had never been thus admitted to your presence. Your eye wavers; your lips curve in terror rather than scorn. In your soul you feel that the possession of this house for a lady is rank usurpation; your lawyers have told you all this before."

"How did you learn that?"

"From your face, madam—from the fact that you do not spurn me from your presence as of old."

She smiled, not scornfully, her blue lips seemed to have lost all strength for so strong an expression, but with a sort of baffled spite.

"And so you would take the estates and attach my son as an appendage—this is kind!"

"Madam, I will resign all right to these estates and title on the marriage day of your son—not with me, the hated gipsy, but with Cora Clark, whom he loves, and who loves him."

Her eyes opened wide with astonishment. She fell back on her sofa, and folded a hand over them, as if ashamed of appearing startled by what I had said. At last she sat upright again and looked at me searchingly.

"You will do this?"

"I will!"

"Why?—your motives?"

The tears started. I felt them crowding to my eyes.

"I wish to see them happy." My voice faltered, but for her presence the agony at my heart would have burst forth in a wail.

"And that will make you happy?" she said, with an icy sneer. "You will remain and witness the joy your abnegation gives."

"Never!" I cried, yielding to the anguish that was oppressing me. "I will go among my mother's people—go—I thought in my innermost heart—'go to the barrancas of Grenada, to die of anguish as she did by violence.'"



"And you will leave this country forever?"

"Madam, I will."

"But this girl, this Cora Clark, where is she now? I sent down orders that her father should be removed from the parsonage—but where has he gone? How are you sure that Irving cares for her, or would take her at any price?"

I shrank from exposing my poor friend's weakness to the knowledge of that heartless woman; she seemed ignorant of her son's perfidy, and its results in giving Cora to my protection. I rejoiced at this, and guarded the secret of their mutual fault as if it had been my own life.

"I am certain of it."

"But you are not of age to make a resignation of these fancied claims legal, even should I consent to unite my son to this nameless girl."

"I am of age to resist all action, and have a will strong as any law. If I am silent regarding my claims, who will or can urge them?"

"But we have only your word!" she said, softening in her tone, and interrupting her questions with intervals of thought.

"But in your heart you know that to be enough. Strive as you will my truth will make itself believed."

She waved her hand, rising.

"Stay here, I will speak with my son. Perhaps you have not breakfasted; ring and the man will provide fresh chocolate. After all this is a strange offer."

She went out, and I was alone, trembling, filled with desolation, the poor, poor gipsy girl. What had Cora done that she should be made so happy, and I so miserable? I sat down stupefied with the blank darkness that had fallen around my existence. The estate, the pomp, the rank that I had given up were nothing, but my lover Irving—oh, how my poor heart quivered and shrunk from the thought that he was another's forever and ever. In all the wide world, that desolate baranca in Grenada seemed the only spot gloomy enough to conceal misery like mine!

A full hour I remained with my elbow upon the little breakfast-table seated among the soft cushions, unmindful of their luxurious presence as if they had been so many rocks heaped near me. I could only feel a cold sense that with my own hand I had cast all hope from me; this thought revolved itself over and over in my mind, I could neither change nor shake it off.

At last the door opened and Lady Catharine came in, followed by her son. He was greatly changed. All the bloom of boyhood had settled into a look of thoughtful manliness; his eyes were deeper and more piercing; his manner grave; traces of anxiety lingered about his eyes

and mouth, making one firm and leaving shadows beneath the other. He came close to me and rested one hand on the table. I did not rise, but sat trembling and helpless beneath the reproachful pride in his glance. The apathy had left me: my heart swelled with the exquisite joy of his presence, and every nerve thrilled back its sympathy.

"My mother has told me of your proposal, Zana," he said, in a clear, but not altogether untroubled voice, "your wish is a generous one. The rights you would surrender are great, but I will not accede to this proposal."

I started so violently that one of the Sevres cups fell to the ground. A cry almost broke from my lips. This reprieve from my own wishes filled me with joy.

"Why, why?" I could not ask these questions aloud, they fell from my lips in broken whispers.

"Because I will not wrong you of your birth-right—because I do not love the lady whom you propose for my wife."

"Not love her, Mr. Irving, forbear!"

I could not go on, his mother's presence checked me; but once more my heart was filled with indignation at his audacity.

"Then you refuse?" I said, rising—"you refuse to render this poor justice to one who loves, who has—"

Again I checked myself. Lady Catharine was close to the table. Irving listened patiently, and kept his eyes fastened on my face as if asking some further explanation.

"It is possible," I said, "that you think lightly of my claims, and thus reject the sacrifice I would make."

"No," he said, "I am satisfied that your claims to the estate are valid; but this morning I joined my mother's legal counsel in advising her to yield possession at once."

"And this inheritance? Cora too? Will you cast them both aside because it is Zana who offers them?"

He shook his head with a grave smile.

"The inheritance I can easily relinquish; it is not large enough to purchase a heart like mine, Zana."

"George, George, reflect," said Lady Catharine, who had been listening with keen anxiety, "the girl is beautiful; her mother's family had noble blood in it."

"Mother, hush, I will work, but not sell myself for your benefit."

I arose, shocked by the deep hypocrisy of the man. His look, his voice, his words, how noble they were! His actions—the household traitor—

how could he compel that face to look so firm and noble in its sin?

"Madam," I said, turning to the mother, "persuade your son, for on no other terms can my father's estate remain with you or yours."

She bent her head, but did not speak. The woman seemed subdued, all her sarcastic spirit had left her. At last she laid her hand on Irving's arm.

"George, George, remember, there is no other way."

He turned upon her smiling. "Mother, we lived honorably and well before my uncle's death, the same means are still left to us."

"But the title, the estates, I cannot give them up. Will you make no sacrifice to save me from this degradation?"

"Anything, mother, that an honorable man should; but to barter myself, no!"

I saw that Lady Catharine was deceiving herself, and spoke,

"Madam, it is your son to whom I offer my rights, not yourself. When I resign the inheritance it is to him, and he knows the terms. Take counsel—take time for thought. To-morrow at this hour I will come again, alone as now, that will be our last interview."

My words struck home. Lady Catharine turned white as death, and by the glitter in her eyes I saw a storm of rage mustering; I did not remain to witness it. Irving held open the door for me. Our eyes met as I passed out, and his seemed full of reproachful sorrow. Why could I not hate that man?—why not hurl back scorn for treachery?

Cora was asleep when I entered the little room which we occupied together. It was the sweetest slumber I ever witnessed, so calm, so full of infantile quietude. Worn out by the harassing sorrows of her situation, she had, up to the evening previous, been wakeful night and day, but the few words I had so rashly uttered fell like dew upon her eyelids, and all night long she had slept by my side tranquil as a bird in its nest. I left her, and in her hopeful serenity she had dropped away in dreams. Thus I found her with a smile upon her lips, and a soft bloom warming the cheeks that twelve hours before had been so pale.

My own words had done all this, and they were all a deception. I had deceived myself, and worse, worse a thousand times, had misled her also. How could I tell her this?—how break up the exquisite beauty of that repose with my evil tidings, for evil I now felt them to be?

The sunlight fell through a half closed shutter, kindling up the golden tresses of her hair as they fell over the arm folded under her cheek, and lay

in masses on the crimson cushion of the sofa. I sat down by her, watching these sun gleams as they rose brighter and brighter toward her forehead. They fell at last upon the white eyelids which began to quiver; the dark brown lashes separated, and with a sleepy murmur the girl awoke.

"Oh, you have come," she said, flinging her arms around my neck, "dear, dear Zana, I have been dreaming."

"Dream on!" I answered, sadly; "if I only had the power to dream also!"

"Why, what is the matter, Zana, your eyes are full of tears?" she cried, looking eagerly in my face, and then kissing the tears from it with passionate devotion. "Where have you been?"

"I have been to see him, Cora."

She held her breath and looked at me, oh, how pleadingly, as if I could change the color of her fate, poor child.

"Well, Zana."

I could not endure that voice, those eyes, but flung my arms around her, and held her close to my bosom as I answered,

"Forget him, Cora. Let us both forget him, he is an ingrate, a—"

I could not go on, for her cold lips were pressed wildly to mine, and she called out, "don't, don't, Zana—don't speak such words of him!"

"He does not deserve this interposition, Cora: you cannot guess how much I was ready to sacrifice that you and he might be happy."

"And he would not listen!" she asked, falling sadly back from my arms. "Still you thought he loved me, and were so certain of it only last night."

"But I think it no longer. God help you, my poor Cora—but with all this inheritance, and I offered it—I have no power to make him feel."

"And you tried to bribe him into loving me, that was unkind, Zana."

"No, Cora, other reasons which you do not comprehend influenced what I did, as well as a wish to make you happy. His mother, I think, would have yielded, but he—"

"His mother, Zana—he has no mother!"

"In one sense perhaps not; but Lady Catharine—"

"Lady Catharine."

"Yes, Lady Catharine, is she not George Irving's mother?" I cried, surprised by her bewildered look and words.

"Yes, surely; but then what is George Irving to me or Lady Catharine either, save that she in some sort controls his fortunes?"

"Cora!" I almost shrieked, seizing her hands, "what is this? Who, who is the man? Tell me

it is not George Irving that you love, and I will fall down and worship you."

"Why, Zana, are you wild? How should I ever think of another, and he in my heart always?"

"He—who? Speak girl, or I shall indeed be wild!"

"You act very strangely, Zana. Only now you told me that you had seen Mr. Morton, and talked with him, you gave so many painful hints about him."

I seized her hands again and forced down the tremulous hope in my heart.

"Cora, darling Cora," I said, interrupting my words with quick gasps of breath, that I had no power to stifle, "tell me clearly, use few words, or my heart will break with this suspense. Was the man with whom you left Clare Park William Morton?"

My emotion terrified her. She grew pale and struggled to free her hands.

"You know it was; are you going crazy? My fingers—my fingers, you crush them."

"And it was Morton?"

"Yes—yes!"

"And you have no love for Irving? He never said, never hinted that he wished you to love him."

"He—no. Whoever put the idea into your head?"

I seized her in my embrace, and covered her face, her eyes, her hair with rapturous kisses. I knelt at her feet and wrung her little hand in my ecstasy till she cried out with the anguish.

"Kiss me, Cora, again, again; kneel down here, Cora, at my side, and thank God as I do. We shall be happy, darling, so happy—my head reels with the very thought of it—my heart is so full. Let me weep myself still here—here on my knees, with my forehead in your lap, Cora, Cora, it seems to me that I am dying!"

And now the tears came rushing up from the depths of my heart, and I lay upon Cora's lap sobbing the agony of my old grief away, as a half drowned man lies upon the beach where the storm has tossed him. Oh, how great was the wealth of my existence that moment. Irving did not love another, he was mine, mine, all mine!

Chaleco came in and interrupted us. He inquired the cause of my emotion, and I told him. The tiger that my first words brought to his eyes, crouched and cowered beneath the energy of my entreaties to be freed from the pledge I had given to bury myself with his tribe in Grenada. In passion like mine there is almost irresistible eloquence, and my soul was burning with it. Perhaps I looked more like my mother thus enkindled and aroused—perhaps the remem-

brance of what she had suffered came to my aid. I know not the power that influenced him most; but he set me at liberty, and the first tear I ever saw in his fierce eyes burned like a diamond.

Cora sat watching me in mute astonishment, the energy of my joy terrified her. Her pliable nature was startled by the fire natural to mine. I felt this and left her, my soul panted for solitude and thought. I spent the night alone, sleepless and happy as few mortals have the capacity of being on this earth.

I knew little, and cared nothing for the propriety of conventional life. On the day before, I had promised to return for Lady Catharine's final answer to the proposal I had in my ignorance made. I went and inquired not for her, but for Irving.

He came down to receive me, looking pale and depressed. His reception was cold, his look constrained. We went together into a library on the ground floor, for I asked at once to speak with him alone.

To this day I cannot tell what passed between us during that interview. All that was in my heart I poured forth. I remember his astonishment and then his rapture. I remember also his amazement at Morton's perfidy, of which he had not heard. But of what was said I have no distinct idea, all was a whirl, a vortex of emotion. Only I recollect waking, as it were, from a dream, to find myself, hours after, still with Irving, he clasping my hand, his accepted bride.

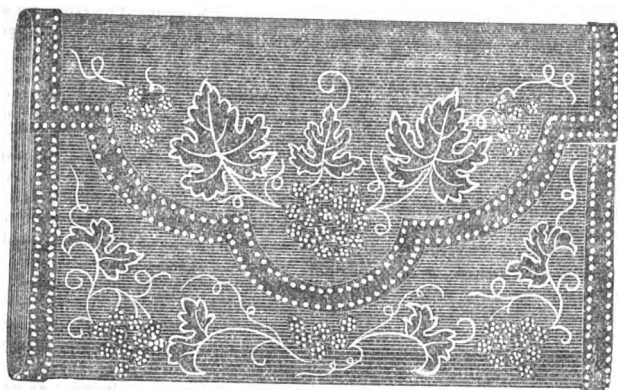
Irving and I were married soon after. For why should we delay? Lady Catharine herself consented to the match, for when she found she was powerless, she yielded, sullenly, like such natures do, still hating, yet now fearing also.

I could not rest till I had made Cora happy. I effected this by conveying the Greenhurst to Morton. He really loved my poor Cora as well as his selfish heart could love anything, and had only sought me because he possessed the secret of my birth and knew my rights by inheritance. Cora, blind and trusting, soon forgot the past, and, with her father installed as rector, had nothing more to ask.

Perhaps some may think that I have too much hurried over these last passages of my life. Not so. For though the struggle may be described, though agony may be depicted, happiness, the highest earthly happiness, is not for words. As Irving's bride I am no longer the wild and passionate gipsy's daughter; but the loving, trusting English wife and mother. We reside quietly at Clare Hall, amid whose pointed gables, deep bay-windows, and broad terraces, I hope to live and die with my husband and children.

OUR WORK TABLE.  
POCKET-BOOK, EMBROIDERED IN APPLICATION.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.



**MATERIALS.**—A piece of fine cloth, thirteen inches by nine. A yard of narrow black ribbon velvet, a little black velvet, gold thread, No. 2, (thirteen skeins) An ounce of black glass beads, No. 9. Also a red button. A little silk cord, of the color of the cloth, will also be required; and satin, or sarsenet, to line the pocket-book.

This pretty kind of pocket-book will commend itself to our friends as being at once very useful and very quickly done; and would be a beautiful and appropriate Christmas or New Year's gift. The term embroidered in application is used to describe that kind of work in which the pattern is produced by one sort of material being cut out in any given design, and laid on another. The edges are finished with gold thread, gold-colored Albert braid, or, in short, any material which the worker may fancy.

These pocket-books, which are exceedingly fashionable in France, have the design in three separate compartments, always, be it understood, on the same piece of cloth. The centre one is, of course, the full size. The front is like it, but slightly sloped from the middle. The flap is cut in the form seen in the engraving. It may either be simply lined, and closed up the sides, to contain cards or work; or it may be formed into a regular pocket-book, with a place for a pencil, a

ribbon down the back to hold some papers. In this case a thin card-board should be inserted, on both sides, between the silk and the cloth, and a piece nearly the size of the two, and bent in the centre, should also have silk gummed on one side of it to form a cover for the paper.

The design of this pocket-book is vine-leaves and grapes. The leaves are cut out in velvet, and tacked down on the cloth; the edges, stems and veining are entirely in gold thread, sewed close on. The ends are drawn through to the wrong side. The grapes are formed of clusters of black beads, each one being composed of seven—a centre one, and six close round it. The border is narrow, black velvet ribbon, laid on; and at each edge, black beads, placed at regular intervals, with about the space of two between every two, make a pretty finish.

The silk cord is used to conceal the sewing by which the cloth and lining are joined.

Watered silk is preferable to plain for linings.

Thin kid, velvet, or satin may be used for these pocket-books instead of cloth.

Gum is frequently brushed along the back of the work when done; but it takes a very practised hand to do this without spoiling it. Indeed the process of lining and making up altogether, is better done at a warehouse than by amateurs.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR VOLUME FOR 1854.—We promised, in December, 1852, that the volume for this year should be the best we ever published. We now point to the volume itself, which this number closes, to show that we kept our word. As "progress" is our motto, we renew the same promise for 1854. Will the tens of thousands of our fair friends, remembering this, exert themselves to procure each a *new subscriber*, if not a club?

Three things they may promise, in our behalf, and be certain of fulfillment. The first is, that "Peterson" for 1854 will be the most readable of the Magazines. It is generally admitted now that the stories published in this Magazine are the best that appear anywhere; and in 1854 the merit of the tales and sketches will be even more carefully looked after. With such writers as our co-editor, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, as the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," as Ella Rodman, as Miss Dewees, as the author of "The Valley Farm," as Ellen Ashton, as Carry Stanley, and others, we may, in fact, challenge any Ladies' Magazine in the world. Besides, every story published in "Peterson" is original, *which cannot be said of any cotemporary*. No stale articles appear in this Magazine.

In the second place, the fashion plates in "Peterson" are as superior in elegance to those in other monthlies, as porcelain is to common earthenware. Our plates are exquisite steel engravings, colored with the fashionable colors. The plates in cotemporaries are generally shocking wood-cuts disgraceful to be seen on a centre-table. Compare the faces in our beautiful plates with those in the cuts of which we speak! The patterns we give are also the latest—months later, indeed, than those to be had any where else. While everything that is really new is stated in the letter-press accompanying each plate.

In the third place, the engravings in "Peterson" are more superb than in other Magazines. Whoever will compare the volume for 1853, with that of any other Magazine for the same year, will see this for herself. For 1854 we have a series of the handsomest plates we ever published. In these three things we assert the *unrivalled pre eminence* of "Peterson" and challenge the test of examination fearlessly.

In all other respects "Peterson" is at least equal to other Ladies' Magazines. These are not idle boasts. All we ask is a trial for one year, which will show that we speak truth. And now, fair friends who *know us*, we make our appeal to each of you *personally*, to state these facts to your acquaintance, and procure for us, *each of you*, an additional subscriber, if not a club.

We want 100,000 subscribers for 1854, and will have them, if the ladies take the matter in hand.

IS YOUR CLUB READY?—On the cover of our last number we reminded our fair readers that the time had come to get up clubs for 1854. We hope that, by this time, every post-town where we now send either a single copy or a club, has a club ready. If, in some cases, it has been neglected, we appeal to our friends to go to work at once, in order that the *only original Magazine* of literature, art and fashion, now left in the United States, may be properly sustained.

CLERGYMEN'S WIVES.—A religious cotemporary says of this Magazine:—"Its moral purity recommends it to every family. We wish there were more such periodicals." By-the-way, as clergymen are generally not particularly well paid, we will send "Peterson" to clergymen's wives for a dollar a piece. The other dollar shall be our free gift to the clergy, that is to the cause of sound morals and religion.

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready by the first of December. Our friends will just have time, therefore, to inspect this number, before forwarding their money, if they wish early copies. It will be as beautiful as an annual, in all but the binding, and will contain twice as much reading. Those whose names first reach us will get the earliest and finest impressions of the plates.

OUR RAPID INCREASE.—The increase in our circulation has been so great, this year, that we have been unable to print enough copies, though every month enlarging our edition, and often reprinting numbers three or four times. In consequence, many persons, who neglected subscribing till late, could not get supplied. Don't delay for 1854, but subscribe at once.

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.—We have a few copies for 1852 left, containing "The Gipsy's Legacy," to which "Zana" is a sequel. Price two dollars a copy, three for five dollars, eight for ten, &c.

FOR THREE DOLLARS.—For three dollars we will send a copy of "Peterson" for 1854, and any one of the two dollar weeklies published in Philadelphia.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Charles Auchester. *A Memorial*. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The rumor is that this autobiographical fiction was written by one of the Rothschilds. It is the story of a musical genius, and is full of fine delineations. D'Israeli is said to have brought it out under his especial auspices, and it certainly does no discredit to his critical acumen.



*Life in the Mission; or, Six Years in India.* By Mrs. Colin Mackenzie. 2 vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—Mrs. Mackenzie is an intelligent observer, who has both seen and thought, and who has a heart in the right place. The information she imparts respecting India is extremely valuable; while the work is written throughout in an agreeable and interesting style. The spirit of sincere piety which pervades the work, is not its least recommendation.

*The Homes of America.* By Frederika Bremer. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Our space for reviews is limited this month, which precludes our giving this excellent book the extended notice it deserves. It is agreeably written, generally sound in opinion, and brimful of Miss Bremer's amiable heart. The publishers have issued it in a very neat style.

*Life Scenes.* By F. A. Durivage. 1 vol. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A collection of short stories, some racy, some thrilling, and others pathetic, but all well written. We do not know when we have perused a better book of the kind. It is handsomely illustrated.

*The Countess of Charny.* By Dumas. 2 vols. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This volume is the conclusion of that interesting historical romance. Those who have read the first volume, or the novels to which it is a sequel, will order it, we presume, at once.

*Collier's Pocket Shakespeare.* Vols. I and VIII. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—These volumes complete this convenient and elegant edition, which is, in size and beauty, just what every lady wants for her boudoir library.

*The Rhetoric of Conversation.* By G. N. Hervey. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very superior book, on a subject interesting to all, but especially to the sex. The author writes fearlessly. The volume is very neatly printed.

*Clouded Happiness.* By Countess D'Orsay. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Rather a feeble, though well-intentioned novel. The story lies in France. Published as one of the Library of Cheap Novels.

*The Star Chamber.* By W. H. Ainsworth. Part I. New York: Buncce & Brothers.—A new novel by a popular writer, neatly printed in a cheap style, and sold for the low price of twenty-five cents.

*The Czar and the Sultan.* 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A seasonable book, with a good description of Nicholas and Abdul Medjid, and in addition a reliable account of the Turks.

*Meyer's Universum.* New York: Herrmann J. Meyer.—This elegantly illustrated serial maintains its interest. Two additional numbers are received.

*The United States Illustrated.* New York: Herrmann J. Meyer.—Parts four and five of both "The East" and "The West" are on our table.

*Louis the Seventeenth.* By A. De Beauchene. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a narrative of the captivity of Louis the Sixteenth in the Temple, and of the sufferings and final death of his son, the dauphin. The work is compiled from authentic sources, and settles the question, "Have we a Bourbon among us," conclusively in the negative. The book is well written; handsomely printed; and embellished with vignettes, autographs, &c.

*The Insurrection in China.* By M. N. Callery and Yvan. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A capital narrative of recent events in China, written by two gentlemen long resident there, and thoroughly conversant with their subject. It is translated from the French.

*Ten Thousand A Year.* By S. L. Warren. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new and cheap edition, the thirtieth in this country.

# USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*Gum Arabic Starch.*—To those who desire to impart to fabrics that fine and beautiful gloss observable on new linens, the following recipe for making gum arabic starch will be most acceptable. Take two ounces of white gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, (according to the degree of strength you desire) and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner will give the lawns (either white, black, or printed) a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin and bobbinet.

*Drying Herbs.*—All herbs that are to be dried for storing should be gathered in fine weather; clear them from dirt and decayed leaves, and dry quickly, without scorching, in a Dutch oven before the fire. Strip the leaves from the stalks, pound, sift, and closely cork them in separate bottles; some may be mixed and pounded together for the convenience of ready use as a seasoning: appropriate spices, dried powdered lemon peel, celery seed, all in powder, may be added to these herbs.

*To Keep Preserves.*—If preserves seem slightly damp and unlikely to keep well, (to save the waste of a second boiling) remove the papers, and put the jars in a cool oven, and let them remain until they are thoroughly heated. When cold cover as before. Writing paper, saturated with good olive oil, is better than steeping it in brandy, to cover the top of the preserves. The bladder, or paper, over this.

*Substitute for Cream.*—Beat two eggs, one ounce of sugar, and a small piece of butter, with a pint of warm milk; then put the vessel into hot water and stir it one way, until it becomes the consistence of cream.

## FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—A CARRIAGE DRESS OF DOVE COLORED SILK, skirt long and very full. Cloak of the Talma shape, of brown cloth, trimmed with a black braid, put on in a Grecian pattern, and finished with a deep fringe. Bonnet composed of white silk and blond lace; under-trimming of blond and pink flowers.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF CRANGEABLE SILK, with the skirt a *disposition*, the stripes being of black satin. Cloak of black velvet, cut so as to hang rather fuller behind than in front, with a hood finished with a quilling of ribbon, and tied with large bow and long ends. A peculiarly elegant fringe finishes the cloak. Bonnet composed of silk, of the shades of the dress, black velvet and illusion, colored velvet and satin, with a large bouquet on each side.

GENERAL REMARKS.—One of the peculiarities of the winter's fashion is, that whilst the dress goods for house or street wear, are distinguished for their rich, *heavy* effect; the materials for evening dresses are of almost fabulous lightness, and airy in their effect. The silks are all heavily brocaded, or more frequently plaided in several very rich, gay colors; whilst the cashmeres, &c., which are not plaided, are covered with huge clusters of flowers. Even the silks, which are of but one color, are of the heaviest material, reminding one in their stiffness of the days of our great-grandmothers when nothing but the minuet was danced, and gentlemen were kept at a respectful distance by the heavy rustling dresses of their partners. Dresses are still worn a *disposition* as will be seen by Fig. II. of our present fashion plate. Skirts are made very full and long. Nearly all corsages are made with a basquine, which is much deeper than those worn last winter:—these look very well with a full skirt. Sometimes they are cut with the corsage in one piece, and at others the corsage is finished as usual, and the basque is attached to the waist. Since the adoption of this style of dress, the skirts are usually attached to a binding, and worn loose from the corsage, thus enabling a lady to wear a different corsage and skirt together, which is very pretty in its effect, and very popular as a fashion. A corsage or basque, as it is usually termed, of black silk or black velvet, looks well with a skirt of any color or material.

THE LOUIS QUATORZE SLEEVE, demi-long, rather loose, and with a deep cuff turned up toward the elbow, is quite popular for a street dress, or a plain style of house dress. One of the most tasteful sleeves of the season is the *Sevigne*; it is nearly tight to the elbow, where it is finished by two deep ruffles falling over the lower arm, looped up by a bow of ribbon with long ends on the inside. Bows of ribbon profusely ornament all kinds of dress. For heavy materials, velvet riband is much used.

As we before said, evening or rather ball dresses are remarkable for the lightness of their effect. The more elegant kinds are of tulle of various colors embroidered with gold or silver; or *crepe lisse* ornamented with tulle puffings and bows of ribbons, or

sometimes with flowers embroidered in their natural hues. Where silks are worn for evening dresses if not of a single color, as bright blue, blossom color, &c., they are usually of large plaids in light colors, as straw color and white, light blue and white, rose and dove color, &c., thus combining richness and lightness of effect at once.

BONNETS.—Since the visit of Queen Victoria to the Irish Exhibition, when the Dublin papers informed the world that her majesty wore her bonnet on her head instead of *half way down her back*, it is to be hoped that the American ladies will condescend to follow the example. As the editor of the *Dublin Mail* says, "the present fashion gives a *brave* expression to the fairest and most delicate features, and an appearance of being high shouldered to the most graceful figure."

In truth there is already some improvement in the size of bonnets, which the cold of the season renders imperative. Bonnets are usually made of a combination of several materials, as silk or satin, velvet and lace, which, with the feathers, and the flowers and blond face trimmings, renders them perfect minerals of ingenuity. One of the prettiest which we have seen was composed of black velvet, pink silk, and black lace. The front consists of puffings of pink silk, separated one from the other by bands of black velvet, edged with lace. The crown is of black velvet, trimmed with lace. Under-trimming of pink roses interspersed with loops and ends of black velvet ribbon. Strings of broad pink sarsenet ribbon. A new style of bonnet has just been introduced into England called the *Woronzow Bonnet*, from the fact that it has been patronized by the Russian Princess of that name. It is composed entirely of ostrich feathers, ingeniously woven into a light fabric, and it is said to be one of the most elegant and *recherche* things in the bonnet line ever made.

CLOAKS.—Talma or circulars, as they are sometimes called, are very much worn. Cloaks like that of Fig. II., having more fulness behind, are also very popular. Either of these styles suit a figure of any size, whereas another pattern, which is also a favorite, is only adopted to a tall, slender person. These last cloaks are made with a deep yoke, and the fulness is plaited into it: the bottom of cloaks of this style is square. By referring to our September number, our readers will find directions for making a cloak of this style, a description of which we gave when there was but one or two in the city, which is now flooded with them. Ribbon gimps, three or four inches broad, printed in different colors, purposely for cloaks; velvets, cut in points, wreaths of flowers, leaves, &c.; braids of every width; gimps, which in design and richness, rival embroidery; and embroideries in the most lavish profusion, are all used to ornament cloaks.

When the cloaks are made with arm-holes, they are finished around the openings with quillings of ribbon, &c., and at the top of the slit are bows of ribbon with long ends.







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